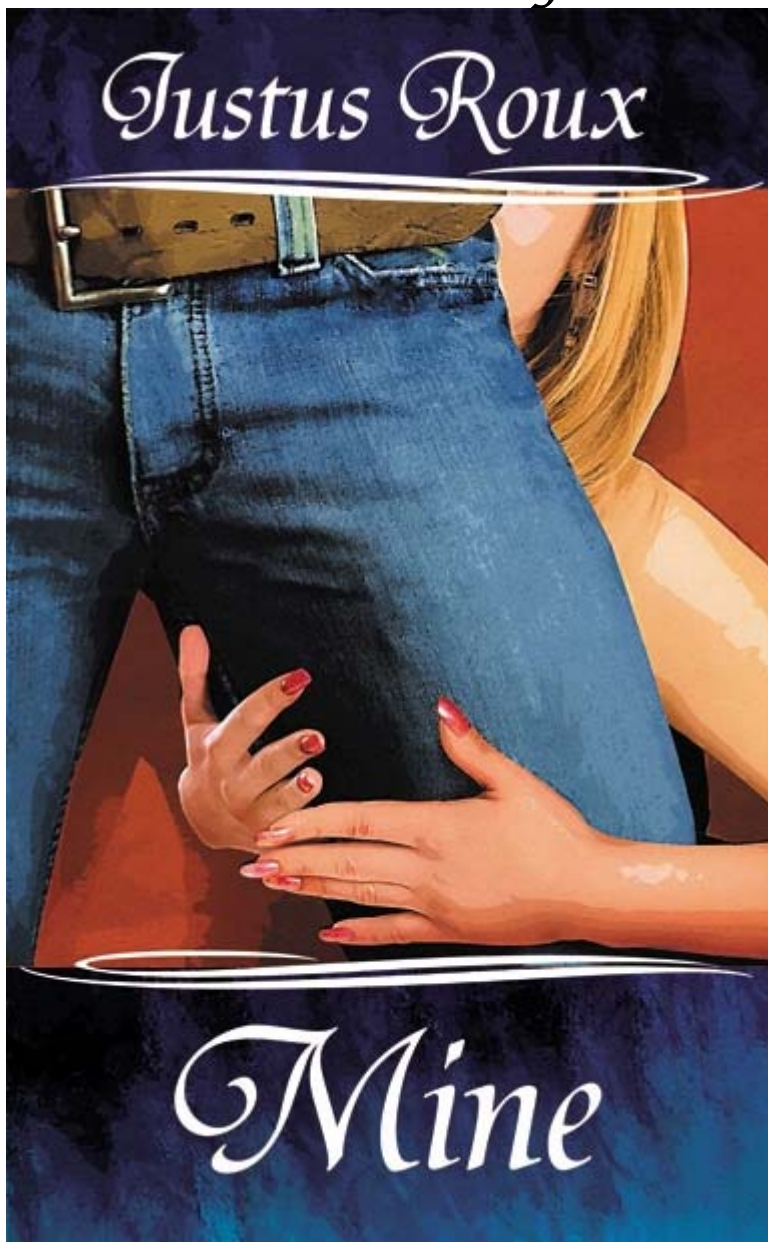


Mine
Written by Justus Roux



Chapter One

Tara stood there naked and unmoving up on the stone slab. Why the hell was she here? What possessed her to go through with this? Fear and uncertainty mixed with anticipation. She glanced at the other women up on display. They all seemed to be younger than her and certainly skinner. She looked across the room and saw the men who were lined up for display. They seem to range in age and body type. She glanced back at the women. Why couldn't they have the same variety as the men did? It would make her feel less self-conscious.

“Stop moving around.”

She winced as one of the auctioneers hit her lightly with the whip. He didn't want to mark her up. She couldn't complain. She was here on her own free will. From the moment she saw the ad for this place on the submissive website her fate was sealed. At first, she was excited about starting her journey into submission. But now, standing here, displayed like some item, she started to wonder if this was a huge mistake. This was one hell of a leap into the world of submission.

The auctioneers didn't waste their time training them. It was the job of the submissive's future Master or Mistress. They only asked Tara basic questions. Her response was clear, she wanted a gentle Master. She doubted she could handle a Master who was totally into S&M as her first Master. She wanted someone to gently lead her down this path. Some of the other submissives told her that a gentle Master was rare, and that she should learn to focus on pleasing her soon to be Master, regardless whether he was gentle or not.

She felt herself beginning to tremble as the first group of men and women entered the hall.

“Remember, all proceeds go to a variety of charities. Have your forms ready when you have made your selection. You will note the submissive’s preferences on the card,” the auctioneer said.

The exchange of money for them was symbolic more than anything else. They were free to leave their new Master or Mistress whenever they choose to, and conversely, the Master or Mistress could dismiss their new submissive at any time as well, though most honored their year contract.

Tara found herself unable to look at the men who stopped to look her over. This should be demeaning somehow, and yet, it was strangely erotic. She felt a man’s hand on her thigh.

“Nice and soft,” he purred.

She could feel him walk on to the next woman in line.

“Take your time, browse, touch and examine. The auction will start in one hour,” the auctioneer said.

Tara knew this was going to be the longest afternoon of her life. There was no turning back now. Soon, she would have a Master.

“Raven, stop fighting me and go look at the females,” Alex said.

“I can’t believe I let you drag me to this auction.”

“It’s time you got back into the game. It’s been two years already. I figured having you train a fresh new submissive would get you back into the spirit.”

“I have been craving a challenge.”

“What better challenge than leading a submissive into this lifestyle.”

“I’m glad to see you have gotten past Romal.”

“Romal, that poor guy, I hope I didn’t put him off this lifestyle.”

“Gabriel gave him to another Master already.”

“Oh, that’s good to hear.”

“Going for another male submissive this time?”

“You know me, I just love men.” Alex smiled. Alex was a very handsome man. He stood six feet tall, was trim, short blond hair, and baby blue eyes. And like Raven was very sophisticated and elegant-looking. Both looked the part of Master. Raven was a bit taller than Alex by a good two inches. He was also much more muscular. His dark hair and eyes, and deep voice, added to his commanding presence. Raven was a sought after Master. Many men and women wanted to be his submissive. Raven however, only liked to train one submissive at a time.

“Cheer up, Raven. After this afternoon you will have a shiny new plaything.”

Raven smiled at him. He loved Alex’s zest for life and his enthusiasm for being a Master. They entered the viewing hall.

“A good turn out this time. Come with me and help me choose my next plaything,” Alex said.

“I don’t see how my opinion will help.”

“It will help tremendously. If you find one of these males attractive then I shall acquire him.”

Raven walked with Alex over to the row of men. All of them perked up and stood at attention upon seeing the two handsome men.

“Mmmm, an eager bunch,” Alex said.

Raven watched his friend examine the men. A delicate looking blond-haired man caught Raven’s eye.

“That one,” Raven said as he gestured to the young man.

“Oh, excellent taste.” Alex grabbed the young man’s shoulder-length blond hair. “It looks like you take care of yourself.”

“Yes Sir,” the young man quietly said.

“What’s your name?”

“Lucian, Sir.”

Alex stepped up onto the stone slab and grabbed a hold of Lucian’s cock. He smiled when it grew hard immediately in his hand.

“I believe I will bid on you, Lucian, though it looks like Mitchell has his eye on you too.”

Alex stepped down. “Tell me honestly boy, whom would you like to be your Master?”

“You Sir,” Lucian said immediately.

“Oh, an eager little puppy. Be warned boy, do not judge a Master simply by the way he looks.”

Alex turned to Raven. “Let’s go. It’s time to pick out your plaything,” Alex said.

“I take it you do plan on bidding on Lucian.”

“Of course, he caught your eye. That makes him even yummier to me.” Alex smiled at him.

Raven walked over to the women. He looked at each one of them carefully as he walked down the line.

“That one,” Alex said as he pointed to Tara. “She looks so frightened, it’s making my cock hard and you know that’s saying something.”

Raven walked over to Tara. He waited for the portly older man to finish examining her.

“This one is too plump,” the older man grunted to one of the auctioneers.

“We have many other females for you to look at.”

Raven watched Tara for a moment. She had her eyes transfixed onto the floor. He let his gaze wander down her soft curves. He smiled. He liked his women with a little meat on their bones. Those other ones were way too skinny for his taste. This woman was rather petite. She had to be a good foot shorter than him. Her brown hair was cut short, but not too short. She wasn’t as beautiful as the other women, but even so, she was still rather pretty.

“She will be a challenge for you. Look at the other ones. They are all so eager to please, so eager to start their service to their new Master. But this one, she is frightened, unsure, and I am betting never been a submissive before. She is so delicious. I’m half-thinking about bidding on her myself.”

“And the way you like to abuse your submissive, you will probably scare her off this lifestyle. She is too novice for the likes of you.”

“I’m not sure whether to take that as a complement or an insult.”

“It’s a complement I can assure you.”

Raven climbed up onto the platform. He could see her body tense up.

“Look at me.”

Tara slowly looked up to see the owner of such a deep voice. She expected to see a leather clad monster of a man. Her breath caught when she saw Raven. He was so elegant and handsome. His dark eyes held such warmth. There was no way a man this exquisite was seriously thinking about making her his submissive.

“What is your name?”

“Tara.”

“Tara, you have forgotten to say Sir.”

“I’m sorry...Sir,” she quickly said.

“Oh yes, she is perfect,” Alex said.

Tara looked over to him. Alex was just as handsome as Raven, but he looked gentler. She gasped feeling Raven’s hands on her breasts.

“Umm, their real. Points in your favor, Tara. How old are you?”

“I’m thirty, Sir.”

“Good, then you are not too young.”

Raven climbed down and marked something on his card. She couldn’t take her eyes off him and Alex as they made their way down the line.

“You better pray that Alex doesn’t bid on you,” the young woman next to her said.

“Why? He is so beautiful.”

“That may be, but he is a very intense Master.”

“Intense?”

“You have never been to something like this before have you?”

“No.”

“Then you are in for a shock.”

“What’s your name?” Tara asked.

“I’m Julie.”

“I’m Tara.”

“Well Tara, I have been at this very auction five times now. I was unlucky two years ago and caught Alex’s eye. He had bid on a young male at the same time. To make a long story short, Alex spent most of his time with the young male. And what little time he spent with me...let’s say I don’t ever want to go through that again. I was hoping Raven would bid on me this year, but it seems you have caught his eye. I hope it is him and not Alex that wins you.”

“Raven?”

“The dark-haired one who was with Alex is Raven. Master Raven is well known for being a patient Master. He hasn’t been to one of these auctions in a couple years. Seeing him here has excited the seasoned submissives.”

“So this is a yearly thing.”

“Yes. Once a Master or Mistress wins a submissive they agree to be together until the next auction. If your Master likes you he will keep you beyond the auction. He doesn’t, you are free to be put up for auction again. If you don’t like your Master, then you can free yourself of him and put yourself back into the auction. Your old Master is not allowed to bid on you, since it has been established that you weren’t compatible with each other.”

“Silence,” the auctioneer bellowed. “The auction will start soon. You submissives head back to the waiting chamber. New clothes have been provided for you. If a Master or Mistress wins you then they will take you with them. If no one has bid on you then you can register for next year’s auction. Now move your asses and prepare yourself for your future Master or Mistress.”

Tara followed the women to the waiting room. The faint sound of the auction could be heard in the room. She saw the white ancient Grecian-looking dress hanging on the wall with her name on it. All the women and men wore the same Grecian outfit. The fabric was so soft against her skin.

“How many submissives don’t get bid on?” she asked Julie.

“Some years everyone will get bid on, then there are some years where only a few get bid on. It’s hard to say.”

Tara looked over at Lucian. The young man seemed just as nervous as she was.

“He is a newbie just like you,” Julie said when she noticed Tara looking at him. “He is very pretty and delicate, some Master or Mistress will snap him up.”

“What about me?” Tara asked.

“What about you?”

“Do you think a Master will bid on me?”

“I think so, you have a vulnerability to you. It is easy to tell this is your first time. They love first time submissives. It’s like getting a brand new toy.”

“Get into your greeting stance,” the auctioneer said.

Tara looked lost for a moment.

“Get on your knees. This is how you greet your Master,” Julie said.

Tara went to her knees beside Julie. She wished she had more time to talk with Julie and learn from her. When she arrived here this morning she found out the auction was this afternoon.

She honestly didn't expect it to be that fast. Thankfully, she had already gotten all her personal affairs in order like Master Gabriel told them to do when they signed up for the auction.

The room became very quiet. The auction was over. Everyone here nervously awaited their fate.

"Please come in and get your prize. Make sure you have your papers of ownership before you leave," the auctioneer said.

Tara didn't look up when she heard them enter.

"Poor Lucian," Julie said quietly.

Tara looked up and saw Alex attaching a collar and a leash to Lucian. Raven was standing there talking to Alex.

An older gentle-looking man walked over to Julie. He attached a collar to her neck and then hooked a leash onto it.

"Come on dear, let's go home."

"Yes Master," Julie said.

Tara could tell by her tone that she was pleased about having this new Master.

"I don't know where to start. I always get so giddy when I get a new toy."

Tara's whole body tensed upon hearing Alex's voice.

"Don't break your new toy." Raven squatted down and looked at Tara. He placed his fingers on her chin and lifted her gaze up to meet his.

Tara couldn't breathe she was so nervous.

"I'm your new Master. Rise and follow me."

"Yes Sir."

"No..." He grabbed her face firmly. "I'm your Master. You will address me as such."

"Yes Master."

Raven stood. She quickly followed. She was surprised that he hadn't hooked a collar onto her yet.

“When you have earned the right to wear my collar then you shall.”

She gasped and looked up at him.

“Your face gives away your thoughts, my submissive.”

“Ah, is she disappointed that she doesn’t get a collar.” Alex grabbed her hair and pulled her head back so that she was looking at him. “Raven makes you earn everything, darling.” Alex smiled at her.

“Let her go, Alex.”

“Come on, let me have just a taste.”

“No.”

“Come boy,” Alex yanked Lucian’s collar hard, almost making the young man fall over.

Raven didn’t look back to see if Tara was following him or not. He and Alex talked as they walked out of the room.

Lucian looked back and motioned for Tara to follow them.

She quickly hurried up and got behind Raven.

“Don’t forget the Valentine’s Day party in a month. I can’t wait to see what you have done with her by then.” Alex tugged Lucian’s leash. “Come on, boy. You have a lot of work to do.”

Raven didn’t say anything as they made their way to the parking lot. His legs were much longer than hers so she had to practically run to keep up with him. He headed toward a black Mercedes. He opened the passenger-side door.

“Get in.”

She quickly did as he asked.

He walked around and got into the driver’s side. “Put your seat belt on.”

She tried to put it on, but she had never been in a Mercedes before. Raven reached over and with one hand hooked her seat belt.

“I expect you to be able to do that by yourself next time.”

“Yes....Master.”

“I will show you things once, after that you are on your own. I expect you to work hard at being a good submissive, as I will work hard to being a good Master. The most important thing you can do is learn to trust me. I will not hurt, nor will I push you beyond what you can handle. I’m sure those other submissives have filled your head full of horror stories about some of the other Masters and Mistresses.”

“They said you were a gentle and patient Master.”

“I am to a point. You disobey me and I will punish you. However, I will not punish you if you are trying your best to learn something. First rule, you will not speak unless I give you permission to, or if you have a question about one of your tasks. Second, you will always address me as Master. Forgetting to do so will earn you a punishment. Third, you will not question me, you will simply do as I say. However, if you are truly frightened by something I do to you I expect you to tell me. Our safe words are red light. If you say those words I will stop. Do you understand?”

“Yes Master.”

“Every morning you will fix me breakfast. You will make sure to do all the chores I have assigned you, and you will do them well. You are not to answer my phone, open my mail or touch my computer. When I’m working you are not to disturb me. Nor, are you to touch me without my permission. Do you understand?”

“Yes Master.” Tara was becoming more frightened by the moment. How was she going to remember all of this?

“We will have a grace period of one week for you to learn the rules of my home. I will not punish you for mistakes during this time. However, once the week is over then I shall punish you for mistakes. Do you understand?”

“Yes Master.”

“If at anytime you don’t understand, simply tell me.” He pulled out onto the freeway. “I assume you have all your personal stuff in order.”

“I don’t know what you mean, Master.”

“Taking care of family, friends, your job if you had one, and make arrangements to suspend your lease on your apartment or house. If you haven’t then you have this grace period to finish that. You are mine for the next year. This is the contract you signed at the auction house when you put yourself up for sell. The only time a submissive can get out of the contract is if the Master has hurt them beyond what is acceptable. You needn’t worry about that I have no plans on hurting you that badly.”

“I have taken care of my personal stuff, Master.” The reality of what she has done was sinking in. She has given herself over to a complete stranger for a year. Whether she was going to be happy or miserable was solely up to this man sitting next to her.

Chapter Two

Tara looked at the large home as Raven pulled up into the driveway. He stopped the car in front of the house. A young man hurried over and opened the door.

“Welcome home, Sir.”

“Come Tara,” Raven said as he climbed out of the car.

Tara fumbled with the seatbelt for a moment and was glad it finally unlatched. She quickly got out of the car and hurried to the front door where Raven waited.

“I don’t like to be kept waiting.”

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“Donald is the only help you will get taking care of the house. However, he only does what he has been instructed to do. So, don’t think about tricking him into doing your chores.”

Tara glanced around the large foyer. Two sets of stairs led up to the second floor. It reminded her of an old movie.

“Follow me.” Raven headed up the stairs.

Tara quickly followed. He was so much bigger than her, she wished he would slow down a little bit.

“This is your room,” he said opening the door.

Tara was shocked to find nothing in the room except for one blanket.

“When you have earned more you will get more.”

He walked inside the room and opened an adjacent door.

“This is your bathroom. I expect you to be clean at all times, unless otherwise instructed.”

She looked into the bathroom. It was rather plain with the barest of necessities.

He walked back into her room and opened a closet. “Take off your clothes and put on what’s in there. When you are finished find me in the study.” He left the room.

She looked over the bare room. Did he really expect her to sleep on the floor? Maybe this was a test to see if she would protest or not. She went over to the closet and looked inside. There was nothing in it. She looked everywhere in the closet and didn’t find anything. She didn’t know what to do. He told her to put on what was in the closet. Wait...he did say if she had a question it was okay to ask.

She headed out of her room then stopped. Where in the world was the study in this enormous house? She centered herself and thought about this. A study wouldn’t be on the second floor. She headed down the stairs.

“Donald?” she said when the man from earlier entered the house.

“Yes.”

“Where is the study?”

“It is the second door on the left.”

“Thank you.”

“Miss in the future reframe from speaking to me. Sir does not permit it.”

She nodded then hurried to the second door. She knocked quietly on the door.

“Come in.”

She opened the door and went inside.

“I told you to wear what was in the closet.”

“I know Master, but there was nothing inside the closet.”

“I know.” He walked over to her. “Two mistakes here, Tara. First...” He tore the dress from her body with one strong tug. “Since there was nothing in the closet you should have assumed that I wanted you to wear nothing. Second...” He pushed her down to her knees. “You better learn how to greet me properly.”

Tara started to cover her breasts with her hands.

“I didn’t tell you to cover yourself.” He slapped her hands away. “Kneel there just like you are.” He walked back over to his desk. “When you greet me, you kneel before me. I will not tell you this again. Next time I will discipline you.”

“But Master... you said I had a week to learn.”

“And I told you I would only tell you once.” He sat down on the desk chair. “Come here and greet me.”

She came up to her feet and hurried over to him. She knelt down beside him.

“There, was that so hard. Stay like this until I tell you otherwise.” He went back to his work.

She knelt there beside him for what seemed like hours. Her knees started to ache being in that position. She listened to him talk to someone on the phone. His voice was so deep, smooth...manly. She inhaled his scent. Oh, he smelt wonderful, spicy, clean and masculine.

He pushed his chair back and swiveled it so that she was in front of him. He looked at her for a moment. He could tell that she was very uncomfortable, and yet she didn’t protest, hell she hadn’t even whimpered. His cock started to harden as his eyes feasted on her full breasts.

“Take my shoes off.”

“Yes Master.”

He saw the grimace on her face as she shifted position to remove his shoes. Her knees must be in agony. He watched as she carefully untied each shoe then slowly took them off.

“Master do you want me to take off your socks too.”

“Yes.”

She slowly removed his socks then she gently set his feet back on the floor.

He stood up and looked down at her kneeling there. His cock hardened more. He reached down and stroked her hair.

“Nuzzle your face against my cock. Don’t remove my pants. Feel how hard you have made your Master’s cock.”

She leaned forward and pressed her face against his cloth-covered cock. She could feel the length of him through the suit pants. She rubbed her cheeks over him.

Raven fought the urge to make her suck him off. He grabbed her hair and pushed her closer to him, then he released her.

“Stop.”

He could see her arousal. He sat down on the chair and looked at her. By now his new submissive would be begging to suck his cock, begging him to beat them, begging him to touch them, but not her. She stayed in that kneeling position. He was pleased by this. She was trying already to follow his rules.

“Come closer to me.” He spread his legs to allow her to get as close as the chair would allow. Her knees were in agony. He could see it in her eyes. Yet, she didn’t protest, she only obeyed. He smacked her hands away when she tried to touch his thighs to balance herself.

“Sorry Master.”

Damn he wanted to feel her mouth on his cock. But no, he liked the fullness of his erection and heaviness of his need.

He leaned forward.

“You are doing very well, Tara.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He could hear the need in her voice. He reached down and cupped her pussy in his hand.

“Mmm, you are so wet,” he said as two of his fingers slipped inside. He felt her body tense up as he stroked her clit. “Don’t come. I will not allow you to come on your first night here.”

“But Master...” Her voice shook. He stroked her clit so expertly she was already on the edge of an orgasm. “How do I stop myself...from coming?”

“Focus on wanting to obey me.”

She focused hard, but his fingers felt too good. She bit her lip, trying not to come.

“Don’t come,” he purred into her ear. He smiled feeling her body tremble. She was trying so hard to obey.

“Master...” Her voice was ragged. Just when she thought she couldn’t possible stop her orgasm any longer he pulled his fingers out.

“Taste yourself,” he said placing his wet fingers to her lips.

She licked up every bit of her juice from his finger.

“Good girl.” He pulled his fingers away. “Very good girl.” His lips hovered over hers. He sat back in the chair. “Go to your room, now.”

“Yes Master.” She slowly came up to her feet. Her knees ached so badly.

“Tara, don’t touch yourself. You are not allowed to come until I say you can.”

“Yes Master.” She hurried from the room and went straight to hers. Her body ached with need. She needed to come so badly. She sat on the floor where the blanket was. She heard the door to her room open up.

“You made another mistake, Tara.”

She came up to her knees. “What didn’t I do, Master?”

He walked over to her. “A good submissive always asks to see if her Master needs anything before she goes to bed.”

“I’m sorry, Master. Do you need anything, Master?”

He unzipped his pants and took out his large cock. He didn’t want to have her taste him yet, but his cock was too hard. “Make me come, quickly, but don’t use your hands.”

She leaned forward and took his cock into her mouth. She kept her hands behind her back to make sure she wouldn’t touch him. His cock was larger than she was use to and it took a little time for her mouth to get adjusted to being this full. Over the last couple of years she had practiced on several lovers. She wanted to be very skilled at pleasing a man if she was ever to meet her Master.

Raven looked down and watched her suck him with such enthusiasm. He stepped back just slightly. She kept her arms behind her and kept sucking on him. He watched her struggle to take more of his cock into her mouth. He felt it slide down her throat. Inch by inch his cock disappeared into her mouth, until finally he was buried to the hilt inside her. She moved her head in a continuous movement as she kept sucking on him. He watched his cock going in and out of her mouth. He latched onto her head and held his cock deeply into her throat. She kept sucking on him. He grabbed her head with both hands and started to thrust his cock. She kept pace with him. She didn’t whimper or let up.

“Fuck,” he growled. She was very good at this. He thrust faster and faster. “I’m going to fucking come. Don’t stop, don’t you fucking stop.” He continued to thrust as his orgasm started to build. “Don’t fucking stop.” His whole body trembled as he roared out his orgasm. He held her firmly to him as she sucked him dry. Slowly he pulled his cock from her mouth.

“Did I please you, Master?” she said quietly.

“Oh yes.” He calmed his breathing down. “Where did you learn your skill?” He stepped back and put his cock back into his pants.

“I practiced.”

“Why?”

She was silent for a moment. “For you...Master...I wanted to please you.”

He reached down and stroked her cheek.

“Is there anything else you need, Master?”

Damn this woman was a quick learner. “No, you may retire for the evening.” He smiled at her and left the room. He headed back down to his study.

“Donald.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Make sure to bring a bed up to her room tomorrow.”

“Already Sir, you normally make them wait at least a week before they get a bed to sleep in.”

“This one has earned her bed early.”

“Yes Sir.”

Raven went into his study and called Alex.

“Whew, yeah, it’s Alex, speak.”

“Damn, did I disturb something?”

“No, I’m just recovering from getting my cock sucked unbelievably good. Damn...let me catch my breath. Why are you calling me already? Did your frightened little submissive run away already?”

“No, quite the contrary, I just wanted to thank you for choosing her for me.”

“Oh...I see. Then I guess we’re even. You chose a good one for me too.”

“Go back to playing with your new toy.”

“I think I wore the poor thing out already. He is lying there limp as a noodle. I better put him to bed. You call me later and tell me if your little submissive is still pleasing to you. You know how eager new subs are to please their Master. Let’s see if they are still this good a week from now.”

“Alright. Don’t break your new toy.”

“I won’t.”

Raven hung the phone up. He’d never let his new submissive touch him on the first night. And yet, he couldn’t resist letting her do so. He leaned back in the chair. He was about to throw in the towel on being a Master. So many submissives he has trained and yet not one of them was right for him. Oh, they were eager enough, but there was something missing. He dare not hope for too much. Alex was right, a submissive was always so eager to please at first.

He stretched then stood up.

“Sir, I have drawn a bath for you. And have set out your favorite scotch.”

“Thank you, Donald.”

Raven went to his room and over to his private bathroom. Donald had set up candles and had soft music playing. Raven smiled seeing the glass of scotch sitting by the large tub. Donald even set out a fresh robe and towels for him. Donald was the one who showed new submissive how to do the chores around the house and how to do these little things. This would be the last time Donald prepared his bath. Tomorrow Tara will learn. Raven removed his clothes then slowly climbed into the bath. He let the soft music, warm water, a good scotch relax him.

“Get up.”

Tara quickly got up. Her body was sore from lying on the hard ground.

“I will bring you an alarm clock today. You will wake up at precisely five a.m. every morning. Master likes his breakfast brought to him by six a.m. This will give you time to bathed and ready yourself for him. Once you are done with that you will quickly come down to the kitchen and prepare his breakfast. I have set up this week’s menu. Hurry up and get into the bath. I will tell you more when you get down to the kitchen.”

“Wait, what do I wear?”

“Today, it looks like you will wear nothing. I will bring you any clothing Master wishes you to wear.”

“I have to do chores naked?”

“Yes, if it is Master’s wish. Now hurry up and ready yourself.”

Tara hurried to the bathroom and took a quick shower. She dried off and brushed her hair out. She wore the robe provided until she warmed up enough to take it off. She felt a little apprehensive about walking around naked, but she couldn’t allow herself to be distracted by this. She hurried down to the kitchen.

“Hurry over here. See the menu is up on the refrigerator. The instructions on how to prepare everything are also here.”

Tara looked at the computer monitor on the refrigerator.

“Pay attention.” Donald showed her how to use the interface, then he left her to ready Master’s breakfast. She took several cooking classes just in case her future Master wanted her to cook. She was glad that she thought ahead about these things. Still, it was hard finding everything she needed. She had to make an egg white omelet, toast, juice, coffee and fruit cup. Simple really, but when you fumbled around trying to find everything it took forever to prepare the meal. Why didn’t Donald show her where everything was before he left?

She fumbled around fixing breakfast. She kept glancing up at the clock. She had ten minutes to get this to Master. She readied the tray then paused. Where was Master’s bedroom? She looked up at the clock again. Oh shit, she didn’t have time to wander all over this large house looking for Master’s bedroom. She calmed herself and thought. Alright, bedrooms were usually on the second floor, but damn sometimes they were on the first floor. Where the hell was Donald? She couldn’t wait for Donald to come back. This was such a simple task and she was in danger of blowing it.

She climbed up the stairs, hoping his bedroom was up here. She went to several rooms and either the doors were locked or they were guest bedrooms. She went to the door at the end of the hall. She knocked then opened the door. The room was huge and very elegant. This had to be Master's bedroom.

"You're late," Raven said as he sat up in the large bed.

"Forgive me, Master." She went to the bed and set the tray next to him then she went down to her knees next to the bed.

A knock on the door startled her.

"Come in."

"Sir, the item your requested has been placed where you wanted it."

"Very good. Tell me Donald did Tara follow directions? Did she listen well?"

"She listened very well, but she didn't ask any questions."

"Thank you, Donald." Raven sipped his coffee as he looked down at Tara kneeling there. "I told you that you could ask questions. I'm guessing you didn't bother to ask Donald where my bedroom was and this is the reason you were late."

"I'm sorry Master. I should have thought to ask him."

"It's alright this week." He was pleased that she remained in a kneeling position while he ate and that she wore nothing. His other submissives often wore the robe that was in their bathroom, even though they were instructed to wear nothing. When he finished he set the tray aside and climbed out of bed.

Tara gasped softly seeing that he wore nothing. He was magnificent. Her gaze couldn't stop looking over his glorious body.

"Dress me."

"Yes Master." She slowly came up to her feet. Her knees hurt from being in that kneeling position for so long. She wished she would have thought to teach herself endurance for such things.

“Grab the jeans and the pale blue dress shirt.”

“Yes Master.” She went over to the chair that the clothes were laid out on. She grabbed the clothes and went over to him. She stood there not knowing what to do first. “Master, where do I start?”

“First, you ask to see if I want you to suck my cock.”

Hearing him say such a thing made her pussy instantly wet. “Master do you wish for me to suck your cock?”

“Not now. Now hand me my pants.”

She handed him his pants then watched as he put them on. She liked how his leg muscles flexed with each movement.

“Now my shirt.”

She handed him his shirt.

“Today, I’m wearing no shoes or socks, but if they are there with my clothes then you would hand me them last.” He reached over and cupped her breasts. “Did you obey me by not touching yourself?”

“Yes Master.”

“Good girl.” His hand went down to her pussy. “Mmm, my little submissive is all wet for her Master. Say it.”

“I’m so wet for you, Master.”

“Better than that. Make me believe it.”

“My pussy is ready for you, Master.”

“Oh, very good.” He stroked her clit bringing her right to the edge of an orgasm then he stopped. “Don’t touch yourself, Tara.” He grabbed her breasts again. The way he kneaded and caressed them made her almost weak. Her body ached for him.

“I’m pleased that you are wearing nothing like I commanded you. You will remain naked until I tell you otherwise.”

“Yes Master.”

His hand went back down to her pussy. “You want to come, don’t you, my submissive.”

“Yes please, Master.”

“Not today.” He stepped back from her then went to his dresser and pulled out a large dildo. He went back over to her. “Suck on this. Get it all wet.”

She did what he asked immediately.

“That’s it, suck it like it was my cock.” His cock hardened watching the way she sucked on the dildo. “Good girl.” He pulled the dildo from her mouth. “On my bed, now.”

She hurried to his bed and lay down.

“Spread your legs.”

She did so immediately.

“You are so eager. But for what? For this dildo...”

“No for you, Master,” she said in a rush.

“Is that so?” He stood and slowly removed his pants. He shouldn’t even think about doing this. She hasn’t earned his cock yet. But he found himself wanting to fuck her. He climbed on the bed and positioned himself between her legs. He took the dildo and slowly inserted it into her.

“Don’t come.”

“Yes Master.”

“Knowing that I don’t want you to come, do you want my cock deep inside this pretty little pussy?” He slowly moved the dildo in and out, in and out. “Answer me.”

“Master...”

“Answer me now.”

“If you don’t want me to come...then...I can’t have the honor...of your...cock.”

Her answer made his cock so hard it hurt. He pulled the dildo from her and threw it across the room. He moved away from her and sat at the edge of the bed.

“You, on your knees now, suck your Master’s cock until you have drained me dry.”

She quickly climbed out of the bed and hurried in front of him. She came down to her knees and took his cock into her mouth. She sucked feverishly and deeply, swallowing every last inch of him. He fell back onto the bed holding her head to him as he came so hard it hurt. She sucked every drop of his cum from his cock. And when he released her head she licked his cock clean.

“Good girl,” he said gently stroking her hair. “Go to the kitchen and let Donald show you what you need to do.”

“Yes Master,” she said as she kissed the head of his cock then came up to her feet. She hurried from the room.

He laid there looking up at the ceiling. She was going to test his willpower for sure. He needed to learn what she needed from him. Did she need discipline? Did she crave bondage? He had no idea. To make a Master/slave relationship work it had to be a two way street. A greedy Master or greedy slave wouldn’t work. One or the other would soon start to resent the other for not fulfilling their needs. Raven had his fair share of greedy slaves. And when he was younger he tended to be a greedy Master. He wanted balance, a true Master/slave relationship. It was obvious that Tara had done her research about being submissive. But not all Masters were the same. And he had to learn control. It had been so long since he had a submissive, he was acting like a child with a new toy.

He climbed out of bed and put on his pants. Today, Tara would learn what her chores were and how to perform them. Tonight, she would learn about bondage and how much pleasure this gave her Master. But he would have to be careful not to overlook her needs. Right now, he had no idea what those needs were. It was his duty as Master to find and even bring out her hidden desires.

He headed downstairs. He saw Donald going over the list of chores with Tara. She was concentrating hard on what he was saying. He also noticed that she was cold and was trying hard

to ignore it. He went over to the thermostat and turned it up. He would not have his submissive suffer needlessly.

He walked over to them. Donald instantly turned to him and bowed his head and gracefully came down to his knees. It took Tara a couple of seconds to realize that her Master was in the room. He smiled as she clumsily came down to her knees.

“Donald, I’m going out for awhile. I need to pick up a few things. Make sure she understands her chores clearly.” He reached down and stroked Tara’s hair. “Listen to Donald, my submissive.”

“Yes Master. Is there anything you need, Master?” she said quickly.

He was so tempted to make her suck his cock again. Damn that woman was good at that. But he reframed.

“No Tara, I’m fine. I will be back soon.” He headed to the door and left.

“You may rise now,” Donald said. “You were correct to stay kneeling until Master left the room. Now let’s continue with the list. Since Master is away, there is no need to prepare lunch. So, you may rest during that time. I will not make you do too much today. I think it would be best to learn a little at a time. We do have all week.”

“Thank you, Donald.”

“You can thank me by being a good submissive to Master.”

“May I ask you something?”

“You may.”

“Are you Master’s submissive too?”

“If Master trained men I would be honored to be his submissive. I serve him because I want to. He has been kind to me. He took me in when...perhaps it’s better if I don’t say anymore. If Master wants you to know about me he will tell you.”

Tara listened carefully as Donald showed her what to do. When it was lunch time he fixed them something simple then told her that she could go up to her room for a little while. Tara was grateful. She felt strange walking around naked, especially since Master wasn't even here.

When she entered her room she saw the bed in the middle of the room.

"Master said you have earned the use of a bed," Donald said as he walked by with fresh linens for Raven's bed. "He usually waits until this first week is over before he gives a submissive a bed. I would say you are doing very well."

"Thank you." She smiled at him. He just nodded and went to Raven's room.

She looked at the bed. Funny how such an ordinary thing as a bed meant this much to her. She earned it. Master thought she earned it. She smiled and went over and lay down in the soft bed.

Chapter Three

Raven knocked on the door to Alex's house.

"Master Raven," a young woman said as she stepped aside and let him into the house.

"Where is your Master?"

"He is in the playroom."

Raven didn't like for this young woman to call him Master. He wasn't her Master anymore. Why in the world Alex acquire this woman was beyond him. Even as he looked at her he couldn't even remember her name.

She led him to the playroom. She knocked then stepped back.

"What the hell...oh Raven, do come in?" Alex went back over to Lucian. "I was about to beat the hell out of that woman if she disturbed me again. What brings you to my humble abode?"

"I was out purchasing a couple of things and decided to stop by. If you are busy..."

“I’m never too busy for you.” Alex grabbed Lucian’s hair and pulled his head so that he could see Raven. “You see that man, boy.”

“Yes Sir.”

“That man taught me everything I know. You will show him respect.”

“Yes Sir.”

Alex let Lucian’s hair go then pushed his head down.

“I see you are still the best at tying a submissive up.” Raven looked at Alex’s handwork. Lucian was kneeling there with his hands tied to his feet, ropes around his cock which were tied to the large nipple clamps. One false move by Lucian and it would hurt like hell.

“I’m flattered. Now what’s up? You look perplexed.”

“Let’s go to your office.”

“Alright.” Alex grabbed Lucian’s hair again. “I’m going to leave you like this, boy. I would strongly suggest not moving. And if you dare come I will give you twenty lashes. Am I clear?”

“Yes Sir.”

Alex released Lucian’s hair and gave him a light slap on the face. “Come on, Raven.”

Raven followed Alex to his office. He gestured for Raven to sit then he sat down across from him. “What’s up?”

“My new submissive is too perfect.”

“There is no such thing as a too perfect submissive.”

“She seems determined to please me. Yet...why would she be already?”

“I’m not following you.”

“She doesn’t know me. The only thing she really knows is that I’m a Master.”

“Her master. Look, you are over analyzing this. Who cares what her reasons are for wanting to serve you well.”

“I care.”

“You remember when I was your submissive, which by the way seems like ages ago.”

“Yeah, you were one of the two men I had ever trained.”

“I was such an eager puppy too. I didn’t know you. I just knew you were hot and that you were now my Master. That was all I needed to know. Sometimes this need to serve turns into genuine feelings for a Master, sometimes it does not. In my case, you knew that I would never be happy as a submissive. You knew that I was meant to be a Master. You showed me that. Then you taught me everything I needed to know about being a Master. And when our year together was up, we parted ways. I’m thrilled that we ended up forging such a good friendship. So stop worrying about the reasons why your new submissive wants to please you. At the end of your contract, you will have either developed deep feelings for each other or hopefully at least you have taught each other something.”

“I guess I needed to hear that.”

“So, has she earned anything yet? You were such a bastard about that.”

Raven chuckled. “I have given her a bed.”

“Already. Shit, I think it took me what, three weeks to earn one?”

“You were difficult and defiant.”

“But you have to admit, when you did manage to make me submit to you, it was so hot.”

“That it was.”

“Do you want to try out my boy?”

“Maybe at the Valentine’s Day party.”

“Delilah got Tram a couple days ago.”

“Really? How did it go?”

“That boy was surprised by the way she looked. Hell, I was surprised that a Mistress is that delicate looking. She seemed happy to see he wasn’t too young and not bad looking.”

“That boy was scared as hell when he stayed at my house for those couple of weeks.”

“Did you fuck him?”

“No. Gabriel wanted me to keep the boy for a couple weeks so I did.”

“Yeah, what’s with that? Wasn’t Gabriel the one training Tram in the first place?”

“Yep, but I guess he wanted to concentrate on training Delilah. It would have been kind of awkward if he was training the submissive and the Mistress at the same time.”

“I don’t know, I think Gabriel is up to something.”

“What makes you say that?”

“He gave Delilah a house, a car and driver, and a generous allowance. He has never done that for anybody else. Though, she didn’t want to accept his generosity at first, but he insisted she did. I think he wants to make her dependant on him.”

“Why would he do that?”

“Who knows why Gabriel does what he does. Still, something is kind of fishy about all of that.”

“It doesn’t matter. I’m just glad Tram is finally with his new Mistress. He was a nice boy and Delilah I think will make a good Mistress.”

“I know she will make a good Mistress.”

Raven stayed and chatted with Alex for a little while longer. He hadn’t thought about when Alex was his submissive for quite some time. That was ages ago.

Raven drove home and was greeted by Donald as he got out of the car.

He went inside and set his car keys into the small silver dish. He handed Donald the bag he carried in. “Take this to my playroom.”

“Yes Sir.”

He looked up the stairway on the right and saw Tara coming down the stairs carrying a duster. She came down into the foyer.

Raven smiled when she gasped and came down clumsy to her knees.

“I’m sorry Master I didn’t see you there.”

“That is alright.”

“Dinner will be ready in a moment,” she said with her eyes focused on the floor in front of her. “Oh...Master do you need anything right now?”

“No, you may go about your chores.” He watched her slowly get up. She would have to learn to be a bit more graceful when kneeling and coming back up to a standing position.

“Sir, she has tried hard today. But...”

“What is it?”

“She is not very graceful.”

“I have noticed that.”

“Do you wish for me to help her become more graceful?”

“Yes, have her practice with you before she goes to bed for the evening. If anyone can show her how to be graceful it is you.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Raven walked into the kitchen and watched Tara getting dinner ready. He was pleased that she still wore nothing.

She set the pot down and came down to her knees. “Master.”

“You may get up. Dinner smells wonderful. Did you prepare it?”

“Yes, but Donald did help me find everything. Where would you like to have dinner, Master?”

“In the dining room. Surely, Donald told you that is where I always take my dinner.” He could see her becoming flustered, finally a chink in her perfect submissive facade.

“I’m sorry I should have listened more carefully.”

He watched her mounting frustration as she tried to remember the proper way to serve dinner. He walked over to her and ran his hand gently down her hair.

“It is alright to make mistakes this week. Relax, I don’t expect you to be perfect right away,” he said in a soothing tone.

“But I want to be perfect for you, Master.”

“You will be. Now take a deep breath and relax.”

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. She tried hard to remember everything Donald had told her, but there was so much to remember. Not to mention the fact that she was buck naked all day.

“That’s a good girl.” He stroked her hair again. “I will be in the dinning room. Don’t keep me waiting too long for my dinner. Make sure you set a place for you and Donald as well.”

“Yes Master.”

Donald waited for Raven to leave then he rushed into the kitchen. He grabbed her arm roughly. “I explained to you how everything works. Master shouldn’t have to spend time soothing you for something as basic as serving dinner.”

“I know, I’m sorry.”

“And another thing, you will learn to have some grace. The way you come down to your knees and rise to your feet is atrocious. You will shame Master with sloppiness like that.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Sorry...I will not let you shame Master.”

“Why do you sometimes call him Sir and other times Master?”

“That is none of your concern right now. You should be more concern about getting Master his dinner.”

Tara quickly got the serving tray loaded up. She entered the dinning room and saw Raven reading a newspaper. Should she come to her knees before him? She wasn’t sure. She placed the tray down and served him dinner. She set up a place for her and Donald. She was shocked when Donald pushed her to her knees. He glared at her as if she committed a serious crime.

“This looks wonderful,” Raven said as he started to eat. “You may be seated.”

Donald sat down. Tara slowly sat down on her chair. Her nakedness was somehow more obvious sitting here at a beautiful dinning room table. She felt awkward and a bit unnerved, especially after what Donald had told her.

Raven could see her distress. He had no doubt it was Donald who added to her distress.
Donald was torn between his need to serve and his jealousy.

“Tara, this dinner is very good.”

“Thank you, Master.”

After dinner was over she started to clean up.

“Donald you take care of cleaning up tonight. Tara sit down.”

Tara quickly obeyed. She was not at all graceful about it.

“I think it’s only fair to warn you...” Raven finished his wine. “...that Donald is also my submissive.”

“What?”

“Donald is my submissive. He has been for quite some time.”

“But...”

“You may speak freely.”

“He said that if you trained men he would be your submissive.”

“I do train men occasionally, but I haven’t for sometime.”

“I don’t understand.”

“The only reason I tell you anything about Donald is that I don’t want his jealousy to rattle you. That is all I will say on the matter. Now I want you to go to the playroom and wait for me.”

Tara slowly got up. “Master, where is the playroom?”

“It’s in the basement.”

Images of dungeons and serious S&M filled her mind. Oh God, what was she going to if Raven was that kind of Master?

“What are you waiting for?”

“Sorry Master.”

He saw the fear in her eyes. It was good that she was afraid. He hasn't given her reason to trust him yet. He wanted to earn her trust. He looked up and saw Donald finishing cleaning up the table. Donald was quite a pretty man and looked younger than his age. His short blond hair and blue eyes, reminded Raven of Alex. And perhaps that is why he has kept Donald.

"Is something wrong, Sir?"

Raven stood up. "Nothing is wrong. But I warn you not to let your jealousy affect your service to me."

"I will try, Sir."

"You will do or you will be punished." He knew that is what Donald wanted. Raven's attention any way he could get it.

Raven headed down to the basement. He was pleased to see Tara kneeling there in the middle of the room.

"Master, are you going to hurt me?"

"Maybe, but that depends on you."

"I don't understand."

"I can only push your limits as far as you allow me. I told you the safe words. What were they?"

"Red light."

"If you want me to stop, you need only say those words. I see you have something more to say, speak."

"There was a woman at the auction...she talked about a Master named Alex. She said she never wanted to be with him again, because he was cruel."

"Alex is intense. But even he won't go beyond what a submissive can handle. Every good Master has a safe word or phrase. If a submissive goes beyond their comfort zone it is usually their need to please their Master that drives them to an unsafe place. My guess is that this woman

wanted to show up the male submissive that Alex was also training and she pushed herself further than she could take.”

Raven took the ropes from the bag he brought home earlier. “I’m going to bind you. You will let me know if the ropes are too tight. I will then suspend you. This will cause the ropes to tighten. If you become afraid, or if you have too much pain, just say the safe words. Now lay down.”

Tara was afraid. She had never been bound before. She would be helpless and at this man’s mercy. She looked up at Raven as he began to tie the ropes around her arms. That look on his face, the mixture of concentration and pleasure, aroused her and made her want to do this. The fear she had slowly began to fade as he carefully placed each rope on her. He checked to make sure the ropes weren’t too tight. He was careful and gentle. She felt so special. He handled her so delicately as one would a prize possession. The very thought of it made her pussy even wetter, his possession, Master’s possession. She couldn’t stop the moan that escaped from her. His smile made her pussy ache. She groaned loudly with the strand of rope pressed against her clit. He tied that piece of rope to the one that was wrapped around her breasts.

“Almost done,” he said softly. He stood and looked at his handy work. She looked so beautiful lying there all bound up and helpless.

“I’m going to suspended you now. If the ropes get too tight or you get frightened just say the safe words.”

“I understand Master.”

She winced when he lifted her up and attached the long piece of rope to the metal hook. He slowly let her go, making sure that he tied the rope secure enough to hold her weight. When he was certain he stepped back.

Tara winced as the ropes dug into her. She was hanging face down. She felt his hand in her hair, gently stroking.

“I’m going to leave you like this, but don’t worry I will be in the room.”

She was frightened, but aroused at the same time. The ropes bit into her harder.

“You haven’t touched yourself have you, Tara?”

“I haven’t touched myself, Master.”

She could hear his footsteps as he walked around her. She felt him check the ropes adjusting them a bit.

“Do you want to come, Tara?”

“Yes Master.”

“Not yet.”

She felt his hands wandered over her body, over the ropes. She gasped when his hand went to her pussy.

“Mmm, you are so wet.”

“My pussy is ready for you, Master.”

“I can see that.” He stuck two fingers deeply into her “Don’t come.” He slowly moved his fingers in and out. “Your pussy smells so sweet.” He moved behind her as he kept his fingers buried in her. “Don’t come.”

“I won’t, Master.”

She gasped when she felt his tongue on her pussy. She looked back and saw that he was squatting behind her. She could only see his legs.

“Mmm, you taste good.” He slapped her ass as he started licking at her pussy again. “Don’t come.” He flicked his tongue over her clit.

“Master...” She focused and forced herself to hold back. But his tongue was very skilled. He knew where to lick her and how hard. “Master please.”

“Please what?”

“Please let me come.”

“Don’t come. If you do I will punish you severely.”

She couldn't move to escape his tongue. He pulled on the rope, making it press against her clit harder.

"Oh God, please Master."

"Don't come."

She was about to come, about to disappoint him. She focused harder, but his tongue felt so good. Her orgasm started to build. She tried to stop it. She breathed a sigh of relief when he stopped licking. However, it left her pussy aching, needing to come. She gasped when he slapped her ass hard.

"I want to see this ass glow red."

He spanked her harder with each smack. He watched her body tremble. He was pleased that she was able to take this much. He spanked her in hard blows, then soft blows, then fast, then slow until her ass glowed.

"Are you alright?" he said softly.

"Yes Master."

He slowly lowered her down. Her arms must be aching by now being in such an awkward position. His cock was so hard it throbbed. Bondage always made his cock hard...always. He began untying the robes, then rubbing where the rope pressed into her skin.

"This will hurt as the circulation comes back."

When he had all the ropes untied he set them neatly to the side. He reached down and took her into his arms.

"Good girl," he purred into her ear.

The euphoria of pleasing her Master filled her, but there was something more, something she couldn't give a name to. It didn't matter at this moment as Raven held her to him.

He released her and then stood. He watched as she tried to get up.

"Lay there for a moment. When you are ready you may go back to your room."

"Is there anything you need, Master?"

He wanted nothing more than to ram his cock down her throat. His need was great. But seeing her lying on the floor like that, pleased and confused, he just couldn't do it.

"That will be all today."

He left the basement. His cock was so hard it ached. It took all his willpower not to just take what he needed from her. As he came up the stairs he saw Donald waiting there.

"Do you need anything, Sir?"

Raven stepped into the hallway. "On your knees." He watched the graceful way Donald came down to his knees. He took his cock out of his jeans. He didn't even have to say anything. Donald latched his mouth onto Raven's cock. Images of Alex doing this very thing suddenly filled his mind. No other man will ever live up to what Raven shared with Alex. Still, it wasn't a man's touch or servitude that he needed. He craved a woman to serve him like this. His body shook from his orgasm. He gently petted Donald's head as Donald licked his cock.

"Thank you, Sir," Donald said over and over.

Raven should let Donald go find another Master. But, he didn't have the heart to release Donald. Not after what Donald had been through. Raven continued petting Donald.

"Thank you, Donald," Raven said as he put his cock back into his pants.

"Whatever you need, Master."

Raven caressed Donald's face then went to his room. It wasn't fair to Donald that Raven pictured Alex the few times he allowed Donald to touch him. He just couldn't turn Donald out. Being here with Raven was safe and right now that is what Donald needed. He understood that Raven preferred women.

Raven undressed and went to bed. As he lay there he heard a gentle knock on the door.

"Come in."

He watched Tara hurry over and kneel by his bed. He sat up in his bed.

"What is it?"

"I don't know."

“Are you injured from our session?”

“No Master.” Tears stung at her eyes.

“Come here.” He opened his arms and she quickly climbed onto his bed. She held him tightly. The tears flowed she couldn’t stop them.

“What is wrong, Tara?”

“I’m frightened.”

He stroked her hair as she was cradled in his lap. “Of what?”

“I don’t know. I just feel...” She cried harder.

“You are overwhelmed.”

“May I speak freely?”

“Yes.”

“I wanted to be a submissive for as long as I could remember. It’s...a need...” She couldn’t find the words.

“Shh, take your time.”

“I study about this lifestyle. To make sure it was what I really wanted. There are some aspects that are very scary, but...” she said really fast. “I wanted to be the best submissive if I ever got the courage to pursue what I wanted.” She couldn’t stop crying and she didn’t know why.

“Go on.”

“When I went to that auction...there were so many men, touching me, looking me over like some object. I felt dirty...somehow. I was so frightened. None of those men I wanted to serve. I was thinking I made a big mistake...then you touched me. It was different...”

“Probably because I don’t look like those other ones, I’m not ancient, I’m no kid, and not to sound conceited, I’m rather attractive. I probably simply didn’t gross you out.”

“It’s more than that,” she said in a rush. “I can’t explain it. The moment you brought me here I felt like...the moment I kneeled before you I felt like...I found what I have been seeking.”

“But how could you. You don’t really know me that well yet.”

“Your voice soothes me and frightens me. Your touch excites me and overwhelms me. I know you think I’m silly and I shouldn’t have bothered you with this.”

“Of course you should tell me what you are feeling. And most certainly come to me if you are frightened. You will have lots of emotions during our journey together. Have I made myself clear on this?”

“Yes Master.” She snuggled closer and prayed he would allow her to stay just a little longer.

“I’m glad you came to me. As a reward you may share my bed tonight.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He released her then lay down. She lay beside him and snuggled up against him.

“Is it alright that I touch you, Master?”

“You may, but don’t touch my cock.”

“Yes Master.”

Sex had no place in this moment. Her honesty with him went a long way to them building trust with each other. He was use to women falling over themselves to serve him. And yet, her words seemed so genuine.

“Now sleep, Tara, we have a long day tomorrow.”

“Yes Master.”

He reached over and turned out the light.

Chapter Four

Tara carefully climbed out of Raven’s bed. She felt so safe lying with him. She wished she could linger a bit longer, but she had to prepare herself and his breakfast. She looked over

him as he lay there sleeping. He was so beautiful, certainly more than she deserved. She was scared as hell to talk to him last night, but was glad she mustered up the courage. His patience was wonderful. She felt like he was really listening to her. She let her gaze linger over him for a couple more minutes then she hurried to her room.

She quickly bathed and was happy that a white silk slip was lying on her bed. It wasn't much clothing, but at least she wouldn't be naked. She put the slip on.

"Where were you last night?" Donald said as he stood in the doorway to her room.

"I was given the honor of sharing Master's bed."

She was surprised when he charged at her. He slapped her so hard it made her fall to the ground.

"How dare you get to sleep holding Master." He reached down and pulled her up by her hair. "He has only let me share his bed once." He smacked her hard. "Once!" He smacked her again. "You are only here for what, a couple days, and he has already let you share his bed." He slapped her again.

"Stop it!" she cried out.

"No! How dare you touch Master like that. You haven't even begun to earn it. You fucking bitch." He slapped her repeatedly.

"Stop it! Please stop it!" she pleaded.

"Why should I? You fucking bitch."

Raven slowly woke up. He heard Donald yelling, followed by Tara's pleas for him to stop.

"Oh what the hell?" Raven quickly got out of bed and put his robe on. He hurried down the hallway toward Tara's room.

"Stupid bitch!" Donald went to raise his hand to hit her again, but Raven stopped him by grabbing his arms.

“What the hell do you think you are doing?” Raven’s voice boomed through the room. He saw Tara sitting there on the ground crying.

“Master...I...” Donald didn’t know what to say.

“Get your ass down to the basement.” Raven pulled Donald out of the room, then he pushed him forward. “Move it, boy.”

“Yes Master.”

Raven walked back into Tara’s room. He watched as she slowly came up to her knees.

“Come to me.”

She slowly came up to her feet and walked over to him.

“Did he hurt you badly?” Raven gently ran his hand over the red marks on her face, wiping away her tears.

“No Master.”

“Would you like to see me whip Donald?”

She gasped then looked down at the ground. “No...I wouldn’t Master.”

“Why not, he hurt you; wouldn’t you like to witness his punishment?”

“He was only hurt, Master. I don’t think he meant to hurt me.”

“So you think he shouldn’t be punished?”

“I wouldn’t even think to presume to tell you what you should do, Master.”

He caressed her red cheeks. “Are you sure you are alright?”

“Yes Master.”

“In that case you may go about your chores.”

She watched him go to his room. Her cheeks stung and felt really hot. She wasn’t expecting Donald to attack her like that. As she brushed her hair she heard Raven come out of his room and down the hall. She wondered if he was still going to punish Donald.

She went down the stairs and to the kitchen. She looked at basement door, which was only a short distance from the kitchen. She couldn’t stop herself. She slowly walked over to the

basement door and cracked it up. Her blood ran cold when she heard the sound of a whip against skin, followed by Donald whimpering. Raven's voice boomed through the basement filling her with fear.

She quietly closed the basement door and went back to the kitchen. She busied herself with the chore of preparing breakfast. She literally jumped when the basement door burst opened. When Raven slammed the door shut it made the whole house rattle.

She set down the knife she was using to chop onions. When she turned around Raven was standing in the doorway. She quickly came down to her knees.

"Is there something you need, Master?" she asked. Her voice shook a little.

"Bend over the table."

She quickly came up to her feet and went over to the small butcher block table. She bent over. She was frightened and aroused. What was he going to do to her? She heard him grab the small wooden cutting board. Her body tensed up. She heard the whack of the wooden board hitting her ass. It stung and made her jump up. He pushed her back down onto the table. He spanked her with the board until she was about to say the safe words. He held her down on the table. She waited for the next whack, but instead he set it down on the table. She heard him unzipping his pants. He kicked her legs wider apart and with a hard thrust he buried his cock to the hilt in her.

"You come and I will beat you," he said.

"Yes Master."

His cock filled her. His thrusts were powerful. She bit her lip to force herself to focus on not coming. Her whole body trembled when he roared out his orgasm. She felt his warm cum splash over her sore ass. He kept her pinned to the table. His breathing came back to normal.

"Don't wash my cum from your ass. Leave it there. Let it get soak up with your garment as you work."

"Yes Master."

He pulled his pants up then left the room.

She reached back and ran her fingers over his cum. She brought her fingers to her lips and licked every drop of it up. "Master," she sighed.

Raven slammed the door to his room. It was too early to fuck her. Yet, he couldn't stop himself from doing so. He sat on his bed and calmed himself. The beating he gave Donald made Donald come so hard he cried out. No matter how severe the beating Donald never saw pain as a punishment. Then seeing her kneeling there looking so vulnerable, he couldn't stop himself from taking her.

"Fuck," he cursed under his breath. He quickly gathered himself when he heard the soft knock on his door.

"Come in."

"Master, here is your breakfast." Tara came in and sat the tray next to him then she came down to her knees before him.

"You may go."

"Yes Master."

He had to be alone now. He looked at the tray sitting on the bed. She had carefully setup everything. He cleared his mind and focused on the day ahead.

Raven went down to the basement later on that morning. He saw Donald hanging there. The marks from his whip still crisscrossed Donald's back. He walked over and carefully took him down.

"I'm sorry, Master," Donald said quietly as he came down to his knees.

“I let you stay in my home and this is how you repay me. You know how difficult it is for a new submissive when they enter this lifestyle. And still you couldn’t control your jealousy. We have been over this time and time again. I will help you heal from what your last Master did to you. But you know I prefer women. I told you this. I explained all of this to you.”

“I know you have, Master.”

“I don’t want to whip you. I have no desire to hurt you. Don’t make me do it again.”

“I’m sorry I have caused your distress, Master. But Master...may I speak freely?”

“You may.”

Donald didn’t know where to start. “It’s about Alex, Master.”

“What about him? Do you want to be his submissive?”

“No!” Donald looked up at Raven. “I want to stay here with you. I love serving you.” He looked at the floor again. “I have heard that you trained Alex.”

“I did.”

“That he was your first male submissive.”

“He was.”

“But if you prefer women...”

“Stop right there, boy.” Raven saw every muscle tense up in Donald’s body. “Alex is none of your business. So drop it.”

“Yes Master, but...Master...” Donald looked up at Raven. “...I will brunt your anger for this. I look a lot like Alex...is this why you took me in?”

“You dare question my generosity.”

“I’m sorry Master.”

“No more talk about this. You will go clean up and go back to your duties. Is this understood?”

“Yes Master.”

Donald remained kneeling until Raven left the room. He heard about Raven training Alex, learned about their relationship, he also learned that the only reason Raven let Alex go was that Alex was meant to be dominant. Would Raven still be with Alex if Alex was submissive? Why was Alex the only man Raven wanted to be with? Donald wished that he was a woman. He wanted Raven to be his Master, his true Master. Still, if it wasn't for Raven allowing him to live here, he don't know what would have happened to him. Brent was a cruel Master and Donald's body still held some of the scars. Brent was forbidden from ever participating in the auction again after what he did to Donald. Brent was Donald's first Master, his introduction into this lifestyle.

"It is okay."

Donald felt Raven's hand in his hair. Donald remained still.

"Come here."

He quickly turned around and threw himself into Raven's arms. He felt safe here with Raven. He knew Raven would always honor the safe word, even when giving a punishment.

"You know you can stay here as long as you want to."

"I know Master. Thank you, Master."

"If being here while I'm training a female submissive is too much for you..."

"No, I want to stay here." His heart lightened when Raven smiled at him.

"I'm glad to hear that. Now go ready yourself for your day." Raven held him for a little while longer then released him. He watched Donald hurry out of the room. Donald's jealousy was a real issue. Raven was a patient Master, but there were so many others who would not tolerate Donald's jealousy.

Raven looked over his various toys that filled this room. He would test Tara's endurance today. It was obvious she liked bondage and liked to be spanked. He held the small whip in his hand. But would she enjoy this kind of pain? Raven's taste was wildly diversified, his new submissive was going to experience all of it through this year.

Tara was busy cleaning up the kitchen. Her body ached with need. Holding off her orgasm was getting harder and harder. She had to fight the urge to give relief to herself. The frustration was building. She had to push all of this to the back of her mind.

“You don’t listen very well, do you?”

She turned around quickly hearing Donald’s voice.

“You need to be more efficient with your chores. You must be available for Master at all times. So if you finish your chores quickly you will have plenty of free time.”

“I will try harder.”

“Another thing, we will work on your gracefulness. If you show up at one of the parties being so pathetic, you will shame Master.”

“I will practice.”

“How are you going to do that? You don’t know the proper way to do anything. Watch me and you better pay attention. You listening?”

“Yes.”

“This will be slightly different for you than it is for me.”

“Why?”

“I’m a man and you are a woman.” Donald rolled his eyes. “Stand with your legs together. Mine can be slightly apart. Do it!” he barked.

Tara stood with her legs together.

“Now in one fluid motion come down to your knees.”

She watched the graceful way Donald did this.

“Now you do it. Remember to keep your legs together.” He sighed watching her as she clumsily came down to her knees. “This is not difficult.”

“I know.”

“Get up on your knees. Keep your back more straight. Now, to go into a bowing position you lean forward as your legs start to bend. Watch.”

She watched him bend forward until he about lay on the ground with his arms extending forward.

“You stay in this position until Master says otherwise. Now you try.” He came back up to his knees.

“What is that position for?”

“That is the position you go in to show your gratitude or when you beg for forgiveness. You should do this while being at his feet. That way if you want to kiss his feet you can. By kissing his feet you are putting yourself in the most humble position. This shows great signs of gratitude for what he has given you or regret for what you have done to him. Now just get into the position.”

She could hear his sigh as she ungracefully went into the position.

“Get back up to kneeling position. Now listen up, when you are down there and have kissed his feet, you should come back up to kneeling position. However, some Masters will not let you go out of the most humble position easily. Some will make you lick their feet, others will keep your face nuzzling their feet. Whatever the case is you will do what is commanded.”

He saw the shocked look on her face.

“Don’t worry, Master is kinder than most. Now practice what I showed you, then I will teach you the second kneeling position for a woman.”

“There is a second position?”

“Yes.” He watched her practice her kneeling and bowing. Damn was she going to need a lot of work.

“Alright stop. Let me show you the second kneeling position for a woman.” He stood up then came down to a kneeling position, but this time he sat back on his heels with his hands

resting gracefully on his legs. “This is the kneeling position you go in when you are wearing a more formal dress. Do it.”

He stood and watched her. Damn, this bitch was going to shame Master, he could just feel it coming. God help her if she did.

“I want you to practice every night before you go to bed. Now let’s see you come back up to a standing position with some measure of grace.” He sighed loudly watching her getting up to her feet. “You better work on your leg strength.” He came down into a kneeling position then in one fluid movement came up to his feet. He stood with his hands behind his back, his head bent slightly forward and his eyes focused on the floor.

“You better practice until you can do this at least as gracefully as I can. You are a woman for God’s sake grace should be in your nature.”

“I’m trying.”

“No you’re not.”

“Yes I am.”

He didn’t say anything more as he left the kitchen.

This was hard enough trying to be what Raven wanted her to be, having Donald being so mean wasn’t helping. She took a deep breath. She had no choice she had to put up with Donald. He was Master’s submissive too. She looked around the kitchen and tried to remember what she had to do next. Donald had rattled her and now she couldn’t remember anything. She felt the frustration start to build. Her body ached with need and her mind was fuzzy. She wanted to scream out in frustration. She heard Raven talking on the phone in the foyer. She closed her eyes and just listened to his deep, soothing voice. He was talking to some business partner, judging by the gist of the conversation. It didn’t matter what he was saying, hearing his voice helped her pull herself together.

“The plants. I have to water and feed the houseplants.” She smiled as she remembered her chore list. She went to the small room off the kitchen that held all the cleaning supplies to get

the watering can and the plant food. The mixture had to be precise. Master had some very exotic and no doubt expensive plants.

“Donald!” Raven bellowed.

“Yes Master.” Donald hurried into the room and came down to his knees.

“I have to leave and take care of business. It seems a shipment is stuck in customs...anyways, make sure everything gets done. I should be back by dinner time.”

“Yes Master.” Donald watched Raven leave the house. He came up to his feet and headed to the kitchen. He was a little annoyed when he didn’t see Tara in here. Then he heard her in the utility room. He rushed to the door and closed it.

“Hey, I’m in here,” she said as she hurried to door. “Hey!”

Donald smiled then made sure the door was locked. “You can stay in there all day, bitch,” he mumbled as he walked away.

Tara tried to open the door, and then repeatedly banged on the door. When she realized that banging on the door was futile she stepped back. She looked around the room and saw no other door or windows. She gasped when the lights went out. What was going on? The room was so dark. Was Master doing this to her? Was this a test of some sort?

“Enjoy your day, Tara.”

“Donald, let me out!” she screamed. A mixture of anger and fear engulfed her. “Damn you, Donald.” She heard him laugh then the sound of his footsteps walking away.

She had to go to the bathroom so badly it hurt. She was cold and hungry. Being in the dark for so long like this was frightening, especially not knowing how long she was going to be in here. She had been in here for hours.

Donald came down the stairs and rushed to the door. He saw Master's car pulling up the driveway. He hurried to the utility room door and he unlocked it. He reached inside and pulled her out. "You say one word to Master and you will be sorry." The look in his eyes frightened her. "Master is home." He walked over to the front door and went out to greet Raven.

Tara slowly walked over to the front door. She came down to her knees. She had to pee so bad she didn't know how much longer she was going to be able to hold it.

"Master," she said when he entered the room.

He reached down and petted her. "Have dinner ready soon. I'm starving."

"Yes Master." She slowly came up to her feet.

"Is something wrong, my submissive?"

"No Master. I'm just a bit tired."

"Perhaps Donald should fix dinner tonight."

"I'm able to do it, Master."

He stroked her hair again then walked over to his study. The moment he went into the study she ran for the nearest bathroom. After she was done she quickly cleaned herself up then hurried to the kitchen. Donald was standing there smiling at her.

"Did you enjoy your day?" he smirked.

She said nothing, but instead busied herself with fixing Master's dinner. Thankfully the meal was simple. Master wanted spaghetti today.

Raven finished his phone calls then he went over to the dining room. Something was not right, he could feel it. He watched Tara set the table then bring in the meal. She looked visibly shaken by something.

"Did you hurt yourself today, Tara?"

"No Master." She set his plate down in front of him.

"This looks good."

"Thank you Master."

Raven looked over to Donald. He was smiling at Tara, she however wouldn't look at Donald.

"What happen while I was gone?" Raven asked.

"Nothing much. There was a package for you. I set it on your desk. Did you see it?" Donald said.

"No, I wasn't paying attention. Tara, did you do your chores?"

She didn't know what to say.

"I had to help her, so I think she is feeling a bit ashamed at the moment."

"Don't worry yourself too much over it, Tara. You still have time to learn."

"Thank you Master." She felt anger and frustration build inside. Damn Donald. She wanted to reach over and smack him.

"After dinner I want you to go to the playroom, Tara."

"Yes Master."

"Donald you can clean things up after dinner."

"Yes Master."

Tara waited in the playroom on her knees. The events of the day ran through her mind. Why would Donald lock her in that damn room all day? Should she have told Master about this?

She looked around the room. The last time she was here she didn't pay too much attention to what was in this room. She saw a cage in the corner of the room. A wooden bed, which had metal restraints attached to it, in the middle of the room. There were all sorts of cabinets and trunks in this room. She started to wonder what was in them. She saw a large rubber ball, which reminded her of those exercise balls, except this one had what appeared to be cuffs attached to it. Her eyes opened wider when she saw a stockade and a large wooden object that

almost look like a cross. There was a large closet in here. The door was ajar a little and she could see the bars of what must be cages, either that or the closet was a cage itself. Her heart started to pound really hard. She looked up and saw various hooks. She remembered Master lifting her up and attaching the ropes that bind her to one of those hooks. She gasped spotting a large wooden box that reminded her of a coffin, except this box had a small opening carved on the top of it.

“What the hell is that for?” she whispered. She could hear herself breathing harder. She looked over to another corner and there was a settee placed in front of a large mirror. Her mind spun from everything she saw. What scared her most was what she couldn’t see.

She quickly looked at the door when she heard footsteps coming down the stairs. She knew it was Master. Her heart pounded harder. She had no idea what he planned to do to her and this scared the shit out of her. Especially after what she heard earlier, that sound of a whip hitting skin and Donald’s cries, made her start to tremble. What if Master planned to do the same to her? She jerked when the door opened.

“My submissive you have made a mistake,” he said when he entered the room.

“What did I do, Master?” She was in a kneeling position. What could it possibly be?

“When you come to this room you should always be naked. Didn’t Donald tell you this?”

“I don’t think so.” She quickly removed the silk slip.

“You are trembling.” He moved closer. “Are you cold?”

“No Master.” She felt his hand softly pet her. She wanted to scream, *please tell me what you plan to do to me, Master*, but she dare not.

“Then why are you trembling?”

“I don’t know, Master.”

“Up on your feet.”

She quickly obeyed. He led her over to the wooden table. He lifted her up and sat her down onto the table.

“Lie down.”

Her body trembled more as she lay down on the hard wooden table.

“What are the safe words, my submissive?”

“Red light.”

He smiled at her. “I want you to use it if what I do is too much. You needn’t worry about disappointing me. I don’t want to push you farther than you can handle. Do you understand?”

“Yes Master.”

He opened one of the drawers that were under the table. He pulled out a silk blindfold. He gently placed it on her, then proceeded to shackle her wrist and ankles.

“It’s not too tight, is it?”

“No Master.”

Her heart pounded harder in her chest when she heard him walk over to the other side of the room. The not knowing what he was going to do to her scared her. She thought about saying the safe words, but then decided against it. He hasn’t really done anything that bad to her yet.

“When sight is taken away the other senses become sharper. Also, when you can’t see, can’t anticipate what I’m going to do, this makes you feel it so much more. What are you feeling, Tara? Don’t be afraid to be honest with me. There is no right or wrong answer here.”

“I’m afraid.”

She felt his hand on her stomach. She didn’t even hear him come back to the table. She was too focused on her fear.

“You needn’t be afraid. I won’t take you further than you can handle. That is why we have safe words. I can get you out of any of these contraptions in a matter of seconds.”

She could smell the faint scent of leather. Was Master wearing leather when he came in here? No...he was wearing just a pair of jeans. Her body tensed up when she felt the leather strap brush over her skin. Her breathing became ragged.

“Have you explored sexual pain, Tara?”

“I don’t understand what you mean.”

“You told me you practiced sucking cock so that you could be the best at it for your future Master. I assume you also practiced fucking too.”

“I...”

“What is it, Tara? Tell me.”

Her body trembled more, feeling the leather strap being brushed against her whole body, slowly, deliberately.

“I only fucked one of them.”

“Interesting. So you only sucked cock on every one but one. How many different cocks did you suck?”

“Three.”

“Three, you must have practiced a lot on those three. You are very skilled with your mouth.”

Tara remained silent then winced when he struck her with the leather strap.

“You didn’t thank me for my complement.”

“Thank you, Master.” Her stomach was still stinging from where he struck her.

“I’m going to place nipple clamps on you. Let me know if it is too much for you.”

His voice was gentle, which seemed almost bizarre, seeing the position she was in. She moaned as he licked at her nipples. He did this for what seemed like an eternity. Her pussy ached with need. Then she gasped when she felt the first pinch of the nipple clamp. The pain was intense, but not unbearable. When he attached the second it intensified her pain, still it wasn’t unbearable.

“Good girl.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“You still haven’t answered my question. Have you explored erotic pain?”

“No, I...”

“Did you not think your future Master might enjoy giving erotic pain?”

“I didn’t think of it.”

“I’m sure you studied about this lifestyle. So you must have known about erotic pain.”

“I did, Master.”

“So if you were determined to be the best submissive for your future Master, wouldn’t you have learn all about erotic pain?”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t think of it, Master.”

“You needn’t apologize. One very important thing to remember is that no two Master’s are alike. What one likes, the other might find detestable and vice versa. Some Masters get off on nothing but pain, others want nothing more than a pet.”

“What kind of Master are you?” she said quickly.

“Oh, what a good girl you are. You finally asked the right question.”

“Master?”

“You are my submissive now. Your only thought should be what I want for you. Forget about all those things you studied, forget about being the best little cock sucker, or having the best-trained pussy. I will teach you what I like and need, and in return you will let me know what you need.”

“I only want to make you happy, Master.”

“Do you really?”

“Yes, of course.”

“Is it a Master who you want to make happy or is it me you want to make happy?”

She was silent.

“You don’t have an answer for that do you? And I’m pleased that you don’t. If you would have just said it was me that you want to make happy, I probably wouldn’t have believed you. After all, we have only known each other for a few days.”

He gently stroked her face.

“I will ask you again in a month. And I want your honest answer. Do you promise to give me an honest answer, Tara?”

“Yes Master.”

“As far as the question of what kind of Master am I. Well, I enjoy all sorts of erotic pleasure. But I never want to force anything onto my submissives. I want them to trust me to take them to the next level and beyond. Nothing is more beautiful than a Master and submissive who are in perfect balance. If the submissive can’t tell the Master that he is pushing them too far, then the balance tips. If the Master doesn’t care when he is not giving the submissive what they need, then the balance tips. It will not be an easy journey and sometimes a Master and submissive are just too different to balance each other. But when they are right for each other, everyone can feel it.”

The clarity of what he just said hit her hard. It was beautiful and at the same time frightening. What if after a year together she finds out she is not what Raven needs or worse he is not what she needs.

“Don’t think about this too much, Tara. We have a year to journey together. A lot can change in a year. Right now, let’s focus on the here and now.”

“Yes Master.”

She winced when he struck her again.

“Ten more lashes, Tara.”

She braced herself for each hit from the leather straps. Each one stung worse than the other. She controlled her breathing, she would take all ten lashes.

“Good girl.” He stroked her cheek.

She took two deep breaths. She had endured the lashes. She realized that she had forgotten about the pinching of the nipple clamps.

“I’m going to remove these. This will hurt. You ready?”

“Yes Master.”

The pain was intense when he removed the clamps.

“Good girl.” He sucked briefly on each of her nipples.

She sighed. The mixture of pain and pleasure was strange, but wonderful. She moaned feeling his fingers slip into her pussy. He expertly stroked her clit.

“May I come, Master?”

He didn’t say anything.

“Please let me come, Master.”

Still he said nothing.

Her body tensed as she fought to stay off her orgasm. Oh God, she needed to come, the aching needed to be squelched.

“I beg of you to let me come, Master.”

“You may come.”

Her orgasm built and built, her body arched up. “Master!” she screamed as her orgasm rocked her.

Raven watched every moment of her orgasm. His cock was so hard. He reached up and unshackled her arms then her legs. He removed the blindfold. That look of euphoria on her face made his cock even harder and heavier with need.

He lifted her off the table. “On your knees, right now.”

She quickly came down to her knees. He took his pants off then grabbed her hair and shoved his cock into her mouth. She sucked and slurped, wanting, needing him to come. He could feel her need.

“Yessss,” he hissed as he drove his cock deeper and deeper down her throat. She didn’t slow down or gag, she just kept sucking him. He roared out his orgasm and his body quivered feeling her eagerly sucking up all of his cum. He released her head. He stood there as she lapped at his cock then she flicked her tongue over his balls. He gently stroked her hair as she licked him.

“Good girl, very good girl.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He wanted to stay like this and enjoy the feeling of her tongue bathing his cock and balls. However, Alex was coming over tonight.

“My submissive, you must stop now.”

“Yes Master.” She obeyed instantly.

“Go ready the house for a visitor. Wear the dress that is in the closet.”

“Yes Master.” She came up to her feet. He held his chuckle on the most ungraceful way she did that. She hurried from the room.

He leaned up against the wooden table and started to stroke his cock, he needed to come again. She was so eager to please, but for how long.

“I will come down to my knees before you, but only you.” Alex’s voice filled his mind.

Then his head filled of his other female submissive’s voices, their demands, and their insincerity. So many women wanted to be his submissive. And it wasn’t because they need to be in this lifestyle, they were playing and nothing more. They chose him because he is handsome and rather wealthy, nothing more. Alex and Donald were the only two that needed to be his submissive. Ironical that it was men who were the only ones who really wanted him to be their Master, their real Master, not some bedroom game Master.

Raven could see Tara kneeling there in his mind. The way she sucked his cock was incredible, but it was more than that. His body shuddered as he came on the floor.

“Don’t read too much into this, stupid,” he scolded himself. Those other women were eager at first too.

He put his pants back on. He had to get ready for Alex’s visit. It was always so amusing, yet kind of sad that he remembered Alex as his submissive each time he acquired a new submissive. That was one of the main reasons he didn’t want to have a new submissive for awhile.

He headed upstairs and went to his room. He wanted to take a bath. He walked into his bathroom and saw Tara setting up his bath. He had forgotten that he told Donald to show her how to do this after the first night. He silently watched her as she frustrated herself trying to get everything right.

“Oh damn, the scotch,” she muttered. She hurried to the door and gasped seeing him. She started to go to her knees, but he stopped her.

“Calm down, my submissive.” He smiled at her. He saw how her face lit up. How his one smile seemed to mean so much to her.

“You go get my scotch and bring it in here.”

“Yes Master.”

He stepped back and let her get by. He then went into the bathroom and removed his jeans. He tested the water. She got it perfect. He climbed into the tub and let the warm water soothed him.

Tara hurried back in with his scotch. “Here you go, Master.” She set it down on the side of the tub then come down to a kneeling position. He could see something was bothering her.

“What’s wrong, Tara?” he asked as he took a sip of his scotch.

“I’m trying to be graceful...”

“Shh, it’s alright, you will learn.” He could see his words instantly put her at ease.

“Is there anything you need, Master?”

“No, not now, you go get ready for our guests.”

“Yes Master.”

She about fell forward as she came up to her feet, then she hurried off.

Raven couldn’t help but chuckle.

Chapter Five

Tara liked the light blue dress Master wanted her to wear. The silk felt good against her skin. The dress hung to her knees, it was backless and barely covered her ample breasts. She hoped it wasn't originally made for a trimmer woman. She looked in the mirror of the foyer. Master had provided makeup and everything she needed to style her hair. There was a note left with these things stating she deserved these things. She felt pride as she looked at her perfectly made up face. Her shoulder-length hair always had a mind of its own, but its unruliness went well with the outfit she wore.

"Try not to make a fool of yourself," Donald said.

She turned around wanting to say something to him, but decided against it. Master's guests were going to be here any moment.

Donald wore only a pair of leather pants, two leather cuffs and a leather collar. His hair was flawless, his skin was perfect and he smelt wonderful.

"Why are you standing there staring at me? Get your ass in the kitchen and prepare the drinks and food."

She said nothing as she headed for the kitchen. She punched up the menu on the monitor, simple finger foods and wine. At least this was going to be easy. She busied herself getting things ready. She didn't hear the doorbell.

"Master Alex," Donald said as he opened the door. He bowed his head respectfully. He looked over Lucian as the beautiful young man entered right behind Alex. This man better not catch Raven's eye. Donald took a deep breath and calmed himself. He had nothing to worry about, this Lucian was Alex's submissive for at least a year. He escorted them into the lounge. He looked around for Tara.

"Please be seated. Master will be down in a moment."

“Sit boy,” Alex said to Lucian. The young man immediately obeyed.

Donald headed to the kitchen. He hated Alex with a passion. Alex was the one who had Master’s heart once, something Donald so desperately wanted. He spotted Tara getting the tray of food ready. Goddamn this bitch was slow. He stomped over to her and grabbed a handful of her hair.

“Ouch!” she yelped.

“What the hell is taking you so long? And why weren’t you there to greet Master Alex?”

“I didn’t know he was here yet.”

“So you are deaf as well as dumb.” He released her hair and pushed her forward. “I will serve the drinks. I wouldn’t want you to spill wine all over Master’s guest. When you serve the food set the tray on the table then kneel down.” He grabbed her arm roughly. “And you better show some grace when you do it.”

“Alex.”

They both heard Raven greet Alex.

“Go you stupid bitch.” Donald grabbed the tray with the wine and glasses on it.

Tara picked up the food tray. She couldn’t help but noticed how graceful Donald was. They entered the lounge. Donald elegantly set the tray down then knelt down in one graceful movement. Tara walked around to the other side and set the tray down. She tried to be elegant when she knelt but ended up almost losing her balance. She got into the second kneeling position.

Alex chuckled a little. “Perhaps, I should lend you Lucian to teach your new submissive how to kneel properly.”

She looked over at Donald. If looks could kill she would be dead now.

“She is doing fine.” Raven reached over and stroked her hair. “I see your boy is learning fast.”

“He is such a good boy.” Alex stroked Lucian’s hair. “While we talk I would like to watch Lucian fuck your girl.”

“Alright.”

Tara was shocked and the way Alex started laughing it must have shown on her face.

“Raven, you haven’t had Donald fuck her while you watched yet?”

“It’s only been a few days. I don’t throw my submissives into the deep end and tell them sink or swim.”

“You were always so patient. Still, I want to see them fuck. My boy probably could use some pussy about now. I would let Donald fuck him up the ass, but I’m afraid I have worn his ass out.”

“Tara, entertain my guests.”

“Yes Master,” she said quietly.

“Remember the safe words, my submissive.”

She felt a calm come over her hearing him say that.

She stood up and then walked over to the side of the room. Lucian had already begun to remove his leather pants.

“Look at the ass on my boy. Isn’t it a piece of art.”

“It certainly is. I see you have pierced his cock already.”

“It makes playing easier.”

Tara hesitated taking her dress off.

“Sweetie, he can’t fuck you with your clothes on,” Alex said. “She is a shy one, isn’t she?”

Tara removed her dress then covered her breasts with her arms.

“Let me see your breasts,” Alex said.

She lowered her hands.

“Come here. My boy can wait a minute to get some pussy.”

Tara slowly walked over to Alex. She glanced over at Donald. He glared at her. She gasped feeling Alex’s hands on her breasts.

“Damn, these babies fill my hands up and then some. A lot better than the skinny bitch you trained before. That woman had no tits at all.” His hand went down to her ass. He cupped her ass firmly. “Nice and soft.”

She wanted his hands off her. She felt strange having another man’s hands on her in front of her Master.

“I thought you wanted to see her and Lucian fuck.”

“You’re right.” Alex gave her ass a firm swat. “Go fuck him, sweetie.”

Tara went back over to Lucian. He gently guided her to the floor. His hands were gentle.

“Mount her, boy,” Alex said.

Tara opened her legs and he filled her with one thrust.

“Granted his cock is nowhere as nice as Raven’s, but still he is not bad. Come on, really fuck her, boy. Let me hear your bodies slap together.”

Tara could tell Lucian wanted to come badly, but Alex prolonged it.

“You are going to wear my girl’s pussy out.”

“Come Lucian.”

Lucian threw his head back and cried out his orgasm.

“Come here, boy.”

Lucian stood and then hurried to Alex. He grabbed Lucian’s hair and pulled him down to his cock. “Suck it good, boy.”

Tara slowly got up.

“Come here, Tara.”

She hurried to Raven then came down to her knees. He took his pants off. “Watching you two has made me horny.”

Tara lowered her head down and took his cock into her mouth.

“Oh, help her out, Donald,” Alex said licking his lips.

Donald went over and started licking Raven’s balls.

“So damn delicious looking,” Alex moaned as he came down Lucian’s throat.

It didn’t take long for Tara and Donald to get Raven off. When they were finished they help put Raven’s pants back on.

Tara reached back for her dress.

“Make her stay naked,” Alex said.

“Remain naked, Tara.”

“I tell you what Raven. Let’s trade submissives after the Valentine’s Day party for let’s say one day.”

“We will see.”

“I won’t hurt your clumsy little submissive too much.” Alex chuckled.

Tara knelt there next to Raven the whole time Alex was there. They were talking about business and other things. She didn’t really pay attention. The only thing she knew was that she didn’t want to be with Alex for one day. He wasn’t Raven. Her breath caught. Alex wasn’t Raven, repeated in her mind. If a Master was all she wanted, it wouldn’t matter if it was Alex or Raven. But it did matter.

“Whoa, it looks like your submissive just had an epiphany,” Alex said.

Raven looked down at Tara. “Are you alright, my submissive?”

“Yes Master.”

“I know, she wants me to train her. Is that right sweetie? What you say Raven, you wanna give her to me.”

“No!” Tara said.

“No, did she just say no. I didn’t think it was in a submissive’s vocabulary. Now you have to give her to me.”

Tara stood up. “You are not my Master!” she said. Her body trembled.

“Really, then who is sweetie? You wanted a Master and I sure the hell fit the bill.”

Her breathing became ragged.

“Any old Master will do for most of these submissives.”

“You are not my Master!” she said louder.

“Who is sweetie?” Alex smiled at her. He recognized the look on her face. He had that same look on his once.

“Raven is my Master!” She hurried from the room and ran upstairs.

“Damn, it’s only been a few days and she is already bewitched by you. It took me at least a month.”

“Why did you do that?”

“Because I could. Leave her be. Let her revel in her revelation that she wants you and only you to be her Master. It scared the shit out of me when I realized that. I think me and Lucian will go home. Does that sound good, boy?”

“Yes Master.”

“You will have to come visit me with your female submissive. That way poor Lucian can have some more pussy.”

“Alright.”

Donald stood and showed them to the door. Then he headed back to the lounge. “Master, she shouldn’t have spoken to Alex like that.”

“She is new to this. I will let this go this one time.”

“You are too gentle with her, Master.”

“And you have forgotten your place.”

“Sorry Master.” Donald went about cleaning up.

Raven got up and headed to his office. He will take Alex’s advice and leave Tara alone. If she needed him she would come and find him.

She cried as she lay in her bed. Why did she say that? Was Master going to be mad because she talked to Alex the way she did? She deserved to be punished.

She wanted Raven and only him to be her Master. This scared the hell out of her. She barely knew this man and already he became the center of her world. He must think her a fool. Still, she spoke disrespectfully to Alex and she needed to be punished.

She went to the bathroom and washed the makeup off her face. She grabbed her white slip and put it on.

She first went to Master's bedroom, but he wasn't there. She headed downstairs and went to his office. She knocked softly.

"Come in, Tara."

How did he know it was her? It could have been Donald.

She slowly opened the door and stepped inside. He was sitting behind his desk doing up some paperwork. She hurried over and came to her knees beside his chair.

"What is it?"

"I'm sorry for disrespecting your guest. I will endure any punishment you deemed fit."

"If I wanted to punish you I would have ordered you to the basement."

"I was rude and..."

"You were being honest. I wouldn't have let Alex take you. You are too gentle for him."

He reached down and stroked her hair. "If you wish you may stay here with me while I finish my work."

"Thank you, Master."

He leaned her head against his leg as he gently stroked her hair. She closed her eyes and enjoyed just being near him. "*My Master. Mine...*" she repeated over and over in her mind as he continued to stroke her hair.

Chapter Six

Tara woke up to the sound of her alarm going off. She quickly sat up in her bed. How did she end up in her room? She hurried to the bathroom and readied herself for her day. She looked in the closet and saw a red satin slip. She ran her hands over the soft fabric. She quickly put it on.

She paused. Oh no, she must have fallen asleep when she was with Master in his study. She thought she was dreaming when he carried her up to her room.

She cleared her mind and focused on what she needed to get done. She hurried down the stairs and stopped abruptly seeing Donald standing at the bottom of the stairs.

“I’m surprise you managed to get your lazy ass up,” he growled.

“I have to get Master’s breakfast ready.”

“I have already done that.”

“Why?”

He climbed the couple steps that separated them and grabbed her arm roughly. He dragged her into the kitchen then threw her on the floor.

“You embarrassed Master in front of Alex, you fucking bitch.”

“I have apologized to Master for that.”

“And what did he do? Did he take you down to the basement and whip you until you screamed?”

She didn’t say anything.

“No, he didn’t do that. Instead he let you kneel by him as he petted you.” Donald kicked her. “You know what would have happened to me?” He grabbed her and dragged her down to the basement.

“No! Let me go!” she cried out.

“Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!” He smacked her each time he said that.

He dragged her to the wooden table and pinned her down. He opened one of the drawers and pulled out Master’s smaller whip.

“Master would beat me until I begged him to stop.” Donald held her down with one hand and raised the whip. He brought the whip down across her back.

“He wouldn’t have cuddled me, wouldn’t have let me stay close to him.” He whipped her three more times.

“Stop it!” she sobbed.

“I want you to beg me to stop. Like Master makes me do. Beg me, bitch.” He whipped her three more times. “Come on, beg me.”

“Please stop,” she cried.

He grabbed her hair and dragged her over to the cage. He closed the door once he had her inside. “I’m not letting you out for awhile. Master has already gone off with Alex. He won’t be back until dinner. By then those whip marks would have faded. Stay in that cage all day, you stupid bitch.” Donald spat at her then left the room.

Tara pulled on the bars. There was no way she was getting out until Donald let her out. Her back stung from the whip. She huddled in the corner of the cage.

After a couple of hours Donald came back down the stairs. He was carrying a bucket.

“Let me out!” she yelled as she pulled on the bars. She gasped when he splashed the hot water on her. It was hot enough to sting, but not hot enough to scald her.

“I thought you might be thirsty.” He laughed.

“If I tell Master what you have...”

He kicked her hand that held onto the bar. “You say anything and I swear I will make you regret it.” He took the bucket and went back upstairs.

Soon she forgot the stinging of the hot water, when a chill overtook her. There was no way to warm herself. She sat back in the corner of the cage and pulled her legs up to her.

It felt like hours had gone by. She could hear Donald upstairs talking with someone. She couldn't make out what he was saying. Was Master home? Her body ached from being in this cramped cage for this long.

"I will get you what you need?" she heard Donald say as the basement door opened. "Wait..."

She heard the footsteps coming closer. The sounds of the footsteps were too light to be Master's. Her body trembled from the cold. Her eyes opened wide seeing Alex entering the room.

"What the fuck?" he growled. He turned around to see Donald as pale as a ghost. "Oh, you bastard..." Alex reached back and grabbed Donald.

Tara watched as Donald groveled at Alex's feet. He was in the most humble of positions.

Alex opened one of the drawers that were next to the wooden table. Tara saw the large whip in Alex's hand. She closed her eyes when Alex started beating Donald with the whip. His strokes were much harder, much more vicious than what she heard Master give to Donald.

She plugged her ears when Donald started to scream. After a little while there was silence. Her body tensed up when she heard the cage door open.

"Poor sweetie, come here."

She moved away from his touch.

"Open your eyes. Come on."

She slowly opened her eyes. He was so close to her.

"Come on, let me get you out of here. I won't hurt you, sweetie."

She reached out her hand and he gently helped her out of the cage. Her legs felt wobbly. She gasped seeing Donald lying on the floor with bloody whip marks on his back.

"He will be fine."

She looked up into Alex's handsome face. He didn't look like a man who could have done that to Donald. No...he looked gentle...kind...

"As I told Lucian, you should never judge a Master by what they look like. Raven looks like he could put a real hurting to someone, but he doesn't. I look like I will be so sweet, but I'm anything but sweet. Now let's get you into a warm bath, before you come down sick."

"Where is Master?" she said softly.

"He had some business to take care of. He will be back shortly. I just came here to get my favorite whip."

She looked down and saw the bloodstain whip in Alex's hand. Her body instantly tensed up.

"I have no plans on marking up your pretty back."

She couldn't make her legs move. Alex scooped her up and carried her out of the basement.

"What about Donald?"

"Fuck him. He will stay down there until I have gone."

"But he is bleeding."

"Well, if you want to go tend to him I won't stop you. I will be hanging around until Raven gets back."

He carried her to the guest bathroom. He filled the tub with warm water. She didn't fight him when he removed her slip. He lifted her up and placed her into the bath.

"Once that warm water warms your bones, you will be fine. I'm going to Raven's office. Do whatever the hell you want."

"Thank you, Master Alex." She bowed her head to him.

"It's good to see you have remembered your manners."

Alex was right, after soaking in the warm water she felt better. When she was done, she went to the utility room and grabbed the first-aid kit.

Alex stood in the doorway of the office and watched her head down to the basement. “Unbelievable,” he said. He walked over to the basement door and stood by it listening to make sure Donald didn’t do anything to her.

Donald still lay on the floor.

“This may hurt a little.”

“Get the fuck away from me,” he said quietly.

“Master will be upset if he comes home and finds you like this.” Tara went about cleaning Donald’s wounds. He said nothing to her. When she was finished she headed back upstairs. She stopped when she saw Alex standing there.

“Why did you bother with him?”

“Master wouldn’t have wanted him to stay like that.”

“Oh, I see now. Come with me, Tara.”

She set the first-aid kit down on the table in the foyer and followed Alex to Raven’s office.

“Sit.”

She sat on the chair across from the desk.

“I like you and next year I will bid on you.”

“What?”

“Don’t fool yourself, Raven isn’t going to keep you past the year contract. He didn’t keep me. He didn’t keep Sandra or any of those other women.”

“You are a Master now that is why Master didn’t...”

“Keep me. You can say it. I was a submissive back then, no different than you are now.”

Alex poured himself a glass of scotch from the small bar. “I loved Raven, hell I still do. I would have stayed his submissive, but he wouldn’t allow it. He knew I wouldn’t truly be happy being a submissive. So, he let me go at the end of the year. But, he offered to train me to be a Master. I was so stunned. I told him I wanted to stay with him and he wanted to keep me, but he wanted

what was best for me. The way he wanted what was best for Sandra. She wanted a lover, not a Master. And though Raven is one fuck of a lover, he needs to be a Master. Those other women weren't serious about this lifestyle. Raven is very serious about this lifestyle. Tell me..." He took a swig of his drink. "...what makes you think you can be everything Raven needs or that he will be everything you need?"

"I don't know that yet."

"A real pussy answer."

"What?"

"You want him to be your Master. You told me so last night."

"Of course I want him to be my Master."

"Shit, woman, everyone wants Raven to be their Master. You will have to do better than that."

"I have only known him for..."

"Precisely."

"Why are you telling me all of this?"

"Well sweetie, it's very simple." Alex set his glass down. "I want Raven to be happy, no...I need him to be happy. I told you I still love him. I don't want him to put all this effort into your Master/slave relationship and end up with nothing again. Basically, what I'm saying is that you better work your ass off to make things work. Because if you do and if at the end of the year it's just not going to work out, then fine, it wasn't meant to be. However, if you don't put an effort into it and Raven ends up ending the contract at the end of the year because he thinks he is not what you need..." Alex moved over to her and placed his hands on the arms of her chair. "...there will be no place in this world you can hide from me."

She knew he was deadly serious.

“Now enough of that. Lucian enjoyed fucking you, so I have arranged for Raven to bring you over to my home next week. One more thing, I will let you decide whether to tell Raven about what Donald did to you or not.” Alex walked over to the desk.

“Won’t Master notice Donald’s back?”

“So, I will tell him I wanted to play with Donald if he notices.”

“I would rather not tell Master.”

“You realize if you don’t Donald will probably try to hurt you again. He is so obsessed with Raven and is quite jealous, but I’m guessing you figured that out already.”

“I don’t want Master to be bothered with this. I’m alright.”

“If that’s what you want to do. Now you better go up to your room, or otherwise I’m liable to fuck you.”

Tara hurried from the room and straight up to hers. She didn’t want to think about anything. She just wanted sleep to take her.

Alex greeted Raven at the door.

“Alex? You just now came for your whip?”

“No, I have been here for hours.”

“Where is Donald or Tara?”

“I sent them to bed.”

“What is with the look in your eyes?”

“Being in this house alone...well it brought up a lot of good memories.”

Raven stepped inside. “There are plenty of good ones to pick from.”

“You’re damn right on that. Anyways, I want you to promise me something before this conversation goes any further.”

“Oh, I don’t like where this is going.”

“Promise me you won’t do anything. You will understand once I’m done.”

“Alright I promise.”

“First, go up to Tara’s room. Don’t wake her, simply look at her.”

Raven gave Alex a puzzled look then went up the stairs. He quietly went into Tara’s room. He turned on the far light. It was enough to softly illuminate her, but not enough to wake her up. He walked quietly over to the bed. She looked peaceful sleeping; this brought a smile to his face. He slowly pulled the sheet down revealing her body to him. He didn’t see anything out of the ordinary. Perhaps Alex wanted him to see how peacefully she slept. He walked around to the other side of the bed to look at her back. Her back was very pretty. It was smooth, soft...his eyes focused on what remained of a whip mark. It was obvious it was rather recent. He pulled the sheet back up, covering her.

“Master?” she said sleepily.

“Shh, go back to sleep.”

“Is there anything you need, Master?”

“No, my submissive, go back to sleep.”

“Good night, Master.”

“Good night.”

He went out of the room and headed down the stairs. He glared at Alex.

“Before you punch me know that I wasn’t the one who marked her pretty back up.”

“If you didn’t who did?”

“Here, let me paint a picture for you. I came over here this afternoon. I wanted my favorite whip back because I had some delicious things I wanted to do to Lucian with it. Donald was acting really squirrely, which for a well-trained sub is odd. He tried everything to keep me from going into the basement. But, I wanted my whip and Donald wouldn’t know which one it was. When I got down into your playroom I spotted Tara locked up in the cage. Donald threw

himself at my feet and begged for mercy. I'm sorry, but I did mark up Donald's back quite badly."

"Where is he?"

"You promised you wouldn't do anything."

"You expect me not to..."

"I expect you to keep your word."

"Why would he do that?"

"Jealousy. I know you don't want to see what Donald's jealousy makes him do. You need to find that boy a Master."

"I have been trying. It's hard to find someone who will give him the discipline he needs without hurting him too much."

"I think you might want to stop being so picky."

"Of course I'm going to be picky. I'm not giving him to just anyone. I told him he was safe here. I told him that I would protect him."

Alex glanced over and saw Donald ease dropping.

"Who is going to protect Tara from Donald?"

"Alex, I just can't throw him out. I promised I would help him."

"He doesn't deserve you. Anyways, Tara didn't want to tell you about this afternoon. She didn't want to upset you."

"Didn't she think I would notice the mark on her back?"

"I guess not. Anyways, I got to get going." Alex scooped up his whip. "I have made my sub wait long enough for his Master."

"Thank you for staying."

"You would have done the same thing."

Donald slinked back in the shadows. He couldn't face Raven now. He saw the worried look on Raven's face as he climbed the stairs to go to his room. Donald slowly sunk down to his

knees and wept. He hurt his Master. The one person he never wanted to hurt. It was her fault. All her fault. She made him do these things to her.

Tara woke up when her alarm went off. Her body was so sore. She slowly made her way to her bathroom. She hoped the warm water of the shower would loosen up her muscles. After she finished cleaning up she went to her closet. She saw the most beautiful dress hanging there. She touched the soft dark blue fabric. The garment was very well made and must have cost Master a lot of money. She ran her hands down the dress. She never had a dress this nice before. The best she ever had was a discounted dress at JCPenny. She looked down and saw matching dark blue pumps.

She carefully put the dress on then the shoes. She went over to her nightstand and pulled out her small makeup bag. She went back into the bathroom and put the makeup on. She took a little extra time on her hair, trying to make it look decent.

She headed downstairs.

“You look beautiful, my submissive.”

“Master, thank you.” She rushed down the stairs. Before she could go into a kneeling position he stopped her.

“You haven’t learned to kneel properly in this kind of dress, yet, so while you are wearing it you don’t have to kneel. I want to take you out today. I want to teach you the proper way to behave while you are in public. A full time submissive never stops serving her Master. However, in the outside world we must be subtle. When we are in public you will address me as Sir, not Master, do you understand?”

“Yes Master.”

“Donald will not be joining us today. He is not feeling well. So you will have to really pay attention. I will not punish you for mistakes today. Now let’s go.”

She followed him out of the house. He had the car ready. He opened her door for her. She climbed into the car and he gently closed the door. She felt almost giddy as he climbed into the car.

“Fasten your seatbelt.”

“Yes Master.”

“No, call me Sir when we are out of the house. The only time you may address me as Master is when we are out or if we are at a party with other Master/slaves.”

He drove off. She looked out the window taking in the beautiful scenery. She wasn’t paying too much attention when Master first brought her home. She took in everything as they drove toward a small town.

“Sir, I don’t remember any of this the first time I went to your house.”

“I bet, you were rather overwhelmed at the time. I don’t like going into the city all that much when I’m not working, I usually only venture into the city on my down time to go to the club. I prefer coming to this smaller town when I venture out.”

He pulled in front of a restaurant. It was quite charming with little tables set outside like a bistro.

He climbed out of the car then went over to her side and opened the door. He helped her out. He led her inside the restaurant.

“Mr. Brinkley, I have your usual table ready.”

They followed the waiter to a small private table in the corner of the restaurant.

“Just bring my normal breakfast for both of us.”

“Yes Sir.”

“I should have fixed your breakfast...”

“I wanted to take you out today.” He smiled at her. “Rules always have exceptions, Tara.”

The waiter poured them some coffee.

Raven waited for him to leave. “Tell me a little about yourself, Tara.”

“There really isn’t much to tell.”

“Indulge me.”

“I grew up in Toledo, Ohio. Had your basic normal childhood, for which I’m very grateful for. By time I was twenty-two, both of my parents had died. I have no brothers or sisters. I never met any other member of my family.”

“What about grandparents?”

“On my mother’s side her parents died when she was rather young. On my father’s side, well my father never really talked about his family. There was one time that really stuck in my mind. I was sixteen and I don’t even know what steered the conversation to extended family. My mom cheerily talked about her parents and the fun she had on the farm they had. I went outside onto the porch eager to hear about my father’s family. I expected him to go on like my mother just did, but when I asked him about his parents...he pulled me to him and hugged me tighter than he ever did before. All he said was that he was grateful to my mother for showing him another way. He didn’t elaborate on that. I asked my mother about it and she said it was best if we didn’t bring up my father’s family again. He must have been through something really awful.”

“It sounds like it. He didn’t tell you about his childhood to protect you from the pain of it. What matters is that your parents loved you.”

“They made me feel loved.”

The waiter came with two stacks of pancakes.

“They make the best pancakes around. Tell me more about yourself, Tara.”

“Like I said there isn’t really much to tell. I worked at several average jobs. I lived in the same apartment in the city that I moved into after my parents died.”

“Didn’t they leave you anything?”

“My father was sick for some time before he died. It took everything they had to pay the medical bills. When he died, my mother died shortly afterwards.”

“Was she sick too?”

“No. I think she died of a broken heart. Anyways, I had to sell the farmhouse and everything they had to pay the medical bills.”

“I take it you didn’t go to college.”

“No.”

“When did you know you wanted to be a submissive?”

“I was eighteen. I had these vivid daydreams about being tied up etc. Sir...is it appropriate to speak of this in public?”

Raven chuckled. “There is no one in hearing distance. Continue what you were saying.”

“I felt bad at first for having these thoughts. However, the thoughts wouldn’t stop going into my mind.”

“Are you sure you just don’t want kinky sex?”

“At first that is what I thought. But then, I saw a website about submission.”

“A porno site?”

“No, it was a submissive’s diary. Her Master wanted her to post it up. I read everything she wrote. Everyday she would write something new. She took such joy in the most mundane of tasks. She never had an ill word about her Master and spoke about him with so much love. At first I thought it was because she knew he was reading it. However, as the weeks soon turn into months that I read her diary, I knew she meant everything she wrote. It was so much more than sex. It was like this unbreakable bond those two shared with each other. They knew each other so well, knew what the other needed. I’m sorry for rambling, Sir.”

“No, don’t be sorry. Please continue.”

“I wanted what they had. I wanted to serve a Master the way she served her Master. That is when I started learning everything I could to be a good submissive. Anyways, that’s pretty much all there is about me.”

When they finished their breakfast he took her shopping. He let her pick out her clothes. He took pleasure in just watching her enjoying herself.

“Remember, you will wear only what is put in your closet.”

“Yes Sir.”

It was late afternoon when they headed home. She didn’t want the day to end. It was strange yet wonderful being out with him in public. She always let him lead the way. She remembered to call him Sir instead of Master. Other than that, he pretty much let her do as she wished. She wanted to ask him so many questions, but was afraid to intrude. If he wanted her to know something he would tell her.

She climbed out of the car when they reached the house. Donald didn’t come out to greet Raven. Alex must have really hurt Donald last night.

“Go change your clothes.”

“Yes Master. Do you need anything, Master?”

“Not now.”

He watched her go up the stairs. She was so open with him. He wasn’t expecting that. Usually a submissive tries to hide their past until later. He always figured it was to make sure their Master loved them first before they knew everything about them. Of course, so many of the people in this scene were not serious about this lifestyle to begin with. In any case, none of that matter, what matters right now was her honesty. He walked over to his study and poured himself a drink. Tara was serious about this lifestyle. He knew that now. Yet, knowing this frightened him. He didn’t dare hope that this relationship was going to work out, that at the end of the year she would stay or more to the point he would allow her to stay. He would never keep a

submissive he knew in his heart he was wrong for, no matter how much that submissive loved him, or how much he loved them.

“Master.”

He turned around and saw her kneeling there. “What is it?”

“May I have your permission to check on Donald?”

“Why?”

“It is not like him to stay in bed all day.”

“I will check on him in a minute. You may do as you please, but I would like you to go to bed early tonight.”

“Yes Master.” She tried to be graceful as she stood, but didn’t quite pull it off. “Is there anything you need, Master?”

He wanted to use that talented mouth of hers, but no, not today. Somehow, it would ruin the time they had together today.

“I don’t need anything, my submissive.”

Tara headed into the kitchen.

He finished his drink then went upstairs to Donald’s room.

“Master,” Donald said softly.

“Is your back feeling better?”

“I can serve you as I am.”

“That is not what I asked you. Is your back feeling better?”

“The ointment you put on is doing wonders, Master.”

“Let me see.” Raven turned on the lamp and looked at the marks on Donald’s back. “It’s strange Alex would play so rough with you. He knows I don’t like for anyone to hurt you like this.”

Donald said nothing.

Raven gently ran his hand over the whip marks on Donald's back. "I told him not to play with you again."

"Thank you, Master," Donald said with such sadness in his voice. He didn't want to lie to his Master. He knew Raven already knew the truth, and yet he did allow Donald to lie to him.

"You should be all better tomorrow. Good night."

"Good night, Master."

The second Raven left the room Donald broke down in tears.

Chapter Seven

Raven ate his breakfast as he surfed the web. Tara was off finishing her chores. Donald had come out of his room and went down stairs to check to see if Tara had done her chores.

Raven searched for the website Tara talked about yesterday. There were so many websites dealing with domination and submission. Of course a good portion of them were porno sites.

"Master is there anything you need?" Tara said as she brought him another cup of coffee.

"What was the name of the website you mention yesterday? Type it in." He moved a little so she could type on the keyboard. Within seconds she had the website up on the screen.

"This is the one, Master."

"Make sure Donald doesn't over do it today."

"Yes Master." She left the room.

Raven started reading through this submissive's diary. It was as Tara had said. He spent an hour reading. This woman's words were genuine. He could almost feel the love this woman had for her Master. A part of him was saddened by what he read. Would he ever find a submissive this devoted?

He shut his computer off and headed downstairs. He watched Tara go about her chores. Today she wore one of the sundresses he had bought her yesterday.

“Master.”

Raven looked down at Donald kneeling in front of him. Donald had been so quiet he didn't hear him walking up to him.

“What is it?”

Donald went into the most humble position and nuzzled his cheek against Raven's foot. “Please forgive me, Master.”

“For what?”

“I lied to you. Alex hurt me because I put Tara in the cage. Please forgive me.”

Raven was pleased that Donald had decided to tell the truth.

“Why did you put her in the cage?”

“I saw you and her...she knelt down beside you in your office and you gently petted her...I was jealous.”

“Stand up.”

Donald slowly stood.

“What if you would have really hurt her?”

Donald didn't say anything.

“How many times must I have this discussion with you. You must control that jealousy of yours. What if I find the perfect Master for you and he already has a submissive or he acquires one later? Very few Masters would be as patient as I have been.”

“I'm grateful to you, Master.”

“But are you listening to me?”

“Yes Master...but...”

“You may speak freely.”

“To me you are my perfect Master.”

“Come to my office.”

Donald followed Raven to his office. “Donald, I have told you that I can’t be your true Master.”

“I know you have. I will prove myself worthy of you.”

“You are worthy of me. I can’t be what you need.”

“Yes you can. I just want to be with you. Any way you want me, I will be.”

“What about what you need?”

“You are what I need.”

“No I’m not, Donald.”

“Are you going to make me leave?”

“No, I promised you I would find you a perfect Master and that is what I intend to do. But I can’t have you hurting Tara. She doesn’t deserve it and you know it. You see how she has tried to care for you even after what you did to her.”

Donald didn’t say anything. He didn’t care about that bitch.

“You will help her is that understood?”

“Yes Master.”

“If you hurt her again you will force me to punish you severely. Now, today you will help her with her kneeling.”

“Yes Master.”

“Now go.”

“Yes Master.” Donald hurried off.

Raven stood in the doorway to his office. Tara was trying to reach one of the plants. Before he could say anything she fell over and ended up pouring water all over herself. He was about to go to her then he heard her laugh. Donald would have worked himself into a fit if he had done what she just did. Donald had to be perfect. But her...

“Oh great, that was smart.” She chuckled. She turned around and saw Raven standing there.

She slipped again, but quickly came up to her knees. “Master...I will clean this up.”

“I’m sure you will. Are you okay?”

“I’m sturdy...thank goodness. Is there anything you need, Master?”

“Yes, come here.”

She hurried over to him.

“Take those wet clothes off.”

“Yes Master.” She quickly obeyed.

He reached over and leisurely played with her nipple. He rolled it gently then roughly between his fingers. He pulled her to him and lifted her up. He pinned her against the wall as he fumbled with the zipper to his pants.

“Master,” she moaned as he licked up her neck.

“Are you ready for me?” he whispered in her ear.

“I’m always ready for you, Master.”

With one strong thrust he buried his cock to the hilt inside her.

“Tell me how you want me to fuck you?”

“Whatever is your desire, Master.”

He slammed his cock into her over and over, his body pressing hers firmly against the wall.

“Does my cock feel good buried in you like this?”

“Yes Master...oh yes.”

He thrust harder. “You want it harder?”

“Whatever you desire, Master?”

“Answer me, tell me what you want.”

“Harder Master, oh please harder and deeper. I want all of your cock...please...”

He growled as he thrust so hard he banged her body against the wall. With each thrust he buried his cock to the hilt in her.

“May I come, Master?”

“Yes,” he whispered as he tried to stop himself from coming, but it was a losing battle the second he felt her pussy spasm from her orgasm.

He threw his head back and roared out his orgasm.

“Thank you, Master,” she said breathily.

“Mine,” he softly said as he devoured her lips. “Mine.”

“Yes Master, I’m yours.”

After he came down from his pleasure high he realized what he said. He pulled his cock from her and gently set her down. He pulled his pants up.

“I’m going to work in my office.”

“I will make sure you are not disturbed.”

He looked down into her pretty face. She positively glowed. One word, one little word spoken by him...*Mine*...what he saw there in her eyes frightened him. He said nothing more as he went into his office.

Tara felt like her heart was about to explode from the joy she felt. She took a deep breath and calmed herself. She hadn’t earned his collar yet. Maybe she was reading too much into what he said. She wasn’t going to over analyze this, not now, right now she wanted to bask in this wonderful feeling that engulfed her.

“Did you make this mess?” Donald said as he looked at the water spilled over the floor.

“Yes, I will clean it up.”

“Hurry up and do so. What is wrong with you? You look like some stupid giddy schoolgirl.”

“Not today you don’t,” she said as she went into the utility room and grabbed a bucket and mop.

“What do you mean by that?” he said as he stepped into the kitchen.

“Nothing you can say today will bring me down.” She went back to the foyer and started mopping up the water.

“Where is your dress?”

“It got all wet.”

“I guess you get to walk around naked until it dries.”

“It appears that way.” She set the mop down for a moment and went over and grabbed her dress. She placed it up on the stair rail to let it dry.

“I’m guessing your clumsiness caused this mess.”

“Yep.” She went back to mopping up the water.

“Put your dress back on. Let it dry on your body.”

“If you insist.” She grabbed her dress and put it on.

“Hurry up and finish. Master wants me to help you with your kneeling positions.”

“I will hurry then.”

“Where is Master?”

“He is working in his office.”

“Oh, I see now. He must have fucked you pretty damn good.”

“Yes he did.” She carried the bucket and the mop back into the kitchen. She emptied the bucket in the sink.

“I see you have fallen behind in your chores.”

“I will work twice as hard today.”

“You bet your ass you will.”

“Not today, Donald, no matter what you say to me...”

“Let’s get started.”

They spent the next hour practicing her kneeling positions.

“God damn it. How hard is it to be somewhat graceful. Have you been practicing by yourself?”

“Yes.”

“Well, it sure the hell doesn’t look like it. You better get really good with your kneeling positions before the Valentine’s Day party.”

“I have time to practice.”

“And you will need all that time. Now get your chores done.”

Tara happily went about her chores. In between them she would practice her kneeling positions.

Donald rolled his eyes at her as he went to the door to answer it. He came down to his knees instantly. “Master Gabriel.”

“Is your Master in?”

“Yes Sir.” Donald came up to his feet as Gabriel entered the house. “I will go get him.”

“That’s a good boy.”

“Go see if Master Gabriel needs something to drink,” Donald growled at Tara.

“Master Gabriel?”

“Just go to the foyer, you stupid...”

Tara hurried into the foyer. She froze in place. What should she do? Does she go to her knees? The man that stood in the foyer was awe-inspiring. He was rather tall, he had to be a good two inches taller than Raven, though he wasn’t as muscular built as Raven was, no he was more sinewy. His golden blond hair hung down the length of his back and it was immaculately groomed. He was very handsome. When his pale blue eyes locked gazes with hers she couldn’t breathe. What the hell was she supposed to do now?

“You must be Raven’s new submissive. Or at least you better be new. Hasn’t your Master taught you any manners?”

Tara felt someone push her to the floor.

“On your knees, stupid,” Donald whispered to her. “Forgive her Master Gabriel she is new to this.”

“I suspected as much.”

“Master will be out in a moment. Would you like something to drink?”

“It’s good to see at least one of Raven’s submissives has good manners. I would like a glass of wine.”

Donald pulled Tara up to her feet and she followed him into the kitchen.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Donald growled.

“I’m sorry. I...I...just...”

“Save it. I’m tired of your pathetic excuses.” Donald poured a glass of white wine and hurried back into the foyer. Raven had come out and was talking to Gabriel. Donald excused himself and went back into the kitchen.

“Who is that?”

“Master Gabriel. You really don’t know shit do you?”

“How am I supposed to know...”

“Then you learn. You heard Master talk about the club. You know the place where you were auction off? Master Gabriel owns that club, but it’s more than that. Having Master Gabriel visit your home is an honor for any Master. He just doesn’t socialize with any Master. Oh no, you have to be top-shelf for him to bother to speak with you.”

“Master is top-shelf?”

“Of course he is, you stupid bitch. A Master has to earn the respect of this community and when he does he becomes top-shelf. This whole Master/slave lifestyle is far reaching and the best Master, for that matter the best submissives are widely known.”

“Does Master Gabriel have a submissive?”

“Of course he does. It would be an honor to be his submissive. Don’t fuck up anymore while Master Gabriel is here.”

“Are you widely known?”

Donald turned around and looked at her. “Why would you say that?”

“You said the best submissives are also widely known. You know everything about being a submissive, so I figured you are probably one of the widely known ones.”

Donald studied her for a moment. She meant everything she just said. He was taken back by this. “I don’t know if I am. Probably not. There are far more skilled submissives than I am.”

“Tara come here.”

“Don’t keep Master waiting.” Donald held his breath as she hurried out. He knew she was going to embarrassed Master.

Tara slowly came down to her knees before him. “Master.”

“Remove your dress so Gabriel may have a look at you.”

She quickly removed her dress and came up to her feet.

“Nice, very nice,” Gabriel said as Tara slowly turned around. She came back down to her knees beside Raven.

Donald came in with a glass of wine for Raven. He bowed respectfully and went back into the kitchen.

“She is going to need work,” Gabriel said as he sipped his wine. “A lot of work.”

“She will be fine.”

“Then again, you were never as picky as I am. I demand perfection in my submissives.”

Tara could feel Gabriel’s eyes on her.

“She is...homey...yeah that’s a good word for her.” Gabriel’s phone rang. “Come in. Elizabeth is my new female submissive. She needed training when I acquired her.”

Tara looked over to the door and saw the most exquisite looking woman come in. She walked gracefully over to Gabriel and in one fluid movement came down to her knees beside him.

“She is very beautiful,” Raven said.

“She is perfection. Still, I need a male to complete my set. You know me. I need one of each.”

Elizabeth stayed perfectly still. She looked like a regal statue kneeling by Gabriel. Tara felt a wave of self-doubt wash over her. She felt Raven’s hand in her hair as he slowly petted her. She looked up at him. He warmly smiled at her, before turning his attention back to Gabriel.

Tara’s knees started to ache after a couple hours of kneeling. Elizabeth held her perfect position. There were no signs of discomfort on her face at all. The longer Tara stayed in Elizabeth’s presence the more unworthy she felt. Raven deserved a woman like Elizabeth, the perfect submissive.

“It was nice seeing you, Raven. I look forward to seeing you at the party.”

Tara watched Elizabeth gracefully come up to her feet.

Raven showed them to the door.

Tara stayed kneeling where she was.

“Well, that was a surprise. I wasn’t expecting to see Gabriel today,” Raven said.

“Master, I’m sorry,” Tara said quietly.

“For what, my submissive?”

“For embarrassing you in front of Master Gabriel.”

“You didn’t embarrass me.”

“How could I not. His submissive was so perfect.”

“Stand up, Tara.”

Tara slowly came up to her knees. “See, she was perfect when she came up to her feet.”

“You are new to this, Tara. I’m sure Elizabeth has been a submissive for some time. In fact, I’m pretty sure since she is Gabriel’s submissive she has been in this lifestyle for quite some time. Gabriel never takes on any submissive who is new to this lifestyle.”

“She was perfect. The way she looked. The way she moved. Hell, she even smelt like perfection. I’m sorry, Master, that I couldn’t measure up to her.”

“Elizabeth is perfect.”

Tara looked up at him then quickly looked to the floor again.

“She’s perfect and she is plastic.”

“Master?”

“I don’t want a submissive like that. She might appeal to Gabriel, but someone like that holds no interest to me. Now enough about Gabriel’s submissive. Shouldn’t you be fixing me my dinner?”

“Oh! I’m sorry, Master.” Tara hurried into the kitchen.

Chapter Eight

Tara waited in the playroom as Master instructed. This last week was rather plain. Tara was grateful for the downtime. Master was very busy at work, something unexpected came up. The only strange thing was that Master took Donald with him. Donald was ecstatic over it.

After seeing Elizabeth last week Tara practiced a lot in her room. She practiced endurance. The longer she could hold her kneeling position the better. She tried to be as elegant as Elizabeth had been, but she was finding it very difficult. She has never been graceful, in fact, she had a predisposition to being rather clumsy.

Master said her training was going to pick up this week. He even apologized to her for being distracted by work. He didn’t have to apologize. Work was work, there was nothing that could have been done about it. She was alone a lot this week and she used this time well. Whether or not it helped any was still left to be decided.

Her breathing picked up when she heard the footsteps coming down the stairs. It was Master. She already knew the sound of his footsteps. He tended to walk a little heavier when he

wore his boots than he did in his other shoes. When he was barefoot he moved more quietly, but still much louder than Donald did.

“What a good girl,” he said when he entered the room.

“Thank you, Master.”

“Put this on.” He handed her a very pretty pristine white dress. “Hurry up.”

She came up to her feet and put the dress on.

“We are going to play a game. I want you to listen carefully. If you don’t get into this it won’t bring me much enjoyment. And perhaps, if you do well today, I will play a scenario you set up.”

“Yes Master.”

Tara was a bit worried. What did he mean by game?

“In this scenario, you are the innocent girl, I’m not talking little girl, so please don’t portray that. You are walking around where you shouldn’t be and you find yourself alone, unprotected with a strange man. His intentions are very clear. Remember, my submissive, we are only playing. If at anytime you become scared say your safe words. What are they?”

“Red light.”

“Good girl. You say those words and I will stop immediately. Now get into your character.”

Tara focused. She wanted to be what Master wanted, but she was unsure how to do that.

“Relax, let yourself really get into this game.”

The lights dimmed. Music began to play. Tara went to the other side of the playroom. She slowly started walking through the playroom. She acted like she was lost and was trying to find her way back.

“Why are you here all by yourself?” Raven said.

“I got lost...” She quickly turned around and starting walking away from Raven. She felt him grab her arm roughly.

“Afraid you are not going anywhere, just yet.”

“Let me go.” She tried to free herself from him. “Let me go.” She was shocked when he pulled her to him and covered her mouth with his hand.

“Shut up. I can’t have you screaming and drawing attention to us.”

He shoved her to the floor and quickly pinned her under him.

“Let me go!” she cried out. She lost herself in her character. She knew she was safe with Raven. Knowing this gave her the freedom to explore.

“You are going to give me what I want. This can be easy or it can be hard. It doesn’t really matter to me.”

She struggled to free herself.

“I guess it’s going to be the hard way.”

She gasped when he tore the dress from her body. He pinned her arms above her head. He forced her legs open and then fumbled with his pants as he held her down. Once his cock was freed he rammed it deeply into her.

She continued to struggle trying to free her arms. He rode her hard and fast until he came so hard it made his body shudder.

“Are you alright?” he softly said.

“Yes Master.” She smiled up at him.

“I was going to make this much more brutal, but...I didn’t want to frighten you. Not every woman has a rape fantasy.” He rolled off her and lay on the ground next to her.

“What were you going to do, Master?”

“I was going to force you to suck my cock, maybe flog you, then take you roughly. I don’t get that intense with this particular scenario.”

Tara came up to her knees. She latched onto the metal pole, trying to huddle behind it.

“Don’t touch me again,” she whimpered.

Raven looked over at her and saw she was getting back into her character. This made his cock instantly hard again. He liked forcing himself on his submissive, but he wanted to do this in a safe environment. He would never intentionally hurt a woman if he knew she didn't enjoy it.

"Come back here. I'm not through with you."

"Stay away."

He stood and grabbed her arms, prying her from the pole. "I guess I'm going to have to shut you up." He latched onto her hair and pulled her head back. "Open that pretty mouth."

"Don't!" She moved her head around trying to get away from his cock.

"I said open your mouth. You will suck my cock one way or the other."

She fought hard against him. She could see how hard his cock was now. She fought for awhile then feigned defeat. She reluctantly sucked on his cock.

"That's it suck my cock. You make me come hard and I might let you go." His head rolled back as she intensified her efforts. "You really want me to let you go, don't you. Then suck my cum out of my cock, come on." His orgasm came on suddenly. He came so hard and he felt her suck every drop of it up.

Tara sat back on her heels. "Is that what you wanted, Master?"

"Good girl," was all he could manage to say at the moment.

"Thank you, Master."

After he came down from his pleasure high, he looked at her kneeling there. "What would you like?"

"Whatever pleases you, Master."

"I will do anything you want to you. You have earned it. You played so nicely."

She came up to her feet and went over to the far wall. He watched her, curious about what she was going to do. His cock started to harden again watching her take down the leather paddle. She walked back over to him and handed him the paddle.

"Please spank me, Master," she said quietly.

He walked over to the settee, which was positioned in front of a large mirror. “Come here, my naughty girl.”

She hurried over to him and lay across his lap. He felt her body tense up with the first whack of the paddle. He watched her in the mirror. The look on her face made his cock harder. He brought the paddle harder down on her ass. She bit her lip trying to suppress her moan.

“Let me know what this is doing to you,” he said as he smacked her ass with the paddle again. “You been such a bad girl,” he purred, spanking her four times in rapid succession. “Talk to me, my submissive.”

“Harder, please harder.”

He smiled and spanked her harder. He kept going at a steady rhythm making her ass start to turn a nice shade of pink. His cock twitched when she moaned loudly. He watched every nuisance of her face.

“You want me to spank you more, don’t you, my naughty girl.”

“Yes Master, please Master.”

He could see her letting go and completely enjoying this. The pain started to mix with the pleasure, it showed on her face.

The smack of the leather paddle on her ass rang out through the room. The next swat he paused making her wait for it. The anticipation was so sweet to her, he could see it on her face.

“You want more?”

“Please Master...please.”

“You beg so nicely.” He swatted her hard three times then paused. “Beg some more, my dirty girl.”

“Please, God ...please spank me, Master.”

He swatted her six times, three times on each cheek. He saw that her ass was starting to turn red.

“You like a little pain, don’t you?”

“Yes Master.”

“Reach down and play with that pussy.”

She quickly did what he asked. It was a little awkward, but having his leg pressing against her hand as she stroked her clit felt so good.

“Don’t you come, don’t you fucking come, my dirty little submissive.” He could see his words were driving her to distraction. He smiled. “Is that little pussy nice and wet?”

“Yes Master. It was the moment you came into the room.”

“I make you wet, by just walking into a room, huh?” He spanked her hard three more times.

“Just the thought of you makes me wet, Master.”

“Stroke that pussy, come on, get it all soppy wet for me.”

“I’m so wet for you, Master.”

He could see her ass really starting to glow red. He couldn’t risk spanking her anymore. “Let’s see how wet you are.” He threw the paddle down then stuck two of his fingers deeply into her. “Oh yeah, you are so fucking wet. Fuck my fingers, but don’t you dare come.”

“Yes Master.”

She slammed her body back, rocking her hips, riding his fingers.

“That’s it...”

“Master...I...”

“Don’t come, my dirty girl. I want to watch your sweet anticipation. I want to see your sweet agony of waiting for release.”

“Master,” she moaned.

He could see how hard she fought off her orgasm. He moved his fingers around looking for the right spot. Her body froze then tensed up. Yeah, he found her spot.

“Oh Master...”

“Don’t come,” he growled as he continued moving his fingers playing with her sweet spot.

“Please Master...I can’t stop...I...”

“Come, my submissive.” He watched her orgasm, every beautiful second of it. She became limp on his lap.

“Thank you, Master, thank you,” she said breathily.

He slowly pulled his fingers from her pussy.

“Straddled me, now!” he growled.

She slowly came up and positioned herself facing him. She eased her pussy over his cock. She winced when he grabbed her ass.

“Sore, are you?”

“Yes Master.” She moved her hips up and down, taking his cock to the hilt with each down stroke. “Master, please tell me how to give pleasure to you.”

“You are giving me pleasure.”

“I want to give the same amount of pleasure you just gave me.”

“Squeeze your pussy, hold then release, do this over and over as you rotate your hips with each upstroke.”

She did as he instructed. His deep moan was her reward.

“Don’t stop, mmm, just like that.” He thrust upwards, wanting to be deeper in her.

“Yes...like that, oh fuck like that.” He gripped her hips holding her to him as his cock was buried to the hilt. “Squeeze your pussy. I’m almost there...yeah...ahh!” he cried out.

She felt his cock pulsate deeply in her.

“Master,” she said softly.

“That was good, my submissive, my Tara.” He smiled at her as he stroked her cheek.

“Thank you, Master.”

He reluctantly let her go. “We have to put something on that ass of yours. I’m afraid the paddling went on a little too long. You should have used your safe words.”

“I didn’t reach my limit yet, Master.”

She climbed off his lap then he stood and went over to the cabinet on the left wall. He took out some ointment. “Come here.”

She went over to him. He gently put some of the ointment on her ass.

“This will take the sting out.”

He put the tube back into the cabinet then went over to where his pants were and put them on. “You did very well, Tara. I’m pleased that you could lose yourself in our playing.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“Now go do your chores, but try not to sit down for a little while.”

“Yes Master.”

He watched her leave the room. It had been so long since he played like that. Alex was the only one who was really into the role-playing. He was pleased that Tara was open-minded enough to play. There had to be play, it made training easier. Not to mention it kept the imagination creating.

He cleaned up the playroom then left the basement.

“Master, I have drawn a bath for you,” Tara said.

“Thank you.” He went upstairs to his room and headed to the bathroom. She had everything set up, even down to the glass of scotch.

“Tell me, Raven, did you play your sex games with her yet?” Alex asked as he held the phone to his ear while he tied Lucian up. “I liked it when we played like that.”

“I started playing those games with her.”

“Well, is she a good little actress?”

“She lost herself in it.”

“I bet that makes you happy.”

“What do you think?”

“I think your cock is getting hard just thinking about it. Anyways, I called to make a play date. My boy is craving some pussy and he has been such a good boy this week, I want to reward him.”

“How about tomorrow?”

“My house, not yours.”

“Alright.”

“Good, come by around noon. My boy’s cock is getting so hard thinking about your sub’s hot pussy. Aren’t you boy?”

Raven heard a loud thwack noise and the sound of Lucian’s muffled moan.

“See you tomorrow, Raven.”

Raven hung the phone up. Tomorrow should be interesting. He sat there at his desk for a moment. He had thought long and hard over what to do with Donald. He had to do something, the guy needed a real Master. He had Donald for two years. It took this long to help Donald get over the brutality of his first Master. Gabriel made sure that Master would never touch anyone in their community again. Of course, that didn’t mean that asshole didn’t just go somewhere else and picked up where he left off.

Raven froze for a moment. Oh, why did he not think of this before? He picked up the phone and dialed.

“Raven, what a pleasure.”

“How did you know it was me?”

“Caller I.D.”

“Gabriel, I have a favor to ask you.”

“I don’t listen to request over the phone. You know this. You know what you must do. I will expect to see you soon.”

“Alright.” Raven hung the phone up. Asking a favor from Gabriel was a painful proposition, but he had to take this chance. Gabriel is the perfect Master for Donald. He had the strictness that Donald needed and yet, the tenderness that Donald would crave.

He hurried out of his office. “Donald come here!”

Within seconds Donald appeared before him kneeling. “Yes Master.”

“I have thought of the perfect Master for you. I don’t know why I didn’t think of it sooner.”

“You are my perfect Master.”

“I’m safe and you know that.” Raven gestured for Donald to stand up. “I’m going to ask Gabriel to take you on as a submissive.”

“You can’t!” Donald said loudly. “Master, I can’t ask this of you.”

“What do you mean?”

“I know what a Master must do to even have Gabriel listen to a requested favor and what a Master must endure if Gabriel grants that favor. Master... I can’t allow you to do this.”

“I can endure a lot. It will be worth whatever Gabriel decides to do to me, to give you a chance to have a real Master.”

“The thought of you being whipped...Master.”

“No Donald....don’t call me Master. I must break you of this now. You will be Gabriel’s shortly.”

“He won’t want me.”

“Yes he will. You heard him, he is looking for a male submissive. He likes perfection.”

“I’m hardly perfection.”

“You have trained hard. You will be perfect for Gabriel. You need a strict Master.”

“Will he hurt me badly? Does he have safe words? Will he keep me chained to a wall for days?”

“He won’t take you beyond what you can handle. He does have safe words. He can be very gentle if you serve him well. I wouldn’t let you go to a Master that would hurt you.”

“I know you wouldn’t.”

“Don’t be afraid.”

“I don’t want to leave you.”

“I will see you on regular basis. Gabriel enjoys my company. Trust me, this is the best thing for you.”

“I trust you, Master....Raven.”

“Now, I’m going to talk to Gabriel. Don’t mistreat Tara while I’m gone.”

“I promise I won’t.”

Raven saw the tears forming in his eyes. “It will be alright.”

“My heart is filled with sorrow and joy...knowing what you are willing to go through just for a chance to ask Gabriel to be my Master...but it is this same thing that breaks my heart. I don’t ever want you to suffer.”

“It is nothing I can’t handle. Don’t think about it. I will return in a few hours. I know Gabriel will love having you as a submissive.” Raven gently stroked Donald’s cheek then left the house. He had to do this. It was the best all the way around. Donald couldn’t control his jealousy and if he hurt Tara one more time Raven was liable to throw Donald out. And it has been two years that Donald has been without a real Master. That boy was born to serve and he needed someone who could let him serve in every way. Raven couldn’t be with Donald sexually without thinking about Alex and this wasn’t fair to Donald.

Raven climbed into his car and drove off to Gabriel’s mansion. He didn’t allow himself to think about what Gabriel was going to do to him. He couldn’t allow himself. He had to focus on giving Donald what he needed.

“Master Raven,” Elizabeth said as she greeted him at the door. “Please follow me.”

Oh, this wasn’t a good sign. Gabriel was eager to get on with it.

“Please remove your shirt and give it to me,” she said as she paused by the basement door.

Raven did as she asked.

“Master is waiting in the playroom for you.”

Raven went down the stairs and into Gabriel’s playroom. It was even more stocked than Raven’s was.

“Over to the wall. Grab the metal rings and brace yourself,” Gabriel said. “It will be a real pleasure to whip you, Raven. It has been awhile since the last time you were in my playroom.”

Raven remained silent. He couldn’t ask Gabriel anything until the whipping was over. He grabbed the metal rings and took a deep breath.

“You are very beautiful, Raven.”

Raven winced when the first lash struck him. He controlled his breathing and was ready for the next one. Gabriel delivered blow after blow in a steady pace and intensity. Raven went above the pain. He will endure this.

“Very good, not one whimper, not one word, I’m impressed,” Gabriel said. “Let’s go back upstairs.”

Raven slowly released the rings and turned around. He followed Gabriel upstairs where Elizabeth was waiting.

“Let her put some ointment on your back, then you may ask your favor.”

The cool gel felt good on Raven’s sore back. Gabriel was precise with his whip. The red marks will fade in a couple of days.

When Elizabeth was done she handed Raven his shirt.

“Now what is it that you want so badly from me that you are willing to let me whip you?”

Gabriel dismissed Elizabeth with just a slight gesture of his hand.

“I wish to ask you to take Donald as your personal submissive.”

Gabriel was silent.

Raven knew it was pointless to say anything further. Gabriel hated pushy doms.

“Donald, is he the one that looks like Alex?” Gabriel gestured for them to go into the living room. They sat down on the two large chairs that faced each other.

“Yes.”

“You are finally letting your substitute for Alex go. Don’t bother to deny anything either. I think it is noble that you have sought to find him a perfect Master, yet, you took your time about it.”

Raven didn’t say anything.

“Did you train the boy?”

“A little, but he didn’t need very much training at all.”

“I do need a male submissive.” Gabriel carefully considered Raven’s request.

Raven was pleased that Gabriel was giving this serious thought. He didn’t know if he would have liked it if Gabriel instantly made his decision.

“That boy was damaged by that prick Master right?”

“We have dealt with that.”

“No doubt, you are a very good Master. Well, to your submissives anyways.”

“What does that mean?”

“You give your submissives everything they need. Like Alex for example, you loved him and he loved you, still you let him go at the end of your year.”

“You see the master Alex has become.”

“True...but still, that female submissive before Alex, she loved you and would have served you well and you let her go.”

“She wanted a lover, not a Master.”

“You could have trained her otherwise. This Donald adores you and would have moved heaven and earth for you, and yet, here you are trying to give him to me. You could have dyed his hair, change the way he looked so he didn’t remind you of Alex.”

“I’m not what he needs. You are what he needs.”

“Tell me, are you going to rid yourself of that clumsy submissive at the end of year?”

“How am I supposed to see that far in the future?”

“Oh, I can. It won’t matter how good she serves, how much she loves and worships you. You will find a reason to let her go. If you think you can’t be the perfect Master for a sub, you let them go. You have done this over and over.”

“Shouldn’t we strive to be a sub’s perfect Master?”

“Ah, but there is no such thing as a perfect Master, we are after all only human. Do you expect your sub to be perfect?”

“No.”

“Then why should you be? I agree that a Master and submissive should work well together, that there should be a bond, a love between them. Otherwise, what is the point?”

“You demand perfection for your subs.”

“I do to a point. I like my subs well trained.”

“You don’t keep any of your subs beyond their year commitment”

“I haven’t found the right fit yet. You on the other hand have. You were a fool to let that woman go, and you are bigger fool for letting Alex go. I will tell you what, Raven.” Gabriel stood. “I will take Donald as my submissive. I think the boy has potential. But you must honestly give your female submissive a chance to be that perfect fit.”

“Of course I will give her a chance. Why would you say that?”

“I’m not talking about right now. I know you will train her well. You always do. I’m talking about at the end of the year. I want you to be honest with yourself and with her. Don’t find

what is wrong between you two think about what is right. And if the right outweighs the wrong make her yours.”

“And if the wrong outweighs the right?”

“Then at least you have trained her to take the next step in her journey.”

“I will do what you ask.”

“Good, then you can send Donald over to me. However, you warn him that I don’t tolerate jealousy in my home. His priority should be me, not what I do with Elizabeth.”

“You are very observant aren’t you?”

“Of course I am.” Gabriel smiled at him. “I hope I didn’t hurt you too badly.”

“You loved every moment of it and you know it.”

“It’s good to see that feistiness coming back.”

Raven stood. “Thank you for giving Donald a chance.”

“You’re welcome.” He walked over to Raven and pulled him over. He kissed him hard and deeply. He held him to him for just a couple of moments. “I would have given you anything you wanted, beautiful Raven.” Gabriel stepped back giving Raven some space.

“Anything?” Raven smiled.

“You just have to endure for me.” Gabriel smiled and gestured for Elizabeth to come in.

She showed Raven to the door.

Raven gingerly got into his car. His back was so sore. But it was worth the whipping to finally give Donald what he needed.

Chapter Nine

Tara saw how agitated Donald was. What was going on? He wouldn’t speak to her and simply told her to shut up.

She watched as he hurried to the door. Master must be home. She knelt down in the middle of the foyer. She was completely shocked when Donald threw himself at Raven's feet.

"Sir...I have been so worried," Donald said as he nuzzled Raven's foot.

"I told you not to worry. Now stand up."

Donald quickly did what was ordered.

"Gabriel said he would take you as his submissive."

Donald didn't say anything as he went over to the living room.

Raven went over to Tara and gently petted her. "Everything is alright, my submissive."

"Why are you walking so slowly?" she asked.

"I'm a bit sore. I will be fine tomorrow."

"Why are you sore? I don't understand what is going on?"

"It is alright, Tara." Raven walked into the living room.

Tara heard Donald crying. She came up to her feet and went over to the living room. She stood in the doorway, unsure what she should do.

"Sir..." Donald hurried over to Raven and fell to his knees. He wrapped his arms around one of Raven's legs. "I don't want to leave. I like being yours."

Raven reached down and pulled Donald up to his feet. Donald latched onto him causing Raven to wince.

"I'm sorry...he whipped you really bad didn't he?" Donald said as he lowered his hands to Raven's waist.

"It's nothing I can't handle. Now stop crying. You should be happy that a Master like Gabriel is willing to take you on as his submissive."

"I'm happy and I thank you for going through that for me. But..."

"I can't be your Master. I care about you, Donald." Raven tilted Donald's head so that he could look him in the eye. "I want the best for you. Gabriel is the best for you. I know you will be

very happy with him. Besides, Gabriel likes to visit with me so I will see you quite often. I'm looking forward to those visits. I can't wait to see how happy Gabriel will make you."

Donald leaned his head against Raven's chest. He didn't want to leave him. He was happy here, he felt safe here. He knew Raven would never push him beyond his limits. A sadness filled him and he wanted to scream out in agony. Yet, he couldn't, not after what Raven went through for him. He sighed contently when Raven kissed him.

"Now go pack your things. I will take you to Gabriel's home tomorrow. I won't leave until you feel comfortable with him."

"What if I never feel comfortable with him?"

"Oh, I'm sure you will feel right at home pretty quickly. Now go."

"Thank you, Sir. Thank you for everything you have done for me."

Raven just smiled at him.

"Sir...if I'm not happy with Master Gabriel..."

"You will always have a home here, Donald."

Donald smiled then hurried off.

"Master..." Tara came into the room. "Did Master Gabriel whip you?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Why?! How dare he do such a thing!"

Raven turned to her. "Gabriel is the...I guess you would say the boss. It's his club, his rules. But it is more than that. I can't explain it. I believe he has had a hand in all of our training at one point or another. He is the one who set up the auction to give a reasonably safe place for submissives to go. He keeps an eye on all the doms. He demands respect, hell he deserves respect. If any Master or Mistress wants to ask a favor they must pay his price. He figures if a dom is willing to take a whipping then whatever they want to ask for must be important. Don't worry about me, Tara. I will be fine in the morning. When I was trained to be a Master I endured all the various toys. Gabriel wants a dom to know what his or her submissive will feel when

struck by these toys. So anything I make you endure I have endured at some point. Enough about this, you needn't worry about me. However, I would like you to get my bath ready."

"Yes Master." She hurried off.

She went to his bathroom and quickly began getting his bath ready. When she turned around to head out so she could fetch Master's scotch Donald was blocking the doorway.

"You better be what Master needs. He deserves to have an excellent submissive. And unless you vastly improve, you are not that submissive. I hope at the end of your contract and you find yourself unworthy of him that you have the strength to let him go, so that he may find the submissive he deserves."

"I will try my best to be what he needs."

Donald walked over to the bath and poured some Epson salt into the water. "Why didn't you think to do this? He told you that he took a whipping from Master Gabriel. This will help soothed his back."

"I'm sorry, I should have thought of that."

"You better start thinking about these things. I won't be here to fix your fuck ups." Donald grabbed her by the hair and pulled her tightly to him. "I hate you. I did the moment you came here. You are unworthy of a Master like Raven." He struggled to contain his tears.

"I know you are hurting."

"What the fuck do you know?" He pushed her away.

"You were with him for two years...I can't imagine the pain of being separate from the man you loved this long. Say what you need to me. I won't hold it against you. I will brunt your hurt, your anger."

"Go get his scotch and tell him his bath is ready."

She nodded and then left the room.

Donald looked around at all the candles she lit. He loved doing these little things for Raven. He loved serving him. He took a deep breath and left the room. He had to finish packing. Everything he had Raven had given him. Raven was a very generous Master.

Tara followed Raven up the stairs. She didn't like the slow way he moved. His back must be really sore.

"Donald put some Epson salt into your bath water," she said as she set the glass of scotch by the tub.

"That was considerate of him." Raven removed his shirt then his pants. He slowly climbed into the bath. He heard Tara gasp.

"It looks worse than it feels."

"Do you need anything, Master?"

"Not right now. I'm going to just soak in the warm water for awhile. You may go to bed now."

"But...Master..."

"Go to bed," he said softly. He needed to be alone now.

"Yes Master." She hurried from the room and headed to hers. She could still see the whip marks on his back. She was so angry at Master Gabriel for doing that to him.

"Are they bad?" Donald asked as he entered her room.

"Are what bad?"

"The whip marks."

"They look painful."

"How many are there?"

"There were several."

"He didn't need to go through that for me." Donald left her room.

She climbed into her bed. She wanted to do something to ease Master's pain. But soon she realized there was little she could do. She hugged her pillow and hoped that Master would be better tomorrow.

Tara hurried downstairs after she got ready this morning. She wore the simple white dress that was hanging in her closet. She quickly prepared Master's breakfast. She heard his heavy footsteps as he entered the kitchen.

She turned around and came down to her knees. It was hard to do in the dress she was wearing. "You are up early today, Master."

"We have a long day today." He sat down at the small butcher block table.

She quickly got his breakfast to him.

"We are taking Donald to Gabriel's this morning, then we will be spending the rest of the day with Alex. You look lovely in that dress."

"Thank you, Master."

When he was finished they went to the foyer. Three suitcases were sitting in the middle of the foyer.

"I'm ready, Sir."

"Take your bags to the car. I will be there in a moment. I have to call Gabriel and let him know we are on our way."

"Yes Sir."

Tara went over and picked up one of his bags. She carried it to the car for him.

"You better practice your kneeling."

"I will."

Raven came out of the house and Donald opened the car door for him, before the driver had a chance to.

They drove in silence to Gabriel's home.

When they arrived both of them stayed behind Raven.

"Master Raven, please follow me," Elizabeth said.

Donald looked around as she led them to the living room. He had never had the pleasure of being in Master Gabriel's home before.

Raven sat down. Tara came down to her knees beside him. He stopped Donald from doing the same. He gestured to the seat next to him. Reluctantly Donald sat down.

"Gabriel's home is much larger than mine. I'm sure Elizabeth will be happy to have your help taking care of it."

"She cleans this whole house?"

"Yes. Gabriel has no servants, except for his driver."

Raven came up to his feet when Gabriel entered the room.

"It's always nice to see you, Raven. I hope you have recovered nicely."

"I have."

Gabriel sat down across from Raven. He looked at Donald sitting next to Raven. "Boy, you better find your place."

Donald gasped then hurried over to him. He knelt at Gabriel's feet.

Elizabeth came into the room with some coffee for Gabriel and Raven. When she was done serving she came down to her knees on the other side of Gabriel.

Gabriel and Raven talked for a little while. Tara could see Donald's nervousness. Hell, she would be nervous too, Gabriel was an intimidating man.

"Tell Alex I want to see him next week. I want him to be here when Delilah comes with her submissive."

"I have to ask..." Raven paused. "Why are you paying for all Delilah's expenses?"

“I see Alex does tell you everything.”

“I suppose you are not going to answer that.”

“She intrigues me. I was thinking after her year contract with Tram was over, that I might allow her to take on another submissive. There are so few Mistresses in our club. And there are so many men wanting to be whipped by a woman.” Gabriel smiled.

“She will only have one year under her belt. What if Tram decides he wants to remain her submissive?”

“I’m sure he will.”

“You are going to let a Mistress with one year experience have two submissives.”

“She can handle it. She is very different than the Mistresses I have seen before. As I said she intrigues me.”

“So basically you are waving goodies in front of her.”

“Goodies...” Gabriel laughed.

“Tara, go wait in the car for me.”

“Yes Master.” She got up and left the room.

“Elizabeth, take Donald to his room. Donald you may briefly say goodbye to Raven.”

Raven stood and allowed Donald to hug him. He gently kissed him then allowed Elizabeth to escort him out.

“Don’t worry, I will be gentle with him.”

“I know you will. Anyways back to our earlier conversation.”

“May I ask why the sudden interest in Delilah?”

“She is Alex’s friend...”

“Oh, I see now.”

“You are going to seriously let her have two submissives?”

“Yes. As I said she can handle it.”

“Why pay for everything for her?”

“We are going around in circles here.”

“Then just answer me.”

“Oh, keeping an eye on me, huh?” Gabriel chuckled.

Raven didn’t say anything. He knew Gabriel was up to something.

“I want her to stay with our club. Are you happy now?”

“I suppose.”

“You are lucky I like you so much or I would have to add a few more marks to your back.”

Raven and Gabriel talked some more. Raven wanted to make sure Donald was going to be alright. When he was sure of it, he went back to his car. Tara was waiting patiently. Poor thing, she must have been sitting in there for an hour now.

“Let’s go to Alex’s house.” He gestured for the driver to go. “It seems Lucian is eagerly awaiting our arrival.” He smiled seeing a blush come to her cheeks.

Tara looked at Alex’s rather quaint house.

“It’s a lot bigger on the inside. That is what Alex likes so much about this house,” Raven said as she walked behind him. She didn’t say anything and yet Raven anticipated her question.

“Master Raven,” Lucian said as he bowed to him then showed him in. He waited for Tara to enter then closed the door quietly. He escorted them down to the basement.

Tara tensed up when she heard a woman trying to quiet her cries of pain. She felt Lucian’s hand gently go down her back. She looked up at him. He smiled so warmly at her. He was a very pretty man. If Alex was being too severe with him, you couldn’t tell by looking at Lucian.

“Raven, come in, we are almost done,” Alex said.

Tara saw the rather petite woman leaning over a whipping bench.

“I wasn’t expecting you to arrive this early. I figured you would hang around at Gabriel’s most of the day, making sure Donald was alright.”

“I was soothed quickly. Donald looked good kneeling next to Gabriel.”

“Oh, I bet he did. Mr. prim-and-proper sub is going to love the ever picky Gabriel.” Alex went back over to the woman and put some lotion on her back. He marked her back up pretty good, but nothing severe. Once he placed the lotion on her, he removed his shirt and pressed his body against hers. He whispered softly into her ear.

Tara thought it was strange for Alex to do that. He looked as though he was caressing his lover. Perhaps he treated his female sub like that.

After a few moments Alex stood. He helped the woman up to her feet.

“Raven, you remember Delilah don’t you?” Alex said.

“You were whipping a…”

“I asked him to,” Delilah said. Her voice was soft. “I needed to know what that particular flogger felt like. My Tram told me he had a penchant for that particular kind of flogger. Seeing how Master Gabriel refused to test our play things on me, Alex has been kind enough to help me with that.”

“Tara, show proper respect,” Raven said. “This is Mistress Delilah and you have yet to show Master Alex the proper respect either.”

“Forgive me, Master.” She bowed at both of them.

“That’s three lashes when we get home, Tara.”

“Yes Master.”

“Alex, speaking of Delilah, Gabriel wants you to come to his home next week when she does.”

“Alright.”

“It was nice to see you, Master Raven. And thank you, Alex.”

“Honey, I will beat you with anything at anytime.”

“I’m sure you will.”

Lucian showed her out of the playroom.

Raven looked at Alex strangely for a moment.

“What?!” Alex finally said.

“You have been seeing a lot of Delilah lately.”

“We did train with Gabriel together.”

“Excuse me, Sir,” Tara said to Alex.

“Go ahead.”

“I’m confused about something. And I didn’t mean to eavesdrop or anything.”

“Oh, out with it already.”

“If you trained with Delilah and she is a new Mistress...how could you have had a submissive already?”

“What do you mean?”

“A woman at the auction said she was your submissive a couple of years ago.”

“Well that would have been a neat trick. A couple of year ago, Raven had just started training me to be a Master. I have only had two submissives, well three if you count that whiney woman. You know Lucian and before him there was a man named Romal. That woman, who Gabriel forced me to take, is just temporary. She misses Raven.” Alex smiled over to Raven “I bet you don’t even remember that woman’s name.”

“I’m afraid I don’t. I had two female submissives that year.”

“What was the other one’s name?”

“Jenny.”

“And yet you don’t remember, Brenda’s name.”

“Yeah, that was her name.”

“I’m guessing you spent all your time with Jenny.”

“Mostly. Brenda was annoying and I released her from service early.”

“You can do that?” Tara said, then quickly looked to the floor.

“Yes, didn’t you read your contract? Lucian read that damn thing from front to back several times. Raven, you should teach her not to interrupt when Masters are talking.”

“That’s two more lashes, Tara. How many now?”

“That’s five, Master. And I’m sorry.”

Lucian came in with some drinks.

“Anyways, Tara, I have been a Master for a short period of time. So whatever that female told you, she was lying. She probably wanted to scare you. I bet she wanted whatever Master she thought you were going to get. If she scared you enough, maybe you would run.”

“She did say she wanted Master Raven.”

“There you go. You submissives are a sneaky bunch aren’t you. Raven, I remember being up on that auction block. This really young man wanted you badly. He tried to fill my head about how great Master Mitchell was. He went on and on. I don’t really know what he was hoping to accomplish. We really didn’t have a choice who bid on us.” Alex looked over to Tara. “Your Master is quite a popular one, you should feel honored.”

“Please stop that,” Raven said.

“It’s true and you know it.” Alex moved closer to Raven. “Lucian, go check on dinner.”

“Yes Master.”

Alex ran his hand up Raven’s shirt. “You are one hot fucker, no wonder all these submissives want to be yours.”

“You are not exactly unattractive.”

“Well, I know that, but I’m intense. And somehow all those submissives know that. Romal must have spread that all over the place.” Alex pressed his body against Raven. “I remember what you feel like,” he said softly.

Raven wanted to grab a hold of Alex and kiss the fuck out of him, but he stopped himself from doing so.

Tara could feel the sexual tension in the room and it was making her pussy so wet. She quickly looked back down to the floor when Alex looked over at her.

“I think I have turned on your little submissive.” Alex walked over to her and instantly brought his hand to her dress, he pulled it up and cupped her pussy. “Oh, yeah she is so freaking wet. You would like to see Raven fuck me, wouldn’t you?” he purred into her ear.

Tara didn’t know what to say.

“Answer me. Look around girl you are in my playroom. Now answer me, before I do to you what I did to Delilah.”

“I...”

“Come on answer.”

“That’s enough, Alex. You don’t have to answer that Tara.” Raven gestured for her to come to him. She did so immediately and came down to her knees beside him.

“Feel her pussy. She got so turned on watching us.”

“Her pussy is always wet for her Master.”

Tara’s whole body shuddered hearing Raven say that.

“Stop flirting with me and bring your boy down here. I thought you said he earned himself some pussy.”

“You’re right.”

Just then Lucian entered the room.

“Over to the bed, boy,” Alex growled.

Lucian’s cock instantly grew hard.

“Tara, go fuck Lucian. Do it well, my submissive. I want to watch.”

“Yes Master.”

“You know she is going to ride my boy hard now.”

“You did say he earned it.”

Alex and Raven sat down on two big chairs. They had a good view of the bed.

Tara removed her dress. Lucian’s hands were on her immediately. She let go and enjoyed Lucian’s touch. She gently pushed him down on the bed then straddled his hips. She lowered herself down onto his cock and proceeded to ride him hard.

“Told you,” Alex said as he put his hand on Raven’s thigh.

“Behave yourself,” Raven said.

“Don’t you come, boy,” Alex said.

“Yes Master,” Lucian said between gritted teeth.

“Her pussy feels so good, doesn’t it boy?”

“Yesss,” Lucian hissed.

“Come now, Tara,” Raven said.

Tara felt her orgasm explode. She cried out and continued to ride Lucian.

“Master please,” Lucian said.

“Come boy.”

“Thank you Master, thank you.”

Tara collapsed down onto Lucian and he held her gently to him.

“You two catch your breath. Raven, I have a couple of new toys.” Alex stood and then walked over to a trunk. He pulled out a large leather cat-of-nine tails and a wooden cane. “Pick one to use on your girl.”

“Give me the whip.”

Alex handed Raven the whip.

“Tara, stand up and brace yourself against the wall.”

Tara was a little frightened, but she did what Raven said.

“What are your safe words?”

“Red light.”

“Good girl.”

She winced when he struck her with the whip. She heard the whack of the cane hitting Lucian in the background. She grimaced again when she felt the whip hit her ass, this time it was harder. The sting of it radiated through her body.

“How many do you have left, Tara? You are not counting for me.”

“Sorry Master. I have three more.”

“Now we must start from the beginning. Count them out loud and thank me for each one.”

She winced when the whip struck her back, the tails of the whip fanned out with this blow. “One, thank you, Master.”

Her ass felt like it was on fire with the next stroke. “Two, thank you, Master.”

She bit her lip to hold her cry when the next one struck her back. “Three...thank you, Master.” Her voice much quieter this time.

“Ah...four...thank you, Master.” Her thighs shook from the pain of the whip.

The next blow was hard causing her to slump up against the wall. “Five...” she took two breaths “...thank you, Master.” She leaned up against the wall. She felt the heat of his large body covering her.

“Good girl.” He gently stroked her hair. “My good girl.”

She reveled in his praise and enjoyed the warmth of his body. He was so careful not to let his body touch hers, he was just close enough to let her feel his warmth.

“Thank you, Master.”

“Whoa, she took that well,” Alex said.

“Your boy did well too.”

“Of course he did. He is such a pain slut.”

She felt a coldness on her back. He was rubbing some kind of gel on her. His hands moved down her back to her ass, then to her thigh. He was so gentle, so careful not to inflict anymore pain on her.

“Carefully get dressed, Tara.”

“Yes Master.”

When she turned around she saw that Lucian had already gotten dressed. He wore just a pair of jeans. She slowly put her dress back on wincing a little when the fabric brushed up against her back.

“I’m starving,” Alex said. “Lucian, go set the table. Dinner should be ready now.”

“Tara, go help him.”

Tara followed Lucian up the stairs and into the kitchen.

“Are you alright?” Lucian asked.

“I will be.”

“Your Master was rather gentle on you. I usually get at least ten lashes for my infractions.”

“Are you alright?”

“Yes, I can take it. I rather enjoy it actually.”

Tara grabbed the plates and followed him into the dining room.

“You do?”

“Don’t you?”

“I don’t mind pain...a certain amount is enjoyable.”

“Then you would never want to be my Master’s submissive.” Lucian smiled at her.

“If you don’t mind my asking how old are you?” Tara grabbed the napkins.

“I’m twenty-two.”

“Whoa...I thought you looked kind of young.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m thirty.”

“Alex has to be...”

“He is thirty-eight. I don’t mind the age difference at all. I’m glad that my first Master is older than me. Besides, Master is beautiful.”

“Yes he is.”

“How old do you think your Master is?”

“I don’t know.”

“Master Raven is forty.”

“How do you know that?”

“My Master told me. He said that Master Gabriel is forty-four. I think the oldest Master is fifty-five, I believe that’s the same age as the oldest submissive in the club. The youngest Master is my age. Personally, I wouldn’t want a Master that young. Anyways, you are new to this lifestyle aren’t you?”

“Master Raven is my first Master.”

“Then we have something in common. I was so frightened at that auction.”

“Me too.”

“Dinner on the table yet?” Alex said.

“It’s ready Master.” Lucian came down to his knees by the chair at the head of the table.

“You may sit at the table today, boy.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Tara served Raven his food then he gestured to the chair next to him. She sat down and waited for him to start eating.

Tara and Lucian ate quietly as Alex and Raven talked. Something was different between her and Raven now. She couldn’t explain it, but something felt different. She stood up and grabbed the pitcher of water. She filled Raven’s glass then she placed the pitcher down and went

back to eating her dinner. Tara wasn't paying attention to what they said she just knew that she wanted to go home.

After Raven finished his meal he looked over to Tara. "You ready to go home now, my submissive?"

"Yes Master."

"Alex, we really must be going. It's been a long day."

"Don't worry about Donald he is fine. Wait until you see him again. You will see how deliriously happy he will be with Gabriel."

When Raven stood up and stepped away from the table Tara quickly followed and went silently two paces behind him.

"Next Thursday is the Valentine's Day party at Gabriel's home. Is she ready? Lucian is," Alex said as he pulled the smaller man to him and gently kissed him. "Aren't you, boy?"

"Yes Master." Lucian beamed from Alex's kiss.

"Tara will be ready. Are you taking Brenda?"

"No," Alex gently played with a strand of Lucian's hair. "...in fact, tomorrow I'm freeing her of her contract with me."

"Gabriel won't be too happy about that. He did give her to you."

"Well you know what, Gabriel can go fuck himself, respectively of course."

Lucian lowered his head trying to hide his laugh.

"Come on Raven, you know what kind of sub Brenda is. I don't want to deal with it. I got to focus on my boy's training."

Raven watched the way Alex cuddled Lucian. He remembered doing the same thing with Alex. Still, looking at them he could see Alex was falling in love with Lucian. Raven was so pleased about that.

"I will leave you two alone." Raven chuckled.

“Oh no you don’t.” Alex gently caressed Lucian’s face then gestured for him to kneel. Alex walked over to Raven and pulled him to him. Before Raven had time to react Alex kissed him.

Tara and Lucian gasped. Tara waited for Raven to gently push Alex away, but when he pulled Alex closer and deepened their kiss a fierce sense of jealousy rose up in her. She could see that Lucian shared this feeling.

Raven held his kiss with Alex way too long in both Tara and Lucian’s opinion. Yet, neither of them said a word.

“Whoa...I love the way you kiss,” Alex said when Raven finally let him go.

“I can tell,” Raven said, looking down at the bulge in Alex’s pants. “I better be going now.”

“That’s it get me all horny then leave, you fucking tease,” Alex chuckled.

“Come Tara.” Raven said as he began walking to the door.

“Yes Master.” She followed two steps behind him.

Lucian hurried over and opened the door for them. He gently closed the door behind them.

“Come here, boy.” Alex grabbed a hold of Lucian and pinned him up against the door. His hand went straight to Lucian’s cock as he kissed him furiously.

“Master,” Lucian sighed.

“Mmm, that cock is so hard for me.”

“Always ready for you, Master.”

Alex released Lucian’s cock. “You have shown that.” Alex grabbed Lucian and lifted him up. He carried him to the living room then threw him on the sofa. “Naked now,” he growled.

Lucian quickly obeyed as he watched Alex removed his clothes. His gaze lingered over his Master’s beautiful body. He saw Alex open the drawer to the end table and pulled out a bottle

of lube. Lucian had made sure there was lube in every room, just in case his Master wanted to take him. He watched Alex lubing up his cock.

“Present, boy.”

Lucian quickly got off the sofa and went down to his hands and knees. He groaned when he felt Alex’s finger go deeply into his ass.

“Such a lovely ass,” Alex said as he stuck two fingers into Lucian, slowly pulling them in and out, wanting his boy to be nice and lubed up.

“Please Master,” Lucian groaned.

“Please what?”

“Fuck me...hurry please.”

“Such an eager boy.” Alex plunged his fingers deeper looking for the right spot when he found Lucian’s prostate he applied more pressure.

“Please Master, oh yes...please...”

“Don’t you come until I tell you to.”

Alex moved his fingers in and out in a rhythmic movement making sure to stroke the right spot.

“Please take me, Master. Hurry Master, please,” Lucian begged.

“Getting ready to come, are you, boy.”

“That feels so good, Master, but I need your cock...please take me.”

Alex removed his fingers. His own cock so hard it ached. Raven’s deep kiss was unexpected, just thinking about it made his cock even harder. He gripped Lucian’s hips then drove his cock deeply into him.

Lucian cried out in pleasure.

Alex was relentless as he thrust harder and harder.

“Please may I come, Master?”

“Yes come, my boy.” Alex’s body shuddered when Lucian cried out. He felt Lucian’s ass tighten around his cock. “Shit, I forget the condom...”

“I don’t care, Master. Come in me, fill me with your seed.”

Hearing Lucian say that made Alex come so hard. It felt as though he might not ever stop coming as he filled Lucian’s ass with his cum.

“Damn boy,” Alex purred as he leaned over Lucian. “That was fucking hot.”

Lucian enjoyed feeling his Master’s body pressing so close to him, loved it when Alex wrapped his arms around him and held him closer.

“You have earned sleeping in my bed tonight, boy.” Alex kissed down Lucian’s back. “Go ready my bed.”

“Yes Master.”

When Alex sat back and leaned against the sofa Lucian quickly came up to his feet and hurried to grab a washcloth. He cleaned Alex’s cock then hurried back to the bathroom. He quickly cleaned himself then went to his Master’s room. He made sure the bed was made then he knelt down beside it.

“I’m so tired.” Alex climbed into his bed. “Come Lucian.”

Lucian quickly climbed into bed and snuggled against Alex. The warmth of his Master’s body felt as good as the silk sheets did.

“I can’t wait to show you off at that party.” Alex kissed the top of Lucian’s head.

Lucian snuggled closer and enjoyed being this close to his Master. Any earlier jealousy he felt about Raven was gone. All that mattered was now.

Chapter Ten

Raven opened the door for Tara when they arrived at his home. She hurried in then came down to her knees in the middle of the foyer.

“You have been a good girl today, Tara.”

“I was? I mean thank you, Master.” She kept her gaze on the floor.

“You are slipping into your submissive role without thinking about it. Think about that for a moment while I go check my messages.”

She thought about it. She could see her mistakes. She focused harder. She sat there for about twenty minutes going over the day in her mind.

Raven stood behind her. She was so deep into thought she didn't noticed that he had come back into the room.

Her breath caught when she realized that she had been acting more like a submissive. True, she did make several mistakes, but there were many more moments where she instinctively did what she should. That was what was different between them now. She was more comfortable with her role of being his submissive.

“I see you have finally found what I meant.”

“Master...”

“You do have a ways to go.” He walked over to the front of her and squatted down. “I'm proud of you, Tara, so very proud.”

She looked up and saw the smile on his face. “Thank you, Master.”

“I think you have earned a reward.” He stood. “Go down to the playroom and wait for me. I want you to think of a play scenario for us. I will play whatever part you want.”

“Thank you, Master.” She headed toward the playroom.

He went over to the kitchen and poured himself a glass of water. It was a mistake kissing Alex like that, especially in front of Tara. He could tell she was feeling jealous and yet, she held her feelings in check. Something many of his past submissives, including Alex found hard to do. He was starting to feel comfortable with her. And now that Donald was safely with Gabriel he planned to up her training. He didn't really care if Tara was ready for that party or not. He was pleased with her progress and as far as he was concern that was all that mattered.

He gave her about twenty minutes then headed down to the basement. He was curious to what she had decided to play. He entered the room and she was naked and kneeling in the middle of the room.

“Have you decided?”

“Yes, I have. Do you have a list of the music you have?”

“Yes, just go over to the counter on the far right wall. There is a laptop that holds all the music available.”

“Can I have a moment to look through it?”

“Of course.”

He watched her as she hurried over to the laptop. It would be easy to search his music library if she knew exactly what she was looking for. Within a couple moments she found what she was looking for.

“Where do you keep the costumes, Master?”

“I should really give you a proper tour of this playroom. Some of the costumes are in closet, far right door.”

She walked over and looked through what was there. She picked something out.

“I need to change.”

“I will turn around if you wish for me not to see.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He turned around and looked at the shackles on the wall in front of him. Tomorrow he planned to use these shackles on her. He could see her naked chained to the wall. This image began to make his cock hard.

“Okay Master.”

He turned around and looked at her. She was dressed in a man’s suit jacket. He could see the black silk stockings and flashes of the garter that held them up.

“I’m intrigued. Explain what character you want me to play.”

“You are a patron at a strip club.” She went over and grabbed the wooden chair and set it about six feet from the wooden pole. “I’m of course the stripper. I see you and I dance just for you. My dance excites you and you must have me. When my dance is over you come backstage and try to seduce me.”

“Sounds like fun.”

She smiled and went over to the laptop again. “Ready Master.”

He sat down in the chair. “Let’s begin.”

She hurried back to the wooden pole and gave herself a moment to get into the character. She dimmed the lights giving a soft glow to everything. The music started.

He watched every movement she made. She totally lost herself in her role. She moved her body with such sensuality it made his cock impossibly hard. She slowly removed the suit jacket revealing the sexy outfit she wore underneath. The lacy black bra matched perfectly with the black panties, garter and nylons.

“But, I’m the only one who walk across a fire for you. And I’m the only one who drown in my desire for you,” She sang to him. Her voice oozed sex.

He groaned when her hands wandered over her body. Damn, she was so fucking sexy. He had to adjust himself to accommodate for his ever-hardening cock.

She reached back and unhooked her bra, then slowly, so very slowly removed it. Her breasts bounced as she continued her sizzling dance. Her hands slipped into her panties. She

waited for a moment then pulled them down. She kicked them over to him. He could smell her enthralling scent.

She pretended to be leaving the stage. He quickly went over to her.

“Your dance has inspired me,” he said. He tried to fall into his role, but right now all he wanted was his cock buried deeply in her.

“I see that.” She looked down at the bulge in his pants.

“I would like to see more,” he purred, lowering his already deep voice more.

She walked over to the chair and sat down spreading her legs wide.

What was left of his control was gone. He hurried over to her and lifted her up. He carried her over to the small bed he had delivered today. He could see the surprised look on her face.

“Let me have you,” he growled.

“Take what you want.”

He pinned her under him with one hand as the other fumbled to remove his pants. Once his pants were removed he cupped her pussy. Oh damn, she was so wet for him.

“Please...” she whispered.

He kissed down her body wanting her to wait for his cock. Let her feel this want, this need, he felt at this moment. Even though his cock demanded he take her, he was going to wait until her need matched his.

The second his tongue touched her pussy she cried out. He lapped at her hitting all the right spots.

“Please...I need you,” she moaned.

“Please what?” He stuck his tongue deeply in her.

“Please Master...oh please...”

“You are needy stripper.”

“I need you, Master.”

His control was gone. He positioned himself between her legs and buried his cock deeply into her. She was so wet, warm...willing. He thrust his cock harder and faster, needing to claim her, needing release.

“Yes...ah yes...Master!” she cried out as her orgasm enveloped her, but before she could come down from this orgasm another started to build. That look on his face as he watched her dance, the desire she saw there, it made her feel so beautiful, so sexy. “Master!” she screamed as the second one hit her harder.

“Damn,” he growled, thrusting faster and faster needing his own release. “Mine...”

“Yours, yes...Master...yours.”

He threw his head back and roared his orgasm. He kept his body arched up for a moment trying to catch his breath.

“Master,” she purred as she ran her hands up his chest.

“Good girl,” he said breathily. “Very good girl.” He slowly pulled his cock out of her and then lay down beside her.

“When did this bed get here? I don’t remember it.”

“I had it delivered and installed today. This thing is bolted to the floor, so I can fuck you as hard as I want without worrying that the damn thing will move. Come here, Tara.”

She snuggled up against him.

“I don’t think I kept in character that well.”

“I loved it, Master.”

He kissed the top of her head. He felt so deliciously sated at the moment. The only thing he wanted to do was to hold her.

Tara was so nervous as she readied herself for the Valentine's Day party. She was putting her makeup on first before she found out what Master wanted her to wear. These last four days were incredible. Her discipline was tested. Master put her through her paces and she loved every moment of it. With Donald gone it was more peaceful and she found it easier to remember what she was required to do. When she messed up Master punished her. When she did well he rewarded her. She loved when he chained her up, spanked and fucked her. She loved everything he did to her.

She walked over to the closet and saw the outfit she wore for him when she pretended to be a stripper, but instead of a man's suit jacket there was a see through jacket, it was black to match the rest of the outfit. Insanely high heel pumps finished off the outfit. Did he really want her to wear this to the party? Of course he did or it wouldn't be in here.

It was hard to believe she has been his submissive for a month now. Time felt like it was flying. She already felt like she learned so much from him. And still, she knew she had so much more to learn.

She put on her outfit then the shoes. She practiced walking and kneeling. Damn, this was going to be hard. The walking part was easy, she wore this high of heels before. It was the kneeling part that worried her. She was already so clumsy about kneeling, even after a month she still couldn't seem to get it right. Now, with these heels it was even more difficult.

"Tara."

"Coming Master." She glanced at herself in the mirror then hurried down to him. Her breath caught when she saw him. He was wearing a black well-tailored suit. He looked so damn handsome and elegant. When he turned toward her, she saw something glint in his hand.

She came down to her knees. She wished she was more graceful about this. She didn't want to embarrass him tonight.

"You look beautiful, my submissive."

"Thank you, Master."

“Stand up.”

She did what he asked.

“This is merely decorative,” he said as he placed a leather collar on her. “If you earn my collar it will be far more elegant than this.” He attached a silver leash to the ring on the front of her collar. “We haven’t practiced walking you on a leash and for this I do apologize. But it is no different than walking behind me as you do so natural already. When I move forward you follow that’s all. I will give the leash a slight tug to get your attention if need be. Are you ready?”

“Yes...Master.”

“Don’t be nervous.” He gently stroked her cheek. “Your progress has made me very proud and that is all that should matter to you. There will be a lot of people there so I want you to stay with me, in fact, unless otherwise specified by me, you are to never leave my side. When I stop for more than five minutes you come down to your knees beside me. You will show other Masters and Mistresses respect by bowing your head. They may touch you and you will allow it. You will allow anything they do unless I say otherwise. If at anytime you become frightened you just say the safe words and I will make whatever is happening stop immediately. What are your safe words?”

“Red light.”

“You are mine and no one will harm you as long as you are mine. I promise, so you have no reason to be afraid.” Raven ran his fingers through her hair. “You are so beautiful, my submissive.”

She smiled at him. She felt calmer now.

He turned around and headed out toward the door. She followed him. She could see the silver-chained leash in front of her. She followed it with her eyes until she saw the end looped around his hand so elegantly. She felt her heart pound in her chest. This time it wasn’t nerves, it was desire. Being led on a leash by him was arousing her so much.

The driver waited by the car and hurried to open the door. Raven stepped aside and let her climb in first. They drove in relative silence as they made their way to Gabriel's home. Tara became nervous when she saw all the cars parked around Gabriel's home. Cars were lined up the street and filled every part of the driveway, except for one lane for cars to go in and out.

Raven reached over and grabbed her hand. "I can't wait to show you off." He smiled at her.

Just the sound of his voice and gentle touch of his hand calmed her.

"You remember everything I said?"

"Yes Master."

"Then let's go."

The driver opened the door. Raven climbed out first and then waited for Tara to do the same. He walked slowly up to the door giving her time to gather herself.

"Whoa, she looks pretty hot."

Raven turned around and greeted Alex.

Alex wore a well-tailored gray suit. Lucian wore a pair of leather pants, with chains crisscrossing over his chest. He was groomed to perfection. He also wore a leather collar, but Alex's leash was made of steel. Lucian smiled at her then lowered his gaze back to the ground.

"Your boy is looking pretty darn good too."

"I know, poor thing fused over himself for hours today. I told him to relax it's just a party. Shall we go greet the exalted Gabriel?"

"He is going to beat you if he catches you talking like that."

"Like I care. Let him."

Raven laughed.

"Though..." Alex instantly became serious. "...I didn't like it when he whipped you. I wanted to come over here and kick..."

"It's alright. We know the rules for asking Gabriel a favor."

“Still, to me you are in the same league he is and he has no right to do that to you. Besides, I think that fucker has got the hots for you. Delilah concurs with me on that.”

“Enough about that.”

Tara watched Alex instantly stop the conversation. Just like a sub would.

Raven led Tara up the stairs. Alex and Lucian were right behind them.

“Master...Raven,” Donald said when he greeted them at the door. Donald wore pretty much what Lucian wore, except his collar was more elaborate.

“You look well.” Raven smiled at him.

Donald led them in and headed straight for Gabriel. Elizabeth had greeted Alex and Lucian.

“You look so beautiful, Raven,” Gabriel said as he greeted him.

“So do you.”

Gabriel looked amazing. His long blond hair was flawless, his navy blue suit fit him perfectly, he had just the right amount of ornamentation on. He held himself with such authority it almost frightened Tara. In short Gabriel looked like perfection. Still, to her he wasn't in the same league as Raven.

Gabriel walked over to Tara. She bowed her head respectfully. She held her gasp when he cupped her breasts. “She looks positively yummy, tonight.”

“Mmm, doesn't she.”

Gabriel's hands wandered over her body.

“I wish to play with her later.”

“As you wish,” Raven said.

“I must greet my other guests.”

Raven looked down at Tara. “He will not hurt you.”

She just nodded.

Raven walked around and talked with everyone. She followed him and knelt when he talked with someone for more than five minutes. She was introduced to every Master in here. There were only three Mistresses here that she could see. She spotted Delilah with her submissive Tram. He was kneeling by her side looking content to be where he was. Tara could tell even with Tram kneeling he was much bigger than Delilah.

“What has captured your attention so, my submissive?” Raven asked when he looked down at her.

“That Mistress is so petite and her male submissive is much larger than her. Isn’t she afraid he might hurt her?”

“I bet she is not worried about that at all. If she is a good Mistress her male submissive would protect her from anything and never dream about harming her.”

“I’m glad to see you have spoken with everyone,” Gabriel said as he came over to Raven.

“Of course I would.”

“Isn’t she something.” Gabriel gestured to Delilah.

“She seems to be training her submissive well.”

“She was born to be a Mistress. Come with me.”

Tara quickly came up and followed Raven and Gabriel. They stopped in the study. “Look at him, isn’t he magnificent.”

Tara looked at the very large male kneeling in the middle of the room.

“His name is Michael and he is a new submissive that applied to the club.”

“Why are you showing him to me?”

“Because of an earlier conversation we had about Delilah.”

“I’m not sure what you mean.”

“He is going to be Delilah’s second submissive.”

“What?!” Raven said.

“I see you are shocked by that.”

“He is a monster of a man and a new submissive at that.”

“Delilah can handle him. Plus, he will train for the next ten months or so, before I hand him over.”

Raven didn't say anything.

“Now, I want to watch your pretty little submissive fuck him.”

“You said he was new.”

“What does that matter?”

Raven looked down at Tara. He could see she was afraid. “No, I won't let my submissive be with him. I don't know if he will hurt her or not.”

“Of course he won't hurt her. She is your submissive, so I will let this go.” Gabriel moved closer to Raven. “As I have said you are lucky I like you so much.” He ran his fingers down Raven's cheek.

“Am I interrupting something,” Alex said.

Gabriel looked back at Alex. “You best remember your place,” Gabriel said.

Raven gestured for Tara to stand up. “Come on, Alex, let's go.”

Gabriel watched Raven lead Alex out of the room.

“Master, is something wrong?” Elizabeth said as she handed him a fresh glass of wine.

“Nothing, my sweet, go make sure everyone has their glasses filled. And tell them they may use the playrooms now.”

“Yes Master.”

Gabriel walked over to Michael. “You seem to be scaring the doms.”

“Sir?”

“Are you sure you don't want a Master to play with?”

“I want to serve a woman, Sir.”

“Donald!”

Donald hurried in. “Yes Master.”

“Go find Delilah and tell her to come here.”

“Yes Master.”

“I have found you a woman to serve, but she isn’t ready for you yet. I will have Elizabeth help with your training, she is such a good submissive and you will learn a lot.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Gabriel,” Delilah said as she bowed her head respectfully toward him.

“Tram looks content.”

“He is a good boy.”

“He looks like it. This is a new sub named Michael. I’m introducing him to all the doms.”

“He is beautiful.”

“Yes, he is.” Gabriel talked with her for a little while. He liked just looking at her, especially seeing her with Tram. After she left he turned back to Michael. “If you are a good boy, I will let her be your Mistress at the end of year.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

He could see by Michael’s erection that he indeed liked the idea of having Delilah as a Mistress.

The party definitely took a different direction quickly after Gabriel opened up his playrooms. Tara knelt by Raven’s side as he sat in a chair talking with an older Master. She looked over and saw the submissive named Julie from the auction.

“Tara stay here,” Raven said.

“Yes Master.”

“You look good with Master Raven,” Julie said. Her Master went with Raven somewhere.

“Thank you. You seem happy with your Master.”

“He is such a gentle Master.”

“I have to ask you something.”

“What is it?”

“You told me you were Alex’s submissive a couple of years ago, but how could you have been if he only had one previous submissive. Lucian is only his second submissive.” Tara was taken back when Julie started to laugh.

“Honey, I wanted you to run for the door. I wanted Master Raven to choose me. And it looked pretty darn obvious that it was you who caught his eye.”

“Why would you do something like that? You knew I was new to this lifestyle.”

“As I said I wanted to serve Master Raven. I have wanted to serve him for quite some time. The one year when I was for certain he was going to choose me...oh the way he caressed me...that deep voice of his...anyways, that year he chose Alex to be his submissive. A man, a fucking man, Master Raven had never chosen a man before. So, when I saw him at this auction I had to make sure he would choose me. Then I saw the way he caressed you. It was nothing personal okay?”

Tara didn’t say anything. She saw Julie lower her body down in the most humble of positions.

“I love it when a submissive does that. But I suspect you knew that,” Gabriel said.

“I only wish to show the greatest respect to you, Master Gabriel,” Julie said.

“Is that so. Where is your Master?”

“He went with Master Raven somewhere.”

“Donald come here,” Gabriel said as he looked down at Julie as if she was less than nothing.

“Yes Master,” Donald said.

“I want you to take this conniving little bitch down to the playroom. Take her to the wall of chains. Chain her up nicely for me, then beat her with the small whip. I want her ass, back and thighs nicely striped. Then you come back up to get me. You will follow me back into the playroom and watch as I use a bigger whip on her, crisscrossing the marks you had made. And if her Master wants me to stop he will have to beg me.”

“No! I don’t care what you do to me, but don’t make my Master beg.”

“Why?”

“He is my Master.”

“Or perhaps the thought of having him beg me in front of all of these other Masters will be more humiliating for you.”

“What is going on?” Master James said.

“Please don’t I beg of you,” Julie said to Gabriel.

“What are you doing to my girl?”

“She insulted me.”

“Then I will make sure she is punished.”

“This is my home and your submissive insulted me.”

“Come to me, Julie,” James said.

“You run the risk of losing your privileges James,” Gabriel said.

“I will punish her myself. You are welcomed to watch.”

Tara felt Raven standing next to her. She didn’t know what she should do. When she felt Raven’s hand in her hair she calmed down.

“You see, you ungrateful little bitch, you already have one of the best Masters this club has to offer. Bowing and scarping to me earns you nothing. It only makes me angry. Don’t worry James I will not harm her if you don’t wish me to.” Gabriel gestured for Donald to follow him.

Julie broke down and cried. James went to her and pulled her up to her feet. He hugged her tightly. “I told you not to insult Gabriel.”

“I didn’t mean to. Please forgive me.”

“Oh, sweet girl there is nothing to forgive. But there is a lesson to be learned here. I’m afraid you have earned yourself a beating.”

“Yes Sir.”

Tara watched James lead Julie down to the playroom.

Raven grabbed Tara’s leash and gave it a light tug. She came up to her feet. “What happened?”

“Julie went into the most humble of positions to greet Gabriel.”

“That is all?”

“Yes.”

“Gabriel should have told James about what she did and left it at that.”

“May I speak freely, Master?”

“You may.”

“I think he wanted to show her that she already had a good Master. I’m guessing her Master doesn’t go to the auction that much and is rather quiet, and yet Master Gabriel seemed to have such high respect for him. Julie wants to be a submissive to a well known Master in this community and neglected to see what she already had. Master Gabriel was insulted by Julie’s lack of gratefulness on already having a good Master.”

Raven gently stroked her hair, then his hand caressed her cheek for a moment. He was pleased that his submissive was so perceptive. “James is highly respected in this community. He doesn’t go to the auction very much because he tends to keep the submissives he already has. James’ last submissive was the submissive for him. He was going to formally proclaim Diane his exclusive submissive, which in this community is like getting married. Early last year Diane died suddenly. It tore James apart. Gabriel insisted James acquire a new submissive this year. James is too good a Master to deny this community his skill. James respects Gabriel and honored his request, though he will probably just be a trainer for awhile, he really loved Diane and I doubt

any other submissive will ever mean what she meant to him. I understand Gabriel's anger about seeing Julie blatantly trying to earn his favor. It was insulting to James."

"How often does a Master or Mistress formally proclaim a submissive theirs exclusively?"

"Not very often. You remember what I said about there being a balance?"

"Yes."

"James and Diane's relationship symbolized a perfect balance. It is hard to obtain this balance, but they managed to do this. Now let's go down to the playroom and see what's going on."

"Yes Master."

Tara followed Raven down to the playroom. Master Gabriel's playroom was massive and it was sectioned off in many different compartments. The sounds of sex, leather against skin, whip, canes, chains, pleasure and pain, all of it filled the room.

Tara watched the submissives as they passed each time bowing their heads in respect to Raven. Tara did the same to the other doms. It was more than the mere fact that other submissive showed her Master respect. She could see the admiration they had for him. She looked to Raven. He moved with such confidence as he made his way to the back of the playroom. She swelled with pride for her Master. Her Master...she belonged to this magnificent man...she did...she was his.

Raven stopped and gently pulled on the chain signaling for Tara to come to him. She stood by his side for a moment then went down to her knees. She about fell forward, she prayed that no one noticed.

"Watch, Tara," Raven said.

She raised her eyes and watched as Master James beat Julie. She sobbed, cried and held onto the metal rings tightly. Tara looked over at Gabriel who stood there with his arms crossed watching Julie's punishment.

“Red light,” Julie cried.

James instantly stopped.

Tara saw James going over to Gabriel, they spoke briefly then Elizabeth escorted James. He stopped by Raven on the way out.

“Raven, don’t let him beat her anymore. She has reached her limit,” James said.

“I will make sure she is safe.”

“Thank you.” James followed Elizabeth.

Raven handed Tara the silver leash. “Stay here, my submissive.”

“Yes Master.”

Raven went over to where Julie was he unhooked her legs then arms, she still held the rings tightly. Tara watched her Master talk to Julie, though she couldn’t hear what was said. She held her breath as Gabriel went over to them. She couldn’t hear what the two Masters were saying to each other. Gabriel gestured to Donald then said something more to Raven. Donald let Julie lean on him and helped her move. Tara didn’t look to see where they were going. She kept her eyes on her Master.

Raven gestured for Tara to come to him. She got up to her feet and went over to him. He grabbed the leash then they followed Gabriel to a small room that was separate from the rest of the playroom.

“Kneel in the corner, Tara.”

“Yes Master.”

He handed her the leash and she went over to the corner. This room had nothing in it, but a small cot to the back of it.

“No more, Raven. I have afforded you more than enough leniency.”

“James punished her. He brought her right to her limit. Surely, you don’t expect him to do more.”

“She needed to stay where she was.”

“Why?”

“You try my patience, Raven.”

“I understand your anger. Hell, I’m not too damn happy with that submissive either. But her Master punished her as he sought fit. There is nothing more to do.”

“Yes there is. You took her down while I stood there. I didn’t give you permission to do so. This is my home and therefore my rules.”

“And your rules state that no Master should push their submissive passed their safe words. Your rule, Gabriel.”

Tara gasped when Gabriel pinned Raven against the wall. Raven made no attempt to fight back. Her eyes opened wide when Gabriel kissed Raven with such a passion it instantly turned her on. Gabriel’s body pressed harder against Raven.

“I will have you,” Gabriel growled then he released him.

Tara watched as Gabriel instantly regained his composure.

“I’m not yours to have, Gabriel. I’m not a submissive.”

“We will see about that.” Gabriel left the room.

“I’m sorry you had to witness that. If I knew that was his intention I would have had you brought to a safe room.”

“You needn’t apologize to me, Master.”

“Stand up and come to me.” He watched her stand up. The heels he made her wear didn’t help her grace any. He should have thought about that. He knew how insecure she was about this. He took a deep breath. He had to try harder. He put undue stress on her. If he thought to let her wear shoes with little to no heel it would have eased her stress. It was a little thing, and yet he didn’t catch it.

“Is something wrong, Master?”

He pulled her to him and kissed her hard. He felt her relax in his embrace, giving herself completely to him. He was taking too much and causing her to give too much. Damn it, he had to try harder. He looked down into her pretty face. She looked so content.

“Oops, sorry,” a rather large Master said as he interrupted. His petite female submissive didn’t even look up. He closed the door.

“Let’s rejoin the party,” Raven said as he grabbed the leash.

He escorted her back upstairs. He had no desire to let anyone play with her nor did he want to play with anyone else. The mood of the party was too heavy. He went around and spoke with a couple more Masters. He saw Tara coming down to a kneeling position clearly angry with herself for not being as graceful as the other submissives were being. He smiled down at her. He saw her instantly relax.

“Your submissive must be new, Raven,” a stern-looking woman said as she approached him. The two small men that followed her kept their eyes to the ground.

“Geneva, you are looking well.”

“Why thank you and if I must say you are looking yummy as ever.”

Tara watched Geneva’s two male subs come seamlessly and in unison down to their knees behind her.

“As I was saying your submissive must be new. She hasn’t learned the basic kneeling form yet.”

“She is new and she is doing just fine.”

“You are always so protective aren’t you?”

“As well a dom should be.” Raven reached down and petted Tara. He could sense her mounting stress upon hearing what Geneva just said.

“Tell me, what do you know about this Delilah?”

“Not too much. Why?”

“I’m not one to gossip.”

“Sure you are.”

“I happened to walk in on that Delilah and Alex. They are upstairs. They were looking rather cozy together.”

“It is no concern of mine.”

“I have to find Gabriel and tell him this. I’m sure he will be interested to know.”

“Why would he care?”

“Come on, you can’t be this oblivious.”

Raven was growing weary of Geneva’s gossiping already.

“Honey, Gabriel is enamored with that woman. God knows why.”

Raven excused himself and went upstairs. He went up the stairs slowly so Tara could keep up. “It’s worse than a soap opera around here,” he said. He could hear her sweet laughter behind him and it lifted his mood.

Raven proceeded to go into every room. Some were in use, some were not. The last room on the right is what he was looking for. Alex was fucking Delilah as their submissives watched. Raven’s body shuddered when Alex roared out his orgasm.

“Master Raven,” Lucian said as he bowed his head. Tram took his cue from Lucian.

“What the hell are you doing?” Raven said.

“Fucking...” Alex looked perplexed by Raven’s question.

“Delilah, may I asked that you leave us alone for a moment.”

“Of course.” She smoothed down her dress then grabbed Tram’s chain. When she left the room Raven gestured for Tara to kneel next to Lucian.

“What?!” Alex said.

“That was a foolish thing to do.”

“Delilah is hot and she offered.”

“You are in Gabriel’s home.”

“And.”

“He trained her, is providing for her...don’t you think he wants more than just her gratitude?”

“I’m pretty sure I know what he wants from her. It’s pretty much what he wants from you.”

“This party has been such a cluster fuck and I don’t mean in a good way either.”

“Then let’s go. You look stressed out.”

“We can’t leave yet. It would be rude.”

“Well then let’s mingle some more. Then get the hell out of here.” Alex pulled his pants back up. Lucian hurried over and straightened Alex up, making sure his Master looked pristine again.

“Come on, Tara.”

She went over to him and handed him the leash.

Raven and Alex talked with other doms. Tara tried to be the perfect submissive. However, the longer they stayed the less confident she became. She heard a couple of submissive say that Raven deserved a better submissives than her. She tried to keep her emotions in check. But the longer they stayed, the more she heard, the harder it became to hold back her tears.

“Raven,” Alex said as he gestured toward Tara.

“What is wrong, Tara?” Raven asked.

“I’m fine, Master. Just a little overwhelmed.”

Raven gestured for her to stand then he made his way to Gabriel. He said his goodbyes and called for his car.

“Master Raven’s submissive is unworthy of such a grand Master as he.”

Raven overheard some submissive say in a low tone as for him not to hear. Raven led Tara to the car and told the driver to take them home. The second the car pulled out of the driveway Tara broke down crying.

“I’m so sorry, Master.”

“For what?”

“You must have heard what they were saying.”

“I don’t care what the hell any of them say.” He pulled her into his arms. “I was very proud of you tonight. You look so beautiful, you were attentive and respectful, you did well tonight.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He hugged her tighter. Mad at himself that he didn’t notice her distress sooner.

Chapter Eleven

“Master, it’s time to wake up,” Tara said as she put the tray down on the nightstand. “Master.” He was always awake when she brought him his breakfast. He shifted and the black silk sheet slid down his body, exposing his chiseled chest and stomach. His skin was smooth, slightly tanned. She bit her lip trying to resist the urge to touch him. She wasn’t allowed to touch him unless he gave her permission. Her gaze wandered up to his face. He looked so damn hot lying there. She focused on his full lush lips. She bit her lip harder. Oh God, did she want to touch him, kiss him, and run her fingers through his hair. She gasped and came down quickly to her knees when his eyes opened.

“What time is it?”

“It’s just past seven, Master, I tried to wake you.”

“How are feeling today, Tara?”

She stood and placed the tray on his lap. “I’m fine, Master.”

“Are you sure? You seemed pretty upset last night. You may speak freely.”

“I tried so hard to be like those other submissives. I didn’t want to embarrass you. I heard what they were saying, Master. And at first it really hurt. But what you said to me in the car on the way home helped a lot. You’re right, as long as you are happy with me, nothing else should matter.”

“You should only focus on whether I’m pleased with you or not. I’m glad that my words helped. I do owe you an apology.”

“For what?”

“I shouldn’t have made you wear those high heels. I should have been more attentive. I knew you were worried about your kneeling positions and I should have known those heels would have made it harder on you. For that I’m sorry, my submissive.”

She honestly didn’t know what to say at first. “You needn’t apologize, Master.”

“Of course I should. Now go get dressed for your day. You may wear what you want. I will pick out what you will wear through the week. I think it will make it easier. This breakfast is delicious. Thank you, Tara.”

“You’re welcome, Master.” She smiled at him and hurried off. She was wearing only a robe that was in her bathroom. He had forgotten to set out an outfit for her.

After he finished his breakfast he went to take a shower. When he returned to his bedroom Tara was kneeling by his closet.

“What are you wearing today, Master?”

He had forgotten to set out his clothes. “Just a pair of jeans, grab a pair out of the closet.” He watched her as she got a pair of jeans. She hurried over to him.

“Do you need me to suck your cock, Master?”

“Not now. And you don’t need to ask me that in the morning anymore. It was an exercise to see how shy you are.”

She came down to her knees and waited for him to tell her what he required of her today. He put his jeans on then just looked at her kneeling there. She wore a simple blue dress and nothing more.

She was learning so quickly. She remembered all his rules. She did everything the way he wanted. He gently petted her. She was being a far better submissive than he was being a Master. He was letting too many things cloud his mind. Not once did she complain.

“I have a question for you.”

“What is it, Master?”

“Are you happy with your training so far?”

“Of course I am.” She didn’t hesitate when she answered. He knew she wasn’t lying. She was easy to read.

He walked over and sat on his bed. “You know, Tara, you can tell me if you need something. I am here to fill your needs too. It’s not just you tending to me.”

“I know, Master.”

“I want complete honesty.”

She nodded.

He lay back on his bed and just looked up at the ceiling.

“Master what is wrong? Am I not what you need?”

“You are perfect so far, Tara. I’m just afraid I may not be what you need.”

“Why would you say that?”

He didn’t answer.

“I will try harder, Master.”

He sat up. “Come here, Tara.”

She quickly stood and then went over to him. He patted the space on the bed next to him and she sat down. “You are already trying very hard, Tara. I’m pleased with your progress. It’s

me, my head is not in the right space. Don't worry about it. I'm just stressed out at the moment. I will get it together here in a moment. Even a Master is not perfect, Tara."

"Master, may I touch you? I want to help you relax."

"You may."

"Please lie down on your stomach and I will give you a massage."

Raven did as she asked. She straddled his hips and slowly began massaging his back.

"Did you practice this too?"

"I took a class on it."

Her touch felt wonderful and Raven found himself relaxing quickly.

He let his mind wander and knew he was trying to push her away. She was getting too close and the fear of being hurt again was creeping up on him. It wasn't fair to her, he knew that. He took deep breaths as he felt his body relax. Alex had wounded him more deeply than he realized and it was this pain he didn't care to repeat. What if she did the same thing to him? What if after this year she wanted to move on?

"Master, please try and relax."

He didn't want to think right now. He wanted to enjoy her touch.

After a half an hour of her wonderful massage Raven felt totally relaxed.

"Is that better, Master?"

"Perfect, my submissive, only one problem though, I don't want to move now."

"I will go do my chores and leave you to relax." She climbed out of bed. She walked over to the door then paused. "Is there anything you need, Master?"

"No, my submissive."

He heard her walk out of the room. He needed time to think. If he wasn't going to give her a hundred percent, then he needed to let her go now. He sat up and reached for the phone.

"Alex here, speak."

"You have terrible phone manners."

“Hey Raven, what’s up?”

“I need you to take Tara for a couple of days.”

“Okay, but why?”

“I need to think.”

“Are you alright?”

“I will be. Alex, I’m not training her as good as I should be...I need to think about that.”

“She seems pretty darn happy with you.”

“I’m sending her over today. None of your special brand of attention.”

“Ah, I can’t whip her?”

“That’s right. Promise me you won’t hurt her.”

“I will be gentle. Lucian is going to cream his pants when he hears Tara is spending a couple days with us.”

“Thank you, Alex.”

“Anything for you, Raven.”

Raven hung up the phone. Damn it, he was still in love with Alex and it was hampering him from being the best Master for Tara.

Raven headed downstairs to find Tara. She was busy cleaning up the dishes.

“Tara, come here.”

She quickly went over to him. Before she went to her knees he stopped her.

“I’m going out of town for a couple of days. You will be staying with Alex. Don’t worry he won’t hurt you.”

“Is it something I did, Master?”

“No. It’s just something I need to do. Now ready a bag, bring a couple changes of clothes.”

“You need this time, Master?”

“Yes.”

She smiled at him. "I will go get ready to go to Master Alex's house. Maybe Lucian can help me with my kneeling positions."

"I'm sure he will love to help."

He watched her hurry up the stairs. She was so willing to give him what he needed. No questions, just acceptance. Oh, he didn't deserve her. Raven went to call Gabriel and ask if he would let him stay at one of Gabriel's lake cottages. Gabriel of course said yes and told him he would send a car to Alex's to pick Raven up and take him to the cottage.

"Hello Tara," Lucian said as she entered the house. Alex was outside talking to Raven before Gabriel's driver came to get Raven.

"Hello Lucian."

"Let me show you to your room."

She followed him upstairs. He took her to the third door on the right. "Here you go. I will let you get settled in."

"Lucian, please stay."

"Alright." He went over and sat on the bed. This room was rather modest and was meant for a submissive to stay in while his or her Master stayed over.

"I'm afraid that I did something to disappoint my Master. Maybe what some of those people were saying at that party got to him."

"I wouldn't worry about that. Master talks about Raven quite a lot. I don't think Raven is the kind of man who really cares what other people think."

"He needs time away from me. Doesn't that mean I have done something wrong?"

"Perhaps he thinks he did something wrong."

Tara sat down next to Lucian.

“I’m going to tell you something and you must swear you will never repeat it.”

“I promise I won’t say anything.”

“The second week I was here my Master took me to Mistress Delilah’s home. Like you, I was afraid I did something terribly wrong. Tram took me to my room. I tell you I couldn’t breathe from worrying about what I might have done wrong. I was so afraid Master was going to send me away. I know you probably think it’s silly that I should have such strong feelings for a man I known for just two weeks, but the fact of the matter is that I did. Me and Master meshed so well together it was frightening. I thought since I was new to this lifestyle that maybe I was being too eager.”

“I understand what you are trying to say,” Tara said as she gently touched his hand.

“Anyways, Tram left me to get settled in then I heard the door open and there was Master. Before I had time to react he had already bridged the distance between us. He sat on the bed and pulled me into his arms. He told me that his needing a couple days had nothing to do about me, it was about him. He said he had to get his head straight, because he had a feeling that me and him were going to work out. He smiled at me and thanked me for letting him have this time then he left the room. After about ten minutes Delilah came into my room. She told me that I would be treated gently and that I was lucky to have a Master like Alex.” Lucian got up and went to the door and looked down the hall to make sure Alex wasn’t anywhere near the room. He went back to the bed and sat next to Tara again. “Delilah told me that Master needed to sort his feelings out about Raven,” Lucian whispered. He looked at the door. “She said that Master found himself slipping into submissive mode every time he was near Raven.”

“That is understandable, he was Master’s submissive.”

“That’s what I thought too. I never want to take away from Master what he and Raven shared. Raven trained him, loved him, and is very important to Master. He needs Raven. And what Master needs is everything to me. After two days, Master came back and hugged me so tight

I couldn't breathe, then he took me home and..." Lucian closed his eyes and savored the memory before he continued, "...made love to me."

"Thank you for telling me that. I feel a little better now."

Lucian quickly came down to his knees. Tara looked up to see Alex standing by the door. "Well sweetie, looks like you're stuck with me for a couple days. Lucian, go start dinner."

"Yes Master." Lucian hurried from the room.

"Do you require me to come to my knees before you?" Tara asked.

"You are Raven's submissive you don't need to kneel to me if you don't want to. However, since you are a guest in my home it is considered good form to do as my submissive does."

Tara got out of the bed and came down to her knees.

"I don't think you are ever going to get the hang of graceful kneeling."

"I practice a lot."

"Who cares if you're a bit clumsy-looking when you kneel, I know your Master don't give a flying shit. All that matters is that you do come down to your knees before him."

"Thank you for saying that, Sir."

"You can stand up."

Tara quickly stood.

"While you are here you can help Lucian. I'm sure he would appreciate the help. Just so you know your Master gave me permission to touch you as long as I don't give you pain. Since your Master doesn't have a problem with me touching you, then you shouldn't. One more thing, stop looking so sad, your Master will be back in two days. Somehow, he's got it in his head that he isn't being a very good Master to you."

"He is being so kind, patient..."

Alex held his hand up to silence her. “I get it, Raven is an awesome Master. I agree with you on that. The trick is convincing him that he is fucking awesome at what he does. You remember our little conversation back when Donald put you in that cage.”

“Yes.”

“Good, because that stupid Master of yours is damn determined to start pushing you away. So sweetie, I guess you are pretty awesome yourself if he is already hitting the panic button.”

“May I speak freely, Sir?”

“Knock yourself out.”

Tara was silent for a moment she didn’t know how to ask this.

“Whoa, this is going to be a whopper. You can say anything you want to me, just this once.”

“Do you still love my Master?”

“Damn, right to the point...yeah I love him. I will always love him. So you better not get your nose bent out of joint about it. I will never be his submissive again, but that doesn’t mean I don’t love him. There is more isn’t there. Well bring it on.”

“I think you really hurt Master when...”

“I know I did. Hell, it hurt me pretty bad too. Anything else? Let me guess, stay from my Master, blah, blah, blah.”

“I would never say such a thing.”

“So if I decide to have your Master fuck me, then you would be okay with that.”

“Of course, if that is what Master needs. I know Master still loves you and that doesn’t bother me. If Master needs to be with you then I will make sure he has what he needs.”

“See, you are a freaking awesome submissive.”

She looked up into his handsome face. He just simply smiled at her. There was no anger at all in his eyes.

“Now are we done with this heavy shit? Anything more to say?”

“What do you wish me to do while I’m here?”

“Help Lucian out.”

“Yes Sir.” Tara left the room to go find Lucian.

“I have to sort my feelings out about you. I love you, Alex, and the problem with that is that I’m falling in love with Tara.”

Alex thought about what Raven said before he left. “I love you too, Raven,” Alex sighed. He had to make sure that Raven didn’t push Tara away. She was what he needed and Alex was going to make damn sure Raven believed that.

Tara gratefully helped Lucian with his chores. She was glad for the distraction. Alex was busy in his office while they worked.

“Dinner was delicious, Lucian,” Tara said as she finished putting the dishes into the dishwasher.

“Thank you.” Lucian moved closer to her as he reached up to put away the clean napkins.

Tara couldn’t help but notice how good he felt. His body pressed closer to hers when he was finished. His hands went to her hips.

“You want to make out?” he whispered in her ear.

“Is it okay with your Master?”

“He said I could touch you, but I wasn’t allowed to fuck you.”

Lucian backed up and let her turn around. He gently grabbed her hand and led her to the living room.

“If you can’t fuck me won’t making out…”

“I like being aroused. Besides, I’m use to not coming.”

“Use to it?”

Lucian gently pushed her onto the sofa then he lay on top of her. “Master likes to make me wait to come.”

“My Master does that too.”

She moaned softly when he started kissing down her neck. She could feel his hard cock through his pants as it pressed against her leg. His kisses went from sweet to intense. Her body responded to him.

Alex walked into the living room. He stopped where he was when he saw the two of them making out like teenagers on his sofa. He smiled a most wicked grin.

“Hey, what the hell do you think your doing?”

Both of them shot up.

“Master you said I could touch her as long as I didn’t fuck her.”

“Shut up boy. I come home from a long day at work and find you here making out with my best friend’s girl.”

Lucian immediately knew what Alex was doing. “I know I shouldn’t have Sir, but...she tempted me.”

“Is that so, you little slut? I should call your man and tell him what you have been doing. And you, boy, I should spank your ass until it glows.”

Tara was confused at first then quickly caught on that Alex was playing.

“Yeah, that sounds good to me. Go fetch me a paddle, you shameful boy.”

Lucian hurried from the room and came back quickly with a wooden paddle. He handed it to Alex.

Alex sat on the ottoman to the wingback chair. “Over my knees now, boy.”

“Please Sir, I meant no disrespect.”

“Perhaps I should let her man administer your spanking.”

“Please Sir don’t. I will do anything if you don’t tell him.”

“Anything you say...over my knees boy. And you, you tramp, I want you to watch. Wait...” Alex stood and then went over to Tara. He opened the drawer to the coffee table and pulled a length of rope. “Wouldn’t want you to escape.” He flipped her over so she was on her stomach then he proceeded to hog-tie her. “Let me know if these ropes get too tight. I wouldn’t want to mark up my best friend’s girl.”

Alex went back over to the ottoman. “Over my knees now, boy.”

Lucian placed himself over Alex’s knees. His cock was so hard it ached.

“You come and I will show no mercy. You are not to enjoy this, you filthy boy.”

Tara’s pussy grew wetter the longer Alex spanked Lucian. She loved it when Raven spanked her. She could easily see how much Lucian enjoyed being spanked too.

“Pull those jeans down. I want to see your ass get all red.”

Lucian wiggled out of his jeans then carefully lay back on Alex’s knees. Alex paddled Lucian hard and soon Lucian’s ass was a cherry red color.

“Nice, very nice.” Alex struck Lucian’s ass a couple times with his bare hand then he pushed him off his lap. He went over to Tara and pulled her dress up. He had no room to spank her too hard, which helped him to keep his promise to Raven that he wouldn’t hurt her. He used his bare hand and began spanking her.

“You are in need of a good spanking, girl. Same rule applies, don’t come.”

Lucian enjoyed watching his Master spank Tara. Alex’s blows were hard enough to sting and make her ass turn pink, but that’s all. Lucian’s cock hardened more seeing that look of pleasure on Tara’s face.

When Alex was done spanking her he leaned over and nipped her ass, playfully biting her. “Well boy, I think it’s time to see what you almost had.” Alex stood and removed his pants. He positioned himself on the sofa with his legs open and Tara positioned with her mouth hovering over his cock. “Suck me good, let him see what he is missing.”

She took his cock in her mouth and started to suck. With her arms and legs tied like this it was hard to move her head much. She felt Alex's hands in her hair and felt him pushed down. He moved her head up and down as his hips did the same.

"Oh fuck," he growled. He looked over to Lucian. "Play with yourself, but don't come."

"Yes Sir."

Alex continued to fuck Tara's mouth as she sucked and licked. "God damn...yeah." He looked down and watched her take his cock deeper into her mouth.

"Master please..." Lucian begged.

"What's the matter, boy?"

"I need...I can't hold it much longer."

"I'm going to test that endurance, boy. Stop stroking yourself and come over here. Grab the bell and hand it to Tara. Oh damn, slow down a little, girl." Alex pulled her off his cock for a moment. He waited for Lucian to put the bell into Tara's hand. "If you get afraid or need more air ring that bell and I will stop, you understand?"

"Yes Sir," she said as she licked her lips to get them nice and wet.

Alex leaned his head back so it almost came off the sofa. He pushed down on Tara's head. "Come on girl, suck me." He groaned when she took all of his cock down her throat and still managed to suck him.

"Come here boy, I want to suck that cock of yours."

"Master!"

"Don't come, boy."

"But Master..."

"Come here."

Lucian walked over to him. Alex held Tara's head with one hand and reached over to grab Lucian's cock with the other. He pulled Lucian closer to him. He leaned over a little more and swallowed Lucian's cock down.

“Oh my God, Master!” Lucian cried out. He couldn’t look at Alex or he would come. He took deep breaths thought of everything to not make himself come. Alex was so talented with his mouth. “Please....oh please...Master.” Lucian panted. There was no way he was going to keep from coming for too much longer. This felt too good. “Master, I’m begging you to let me come, please...I’m begging...I can’t...too much...Master.”

Alex let Lucian’s cock pop from his mouth. “I love it when you beg me like that. Alright boy, you can come. I will even let you come in my mouth.”

“Oh God...” Lucian took several deep breaths to calm himself. When Alex latched his mouth back onto Lucian’s cock that was it, Lucian’s orgasm slammed through him. “Master!!... Master!!”

“Damn, you taste good,” Alex said. “Go eat her pussy. I’m about to come.”

“Let me watch you, Master.”

Alex’s head fell back and he roared out his orgasm, sending shudders through Lucian and Tara. Alex reached up and pulled the rope, freeing her. He pulled her up and he scooted down, so that her pussy was right above his face.

“Lick her ass while I eat this pussy,” Alex growled. Then he plunged his tongue into her. “Come when you want,” he said between licks.

Tara moaned loudly feeling both of them lick her. Both were extremely skilled with their tongues and it didn’t take long for her orgasm to build. She moaned loudly bucking against Alex’s face. Lucian buried his face deeper into her ass as she rode out her orgasm. They kept going bringing her to orgasm after orgasm.

“Please stop...oh please...” She panted as her body trembled.

Lucian stopped then Alex lifted her up and rolled her onto the floor. He positioned himself between her legs and plunged his cock deeply into her. He rode her hard and fast. Her body too limp to doing anything but lie there. When Alex was close he pulled his cock out and started to stroke it.

“Come here, boy.”

Lucian hurried over and leaned over Tara. He opened his mouth and eagerly waited for his Master’s gift. Alex moaned loudly and watched his cum shoot into Lucian’s mouth. Lucian eagerly lapped at the head of Alex’s cock wanting every drop of his Master’s cum.

“Damn, that was hot,” Alex said as he reached down and stroked Lucian’s hair. When Lucian was done licking him clean Alex sat down on the floor. “Oh yeah, that was fucking hot, though we didn’t do a good job staying in the scene.” Alex chuckled. “Tara, let me check your wrists. I can see your ankles are just fine.”

She sat up and held her arms out to him. He looked at her wrists. “Not one scratch.”

Lucian wrapped his arms around Alex and leaned up against his back. Alex saw the bewildered look on Tara’s face.

“Oh, let me guess, Raven still makes you ask permission to touch him.”

“Yes.”

“Don’t worry in a couple months he will ease up on that. Damn, now I’m flipping tired.”

“I will go make the bed.”

Alex saw the look on Tara’s face. She was really starting to miss Raven. After a couple of minutes Lucian came back.

“You both can sleep in my bed tonight after that hot ass scene.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Alex stood. He didn’t bother to put his pants back on as he headed up the stairs to his room. Once inside the room, Tara and Lucian waited for him to get into the bed first then they climbed into the bed one on each side. Both snuggled up to him, Lucian, because he adored him and Tara because she needed comfort.

Chapter Twelve

Tara paced nervously upstairs. Master should be back anytime now.

“It’s alright, Tara,” Lucian said.

“Lucian, what if...” Tara fought hard to hold her tears. “...he doesn’t want me anymore.”

“Don’t think like that.”

Tara held her breath when she heard the knock on the door. Lucian hurried downstairs to greet whoever it was. Tara began to shake, her heart thumped in her chest, and she felt nauseated. She began to feel dizzy when she heard Raven’s voice. She was so frighten, down right terrified. Her legs started to shake and she couldn’t stand up anymore. She slowly sank down to her knees. She tried to catch her breath, feeling herself starting to hyperventilate. She could vaguely hear what Lucian was saying.

“Shh, it’s okay, Tara.”

She slowly looked up and saw Raven squatting down looking at her.

“Master,” she could barely get out. “I’m sorry for whatever I did. Please don’t...” She started to cry, her body trembled uncontrollably. “Please don’t send me away.”

“I’m not going to send you away.”

She watched Raven quickly keep to his feet. The next thing she knew she was being lifted up into someone’s arms. She turned her head it was Alex that lifted her up.

“Look what you did. This poor thing is about to pass out,” Alex said as he carried her to his room.

“What the hell do you think you are doing?” Raven said, following Alex to his room.

“Giving her somewhere comfortable to lie and you are not going to touch her.”

“Excuse me?”

“You heard me.” Alex gently laid Tara on his bed. “Take deep breaths and try to go into your subspace.” He saw the puzzled look on her face. “Oh Jesus Christ, Raven, you haven’t taught her about subspace?”

“She goes there naturally.”

“You knew she was new to this lifestyle. That’s wonderful that she can manage to put herself into subspace naturally, but you should have explained this to her.” Alex turned back to Tara. “That feeling of peace, completion, being safe, they combine so you feel as though you can fly. That is deep subspace. What I want you to do is just force yourself to focus, to center yourself. Slow your breathing, there you go. This calmness is regular subspace.”

Raven started to move to Tara.

Alex bolted off the bed and stopped him. “No you don’t. Leave her be until you answer something.”

“What?”

“Did you pull your head out of your ass and see that woman needs and loves you? Are you through being a selfish jerk?”

Raven remained silent.

“Can you be a Master and not some whiney little pussy?”

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“I left Lucian for a couple days with Delilah because I was being a selfish jerk. I just thank Christ that he didn’t just up and leave. He had every right to. It was kind of arrogant to think that he would be there waiting for me, but he was. He gave me the time I needed and wanted nothing in return. I felt like such a bastard.”

“Don’t you think I feel the same way?”

“I don’t know, do you?”

“Of course I do.” Raven pushed Alex to the side and went over to Tara. She threw herself into his arms and held him tightly. “Leave us alone for a moment, Alex.” Raven waited until Alex left the room.

“I’m so sorry, Tara. I have been a poor Master. We have eleven months for me to prove that I’m worthy of your submission.”

“You always have been worthy, Master,” she said quietly.

“No, I haven’t. Alex is right, I should have told you about subspace. I took it for granted that you already understood all of it that, because you so easily went into it yourself. I never meant to hurt you. Please forgive me.”

She held him tighter. “There is not to forgive, Master. I simply gave you what you needed.”

Raven nuzzled his cheek against the top of her head and closed his eyes. He held her silently for awhile.

“Tara, I have to talk to Alex. We will go home when I’m done. Go find him and tell him to come here, then go wait downstairs with Lucian.”

“Yes Master.” She left the room to go do what he said to.

After a couple of minutes Alex came into the room. He closed the door and just stood there.

“We have a problem.”

“We...I would say you have a problem. How the hell could you do that to her?”

“Somehow I don’t think your anger is entirely about Tara.”

Alex walked away from the door and went over to his closet. He stood in front of it and glared at Raven.

“Tell me what you want me to say.”

“Why? Tell me why you can’t just love someone? Every one of your submissives you pushed away. Why?”

Raven remained silent.

“I loved you, damn it!” Alex growled. “I mean, just before you left Tara here the last thing you said was that you still loved me. Why would you say that to me? I left Lucian alone so I could try and get you out of mind. It wasn’t fair to him.” Alex started pacing. “If you love me so much why did you let me go?”

“I was not what you needed.”

“Yes you were! What gave you the right to decide that?”

“You know I’m right. There was no way you could have remained my submissive and you know it.”

“Maybe not your submissive, but I could have been your lover.”

The room fell uncomfortably quiet.

“That never even occurred to you did it?” Alex said as he went over to the large chair and sat down.

“No, it didn’t,” Raven said softly.

“That’s just fucking great, we are about to fuck up with our submissives, because we are a couple of stupid fuckers. I already care deeply for Lucian, hell I might even love him. And you already told me you were falling in love with Tara.”

“Then maybe we should not see each other for awhile.”

“There you go again. Why can’t we have both?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Why can’t we be good Masters to our submissives, and lovers to each other? What fucking rule is there saying we can’t have both.”

“That would be taking away from our submissives.”

“Why? Is your heart not big enough to love two people at one time?”

“I don’t want to hurt Tara.”

“She will give you whatever you need and you know it. If you need to be with me, she will gladly, hell she would graciously give you what you need. You have never been a submissive Raven, though Gabriel seems hell bent in making you into his. I want you to listen to me. I was your submissive and the one thing that was all important to me was giving you what you needed. You gave me protection, safety and love, and I gave you my love and control over me. A submissive needs to serve and seeing to their Masters needs is the greatest joy a submissive can have. Since you have always been the dominant one you can only see a relationship from the dominant side. I have had the honor of being both. Tell me, you would give anything to make Tara feel safe, cherished, and loved wouldn’t you?”

“Of course.”

“Then for the love of God let her do what she needs to do. That is the balance you always spoke of. Right now, you are definitely tipping the scales to your side. She is doing her part, she is doing it rather well for a newbie. That woman put up with Donald for Christ sakes.”

Raven chuckled.

“Think about what I said. Right now, your submissive needs to feel safe, cherished, and loved.”

“I will think about what you said.” Raven stood and then walked over to the door. “And Alex...thank you for verbally bitch-slapping me. I desperately needed it.”

“You’re damn right you did.”

Raven went downstairs and saw Tara kneeling there. “Come on Tara lets go home.” Her smile almost broke his heart. Everything was alright in her world again. Anyone could see it. He went over to her and pulled her up to her feet and held her so tightly she couldn’t breathe. He gently set her down. He walked out to the car, she was right behind him. The driver opened the door and Raven let her go inside first. Once they started to drive away he pulled her close to him.

“We are going to up your training, Tara. I’m going to move you to my room. Whether you sleep chained to the floor or in my bed will depend on how well you have pleased me that day. Tonight, you will be sleeping in my bed. I want to feel you next to me.”

“Yes Master.”

Tara woke up next to Raven. She took a deep breath and just inhaled his scent. She felt safe lying next to him like this. She hoped that he found what he needed while he was gone. If he did then the stress and worry she went through would be worth it.

She slowly climbed out of bed as not to wake him. She had to get ready and make his breakfast. She hurried back to her old room and popped into the bathroom. She quickly took a shower and readied herself for her day. She went to her closet and saw seven outfits lined up. He must have gotten this ready before he went to get her from Alex. He had to install the small futon-like mattress with the arm and leg chains secured to the floor at the foot of his bed as well.

She picked a red slip. The silkiness of the fabric felt wonderful against her skin. She hurried downstairs and headed straight to the kitchen. She had to get his breakfast started and make sure there was enough food for their meals. She didn’t really talk to the woman who did the grocery shopping, but judging by the way she acted around Raven’s driver they had to be husband and wife.

She made a menu for the week and then wrote the list of groceries needed. It was Monday the woman will be here this afternoon. She made a mental note to get to know the woman. She happily went about making her Master’s breakfast. When she was finished she got a tray ready then carried the food up to Raven’s room. He was still asleep when she went in. She set the tray down on the nightstand.

“Master, time to wake up,” she said loud enough to wake him, yet not loud enough to startle him.

Raven slowly woke up and sat up in bed.

She placed the tray on his lap and poured him so coffee.

Raven looked at the scrabbled eggs, juice, toast and coffee then he looked down at her kneeling by the bed.

“Did you eat something?” he asked.

“Yes Master.”

“Today we will test your stamina and concentration.” He slowly sipped his coffee trying to wake up. “You are not allowed to speak to me at all today and later I will bind and suspend you. If you have anything to say do it now.”

“One thing...” She kept her gaze to the floor.

“What is it?”

“If I become afraid while I’m bound is it okay to say my safe words?”

“You will be gagged while you are bound. I will give you a bell to ring if you become afraid. Now go do your chores.”

“Yes Master.” She stood and then left the room. A part of her was intrigued by what Master wanted to do, the other part was a bit nervous.

She went about cleaning. She heard the kitchen door open she hurried over to the kitchen and saw an older woman grab the grocery list.

“Wait,” she said. “What is your name?”

“Emily. Why are you speaking to me?”

“I would like to get to know you a little, seeing how you come here once a week.”

“Would your Master approve? I have no wish to anger Raven.”

“He didn’t say that I couldn’t talk to you.”

“Ask your Master first. If he said it is okay then we may talk if you wish.”

Tara watched Emily leave. She couldn't ask Raven, not today, since she wasn't allowed to speak to him. She guessed talking to Emily would have to wait until next week.

She turned around and saw Raven in the foyer. He looked to be checking his mail. He wore only a pair of workout shorts. She felt her body instantly becoming aroused. He had such a beautiful back, strong, wide shoulders and trim at the waist. His ass was so perfect. Her hands ached to squeeze that ass. His legs were muscular but not overly so. She quickly came down to her knees when he turned around and looked at her.

"Come here, Tara."

She quickly obeyed.

"Follow me."

She followed him to a room just beyond the living room. When he opened the door and went in she followed. This whole room was a gym.

"Present," Raven said as he went over to a trunk.

She had to think for a moment. He did teach her the different stances. She soon remembered and removed the slip and came down to her hands and knees.

"Good girl. Now lay on your stomach." He handed her a plastic ball with a bell inside. It reminded her of a cat's toy.

"You get scared or this hurts too much ring the bell."

She nodded.

"Ring it for me."

She did, glad that it made a rather loud ringing noise.

"Hold onto it and don't drop it."

He pulled her hands behind her back and started to bind her with rope. He checked and rechecked to make sure the ropes weren't too tight.

"Open your mouth."

She did. She saw the black silk gag. For some reason just seeing it was making her pussy really wet.

“Is it too tight?”

She shook her head no.

“I’m going to lift you up. Ready?”

She nodded yes.

He lifted her so easily. He leaned her up on the large slanted wooden post. He attached the leather strap to her waist and the two large straps to her legs. He reached back and hooked her arms on the velvet-covered hook. He slowly let her go making sure she was secure.

“Shake the bell for me.”

She did. He had left her wrist unbound, so she could easily shake the bell.

“I’m going to leave you like this for awhile. If it gets to be too much or the ropes start cutting into you just ring the bell. You understand?”

She nodded.

“Good girl. Now, I’m going to workout. I want the pleasure of seeing you displayed like this while I workout.”

She watched him as he ran on the treadmill. She tried not to move around too much, fearing if she did she might fall. This position was strange, she almost felt like she was going to fall at any minute. The way her upper body leaned forward gave the illusion of not being securely attached to this odd contraption. She knew her Master made sure that she was secured.

After about a half an hour he walked over to her. He lowered her gag and helped her drink some water then he put the gag back on.

“Are you okay, my submissive?”

She nodded.

He started lifting weights. She watched his muscles working. Her body was becoming more aroused by the moment. The ropes bit into her skin a little but nothing she couldn’t handle.

After he finished on one machine he came over to her.

“Wiggle your fingers for me.”

He took the bell for a moment and watched her fingers wiggle.

“Are they numb?”

She shook her head no.

He walked back over to the trunk. She couldn't see what he was doing. He walked back holding a rather large dildo in his hand.

“I kept your legs far enough apart so I could do this.” He slipped two of his fingers into her pussy making sure she was wet enough to take the dildo. He smiled seeing she was drenched.

“You like watching me, Tara?”

She nodded yes.

“If you are a good girl I will really give you something to watch.” He slid the dildo into her. “You might want to squeeze your legs together a little. If that dildo drops I will give you three lashes.”

He went back to his workout.

Having the large dildo in her was distracting and frustrating.

She held that position for an hour as he finished his workout.

He walked back over to her and took the bell. “Wiggle your fingers for me. Are they numb?”

She shook her head no.

His body glistened from his sweat. He stepped back until he was next to the weight bench. He slowly removed his shorts and began stroking his cock.

She let out a moan. Her gaze followed the movements of his hand. His cock was so large and hard. Having that this dildo shoved up in her was unmoving torture. She moved her hips a little trying to get some kind of movement from it, but soon realized that her movements was causing her arms to be pull back.

He placed one leg up on the weight bench as he continued stroking his cock. His other hand went down to his balls gently kneading them. He moaned loudly. He stroked his cock in a steady rhythm, watching her the whole time.

“Don’t move, Tara, or the ropes will tighten. Are you enjoying watching me?”

She nodded. Her pussy became wetter and she couldn’t take her eyes off him. She moaned when he did. She wanted to taste his cock, feel it, fuck it. This dildo was a poor substitute for her Master’s cock.

He stroked faster and faster his pleasure building and building.

She groaned pitifully.

“This feels so good. My orgasm is slowly...oh so slowly building.” He took his foot off the bench. “Do you want me to come on you, my submissive?”

She eagerly nodded her head yes.

He slowly walked over to her. “You look so beautiful bound like this. I love seeing you like this.” He stroked faster.

Her body ached with need for him. She wanted to yell *Fuck me Master, please fuck me*, but he told her not to speak to him today. She groaned pitifully. Her need for him was great.

“Yes...mmm, yes,” he purred as he stood right in front her. “Ah...mmm....ssss.” His breathing was becoming erratic, shallower. He stroked his cock faster and faster until...”Oh yes!” he cried out his cum splattering over her belly and breasts.

She moaned, biting on the gag.

“Did you like that, my submissive?”

She slowly nodded. She wanted him, oh damn did she want him. He leaned over and removed the gag. He softly kissed her lips as his hand went down to the dildo. He slowly moved it in and out.

“If you can stay suspended like this I will let you come.”

She nodded.

“Good girl.” He deepened his voice. “Very good girl.”

That was all it took. Her orgasm exploded. It took every ounce of willpower not to scream his name.

Raven slowly removed the dildo and let it hit the floor. He wanted to keep her like this, but he knew her arms wouldn’t be able to take this much longer.

“My good girl.” He looked at her one more time. “I’m going to lift you off of this. I apologize for my sweaty body.” He undid the leg straps then the waist strap. He lifted her off the leaning wooden pole and gently laid her on her belly. He took the bell from her and began removing the ropes. He massaged her arms, making sure the circulation had return to them.

“I want you to lie like this until I came back.”

She heard him leave the room. Her arms felt strange, but not painful. She loved the way he looked at her when he had her tied up. She could see the pleasure he took from it and it heighten her own pleasure.

After about twenty minutes he came back. He checked her arms.

“Are you alright to stand up?”

She slowly started to get up. Her body felt unbalanced.

“Your equilibrium will return in a minute. Being suspended like that throws the body off.” He helped her up to her feet.

She saw that he had showered and changed his clothes. She wanted to run her hands over him. Beg him to fuck her.

“There you go. Better now?” he said.

She nodded her head yes.

“Once you have your balance back. I want you to kneel in the foyer. Stay like that until I tell you to move.”

She walked out of the exercise room and headed to the foyer. She came down to her knees in the middle of it.

“Good girl.” He gently petted her. “For each time you come out of this position it will be one stroke of the paddle. I want you to keep track.” He petted her again and then went to his office.

Tara’s body was tired, but she was going to do this.

She managed to stay in a kneeling position for four hours, not breaking form once.

Raven came out of his office. “How many strokes have you earned?”

She shook her head.

“None...good girl. You may come up to your feet.”

She slowly did then stood there with her gaze to the floor.

“Are you tired?”

She didn’t know how to answer that. She reluctantly nodded her head yes.

“I’m glad you told the truth. I know you are tired. I can see it. You may go rest in my bed for a little while. I have ordered dinner. I will call up to you when it gets here.”

She bowed her head then started to go up the stairs.

“Tara.”

She quickly turned around to face him.

“You are not allowed to come until I tell you can.”

She nodded then headed up the stairs to his room. She lay down on the bed thankful for the comfort of it. Her body ached for his and not being to touch him or at least masturbate to thoughts of him was by far the hardest part of this day.

Chapter Thirteen

Tara wanted to scream. Master hadn't let her come and he tied her arms so that she could lie beside him, but she couldn't touch him. Although, she suppose since she was not allowed to come, not touching him probably helped. He did however, allowed her to speak again. He wanted to make sure that she could tell him if her arms became numb. She looked at the velvet-lined cuffs. The metal chains that held her arms to her side were rather long to afford her a little movement.

She glanced over at the clock it was almost five a.m. She looked over at Master sleeping right next to her. Her desire renewed adding to her mounting frustration.

Raven slowly woke up and saw her lying there. He pulled the sheets off her and let his gaze wander over her, and lingered over the velvet-lined cuffs. His cock started to harden.

"Good morning, my submissive."

"Good morning, Master."

His fingers ran down her arm and rested on the metal of the velvet-lined cuffs, his cock growing harder.

"Master, let me ease your want."

Something about her sweet voice always made him unable to restrain himself. He should unchain her, but the thought of her sucking his cock chained like that excited him.

He climbed on top of her and straddled her shoulders. He placed the head of his cock to her lips and she immediately started to lick, bathing the head. He leaned forward and slowly thrust his cock into her willing mouth.

"Yessss," he hissed.

He could hear her chains make that metallic sound. God, he loved that sound. He leaned a little closer driving his cock down her throat. He couldn't stop himself. He thrust slowly allowing her plenty of time to catch her breath. He couldn't linger over this, her poor arms were probably very uncomfortable by now.

"Suck it...oh, what a good girl," he growled. He started to thrust faster needing to find his release. She sucked harder. "Fuck...oh fuck." He thrust faster and a little deeper. "Come on...oh yeah...good girl, such a...oh yeah...good girl." His whole body trembled when he orgasm. Slowly he pulled his cock from her mouth and rolled off her.

He took a moment to catch his breath then he reached over to his nightstand grabbing the keys for the cuffs. He quickly unchained her tossing the chains over the back of the bed. He rubbed her wrists.

"Are you okay? Do your wrists hurt?"

"I'm fine Master."

"Go get ready for your day. I will make breakfast for us today." He gently caressed her cheek. "Such a good girl." He smiled.

"Master...please..." Her body ached from her desire.

He could see her want in her eyes. Anticipation, yearning, needing, he started to get aroused again seeing her want. "You are not to come today, my submissive."

"Yes Master." She climbed out of bed and grabbed her silk robe. She honestly didn't know how much more her body could take. She wanted him so badly, needed him...she took two deep breaths trying desperately to calm herself.

"You are doing very well so far, Tara." Raven climbed out of bed and went over to his bathroom.

Tara hurried to her room and went to take a shower. She let the warm water run over her as she tried to get some control back.

She was startled when the shower curtain opened.

“I’m sorry I didn’t mean to frighten you,” Raven said.

She looked down at the object in his hand.

“This will get you ready for me later. Come here and dry yourself off.”

She turned off the water and climbed out. She grabbed a towel and dried herself off. She watched him lube up the butt plug. She had never had anyone take her that way before. She was beyond nervous.

“What are your safe words?”

“Red light.”

“Good girl. Now lean over with your hands on the sink. That’s good. Relax this plug isn’t too big. I will replace it throughout the day with bigger ones.”

She gasped when he stuck a lubed finger up her ass.

“I have to get you ready for the plug.”

After a couple minutes of moving his finger in and out making sure she was lube up enough he slowly eased the plug into her ass.

She groaned.

“Relax, it will hurt less if you relax.”

She took deep breaths to force herself to relax.

He pushed the entire plug up her ass. “There it’s all the way in. You can stand up straight now. I want that to stay in until I remove it. Unless of course you have to go to the bathroom, then you may remove it. I have placed a couple of enema bags in here, if you need to use them. I would like you to wear the leather mini dress today, nothing else but that. When you are finished getting ready come down to the kitchen.”

“Yes Master.”

She finished grooming herself in the bathroom then slowly walked over to her closet. The plug felt strange and was a bit uncomfortable. She put the leather mini dress on. The dress barely covered her ass and her breasts were pouring out of it.

She slowly walked down the stairs. She hoped he really didn't plan on leaving this thing in her all day. She made her way to the kitchen. Master was busy finishing breakfast. He made pancakes. She looked over at the small butcher block table. He had set the table, he had some juice and coffee set out.

"Be careful when you sit down," he said as he brought the plates of pancakes to the table. He went over to the microwave and removed the canister of syrup. He watched her slowly and carefully sit down. He placed the syrup container on the table and sat down.

They ate their breakfast and talked about nothing in particular.

"Master, may I ask you something?"

"Okay."

"Emily, the woman who does the grocery shopping, is she married to Jacob?"

"Yes. When I hired Jacob on he asked if his wife could be of service. He didn't like to leave her alone for too long. So, I came up with a task for her to do."

"Why doesn't he like to leave her alone?"

"She has a medical problem of some sort. I didn't want to pry into Jacob's personal business. How did you know her name?"

"I tried talking to her yesterday. She wanted me to ask your permission before she would speak to me further."

"I suppose if Jacob doesn't have a problem with it then neither do I."

When they finished breakfast Tara went about cleaning up.

Raven waited for her to clean off the table. "Tara, lean over the table." He loved the way she was so quick to comply with his wishes. He ran his hand down her ass. He saw the plug neatly tuck in. He gently grabbed it and slowly moved it in and out. He saw Tara's body stiffen. After a couple minutes he stopped moving the plug and made sure it was securely in place again.

"Go about doing your chores. I will replace the plug with a bigger one in a couple of hours."

“Yes Master.” She wasn’t looking forward to that, but she would do what he asked of her.

She slowly went about cleaning. After a couple hours he made her bend over the table again. He removed the smaller one and put a bigger one about the size of his cock into her ass. She winced. She went back to work, moving even slower.

The doorbell rang much to her chagrin. She moved as quickly as she could to the door. “Master Alex, please come in,” she said as she bowed her head. She was disappointed to see Lucian wasn’t with him.

“You look a bit uncomfortable. Let me guess...” He turned her around and reached his hand down to her ass feeling the end of the plug. “Oh, poor baby, it will be worth it, trust me. Where is Raven?”

“He is in his office.”

After Alex went to Raven’s room she went about doing more of her chores.

“I’m hungry after all,” she heard Alex say as he came out of the office.

“Tara, come,” Raven said in a very deep voice.

Tara hurried as fast as she could manage. “Yes Master,” She slowly came down to her knees.

“Present.”

She removed the leather dress and got onto her hands and knees.

Raven removed his pants and came down to his knees behind her. He removed the plug. She could hear the sound of him lubing up his cock. Then she heard Alex removing his clothes.

“He likes your sweet mouth, my submissive.”

Alex positioned himself so that he managed to get under her.

She gasped feeling his tongue in her pussy.

“Don’t come, Tara.”

“Yes Master,” she said quietly.

“Suck him, my submissive.” She leaned over and took Alex’s cock into her mouth. Her body tensed up. Alex’s tongue was driving her closer to orgasm. After a couple minutes she felt him sucking on her pussy lip, first the left then the right.

“Relax Tara,” Raven purred as he slowly pressed his cock against her asshole, he carefully entered her.

The feeling was a mix of pleasure and discomfort.

“Oh fuck,” he growled.

The combination of Raven’s cock and Alex’s tongue was too much. “Master please!” she cried out as Alex’s cock popped from her mouth.

“Make him come then you can,” Raven said as he slowly thrust into her.

Tara took Alex’s cock back into her mouth and sucked hard and deep. She bobbed her head in a fast steady pace.

“Oh shit,” Alex moaned. “I’m going to...oh fuck...come!”

“Come, my submissive.”

Tara’s orgasm hit her so hard she had to cry out. She moaned loudly when Alex stuck his tongue deep in her pussy. After a couple minutes he slid out from under her then reposition himself so now he was facing her.

“Fuck her, Alex. I want to fill her up.”

“With pleasure.” Alex eased his cock into her pussy and let Raven set the pace.

Tara never felt such a sensation before, two cocks moving in her, hitting different spots, filing her. Orgasm after wonderful orgasm rolled over her.

“Oh fuck,” Alex growled. “She looks so fucking hot when she comes.”

“Come Alex,” Raven said with his stern voice.

That always made Alex come, he moaned and growled as he came.

Raven sped up his thrusting. He needed to come. He tightened his hold on her hips.

“Oh Master,” she sighed.

He roared as his orgasm washed over him. He thrust a couple more times and leaned up against her back.

“Damn that was hot,” Alex said. “But you are going to get your big ass off her so I can get up.”

“Shut up.” Raven rolled off her and lay on the floor.

Tara moved off Alex and knelt down beside Raven.

“Wow, if I’d known that was the favor you wanted I would have brought Lucian. Yeah, we could of played naked twister and see what positions we could have come up with.”

“Maybe next time. Tara go get some washcloths.”

“Yes Master.” She came up to her feet and headed to the bathroom.

“I’d say she took to taking it up the ass pretty well,” Alex said.

“As I recall you loved taking it up the ass, too” Raven smiled at him.

“Hey, I will bend over right now and let you ride.”

“Tempting.”

Tara cleaned herself up quickly then wetted down two washrags with warm water. She came back into the room. She washed Raven up then Alex. Then they all got dressed. Raven and Alex was standing with Tara kneeling down beside Raven.

“Thank you, Alex,” Raven said.

“What the hell are you thanking me for I should be thanking you. I better get home Lucian is preparing a fancy dinner for me.”

Raven looked down at Tara kneeling there. This sight never got old. He loved seeing her kneeling beside him.

“Did I hurt you?”

“No, Master.”

“Did you enjoy being taken that way?”

“It brought you pleasure so it brings me pleasure.”

“That’s not what I asked. If you don’t enjoy me taking you like that then I won’t do it. I wouldn’t want you to do something you truly disliked. You may speak freely.”

“I didn’t think I would enjoy it. I never did it before. I really didn’t like the plugs that much, but having your cock in me like that felt so good.”

“Come let’s go to the living room and watch some T.V. I will order something for dinner for us.”

Tara came up to her feet and followed him into the living room. She listened as he called for take-out pizza and telling them to bring it over in about two hours. When he was finished he sat on a large comfy sofa. She was about to kneel down by his feet but he pulled her down next to him.

“What kind of movie would you like to watch?” he asked.

“Whatever you want, Master. I have no preference.”

He picked a drama movie and she snuggled close to him. She liked this, liked being this close to him.

Chapter Fourteen

The next six months flew by. Raven pushed her limits often. They worked well together. And with each passing day she found herself falling desperately in love with him, more so than she ever thought she could love a man. But it was more than that. He was slowly becoming everything to her. She needed him like she needed air to breathe. She was his. Everything she was, she had, her very soul was his.

They did spend time with Alex and Lucian on pretty regular bases. She enjoyed their visit. She loved talking to Lucian, they confided in each other. Lucian felt the same way about

Alex as she did about Raven. They both admitted this was a very frightening thing at times, being able to talk about these feelings with someone who totally understood really helped.

Today, Master Gabriel demanded Raven come to his home. She was busy helping Raven get ready as well as herself ready. Raven seemed almost pissed off by Gabriel's demand. She had to admit she didn't like Master Gabriel ordering Raven around like that either. But she was sure as hell not saying anything.

Raven attached her leash to her collar and led her out of the house to the car. She wore a very conservative business dress. The contrast between the collar and leash and the dress was odd, but extremely hot to Raven.

Raven had no idea what the hell Gabriel wanted, but that man wasn't happy. He looked over to Tara sitting next to him. She sat there quietly looking out the window. He tightened his hold on the leash. These last six months were intense. She served him without question. She used her safe words when she had to. She let go when they played and fully concentrated when he put her through her paces. He felt himself becoming more and more protective of her. They were beginning to fit each other perfectly. And this scared the shit out of him. He took a deep breath and centered himself. He pulled the leash moving her closer.

"What is it, Master?"

"Mine," he purred as he kissed her.

"Yes Master, I'm yours," she sighed. Her heart pounded in her chest. She adored it when he says *Mine*.

"Sir, we are almost there," Jacob said.

Raven nodded to Jacob then turned his attention back to Tara. "When we get there you are to say nothing unless I say so."

"Yes Master."

The car came to a stop and Jacob got out and opened the door. Raven got out of the car then helped Tara out.

They walked up to the door. Elizabeth greeted them right away.

“Where’s Donald?” Raven asked.

“He is dressing, Master.”

Elizabeth took them to the waiting room. Raven sighed, that bastard intended to make them wait. Elizabeth came back with some wine.

“She doesn’t drink. Bring her some water.”

“Yes Sir.”

“I will only have a glass of wine, my submissive.”

“You can drink what you wish, Master.”

“What did I tell you about being with your Master if he is drunk? It is never a good idea for a Master to get drunk in front of his submissive. Drinking clouds judgment and often times a Master will ignore a submissive’s safe word.”

“Thank you for thinking of my safety, Master.”

Raven saw Tara bowing her head. He looked over and saw Gabriel standing there. Oh shit, he looked positively livid. Raven stood and sat his glass of wine down.

“You better tell me truth, Raven.” Gabriel stomped over and stood right in front of Raven.

“Truth about what?” Raven truly had no idea what got Gabriel so wound up.

“Elizabeth!”

“Yes Master.” She hurried into the room.

“Take Raven’s submissive into the kitchen and don’t disturb us until I summon you.”

Raven turned toward Tara and removed the leash. He set it down beside the wine glass.

“Go on, Tara.”

Tara stood and then followed Elizabeth out of the room. Gabriel went over and slammed the door.

“Sit down,” Gabriel growled.

Raven sat down. "You want to tell me what this is all about?"

"I find it hard to believe that you don't fucking know."

"Know what?"

"I'm going to summon him here and then beat him until my arms get tired."

"Who? Gabriel calm down and tell me what happened."

"Alex...that bastard."

Raven felt his heart almost stop. What in the world could Alex have done to piss Gabriel off this much?

"I found out that Delilah has been fucking him."

"What's wrong with that? He helped to train her after all."

"Delilah is mine."

"Yours?"

"You heard me. No dominant but me will fuck her."

"You should have told Alex that."

"I did."

Oh shit, Alex was in for a world of hurt. Hell, he might even get thrown out of the club.

"What did you want me over here for?"

"I will let Alex off with a warning if you can sway me."

"Sway you?"

"I told you I'm through waiting on you. Give me what I want or Alex will feel the full brunt of my anger."

"What do you want?"

Gabriel stood and then walked over to Raven. He pulled Raven out of the chair and held him close. "I want to feel you under me."

Gabriel was a very handsome man. It would be no hardship to be with him, but not like this. Raven was silently debating on what he should do. He didn't want to see Alex suffer. Shit, he really had no choice.

"Where?" Raven said.

"Right here." Gabriel pushed Raven to the floor. His anger needed to be sated. Delilah was his and no second-rate dom was going to be with her. If he had Raven it would bring calm to him. He came down to the floor and lay on top of Raven. His hands started to wander over Raven's body until one hand settled on Raven's cock. Then Gabriel rolled off Raven and sat up.

"Damn it!" Gabriel ran his fingers angrily through his long hair.

"I'm willing to pay your price to help Alex. Why are you not taking it?"

"I can't, not this way. And not for something you didn't do. I won't do anything to Alex, except give him a warning." Gabriel felt Raven's hand on his back.

"Thank you."

Gabriel turned toward Raven. He grabbed him and pulled him closer as he devoured Raven's mouth. He felt Raven relax into the kiss. Gabriel held their kiss as long as he could stand it, then he pushed Raven away. He came up to his feet.

"I apologize for my uncouth behavior." And just like that Gabriel turned back into the man Raven respected and admired.

Raven stood. He just nodded to Gabriel.

"Elizabeth!"

Within seconds she was in the room.

"Bring Raven his little submissive."

"Yes Master."

"Sit down, Raven, finish your wine."

Raven sat down and picked up Tara's leash and his glass of wine. He heard Tara's footstep as she hurried into the room. She came down to a kneeling position with a plop.

“Oh darn it,” she whispered.

Raven smiled and held his chuckle.

“How is Donald doing?”

“Quite well. He is so eager to please and helps Elizabeth out very well.” Gabriel gestured to Elizabeth and she left the room. Gabriel watched Raven attached the leash to Tara’s collar. His eyes followed Raven’s hand as he gently caressed Tara’s cheek.

Donald came into the room and knelt beside Gabriel. Donald looked positively blissful. This made Raven very happy. Gabriel was the perfect Master for Donald.

“You are looking well, Donald,” Raven said.

“Thank you, Sir.”

“He is a good boy,” Gabriel said as he petted Donald.

Raven talked with Gabriel for a little while then he and Tara headed home. That was a bizarre experience. He never saw Gabriel lose control like that. However, Alex’s theory that Gabriel wanted Raven and Delilah as submissives or lovers seemed very plausible now.

“Master, is anything wrong?”

“No, Tara.” He squeezed her hand glad to be going home.

Once they got home Raven left Tara to prepare dinner as he went to his office. He called Alex.

“It’s Alex, speak.”

“What the hell is wrong with you?”

“Whoa, and how-do-you-do to you too.”

“I just got back from Gabriel’s home.”

“I know what you are going to say, the grand exalted Master already called me. What me and Delilah does is really none of his damn business.”

“What are you and Delilah doing?”

“Ah...fucking.”

“You are so crude. Gabriel was too pissed off for you guys to be just fucking.”

“I like to fuck her. What’s wrong with that?”

“I’m sure you do. She is very attractive.”

“That she is.”

“But you forget, I know you, and I know you are lying. It’s more than just fucking, isn’t it?”

“After I broke my contract with Romal, I went to Gabriel to either turn in my Master rights or he was going to train me. You did all you could with me and you did a great job. It’s just you were my Master before and I still saw you as my Master. I told Delilah that me and you just broke up. I didn’t want to share that I failed miserably with my first submissive. How could I? She was new to this and I didn’t want to freak her out. As you know, Gabriel trained Delilah and me together. She was so freaking awesome. She was such a natural. She impressed Gabriel; apparently she did more than just impress him. I don’t know, I just like being around her. It eased...”

“You don’t have to tell me any more if you don’t want to.”

“I want to. She eased my broken heart just being around her. Her husband, well I guess now her ex-husband, was a flippin’ retard for letting her go. Me and Delilah understand each other. I was surprised at the Valentine’s dance when she kissed me like that. One thing led to other and...you were there.”

“I saw what one lead to other was.”

“At first I thought she was giving her submissive Tram a thrill, but when she came over to my house without Tram and we ended up in bed. And then I found myself at her house. I used the excuse that Lucian wanted to spend time with Tram, and true Lucian does enjoy talking with Tram, I knew I was going to end up fucking Delilah again. And what got Gabriel’s panties in a knot was that he came over to visit with Delilah and his female submissive saw me and Delilah fucking in the living room. I think Gabriel’s submissive must have told him what she saw. Delilah

went to greet Gabriel but he was already gone. The only thing I don't understand is why Gabriel made you come to his house. If he had a problem with me he should have just summoned me. Why did he summon you?"

Raven debated whether to tell Alex or not. Then he decided it might be for the best if Alex knew. "He wanted me to persuade him not to punish you."

"Jesus flipping Christ! Did he touch you? Did you let him touch you?"

"I was going to let him do whatever he wanted to me. He was going to, but he stopped."

"Why the hell would you do what he wanted?"

"To protect you."

There was silence for a moment.

"I'm sorry Raven. I should have seen what my messing around with Delilah...oh Jesus man, I'm sorry."

"You don't need to apologize."

"But you would have given yourself to him. I know you respect the guy. I think we all do for that matter. However, I don't think you want to fuck the guy."

"I would have done what he wanted, because I need to protect you. Now enough about this. If you like being with Delilah just be a bit more careful."

"You still want to protect me?"

"Of course."

"I..."

"You don't need to say anything. Now, enough about this, Tara wants to play with Lucian and I want to see her do so. Let's say you two come over tomorrow."

"Alright, we will be there."

"Good. See you tomorrow." Raven hung up the phone.

Alex just looked at the phone for a moment, listening to the tone of the phone. Raven's words danced in his mind.

“Master...” Lucian said as he gently took the phone from him.

“Lucian go upstairs and lie naked on my bed. I want to fuck you until I can’t think straight. I won’t be gentle. Remember your safe words.”

“Anything for you, Master.”

Alex watched Lucian hurry off. Alex didn’t want to think. He was going to fuck Lucian until he passed out.

Chapter Fifteen

Tara was dressed in a man’s suit and a stylish hat that reminded her of what a mobster might look like. The suit was tailored to fit her. Master told her to put this outfit on and wait in the playroom. He had also set out a smaller wooden trunk. She was dying to know what was in it. But Master told her not to touch the box.

She came down to her knees and waited for Raven to come back. She heard the sound of Master’s voice. He was talking to someone. She found herself becoming aroused as her anticipation grew. What did Master have planned? She heard the footsteps coming down the stairs.

The door opened. She focused her eyes to the floor.

“Well, what kind of kinky thing do you have plan for my Lucian?”

“You will see.”

Tara was relieved to hear Alex’s voice.

“Come here, Tara.”

She quickly came up to her feet and went over to Raven.

“Today, you are playing a game of role reversal.”

“Master?”

“Me and Alex will watch as you pretend to be a man. Lucian is your male lover.”

“Be gentle with him sweetie, I rode him pretty hard last night.”

“Go look in the box I have set out.”

She walked over to the small bed and opened the wooden box. She quietly gasped. There was a strap-on dildo and a bottle of lube in it.

“Don’t rush to the fucking part. Make Lucian want your cock. Make him beg for it,” Raven said.

Tara took two deep breaths as she sank into her role. She looked up and saw Lucian standing there. He was wearing only a pair of jeans. He smiled at her.

“Tara, you can’t fuck him until I say you can. Now begin.”

She nodded to Raven then walked slowly over to Lucian. She has seen men fuck each other before so she had some idea how she was going to go about this. She ran her hand roughly up Lucian’s chest then slowly back down until her hand cupped his balls, not bothering to unzip his jeans yet. With her other hand she grabbed his hair and pulled him down to her and captured his lips. Her kiss was hot, urgent, and rough.

Lucian moaned against her lips.

“He is such a slut,” Alex chuckled.

“Take those jeans off, slowly, I want to watch,” Tara said softly. There was no way she was going to hide her feminine voice.

Lucian stepped back and began slowly taking his jeans off. Tara heard Alex let out a soft groan. She let her gaze wandered down Lucian’s now naked body. She took her time. Men were visual creatures, she couldn’t rush this.

She stepped closer and grabbed his cock.

“You can’t come until I say you can, Lucian,” Alex said.

Tara slowly stroked Lucian’s cock getting him nice and hard for her. She let go of his cock and removed her hat, tossing it aside. She grabbed his hand and led him over to the small

bed. She pushed him onto the bed then came down to her knees. She made sure that Raven and Alex still had a nice view. She took Lucian's cock into her mouth and slowly sucked, her hand squeezing his balls lightly.

"Yesss," Lucian hissed.

"Mmmm," she purred as she lowered her mouth to his balls, licking them with long wet strokes.

"Don't come, Lucian."

She teased him for awhile, alternating between sucking his cock and licking his balls.

"Please Master..." Lucian groaned.

"Don't come, boy."

Tara rolled Lucian over. "Get on your hands and knees, lowering your upper body down onto the bed."

"Tara take off your clothes now."

Tara was thankful to rid herself of her clothes. Poor Lucian could use a breather from a minute anyways. After she removed her clothes she climbed on the bed behind Lucian. She caressed his ass.

"I want you ready for me," she said softly. She leaned over and ran her tongue over his hole. She flicked her tongue, moving it around and around his opening. When his body quivered she intensified her efforts. She had him right on the edge of his orgasm and she planned to keep him there for awhile.

"AH...oossss," Lucian moaned.

She alternated her licks from long wet strokes, to flickers, and slight penetration. She kept doing this over and over, making sure to keep him on the edge of his orgasm, but not letting him go over. She didn't want Lucian to get in trouble with Alex, and she loved Lucian's moans, mewling, and his body responded to what she was doing.

"Holy shit," Alex said his cock getting hard. "Does she do that to you?"

“Mmmm,” Raven purred.

“I take that as a yes.”

“Fuck him when he is ready,” Raven said.

Tara continued caressing Lucian’s ass with her tongue. She was enjoying the sounds Lucian made. She wanted to reach under him and stroke his cock, but his Master forbade him to come.

“Master...please...” Lucian begged.

Tara climbed off the bed and went over to the box. She grabbed the lube and strap-on then went back to Lucian. She lubed up two of her fingers and then slowly inserted them into his ass. She moved her fingers slowly in and out getting him ready for her fake cock.

“Does she do that to you too?”

“No.”

Tara stopped finger fucking Lucian’s ass to attach her strap-on. Luckily it wasn’t hard to figure out how it went on. She lubed up her fake cock.

“Fuck him, already,” Alex said.

“Fuck him, Tara.”

Tara got on the bed behind Lucian and gently grabbed his hips. “Let me know if I hurt you.”

“Please hurry,” Lucian moaned.

“The boy can take it. Fuck him,” Alex said.

Tara slowly eased her fake cock into his ass.

“Ready?” she asked.

“Fuck, please fuck me,” Lucian begged.

“You shameless slut,” Alex chuckled.

Tara thrust in a slow steady rhythm. Her pussy getting wetter by the moment as the strap rubbed against her clit. She watched her fake cock sliding in and out of him. This was so freaking hot and she had to focus so she wouldn't come.

"Master!" Lucian moaned. "Please, I need...ah...to come, so hard. Please."

"Make him come hard, sweetie," Alex said.

"You are free to come, Tara," Raven said. He reached his hand in his pants and slowly stroked his cock.

Alex reached over and unzipped Raven's pants. He grabbed Raven's hand and helped him to stroke.

"Yesss!" Lucian cried out, his cum shooting onto the bed.

Hearing him come like that made Tara's orgasm wash over her. She thrust a couple more times then slowly pulled her fake cock from him. She removed the strap-on, then leaned up against Lucian as he laid on the bed watching his Master stroking Raven's cock.

Tara looked over to Raven. Her body instantly became aroused again seeing the look of pleasure on her Master's face. When he moaned and leaned back, his cum shooting out onto the floor, her whole body trembled.

"Fuck yeah," Alex said. "Come here, boy."

Tara moved allowing Lucian to go to his Master.

"Suck me off, boy," Alex said as he leisurely stroked his cock.

Lucian hurried over and immediately took Alex's cock into his mouth. Raven watched as Lucian went to town on Alex's cock. His own cock started to harden again watching them. He looked down when he felt Tara's hot breath on his cock.

"May I suck your cock, Master?" she said.

Raven didn't respond. He grabbed her head and thrust his cock into her opened mouth. He heard Alex moan. Raven latched onto her head and thrust his cock deeply, speeding up his thrusts with every stroke of her mouth. It didn't take long for her to bring him to orgasm. He held

her head tightly to him as his cum splashed deeply into her throat. She sucked every drop of it out of him, then he slowly released her head.

“Good girl,” he said breathily. He stroked her hair as she leaned her head on his upper thigh.

Tara looked out the car window as they drove toward the city. Master was taking her to the club today. He dressed her in a skimpy leather dress which barely contained her breasts. She was wearing a metal collar that had her Master’s leash attached to it. She loved being led around on a leash by him. She found herself looking forward to when he did.

Master wore a black suit. He looked so handsome it made her pussy dripping wet.

“When we get to the club stay with me.”

“Master, may I ask why we are going to the club?”

“It’s been nine months since the dominants chose their submissives. Gabriel likes the symbolism of this. It takes a woman nine months to give birth. Gabriel said that it took at least that long for a dominant to really know his or her submissive. Every one gathers today for one purpose.” Raven paused. He didn’t want to discuss this with her. He didn’t want her to work herself up over it. And if the truth be known, he didn’t want to see her decision in her eyes before they got to the club.

“I don’t understand, Master.”

“Gabriel calls this meeting ‘the exit’.” Raven made it a point not to look at her as he talked. “This is the time if a dominant or submissive wants out of their contract they can.”

“But there is three months left on the contract.”

“Gabriel decided to do this. He didn’t want incompatible partners to endure each other for those last three months. And he believes that it would strengthen the resolve of the partners

who wish to see their contracts through until the end. Then at the end of the year the dominant will offer his or her collar to their submissive. If the submissive accepts the collar that means they want to stay with their dominant. If a dominant doesn't offer the submissive a collar then their contract ends. If they both accept each other then they enter into an open ended contract."

"Master..." her voice shook. "I don't want to leave you. Are you going to send me away?"

"I have only once broken a contract early." Raven sighed with relief. He didn't want her to walk away from their contract. "I'm not going to send you away, my submissive." He felt her snuggle up against him.

"Thank you, Master."

"I wouldn't have even come to this meeting today, except it is required by Gabriel. And I see why he does this. Let's just get through it and go home."

The car pulled up to the club. It looked strange to Tara now. After all she had only been here once before. When she went through the interview process she did most of that online. Once she was expected she met with a man named Kyle, who did the in-person interview at some office downtown. After that she was sent to the auction. She never met Gabriel until he showed up at Raven's house. She learned from Lucian that Gabriel only saw a select few submissives and usually those submissives were well trained.

She looked up at Raven and smiled. She's glad now that she took a chance and offered herself up for auction. Raven climbed out of the car then offered his hand to Tara. She smiled brighter and gently grabbed his hand as he helped her out of the car. She walked obediently behind him, enjoying watching the leash in his hand.

They walked into the club and went inside a large room with several large round tables in it. There were already quite a few people in here. This had to be where they held the auction. Tara had never been in here before. Raven sat down at one of the tables and Tara came down to

her knees beside him. She looked to her left when she smelt Lucian's delightful scent. She smiled at him as he knelt down beside her. He smiled back.

"This is such bullshit," Alex said.

"Are you alright?" Raven asked.

"The last time...shit...Lucian will you get me a drink?"

"Yes Master."

"Tara, go with him and get me something to drink. Make sure you grab yourself some water."

"Yes Master."

Alex waited until both of them walked away.

"I don't know what Lucian is planning on doing. But I guess it would be karma if he decided to break our contract. "

"Romal was your first submissive. You two were just incompatible, stop beating yourself up over it."

"At least you had the decency to wait until our contract was over before you set me free."

"We were different and you know it. Tell me, honestly now, did you love Romal?"

"No."

"There you go. Why agonize over this?"

"I guess I'm just waiting for karma to sneak up behind me and kick me in the ass."

"You do love Lucian, don't you?"

"Yeah. We are so perfect together. He feeds my need. I feed his. He seems happy. But I thought me and you were happy."

"We were happy, Alex. But if we stayed together you would have grown discontented. I know you can bottom and you enjoyed it. But I know you needed to top too. I can't be a bottom, so I wouldn't have been able to satisfy your topeyness."

"Topeyness, I don't think that is a word," Alex chuckled.

“And as far as karma goes, I think you have saved up a lot of good karma to keep you safe.”

“You are going to stop hanging around me if I don’t stop laying a guilt trip on you every time we are together.” Alex chuckled.

“I like to hang around you that will never change.”

“Sweetness, I like to hear that.”

“What is taking them so long?”

“Don’t worry the bar is way over there. I bet there is a line up too.”

“You’re right.”

“Good evening James,” Raven said as James sat down at the table. Julie knelt down beside him.

“Good evening Raven and Alex. Where are your subs.?”

“They are navigating their way to the bar,” Raven said.

“Julie, go get me a drink, dear.”

“Yes Master.”

“Are you staying in your contract with her?” Raven asked.

“No. She is just too undisciplined and I can’t give her what she needs. My heart is just not in it. Besides Raven, I think my girl is in love with you.”

“Who the hell isn’t in love with him?” Alex said.

“Gabriel shouldn’t have pushed you to take on a submissive. You will know when you are ready to train again,” Raven said.

Alex quickly stood and then went to the entrance.

“That boy better be careful,” James said seeing Alex go to Delilah. “Gabriel has got his eye on that one.”

“There is nothing wrong with them being friends.”

“Friends sure, but Alex wears his heart on his sleeve. He really likes that new Mistress.”

“I think they lean on each other for support.”

“You best tell him to be careful. I think you are the only one Alex listens to.”

“Delilah, this is Master James.”

“It’s an honor to meet you,” Delilah said.

“It’s nice to meet you too.”

“You know Master Raven.”

She smiled at Raven.

Alex led her to the seat next to him. “Lucian will be happy to see Tram again. Tram why don’t you go get your Mistress a drink. Maybe you can help Lucian and Tara find their way back here.”

Tram looked up at Delilah. “A drink would be lovely, my pet.”

He quickly stood and then hurried to the bar.

“I don’t want to sound like a complete novice. But what is going on. I have no idea what ‘the end’ meeting is about.

“Gabriel didn’t explain this to you?” Alex asked.

“No.”

Alex went about explaining everything to Delilah.

“I have no intentions of ending my contract with Tram early. I don’t know if he feels the same way.”

“Oh, he feels the same way, that boy worships the ground you walk on,” Alex said.

All four of the submissives came back.

“I’m sorry this took so long, Master,” Tara said as she set Raven’s drink down on the table next to him. “Master Gabriel wanted to talk to all the submissives.”

“He did? But I suppose he would want to explain everything.” Raven looked down at Tara kneeling there.

“Mistress, did you know about what this meeting was about?”

“No, Alex was kind enough to explain things to me. Don’t worry, my pet, I have no intention on ending our contract early.”

Tram let out a deep sigh of relief. “I’m glad, because I wanted to stay with you.”

Gabriel came up on the stage. He gestured for everyone to quiet down and everyone did immediately. “Let’s begin. Any dominant or submissive wishing to end their contract now come up here to me.”

Tara heard Julie gasp when James stood up.

“I’m sorry dear, but we are no good together.” He led her up to the stage.

Tara leaned into Raven’s leg thankful that he wasn’t going anywhere.

Alex looked down at Lucian kneeling there. When Lucian laid his head on Alex’s lap he gently placed his hand on his head.

Raven saw the relief on Alex’s face. He turned his gaze to the stage. There had to be twenty couples up there. Gabriel went about tearing up each couples’ contract. Raven could easily tell if it was the submissive or dominant in the couple who wanted out. The one being left looked sad and the one leaving looked relieved.

“This couldn’t be done in private?” Delilah asked.

“Not really. A jilted dominant might hurt the submissive as they went to pack their things or vice-versa. Making it public like this if the jilted partner hurts the other it would be obvious who had hurt them, which of course would mean instant removal from the club,” Raven said.

“Oh, I see now, thank you.”

The couples who ended their contracts left the room.

“For the rest of you enjoy these next three months together. Hopefully, we will have a lot of collars being given and taken,” Gabriel said.

Raven saw that Elizabeth and more importantly Donald had decided to stay with Gabriel. Raven was happy for Donald.

After about twenty minutes Gabriel came up to the Raven's table with Michael walking behind him. "Delilah, I wish for you to watch Michael for me for a little while."

"Certainly."

Michael knelt down on the other side of Delilah then Gabriel made his way to the next table.

Alex looked at the large man kneeling beside Delilah. Damn this guy was bigger than Raven. What the hell was Gabriel thinking?

Michael instantly relaxed kneeling by Delilah.

"You are very handsome, Michael," Delilah said.

"Thank you, Miss." Michael's voice was very deep.

Alex's body tensed up. He was ready to bounce if Michael made one false move.

They talked and ate the catered dinner. The submissives were allowed to set at the table. When they finished Gabriel came back.

"Michael come."

"Yes Sir."

"Thank you Delilah for watching him for me."

"My pleasure."

Gabriel ran his fingers down her cheek.

Raven casually grabbed Alex's knee, restraining him with just a touch.

Gabriel left with Michael.

"Well me and Tara will be leaving. It was nice talking with you, Delilah."

"It was nice talking to you, Master Raven."

Raven attached his leash to Tara then they left. He was glad when they got back into the car and headed home.

"Master, may I speak freely?"

"Go ahead."

“Master Gabriel is planning on giving Michael to Delilah. He is bigger than you, Master. And he is new. I would think Gabriel wouldn’t want Delilah to get hurt.”

“He wouldn’t want her to get hurt. So this Michael must be coming along with his training pretty darn good. Still, I understand your concern. Here’s hoping Tram decides to accept her collar.”

“I think he will. He looked enthralled with her and she seemed to care about him a lot.”

“You are very observant, my submissive.”

“Thank you, Master.” Her stomach started to knot up. She was indeed observant and she knows her Master has never given his collar to anyone. This thought scared her.

She felt him pull her close.

“You were a good girl tonight. You made me proud.”

“Thank you, Master.”

And just like that his words soothed her.

Chapter Sixteen

Tara smiled at the roses Master gave her when he came home. She chose a vase and put the water in it, and carefully put the flowers into the vase.

“Dinner smells good,” Raven said when he came into the kitchen.

She turned around and came down to her knees. “Thank you, Master. Dinner will be ready soon. Master...”

Raven sat down at the small table. “What is it?” He saw her lightly biting her lip. She always did that when she was nervous about asking him something.

“I was thinking that uh...”

“Come on Tara, out with it.”

“Well, I know that I’m not graceful and I have tried really hard to become that way. Lucian has been so sweet about helping me...but...ah...I was wondering if Gabriel’s submissive Elizabeth wouldn’t mind giving me lessons.”

“I doubt Gabriel would allow that.”

“Oh...I just want to be graceful for you, Master. You have been very kind about not saying anything when we go to parties or just over to other people’s houses.”

“Stand up, Tara.”

She slowly did.

Raven stood and then went over to her. “And how long have you let this ungraceful thing bug you?”

“Since, well since I first came here.”

“Look at me.”

She slowly lifted her eyes up to look into his eyes. Damn, this man was beautiful.

“Now listen to me, I don’t care whether you are graceful or not. I see how hard you try, but if you are naturally clumsy there would be little you can do to change this. It’s fine with me when you sometimes drop things, or trip over something, or come down to your knees with a plop. That’s just who you are. Are you listening to me? I don’t want you to worry about this anymore. I don’t care what other people think. Just know your Master likes you the way you are.”

Tara smiled.

Raven softly caressed her cheek. “I am very hungry. When is dinner going to be ready?”

“I will start setting the table now.” She stood where she was waiting for him to dismiss her.

“Then get to it.” He smiled at her. “I’m going to make a phone call.”

“Dinner will be ready when you are done.”

Raven walked over to the phone and hit speed dial.

“Hello, Raven,” Gabriel said.

“I was thinking about what you said yesterday when you called me.”

“And...”

“I will let Michael stay here for a couple days, but just a couple. And if he hurts Tara I’m going to hurt him.”

“Michael is a very strong man. One of my helpers found that out the hard way.”

“What?!”

“That helper had it coming. He crossed the line. However, if you are worried about being able to subdue Michael go get a stun gun. You won’t need it, but if it makes you feel better.”

“I have one question. Why is it so important that I let him stay here?”

“Aside from me, you are the biggest and strongest Master in the club.”

“That makes me feel real confident.”

“Relax. Michael has been very submissive through his training. He has only hurt two of my helpers, both of them have recovered nicely.”

“What the hell?”

“I wouldn’t send him over to you if I even remotely thought that you couldn’t handle him. You should know that. I wouldn’t ever hurt you... not you, Raven.”

“Alright send him over. But you will owe me a favor.”

“Mmm, getting all demanding now are you? I will honor your request.”

“When will he be here?”

“Tomorrow morning.”

“I mean it Gabriel, if he hurts Tara I will fuck him up.”

“Goodbye Raven.”

Raven swore as he slammed the phone down. What the hell was Gabriel up to now?

“Is something wrong, Master?”

“No, my submissive.”

“Dinner is served, Master.”

Raven came and sat at the table. She made a beef roast with all the trimmings. “You are such a wonderful cook, Tara.”

“Thank you, Master.”

They started eating. He was going to have to tell her so that she could get prepare for it. “Tara, Gabriel has asked me for a favor. You remember that male submissive Michael?”

“That really big one, of course I remember him.”

“He will be staying with us for a couple days.”

“Alright.”

He was surprised at her calmness about this. “If you have any concerns tell me now.”

“I don’t have any concerns. I am a little nervous about having a submissive that big coming here, especially since he is bigger than you. But I’m not worried about it. You won’t let anything happen to me. And Gabriel probably wants to test Michael thoroughly before he gives him to Mistress Delilah. Which room do you want me to prepare for him?”

“The guest room down the hall would be fine.”

“I will do that right after I clean up after dinner.”

They finished their dinner. He listened to her talk about her day.

“I will be in my office. Dinner was really good, Tara.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Raven went to his office. He sat on the chair behind his desk. Her complete trust in him was almost overwhelming. She never hid her emotions from him. She was completely honest with him from the very beginning of their ten-month journey together. They were in perfect balance with each other. This thought terrified him. What really bothered him was the fact that this did terrify him. He should be elated by knowing this. Then the hard crushing truth hit him. He was scared of commitment, frighten of giving himself completely over to someone else. It was easier to find fault with a relationship then it made it easier to walk away from an intense relationship.

Raven picked up the phone and dialed.

“It’s Alex, speak.”

“Alex...”

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m sorry.” Raven hung up the phone. He took the phone off the hook then went to work hoping to lose himself in it.

After twenty minutes his office door burst open.

“What the hell?” Alex slammed Raven’s phone back on the hook. “You call me up and say your sorry then didn’t explain yourself.” Alex slowly sat down on the chair facing the desk. The look on Raven’s face knocked him back. “What’s wrong, Raven?” Alex said softly.

“I should have known you would have come over here.”

“Of course I would, especially since I couldn’t reach you by phone.”

“Master?” Tara came into his office.

“It’s okay, Tara, Alex is just wound up. Go get the guest room ready.”

“Yes Master.”

“You were right.”

“Right about what? You are starting to freak me out.”

“Gabriel is sending that Michael over here for a couple of days. I told Tara about this fully expecting to have to take a lot of time to reassure her that she was safe. But...she already knew I would keep her safe.”

“Yeah, you are good at that.”

“Me and her are in perfect balance. It terrifies me. Then the realization of what I did to you, and my pass submissive, but especially you. You’re right, I do push people away. I try so hard to find the unbalance that I don’t realize the balance. You and me...”

“Hey, don’t do that.” Alex hurried over to him, he turned Raven’s chair then came down to his knees in front of him. “I don’t know if we would have work out or not as Master and

submissive. All I know is that you saw me for who I was. You took the time to see that. While I served you I felt safe, loved and cherish, everything a submissive wants from their Master. You trained me with such care and detail. You took the time to see what I needed. And when you saw that I needed to dominate, I saw you struggling there at the end, like you were trying to find a solution to our problem. You found that solution and even though it broke both our hearts, you gave me what I needed. You trained me to be a Master while your heart was breaking. You wanted to give me everything I needed. And when you saw how badly I felt after I fucked up with Romal, you took one hell of a whipping from Gabriel to convince him to continue my training. You still allow me to see you, knowing that I need this. I saw the pain it put you through. You didn't push me away, and I was wrong to say that. You gave me what I needed. As far as Tara goes, she is the one to give you perfect balance. She was a novice, still is in some regards, and she took this lifestyle so easily. Partly because of whom she is, and because of you being such a wonderful Master."

"Then why am I so terrified at the thought of her and me in perfect balance?"

"It's simple, you never had that before. There is more to lose if she ends the contract. I'm feeling about overwhelmed myself over Lucian. He is my perfect balance. I finally understand what you were talking about when you ended our contract."

Raven felt a sense of relief wash over him. He reached down cupped Alex's face. He leaned over and kissed him. "Thank you, Alex." Raven stood bringing Alex with him. He crushed Alex's body next to his and kissed him with such passion it made Alex growl. They held their kiss until Raven released Alex, but only for a moment. He scooped Alex up into his arms and carried him to the leather sofa. He gently laid him down then climbed onto the sofa with him. He gently laid his body on Alex and kissed him again.

Alex was literally breathless when Raven stopped kissing him.

“I want to make love to you,” Raven said softly as he began undressing Alex. When Alex was naked Raven stood and removed his clothes. Alex leaned forward and took Raven’s cock into his mouth.

“I miss the taste of you,” Alex said as he ran his tongue up Raven’s cock.

Raven gently ran his fingers through Alex’s hair. Alex sucked Raven’s cock unhurriedly. After a few moments Raven pulled Alex’s hair making his cock pop from his mouth. He leaned over and laid Alex back on the sofa. He kissed Alex then slowly made his way down Alex’s body, a body he knew so well. He knew what would give Alex the most pleasure. He kissed his way down to Alex’s cock.

Alex moaned loudly. When they were Master and submissive, it was a rare treat to feel Raven’s mouth on his cock.

Raven took his time licking and sucking Alex.

“I’m going to come if you keep doing that,” Alex said with a strained voice.

Raven climbed back on the sofa and lay between Alex’s legs. He grabbed the lube that was on the end table. He sat back on his heels and lubed two up his of fingers. He gently inserted his fingers into Alex’s ass. He moved his fingers in and out, turning and twisting, teasing the sweet spot. Alex arched up and moaned loudly.

“Raven, yes, fuck...oh,”

“Don’t come yet, baby.”

Alex’s whole body trembled hearing Raven call him that.

Raven gently pulled his fingers from Alex then he lubed up his cock. “You ready for me, baby.” Raven purred deepening his voice.

“Yes, God yes.”

Raven eased his cock into Alex, slowly, very slowly.

“Fuck me, come on fuck me!” Alex cried out.

Raven leaned forward and started thrusting faster and harder. Alex latched onto Raven and pulled himself up enough to kiss him. Raven leaned over more and thoroughly kissed Alex as he continued to thrust hard and fast.

“Yess! Oh fuck...Raven...yes Raven!” Alex screamed.

Raven felt Alex’s cum splattered on his belly and chest.

“Come, I want to watch you come,” Alex said breathily.

Raven thrust harder seeking his own orgasm. The way Alex’s ass pulsated around his cock it didn’t take long to come.

Raven’s head tilted back as he roared his orgasm. He gently lay on Alex as he came down from his pleasure high. He felt Alex gently caressing his back.

Raven used his arm to hold his weight as he looked down into Alex’s face.

“You feel better now?” Alex asked. His eyes searching Raven’s, looking for something.

“Yes, thank you...lover.”

He saw the tears come to Alex’s eyes. Raven leaned over and kissed Alex tenderly.

Tara didn’t know what went on between Master and Alex yesterday. The only thing she knew was Master looked happy. That was all that mattered to her. She was kneeling in the foyer when Raven returned from the store. He walked over to the small table that held the vase with the roses he bought Tara yesterday.

“Come here, my submissive.”

She came up to her feet and hurried over to him.

Raven pulled out a stun gun. “This will be in here.” He placed it in the drawer of the table. “If you feel threatened by Michael, yell for me and hurry to use this on him.”

“Yes Master.”

Raven reached over and caressed her cheek. "It's just a precaution, nothing more." He went into his office. She could see him through the open door. He placed something in his desk drawer. She looked down into the other bag Master brought in with him. Her eyes opened wide seeing large gauged chains.

"That's for him, not you, Tara."

"I can't even move in the smaller chains you use on me already...Master."

Raven laughed. God, she loved it when he laughed.

"Gabriel will be here shortly. I'm not sure if he is bringing Elizabeth and Donald with him or not."

"Is there anything you need, Master?" She gasped when he pulled her into his arms and kissed her. She melted into his embrace. He loosened his hold enough to allow one hand to cup her pussy.

"You ready for me?"

"I'm always ready for you, Master," she said breathily.

He lifted her up into his arms and carried her to the kitchen. He set her down then bent her over the kitchen table. He pulled her skirt up. He smiled seeing she wasn't wearing underwear as he had instructed her to do. He quickly pulled his pants down and then rammed his cock into her. He buried himself to the hilt.

"We don't have much time, my submissive." He thrust hard and steady. "I had a need for you that couldn't wait."

"Oh Master," she sighed.

He watched his cock moving in and out, in and out. He gripped her hip with one hand then started spanking her with the other.

"Come for your Master," he growled in a very deep voice.

"Master!" she cried out as she came.

Her pussy pulsed around his cock. “Good girl,” he purred as he orgasmed. He stepped back and allowed her to get up. “We will have to clean up...” He watched as she quickly turned around and fell to her knees. She licked his cock with long wet strokes. She stood back up when she had licked him clean. He lifted her up and laid her on the table.

He buried his tongue in her pussy. He licked all the way up and down her pussy then stuck his tongue in deeply in her. He loved the way she squirmed when he did that. He could tell she wanted to latch onto his head as he fucked her with his tongue. He lifted his head from between her legs. He looked up at her as he licked his lips. He felt her body tremble.

“Go ready yourself for our guests.”

“Yes Master,” she said very softly.

He helped her off the table then went up to his room to change his clothes. He put on a pair of jeans and a black T-shirt. He went to his bathroom and cleaned himself up a bit. He looked in the mirror. He would have to exude complete dominance, he could do no less. He had a feeling this Michael wouldn’t obey a weak man. This would explain why he never laid a finger on Gabriel and obeyed him, yet had no trouble kicking the crap out of Gabriel’s helpers.

Raven heard the doorbell. He headed downstairs. He saw Tara already greeting Gabriel. She showed him in. Michael followed right behind Gabriel.

“Welcome Gabriel.”

“Ah Raven.” Gabriel turned to Michael. “Why are you still standing?”

Michael knelt down beside Tara. Goddamn, he was so much bigger than Tara. Raven felt his protective instincts coming on full force. Beside the fact, it has been at least nine months since Gabriel had started training him and Michael still needed reminding to kneel.

Raven spoke with Gabriel for a little while. Tara set out the finger foods and something to drink. Michael just knelt there. He looked like a statue; he didn’t move or have any kind of expression on his face. After Tara was done she knelt by Raven.

“I see her training is coming along nicely, though she still is a bit awkward.”

“I’m very proud of her,” Raven said as he gently caressed Tara’s hair.

Tara looked over to Michael and saw the muscles in his jaw tick. He was angry and was trying hard not to show it. This made her feel a bit uneasy.

After a little while Gabriel stood up. “I will leave you to it. Michael behave.”

“Yes Sir.”

Tara got up and opened the door for Gabriel. She closed the door when he left. She looked over to Michael, who still knelt there in the same spot.

Her breath caught when Michael slowly stood. “Let’s get one thing clear. You are not my Master. I would never serve a Master. I will only obey a Mistress.”

“I’m not your Master, but I am a Master. You will remember to show me the proper respect. When or if you get a Mistress she will demand you show respect to all dominants.”

“I understand that. And I will show you proper respect. However, I will not suck your cock, let you fuck me or anything of a sexual nature.”

Tara’s heart pounded and it wasn’t out of fear of Michael. Raven looked magnificent. If he was nervous about this man it didn’t show.

“What if your future Mistress wants to see you with another man?”

“I will do whatever she commands.”

“Tell me why Gabriel felt it was necessary to send you to my home?”

“I hurt two of his helpers and he told me he was sending me here, because he didn’t want to deal with me.”

“Hurt them, why?”

“They thought they could do whatever they wanted to me. I already told Master Gabriel that I didn’t want to be touched sexually by anyone but my Mistress. When those two thought they could force me to pleasure them, they found out the hard way they couldn’t.”

Raven started to laugh. “I guess they did.”

Raven’s laughter made Michael relax a little.

“That would explain why Gabriel didn’t kick you out of the club. He must have figured those two had it coming. Tara, show Michael to his room.”

“Yes Master.”

“Michael, I will warn you only once, don’t even think about touching my submissive. If you hurt her, you will wish that I had killed you when I get through with you.”

“I would never hit a woman or take her against her will. I was raised better than that.”

“Good, then I have nothing to worry about. Tara...”

“Please follow me,” she said to Michael.

Tara led Michael to the room at the right end of the hall. “This is a visiting submissive’s room. I hope it’s alright.”

Michael looked around the small room. “This is fine. I’m a submissive after all.”

“I will let you get settled in.” She turned around and left the room. She saw Raven standing at the top of the stairs.

“Is there something you need, Master?”

“No, I was just making sure he remembered his manners. Give him about a half an hour and then have him come to my office. You will be getting help with your chores while he is here.”

“Yes Master.”

Raven went to his office. This Michael was something. He had no problem mouthing off to a Master. That wasn’t too submissive like.

After thirty minutes Tara showed Michael to Raven’s office. She came down to her knees next to Raven. Michael just stood in front of the desk.

“You have problem kneeling?”

“To you...yes. As I have stated you are not my Master.”

“You will never be given a Mistress at this rate. But since you don’t have a Mistress yet I will not ask you to kneel. However, when you do have a Mistress you will kneel beside her.”

“I understand.”

“Tell me, what has Gabriel taught you?”

“To be honest Sir, not a damn thing.”

“What? But you were supposedly training for these last several months with him.”

“Not by Gabriel. His helpers do the so called training. Besides, I do have to go to work.”

“I suppose you do. What is your profession?”

“I’m a firefighter, Sir?”

“Really...that’s a pretty macho profession. I wouldn’t think you’d want to be a submissive.” Raven gestured to the chair in front of the desk.

Michael sat down. “What does my profession have to do with anything? I always wanted to be a firefighter I like helping people, and I knew I was a submissive since I was twenty.”

“How old are you?”

“Thirty, Sir.”

“You waited ten years to seek out a Mistress?”

“As you can see I’m a pretty big guy. Not many Mistresses want a submissive as big as I am.”

“I assume you workout.”

“Yes Sir.”

“You could have scaled back on your weightlifting. There is really nothing you can do about your height, but perhaps if you were less muscular...”

“I need to be strong for my job. Besides, I like working out, it is a great stress reliever.”

“That it is. You have never even played at being submissive?”

“No Sir.”

“Why?”

“Women expect me to be dominant. When I try to at least play at being submissive, well it just doesn’t work. The women I have been with only see me in a dominant role.”

“You haven’t been to other clubs. There are several of them around the country”

“I tried a couple of clubs and yet again they assumed I was dominant.”

“Were you surprised when Gabriel allowed you into this club as a submissive?”

“Yes Sir, pleasantly surprised, yet skeptical.”

The doorbell rang.

“Tara, go let my guest in.”

“Yes Master.”

“Tell me something.”

“I will if you address me with the proper respect.”

“Sir, will you allow me to ask you a question?”

“Go ahead.”

“Does a bigger woman have trouble finding a Master?”

“As you can see I’m pretty big, so the woman would have to be quite big to dwarf me.”

“I see what you are saying.”

“Now if you were into men, there are several Masters who get off on dominating men larger than themselves.”

“I’m not into men.”

“But you said you would be with a man if your Mistress wanted it.”

“I would do it for her pleasure. I never had been with a man sexually. Maybe, I might like it.”

“Maybe you would.” Raven smiled. He stood when Tara came back in with Delilah.

“Thank you for coming here in such short noticed. Where is Tram?”

“He is with Alex. It is my pleasure to be a help to you.”

“Alright boy, this is Mistress Delilah, show her proper respect.”

Michael stood and went over to her. He was compelled to come to his knees before her.

Raven watched with much interest. Delilah meant a lot to Alex and he was going to make damn sure Michael wasn't going to hurt her.

"I remember you." She gently stroked his hair.

It was clear that Delilah had no idea that Gabriel planned to give this man to her as her submissive.

She walked over to where Michael had been sitting. Raven gestured for her to sit down.

"Michael, is in need of training and it seems Gabriel hasn't picked the right people to help him train," Raven said.

"Come here, Michael."

He quickly stood and hurried to her, he slowly came down to his knees.

Raven heard Tara make a quiet pouting noise. He smiled and began stroking her hair. Poor thing, even this large man was more graceful than she was.

"Tell me, are you training to be with a Master or Mistress?"

"A Mistress...how am I supposed to address you, Mistress Delilah?"

"Well normally I would be addressed a Miss or Ma'am. But since you are training for a Mistress, you can call me Mistress to get a feel for it. Though, you are a really big man."

"I suppose your submissive is one of those delicate pretty boys...Mistress."

"Tram is no delicate pretty boy. Though, he is rather handsome and smaller than you. I would say he is average size and built. Don't you remember seeing him at that meeting at the club?"

"To be honest I was too nervous to remember anything other than kneeling beside you."

"I bet you were, hell I was nervous. In any case, I personally don't like wimpy men, not to say that all delicate pretty boys are wimpy. Though, Alex would prefer I train little men."

"I'm sure he does," Raven said.

"Mistress may I ask a question?"

"Of course you can, sugar."

“Do I frighten you?”

“You are on your knees beside me. I wouldn’t let you get this close if you frightened me. I bet you are a big ole teddy bear aren’t you.”

Michael smiled. She didn’t seem at all threaten by him. This was a first, a wonderful first. The only problem is that she already had a submissive.

“Delilah, would you be so kind to chain Michael to his bed? I want to see if he learned any kind of patience.”

“Sure. Where are the chains?”

“Michael, there is a bag in the foyer carry it up to your room. Those chains are kind of heavy. If you need my assistance, Delilah, I will be more than happy to help you.”

“I think I can manage. You should see the size of the chains I use on Tram.” Delilah gestured for Michael to follow her.

“Tara, go show Delilah to his room.”

“Yes Master.”

Tara led Delilah to Michael’s room. He was following right behind her. He was obviously turned-on about the prospect of being chained up by her. The large bulge in his pants was testament to that.

“Would you like me to stay, Ma’am?” Tara asked.

“That would be nice. Just stay by the doorway in case I need your help.” Delilah gestured for Michael to lie down. “Let me know if this gets too tight or if it’s pinching your skin. The universal safe words are red light, so we will go with that. Gabriel did explain the safe words to you, didn’t he?”

“Yes Mistress.”

Tara watched Delilah carefully chain Michael up. He was enjoying every moment of it. When she got him secured she stepped back to look at him. She smiled liking the way the chains looked on him. “That looks so nice,” she purred.

Raven came into the room and looked at Michael. "Nice job."

"Thank you."

"And thank you for your help."

"Feel free to call me if you need any more help."

"I will."

Tara showed Delilah out.

"Boy, you seem to like her."

Michael only nodded his head.

"Then I suggest you discipline yourself better. I have it under good authority that Gabriel is planing on giving you to her."

"Is he really? He mentioned something about that, but I thought he was messing with me."

"He really does plan on giving you to her. However, if you don't shape up I doubt very highly that he will. He has a certain affection for Delilah. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes Sir."

Raven placed a small device that had a large button in the center, in Michael's right hand. "If you have had enough or you start to freak out, press that buzzer and I will be right up to unchain you. There is no way you are going to break that chain and if you break this bed I will be pissed off. Use the buzzer if you want to be unchained. Do you understand?"

"Yes Sir."

Raven left the room, but he left the door open.

The heavy chains strangely felt good, being not able to move, was arousing. More importantly he wanted Delilah as his Mistress. She was so relaxed around him. He decided in that moment he would do whatever Raven wanted while he was here, then what Gabriel wanted when he returned to his training with him. Hell, he would suck Gabriel's cock for the chance to be Mistress Delilah's submissive.

Chapter Seventeen

Raven was busy working in his office. He planned to do all his working from his office while Michael was here. After he told Michael about Gabriel's plans of giving him to Delilah, Michael's attitude drastically changed. Raven was surprised how long Michael stayed in those chains. Raven was the one who finally unchained him. It was unhealthy to leave a submissive chained up for long periods of time, there was danger of losing circulation or hurting muscle.

Raven told Tara to let Michael sleep this morning. She went about cleaning quietly as not to wake him. Raven spent a good portion of the morning on the phone taking care of work. He needed some time off. He was busy on his computer when he heard Tara squeal. He bolted from his desk and hurried out into the foyer. He stopped abruptly seeing Michael holding Tara up on his shoulders so she could water a plant that was particularly high up.

"Why don't you use the long water hose?" Raven asked.

Michael gently put her down and she came instantly to her knees. Michael bowed his head in respect.

"Master, I broke the watering hose."

"How?"

She looked at the floor. "I tripped and fell on it."

"Are you alright?"

"Yes Master. I'm fine."

"Since you are up now Michael, you will help Tara with her chores."

"Yes Sir."

"Be careful, my submissive."

“I will be, Master.”

Raven went back into his office.

“Is he a good Master? Everyone seems to talk highly of him.”

“He is a wonderful Master. I’m new to this lifestyle and he has been a great teacher and very patient.”

“What would you like me to do?”

“Well, you can start cleaning the kitchen if you want.”

Michael went right to work. Tara came into the kitchen and helped.

“Michael, you said you were a firefighter. How do you go to work while training?”

“I worked it out already with Gabriel. I am working part-time for the next two years. I work two-twenty-four shifts on Mondays and Tuesdays and then I have the rest of the week off. That is if I’m lucky enough to get a Mistress. If not I guess I will go back to full time after my year of training is over. What did you do?”

“I quit my job. I can always find another one if I had to. I don’t have a career like you do.”

Michael looked at her as she came down to her knee when Raven came into the room.

“Is there anything you need, Master?” Tara asked.

“Some coffee would be nice.”

Michael watched as she quickly got up and went to get Raven coffee. His gaze followed her as she brought him his coffee then came to her knees beside him.

“Sir, may I ask a question?”

“Go ahead.”

“Does she always kneel beside you?”

“Yes, unless I say otherwise or if it is just not possible for her to do so and of course if we go out anywhere that doesn’t deal with the club.”

“Are all dominants like that?”

“I don’t know what other dominants set for rules. Some only require the standard standing stance and the submissive only kneels when told to. Some make their submissive crawl, which I am firmly against. There is no need for that unless the submissive likes it. From what I have seen of Delilah, it seems like Tram kneels on command, otherwise he does the standard standing stance.”

“Thank you for explaining, Sir.”

“You’re welcome.”

Raven reached down and stroked Tara’s hair. “I have something I want you to wear, Tara.” Raven grabbed a small box and opened it “This is a clit chain. Take off your skirt.”

Tara stood and took off her skirt.

Michael was surprised that she would just get naked like that right in front of him. It didn’t seem to bother her at all to do so.

“You are not to take this off.” Raven attached the delicate chain to her hips first. “You are not to come while you have this on. I catch you pleasuring yourself and I will spank you until your ass glows red.” He attached a second link of delicate chain to the front part of the hip chain. He turned her around reached under and pulled the chain to the back attaching it. He turned her back around. “As you move the chain will rub against your clit.” He stood up and playfully smacked on her ass. “Put your skirt back on and get back to your chores. Remember no coming, my submissive.”

“Yes Master.”

“Michael, Delilah sent this over.” Raven took out the strange looking cock ring. “I can help you put this on if you want.”

“I think you might have to I don’t even know what that is.”

“It’s called the cock tease. I loved torturing Alex with this. Drop your pants, boy.”

Michael unzipped his jeans and pulled them down. He wasn’t wearing underwear. Raven looked at Michael’s enormous cock.

“Well, I would say you are well proportion.” Raven smiled seeing Tara admiring Michael’s impressive cock. “Get hard, boy.”

“I...”

“Tara, would you please help him.”

“Yes Master.”

Tara came down to her knees in front of Michael and took his cock into her mouth.

“Don’t come, boy. Trust me, Mistresses just love to make their submissives wait to come.”

“Masters too,” Tara added then she went back to sucking on Michael.

Raven chuckled.

“You are getting pretty damn hard now, aren’t you, boy?”

“Yes Sir. Mmmm, ahh.”

“Don’t come. She is pretty darn good at that isn’t she?”

“Oh damn, yes Sir.”

“Tara can you take all of him? If you can deep throat me you might be able to do the same to him.”

“Fuck...” Michael growled as he bit his lip.

“Almost there.” Raven gently stroked her hair. “You swallow that monster cock and I will eat your pussy until you beg me to stop.”

“God damn it, oh...” Michael thought of gross things trying to keep himself from coming. “Holy hell!” Michael moaned when Tara took every last inch on him down her throat.

“Please, I’m going to...oh fuck...come.”

“You best show him some mercy, Tara. Tonight, I will eat that pretty little pussy until you scream, since you were such a good girl.”

“Thank you, Master.” The chain did rub against her clit putting her in a constant state of arousal. This was going to be a very long day.

“Have you gained control back?”

“Yes Sir.”

Michael was surprised when Raven grabbed his cock and slid the cock ring on. He handed Michael the remote for the device. “Hold this.” Raven attached the second small clamp right under the head of Michael’s cock.

“Yes Sir. What is it?”

“The remote. Tara, get me some lube.”

“Yes Master.”

“Lube, what for?”

“This part goes in your ass.” Raven held up the butt plug, which was attached to the two band cock ring by a thin chain.

“What?”

“You are going to have a lot of things shoved up your ass when you get a Mistress. Masters aren’t the only ones who enjoy fucking their submissive’s ass. Turn around.”

“You are going to put that in my ass.”

“Yep, now turn around. I’m not going to ass rape you, boy. Turn the fuck around. It’s easier to have someone else put this thing in.”

Michael hesitated.

“Jesus Christ. I will have Tara do it if it makes you feel better.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“Tara, lubed this up and put it up his ass. He is too shy to have me do it.”

“Yes Master.”

“Turn around and bend over, boy.”

Michael turned around and placed his hands on the table.

“You got a nice ass,” Raven said.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Michael grunted when Tara stuck her fingers up his ass.

“I have to put the lube up there or it will be uncomfortable when I insert the plug.”

Michael just nodded his head.

“Master, which way does this go?”

“Just like this.”

“Thank you, Master. I’m going to insert it now. Try to relax. I learned it is less uncomfortable if you relax.”

Michael took a deep breath. He grunted again when she inserted the plug.

“Alright pull your pants up slowly.”

“Yes Sir.” Michael did slowly pulled his pants back up and zipped them up.

“Alright boy, every half hour I want you to push that button. If I don’t hear you moan every half hour, you will earn lashes.”

“Lashes of what?”

“Whip or cane, your choice.” Raven went to Tara and pulled her to him. “I want you to think about my tongue in that sweet pussy all day.” Raven reached under her skirt and gave the chain a tug.

“Oh!” Tara gasped.

“Don’t come, my submissive,” Raven said in a deep sultry voice.

“Yes Master,” she whispered.

When he left the room she sat down to gain control.

“Are you alright?”

“I almost came.” She took a deep breath. “I have never seen that thing you are wearing before. I’m curious to see what it does.”

“To be honest, I am too. “

“We have to get back to work.” Every movement she made rubbed the chain against her clit. She had to stop and regain control a lot.

They were busy finishing up the kitchen when Michael pressed the button.

“Oh shit...damn...fuuuuck!” Michael gritted his teeth. The vibration from the two cock rings and plug was almost too much. He didn’t know how long this was going to last, but he prayed not too long. “Ahsss...mmm, damn it!” He took a deep breath when the vibration stopped. He took several deep breaths.

“Good boy!” they heard Raven shout out.

“Whoa, that was intense,” Tara said.

Michael came down to his knees and leaned up against the cabinet. There was no way he was sitting down with this plug in his ass. “Oh shit, I don’t know if I’m going to make it through a whole day of that without coming.”

Tara sat down next to him. “You got a half hour to recover.”

“Thank God for that.” Michael could smell her arousal making his cock harder. He stood up. “What else do we need to do?”

“I have already cleaned up quite a lot already. The exercise room is the only thing left.”

They went to the exercise room. Tara had to calm herself before she came.

“This damn chain,” she said quietly.

“Wow, this is an awesome home gym.”

“Master likes to workout.”

“He looks like he works out a lot.”

Tara got the cleaning supplies.

“I happen to notice there is lube, dildos and other assorted sex toys in every room.”

“I make sure every room has these things and that they are ready to be used at all times.”

“Why?”

“In case Master wants to have me. I will do whatever he wants whenever he wants.” She handed Michael some cleaning supplies.

He watched her trying to regain her composure. He started cleaning the workout machines. He was very impressed with Raven's home gym. He wished he could afford a setup like this.

"It's been a half hour, Michael."

"Oh, thank you for reminding me." He pressed the button and braced himself for the onslaught of sensations. "Ah!....mmmm," he growled as he leaned up against one of the machines. He opened his eyes to see Tara looking at him. She was flushed with arousal. "God damn it I'm not going to make it."

"Yes you will."

"No I won't with you standing there. Fuck, fuck..." To his surprise he managed to hold on. But his cock ached with need. He cleared his mind and went back to work.

They worked steadily both of them trying to contain their arousal. Tara walked over to hand him the polish for the weights. She didn't realize that he had pushed the button.

"Mmssss, damn it.!" Michael growled.

She set the polish down and went to walk away. She gasped when he grabbed her. He pinned her to the weight bench and rutted against her.

"Fuck....Ahyesmmm!!" he thundered as he came so hard it made his body quiver. After he caught his breath he quickly got off her. "Oh, I'm sorry, did I hurt you?" He saw her biting her lip really hard. "Damn, I hurt you didn't I?"

"No...I'm just trying not to come."

"Oh." He remained quiet until she got control of herself.

"Your sex sounds are hot. You growl a lot and swear a lot."

"Oh damn, we better change the subject and in a hurry," Michael said.

"What the hell?!" Raven said as he came into the room.

"Sir, I'm sorry, I guess I earned a lash."

Raven calmed down when he saw Tara was alright.

“Apparently so.” Raven looked at the wet spot on Michael’s jeans. “Keep track of your lashes.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Tara, skirt off, on the weight bench now.”

Tara trembled she loved his deep voice. She quickly obeyed. Raven got on his knees. He moved the chain over and drove his tongue into her wetness. He smiled when he heard both Michael and Tara moan. He sucked her clit, her pussy lips, then licked every part of her pussy. She came two times already. He licked her pussy up and down, then made a detour to her ass.

“Master!” she cried out.

He licked back up, paying extra attention to her clit. When she came again, he started to tongue fuck her pussy.

“Master, please stop, please.”

He lifted his head up and growled. He stood and removed his pants. “How many strokes now, boy?”

“Three Sir.” Raven lifted Tara up and sat down on the weight bench taking her with him. He eased her onto his cock. “Ride me,” he growled.

“Yes Master.”

“Oh come on,” Michael said his cock getting hard again watching Tara riding Raven’s cock.

“Check the clock, boy.”

Michael groaned then pressed the buzzer. He couldn’t stop his orgasm no matter how hard he fought. The smell of sex was heavy in the air. Her moans, Raven growls, made his cock hard again.

Tara cried out followed shortly by Raven’s thunderous moan.

Michael noticed the vibrations were getting longer. He was coming again. The sensations were too much, too intense. “Red light!” he cried out as he lay on the floor.

Raven quickly went to him and grabbed the remote hitting the code to make it stop. He pulled down Michael's pants. "I will get this off. Breathe, deep breaths, come on, boy. I'm right here. I'm taking this cock ring off. Turn over for me. Keep breathing."

Michael felt himself calming down. Raven's voice was strangely soothing. He could feel Tara gently stroking his hair.

"The plug is coming out. Relax." Raven quickly removed the plug. "Are you alright?"

"Wow, I must seem like a big pussy to you," Michael said.

"No you don't. Alex used his safe words the first few times I put him the cock tease on him. Now you two go clean up."

"Yes Master."

"Yes Sir."

Gabriel called and said he was coming today to pick up Michael. He knew Raven would calm the guy down a bit.

Tara showed Gabriel and another man in. She looked up at the big man who was wearing black leather.

"She is Raven's?" the strange man asked.

"Yes she is."

Tara hurried to get Raven. "Master Gabriel is here with a tall man who is wearing all black."

Raven looked puzzled as he got up. He walked into the foyer. "God damn it," he muttered under his breath. "Tara, go to my room."

"Yes Master."

He waited for her to leave then he went over to Gabriel. "Why is he here?"

“I invited him,” Gabriel said.

“I see you remember me.”

“Yeah, you sadistic piece of shit.”

“Raven is that any way to talk to Rex.”

“Go back to your S&M club, Rex.”

“You are feisty,” Rex smiled at him.

“Why is he here?” Raven said more sternly.

“I want to see how much Michael can take. Plus, it will serve as a warning to him if he hurts Delilah.”

Michael stopped just out of view and listened.

“He isn’t going to hurt her,” Raven said.

“You know that for a fact? You should have seen what he did to one of my helpers. The other one was lucky enough to get away from him.”

“You would have thrown him out if you thought he did that unprovoked.”

“Even so, I want to make sure he knows what is going to happen to him.”

“God damn it Gabriel, you are letting your judgment get skewed. I had Delilah come over and spend time with him. He was harmless.”

“Why would you have Delilah help you?”

Raven couldn’t very well tell Gabriel the truth. “Michael wants a Mistress so I thought it would help if he was around one for a little while. For what I gathered you have had him train with only men so far.”

“Did she seem to like him?”

“Yeah, it appeared that way to me.”

“Bring him here.”

“Not if you are going to let that scumbag beat him. That will serve no purpose.”

“You are going to make me blush with your flattery,” Rex said.

“Rex, wait in the limo.”

“Sure, this is boring me anyways.” Rex left the house.

“Gabriel, I don’t understand why you associate with him.”

“Raven, he runs an S&M club, not my cup of tea, but hey.”

“Said the man who wields a whip like a pro.”

“You know the difference between us and the hard core S&M crowd. And since you seemed to have done well with Michael I will indulge you with an answer. I have a lot of people putting applications into join my club. A safe place to explore the dominant/submissive relationship, it’s no doubt why there are so many of them. As the applicants are screened by my assistants they weed them out. The ones they identify as pain sluts or pain junkies are sent over to me.”

“Pain junky?”

“It’s a name I have given to the dominants that seem to only get off on giving pain.”

“Oh, anyways please go on.”

“I make sure these people are not psychos and if they check out I send them to Rex’s club. You know I don’t allow pain sluts and pain junkies in my club. But, they do need a club where they can play safely too. Rex provides this and has done a great job of it too. So before you go judging people so harshly, you should get all the facts first.”

“You’re right. Still, I’m pretty sure Michael isn’t a pain slut, so why have him worked over by Rex.”

“I just wanted to see your reaction. Your compassion is awe-inspiring.” Gabriel smiled at him.

Raven felt his blood start to boil. Damn Gabriel and his stupid games. “What if I didn’t say anything?”

“I know you. I just was curious to see how far you would have let it go.” Gabriel moved closer to Raven. “Mmm, you are so damn sexy when you are angry.”

Michael watched Gabriel obviously putting the moves on Raven.

“You are lucky, you are who you are,” Raven said harshly.

“Or what?”

“I would have kicked your ass by now.”

Gabriel laughed as he pulled Raven to him. Raven lightly pushed him away and put distance between them.

“Ah, I’m trying to kiss and make up.” Gabriel moved closer to him again trapping him against the wall.

“You can kiss my ass.”

Raven was shocked when Gabriel turned him around and pushed him harder against the wall. Gabriel squatted down and bite Raven’s jean clad ass. Gabriel stood back up and pressed himself against Raven.

“Sir?” Michael came into the room.

Gabriel stepped away from Raven. “Bad timing, boy,” Gabriel growled.

“Sorry Sir.”

“I like the tease, Raven.” Gabriel smiled at him. “Michael say your goodbyes to Raven and come out to the car, you have ten minutes.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

Raven called up for Tara and she quickly came down the stairs.

“Say goodbye to Michael.”

She went over to Michael had hug him tightly. “It was nice having you here.”

“I really enjoyed being here.”

Michael went over to Raven and bowed his head. “Sir, thank you for allowing me to stay.”

“It was my pleasure, boy.”

Michael didn't understand what was going on between Gabriel and Raven, he just knew it was none of his business. He grabbed his duffle bag and left the house.

"He was very nice," Tara said.

"Yeah he was. I called Alex and told him about Michael. It seemed to ease his worry. Now, my submissive, you got ten seconds to get up to my room, get naked, and lying on my bed. I want to fuck the hell out of you then sleep with you in my arms." Raven smiled seeing Tara race up the stairs.

Chapter Eighteen

Tara looked at all the kinky things that filled the walls of the shop. *The Fantasy Realm*, was the best sex toy store around. Tara wandered because of the name of the store, how many people who loved all things fantasy came in here, hoping to find the latest fantasy novel, movie ect., and was totally shock to see what was really sold here. There was no way to tell from the front of the building. The windows were painted black to give customers privacy. Tara started to chuckle thinking about it.

"What is so funny, my submissive."

"I was wondering because of the name of the store if unsuspecting customers came in here and was shocked by what is really sold here."

"Oh yeah, Ted said that happens all the time."

"Raven, it's nice to see you again."

"Hey Ted, do you have my order ready?"

"I will go see if they have it ready yet." Raven looked over and saw Tara looking at the various dildos then her gaze scanning the store.

"Anything catch your eye?"

“You have a lot of these things already. Did you come in here and buy one of everything, Master?”

“I’m darn close to having everything in here, I think.”

“Here you go Raven. I will have my boy take it to your car for you.”

The young man picked up the good-sized box and headed out of the store. Raven and Tara followed him. Raven popped the trunk and the young man placed the box inside.

“Sir.”

“Thank you, boy.” Raven closed the trunk and opened the passenger side door for Tara.

“Thank you, Sir.” Tara remembered that they were in town and she was to call him Sir and not Master.

Raven climbed into the car and buckled himself in.

Tara couldn’t stop looking at him. He looked so good in his jeans and well fitting black shirt.

Raven turned on the radio.

Tara knew when he did that he wanted no talking. She sat quietly and looked out the window. They drove into a quaint part of town. Raven pulled over and paralleled parked. This part of town was nice.

“Stay in the car, Tara. I will be right back.”

“Yes Sir.”

She watched Raven go into the flower shop. She enjoyed watching him walk, hell she simply enjoyed watching him do everything. It didn’t take Raven long to come back.

He handed her one of the bouquets of flowers. “For you.” He smiled. He placed the other bouquet onto the back seat.

“Thank you, Sir.” Tara breathed in the roses’ heavenly scent.

They drove home. He got out of the car then walked to the other side and opened her door and offered her his hand. She smiled as he helped her out of the car. She remembered when

they attended another Master's party. He was shocked that Raven wasn't having Tara open all the doors for him. Raven replied, *that he was a gentleman and it is polite to open a door for a lady*. That statement shut the other Master right up.

Raven opened the trunk and took the box out. Tara hurried up the front door and punched in the code to open the door. She quickly went inside and held the door open for him. He set the box down on the living room table.

"Go put your flowers in some water, my submissive."

"Yes Master." She grabbed the vase she always put the flowers Master gave her into. After she filled it with water and put the roses into it she placed the vase on the small table in the foyer. Then she went into the living room curious about what was in the box.

Her eyes opened wide to see all the leather clothes, the large riding crop, strange looking boots.

"Who are the clothes for, Master?"

"You."

He removed the leather flogger, whip, one very large and strange looking dildo. He placed the clothes back into the box. "Put these in your closet. There are seven outfits in there and I want to see you in them throughout next week."

"Yes Master." She grabbed the box and headed upstairs to her room. She placed the box on the bed. She went over to her closet and grabbed seven of the hangers made for leather and rubber. She took the hangers back to the bed.

She gasped pulling out the rubber body suit. "Oh great, this will emphasize my abundant curves." She placed it on the hanger and grabbed the next one. It looked like a leather bikini with lots and lots of small chains all over it. The next one was... "Oh my God you got to be kidding me." She held up the leather chaps. She looked in the box praying there was something else that went with this. There was a satin black bra and a leather thong. She placed them on the chaps. She picked up the next outfit. It was a leather dress, she sighed with relief, but that was short

lived when she saw the front of the dress, her breasts would have nothing covering them. She set the dress on the bed. The next outfit was a sexy maid's uniform "Oh nice." She smiled. She grabbed the next one it was a long dress which was completely see through. She looked in the box all that was left were thigh high leather boots and two sets of nipple clamps. She assumed one set of nipple clamps were for the dress that would show her bare breasts off. She hung them in the closet.

She went back to the bed and looked at the boots and nipple clamps. "That can't be one of the outfits." She checked the box again there was nothing else inside.

"Tara."

"Coming Master." She hurried out of her room and went to him, coming down to her knees in front him.

"Did you figure out the seven outfits?"

"Well all but one. I think a piece of it must be missing."

"What outfit would that be?"

"There is a pair of thigh high leather boots and a set of nipple clamps."

"That's one of the outfits."

"Oh..."

"You will look so hot in that," he purred as he gently stroked her cheek. "I believe you are blushing, my submissive." He chuckled. He petted her then went up to his room. "Stay where you are."

"Yes Master."

Raven came back down in twenty minutes. He was wearing the leather pants and snug fitting T-shirt that always made Tara's pussy wet.

"We are going over to Alex's house. Are you ready?"

"Yes Master." She stood then followed him out the door.

They got into the car and headed for Alex's house.

“Master, where is Jacob?”

“He requested the weekend off. It’s his and Emily’s anniversary tomorrow.”

“How long have they been married?”

“Twenty-five years.”

“Wow. I wish I knew about their anniversary I would have given them a gift.”

“Don’t worry I sent something over to them from the both of us.”

They pulled up to Alex’s house. Tara watched Raven grabbed the other bouquet of bright yellow flowers. He opened the door for her and then she followed him up to the door.

“Good evening, Master Raven,” Lucian said as he greeted them at the door.

“Hello Lucian. Where is your Master?” Raven asked as Lucian showed them in.

“He is cussing at the steak he was trying to prepare. I told him I would be happy to make dinner tonight and he just growled at me, my cue to shut up.”

“Tara, stay here for a moment.”

“Yes Master.” Tara smiled at Lucian. From where they were standing they could see into kitchen. Tara saw Raven giving Alex the flowers. Alex seemed very happy to receive them. Alex disappeared then came back a couple moments later. Tara gasped seeing Raven pull Alex into his arms and kissed him like lovers would do. It seemed like an eternity before they finally stopped kissing each other. She has seen Raven and Alex together many times, but never like that.

“Tara.”

Tara hurried over to him. He held her tightly to him and kissed her. This made her instantly relax.

“Alright, the plan was I was going to cook you dinner. I did know how to cook once.”

“Well, sort of,” Raven said.

“What does that mean?”

“I’m just saying that we went out to eat a lot when you were my submissive.” Raven smiled hearing Lucian chuckle.

“You think that is funny, boy?”

“Yes Master I do.”

“Get over here.” Alex sat down on the chair and bent Lucian over his knee. He swatted him a couple of times.

“You still think that’s funny?”

“Yes Master.”

Alex pushed Lucian off his lap. “You get to clean up this mess I made.”

“Right away, Master.”

“I guess I’m ordering dinner.”

“Tara help poor Lucian.”

“Yes Master.”

She could hear Alex ordering dinner as she helped Lucian clean up. They both turned around when they heard someone banged into the wall. They both quickly looked and saw that Raven had Alex pinned to the wall kissing him.

“That is very distracting,” Alex said when Raven let him go.

“I know.”

“We got thirty minutes before dinner is ready.” Alex grabbed Raven’s hand and led him out of the room.

She turned back to Lucian. She was terribly confused.

“Did you not know about Raven and Master? Master danced around the house for days after Raven call him lover.”

“Lover?”

“That was what Master wanted so badly.”

“Aren’t you jealous?”

“Of course not. Master is happy. That’s all that matters to me. Are you?”

“I guess I should be, but I’m not. I’m aroused but that’s all.”

“You shouldn’t feel confused. You want to see your Master happy that’s all.”

“Master has been more at ease, like a huge weight was lifted from his shoulder.”

“Oh God yes, Raven! Don’t stop... of fuck don’t stop.” They heard Alex scream.

Tara reached over and cupped Lucian’s cock through his jeans. His cock was so freaking hard. She quickly unzipped his jeans and stuck her hand inside. She grabbed his cock and started stroking.

“Raven...yes...ah!” Alex cried out.

“Don’t come yet,” Raven purred.

Tara looked up into Lucian’s face. The pleasure sounds of his Master were really getting him going. She continued to stroke him.

“Harder please,” Lucian said as he thrust against her hand.

“Deeper, oh yeah, Raven. Like that, oh like that,” Alex growled.

“Master...” Lucian moaned. “I wish I could see them. Tara, please don’t stop.” Lucian’s breath became labored as he thrust faster as she stroked him.

“Oaahh, I’m going to come...faster, faster, harder baby,” Alex moaned.

Tara felt Lucian’s body tremble.

“I’m right there...yeah...yeah...fuck yeah!!” Alex thundered.

Lucian came so hard his cum shooting across the floor. He took several deep breaths as Tara put his cock back into his pants. “Thank you, Tara.”

“That was hot,” she said softly.

Lucian remained leaning against the counter. Tara cupped his balls through his jeans gently kneading them as he came down from his pleasure high.

Alex kissed Raven then pulled his jeans back on. “That was good.” He took another kiss from Raven.

“Mmm, but I better clean up.”

Alex walked into the kitchen he froze seeing Lucian and Tara. It was obvious she had gotten him off somehow.

“Did I tell you could come?”

“I’m sorry Master. I needed to so badly, hearing you being pleased. I’m sorry.”

“Did you come the same time I did, boy?”

“Yes Master.” Lucian was still breathing hard.

Alex walked over to them. “Thanks sweetie,” he said as he smiled at Tara.

“Master.”

“You look so fucking good after you come.” Alex licked Lucian’s lips and grabbed Lucian’s cock through his jeans. “Mmm, you are already hard again.”

“You do this to me, Master. Every time you are near, every time I hear your voice, every time you touch me, hell every time I think of you.”

“That’s making my cock hard.”

“Tara, be a sweetheart and get the door when the delivery boy shows up. It’s already paid for.”

“Yes Sir.” Tara left the room to wait in the foyer.

“Are you aching for me, yet?”

“Yes Master.”

Alex slowly undid Lucian’s pants. “What do you want me to do to you?”

“Anything Master, but please hurry.”

“Oh no...no, you got to be more specific than that. What do you want me to do to you, boy?” Alex searched Lucian’s eyes then he licked Lucian’s lip. “Hurry boy, tell me.”

“I want...” Lucian looked away.

“Want what? Come on tell me,” Alex’s voice was so smooth, so sexy, driving Lucian to distraction. “Hurry we don’t have much time.”

“I...ah...want to feel...oh Master...I want to feel your mouth on my cock.”

“Is that what you want?”

“Yes Master, please Master.”

Lucian’s breath caught as Alex slowly moved down his body until he was squatting down in front of him. “Master...” Lucian moaned loudly the second Alex wrapped his mouth around Lucian’s cock. He could hear Tara moaning and begging, but the only thing he was focusing on was not coming. Alex was very skilled at sucking cock.

“Master...yes...ahah yesss.” Lucian grabbed the edge of the counter tightly when Alex started to hum as he sucked. “Master, I’m going to come...I can’t stop it.” He came so hard shooting it into Alex’s mouth. His legs felt so wobbly.

Alex came up to his feet and grabbed Lucian before he fell down. “Damn I say you enjoyed that.”

“Thanks Master, thank you.”

He set Lucian on a chair. “Give yourself a moment, boy. Then go clean up.” Alex walked into the living room seeing Tara lying on the sofa looking very sated. Raven sat next to her and gently stroked her hair.

“It’s a good thing that delivery boy is late,” Alex said, just as the doorbell rang. “Speak of the devil.” Alex went to the door and tipped the boy then he took the food to the kitchen. Lucian wasn’t there.

“That smells good,” Raven said.

Tara came into the kitchen then quickly set out the food.

“I’m glad she recovers fast,” Alex said.

“Where Lucian go?” Raven asked.

“I think my blowjob was too much for the poor thing.”

“You are very good at it.”

“Thank you.” Alex smiled. “Thank you, sweetie. Will you go see if poor Lucian’s alright. He is probably cleaning up in his bathroom.”

“Yes Sir.” Tara hurried out of the room and up to Lucian’s room. She knocked softly.

“Come in.”

She went in and saw Lucian brushing out his hair. “Master Alex told me to come see if you are alright.”

“I’m fine. Did dinner arrive yet?”

“Yeah, don’t worry I set the food out.”

“Thank you.”

“Are you alright, Lucian?”

“I only have one more month of our contract. The closer it gets the more frighten I become.”

“Me too.”

“I want to stay with Master. But I don’t dare hope that he will offer me his collar.”

Tara grabbed Lucian’s hand. “I understand completely. I want to stay with my Master too. I can’t hope that he will offer me a collar. He has never given any submissive his collar in all the time he has been a Master.”

“We will have to give each other strength. Whatever happens I want to remain friends with you. You have helped me so much through all of this.”

“You have no idea how much you have helped me. I promise we will remain friends whatever happens.” She held up her pinky. “Come on, you got to pinky swear on it to make it official.”

Lucian laughed softly and locked pinkies with her. “I pinky swear to always be your friend.”

“I pinky swear to always be your friend,” Tara said.

Alex watched the two for moment. “What are you two doing? Dinner is getting cold get your asses downstairs or I will spank both of you.”

They quickly left the room and headed downstairs. Alex causally followed. He couldn't help but wonder what that was all about. He decided it was between those two and left it at that.

Chapter Nineteen

Tomorrow was the day. Tara felt nauseated. Gabriel was having a driver go collect all the submissives. He wanted both dominants and submissive to have time to think alone. This was a big decision.

Raven was already gone. The dominants couldn't see their submissives off. This day was for thinking about what they were going to do and nothing else.

Tara heard the knock on the door. She took her small bag which carried her outfit for tomorrow and her grooming items. She nodded at the young woman when she answered the door. Tara followed her out then turned to shut the door. Tears were threatening to spill forth as she locked the door.

"Come on, Tara," the woman said.

"Yes Ma'am." Tara followed her to the limo and got in. She was relieved to see Lucian in the car. There were a couple other submissives but she didn't know any of them. She sat next to Lucian and he grabbed her hand. She squeezed his hand as the car took off.

Raven came home later in the afternoon. The house seemed empty without Tara bustling about. A part of him wanted to collar her, yet another part was terrified to. This was going to be a long night.

All the submissive stayed in Gabriel's guesthouse. Nobody really talked too much. Everyone was deep in thought. Lucian snuggled with her at night and she was grateful for the comfort.

The male submissives were sent to another part of the house to get ready. Tara wished Lucian could stay with her. She looked over at the other submissives getting dressed. Their dominants provided the outfits for them. All the outfits were skimpy, leather and chains. Tara looked into her bag and saw a very classy business dress. She smiled seeing the shackles cuffs that she was suppose to wear as bracelets, just a touch of kink.

When everyone was ready the limos were ready to take them to the club. Tara saw the men coming out. They too wore lots of leather, chains and down right kinky outfits. Lucian stood out wearing his jeans and small chains crisscrossing his chest. He hurried over to her.

"You look really pretty, Tara," he said as he grabbed her hand.

"You look downright hot."

He smiled and led her to the car.

The ride seemed to take forever. Her heart pounded when they pulled into the club. Lucian helped her out of the car.

Gabriel's helpers led them to the stone slabs they used for the auction. Lucian kissed her hand then went over to where the men were.

It was hard to believe it has been a year. It was appropriate to end their journey where it began. She found herself praying that Raven would collar her. She didn't want any other Master but him. What was she going to do if he didn't collar her?

Everyone bowed as Gabriel entered the room.

"It looks like you all have learned something this year. You have grown and no doubt know whether or not you will want to continue being a submissive. If the dominant you have served is the one you should serve. Remember this, remember how you've grown and what you

have learned. Even if your dominant doesn't give you his or her collar. Tomorrow will be another auction another chance to find your perfect dominant. Now prepare yourselves."

Tara looked over to Lucian. He was terrified. His eyes were closed as if he was concentrating very hard. Next to Lucian was Tram. He seemed nervous too. Even though Tram wasn't auctioned off but given to Mistress Delilah, he had the same doubts and fears as all the rest of them.

"Greeting position," one of the helpers called out.

Tara slowly came down to her knees. She took deep breaths to calm herself. The first Master came in and went to his female submissive. He placed a bracelet on her, within seconds she started to wail uncontrollably. A bracelet meant the Master did not want to collar the submissive. Tara felt so sorry for the young woman. One of the helpers took the woman out of the room.

Another Master came out this time going over to the men. He reached over and handed his collar to a young man. The smile on the young man's face said everything. Tara could hear the young man saying yes. The Master went behind him and placed the very pretty collar on him, then the submissive stood. The Master grabbed his hand and left the room.

On and on this went. Some Masters not giving their collars, others did. Some submissive took the collar, other didn't.

Tara's breath caught when Alex came. He walked over to Lucian and paused. He handed his collar to Lucian. He immediately said yes. Tara smiled feeling so happy for them. Alex placed the collar on Lucian then he picked Lucian up. He set him down gently then led him from the room.

Mistress Delilah came into the room. She was the only Mistress here. She walked over to Tram and handed him her collar. She didn't hesitate for a moment and he didn't hesitate saying yes. She placed his collar on. He stood and then hopped down off the stone slab then helped her down. They both left the room.

Tara noticed that she was the only one left. She was puzzled when Gabriel came over to her. She bowed her head.

“It seems as though Raven is late. I will give him ten more minutes then he will forfeit his right to collar you.”

“Yes Sir.”

He wasn’t coming. She could feel it. She tried to contain her tears. She wasn’t going to cry or wail, like the other rejected submissives had done.

“Master...” Lucian grabbed Alex’s arm.

“Where the fuck is he?” Alex tried calling Raven again, but still no answer. “It’s okay, my Lucian, if he doesn’t show up we’ll take her home with us, so she doesn’t have to be alone.”

Time was almost up. Tara wished it would be so she could just get this over with.

“Tara, I’m sorry I’m so late. I forgot to pick this up yesterday.”

She looked up and saw Raven standing there holding out his collar.

“Honor me by allowing me to be your Master.”

“Yes.” She started to cry. She felt the coolness of the gold as he attached the elegant collar to her. He climbed down then lifted her up holding her in his arms.

“Mine,” he growled as he kissed her deeply.

“Yes Master. I’m yours.”

He held her tightly. “Mine,” he said more gently as he nuzzled his face against hers.

“Always, Master.”

He gently set her down.

“About fucking time you got here,” Alex said. “Let me see this collar.” Alex ran his fingers over Tara’s gold collar with admiration and a hint of sadness.

“We must celebrate, my lover. We are both honest-to-goodness Masters now.”

Tara saw how that one word *lover* erased any hint of sadness in Alex’s eyes.

“Congratulations, sweetie. You should be honored you are the first one to ever wear his collar.”

“Thank you. Lucian is the first one to wear your collar, Master Alex.”

“I guess he is.” Alex smiled warmly at her then he grabbed Lucian.

Tara smiled at Lucian and wondered if she beamed like he did. When Raven attached his leash to her collar, she knew she was most certainly beaming with pride and love for her Master.

“I am proud of you, Delilah,” Gabriel said as he led her to his office. “Tram you have done very well too.”

“Thank you, Sir.”

“I have a surprise for you, Delilah. This gift shows how much I have faith in your skill as a Mistress.” Gabriel gestured to the door and Donald hurried out of the room. Within moments he came back with Michael.

“Michael, meet your new Mistress.”

“Thank you, Sir.” Michael went over to Delilah and knelt beside her.

Tram looked over at Michael then up to Delilah. He couldn’t read what she was thinking.

“Do you think I’m experienced enough for two submissives?” she asked.

“Of course I do or otherwise I wouldn’t have given you Michael to train.” Gabriel pulled out a piece a paper. “Michael, did you read over the standard contract?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Do you want to sign it?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Delilah, do wish to have Michael as your submissive?”

Delilah looked at Tram. She had just collared him. They should be celebrating, not making a big decision.

“Tram, you are Delilah’s collared submissive. You take precedence over Michael.”

Tram just nodded.

“Are you sure you want to be my submissive?” Delilah asked Michael.

“Yes Mistress. You are very relaxed around me. I know you will train me well.”

Gabriel handed her a pen, knowing very well she couldn’t say no to Michael now.

Delilah grabbed the pen and signed then she handed it to Michael. He didn’t hesitate to sign it.

“There, he is yours to train. If you need help just call me.”

“Thanks Master Gabriel.”

Gabriel smiled at her.

Tram became very tense. He didn’t like the way Gabriel looked at Delilah.

“Let’s go, my submissives.” Delilah stood and then left the room, and they followed her.

“This is going to be interesting,” Gabriel said.

THE END

To read Mistress Delilah’s Journal go to <http://mistressdelilahjournal.blogspot.com/>

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