

ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

J.W. McKenna

MY *Pet*

MY PET
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Chapter One

“Are you ready to obey, my pet?” The words came across the screen, sending a thrill through Annette Ryder. She had been corresponding with “Mr. Paul” for two months now, falling deeper under his spell.

He was a Dom, of course. Meeting him had been the next logical step in her self-education. Her long-suppressed urgings had finally surfaced last year, leading her to explore BDSM websites, to see if she could better understand her feelings of submissiveness. At first, she had only been drawn to the erotic stories posted online. They spoke to her somehow, satisfying a deep yearning she couldn’t explain. Her favorite stories explored women who were captured, tied-up, overpowered or made to obey a strong, handsome man. Reading them, her imagination worked overtime, and she always could bring herself to a very satisfying orgasm. It went against everything she had been taught, yet it remained, gnawing at her, making her feel incomplete somehow.

Annette couldn’t explain why she felt this way—she didn’t consider herself a woman with a low self-esteem as she imagined many submissives might be. She was a cute, petite, ash blonde with medium-sized, well-shaped breasts and a “tushy” that made men drool. She had been a gymnast when she was in high school and now, at age twenty-seven, she still kept herself in good shape through diet and exercise. She enjoyed holding her own among men at her job as a secretary at a large office. She dated, but did not surrender herself to men. She considered herself to be an independent woman.

Yet there remained a part of her that wanted a strong, handsome man to take her—rip off her clothes, wrap her up in his arms, toss her down on the bed and thrust himself into her like an animal, his big cock sliding into her wetness, filling her up. He’d ignore her bleating protests and fuck her like she was meant to be fucked. If she fought too hard, he’d spank her as well, until her ass glowed red and she begged him to stop. He would own her. She would be his toy, to be used at his pleasure. The mere thought made her wet and fueled many a late-night, erotic fantasy.

After several months, secretly reading stories online and masturbating regularly, she began to desire more. The stories had become too static, too safe. She needed someone to share her thoughts and secrets with. That led to further exploration into the heart of BDSM chat rooms.

When she had first met Mr. Paul, she’d been extremely cautious. After all, he could be a pervert or a FBI agent for all she knew. So they talked at length before she began to open up. They emailed at first, but later switched to IMs. She didn’t reveal her secret longing for weeks—she only hinted and teased. But Mr. Paul could sense it, she knew.

She had asked a multitude of questions about his experiences and he had answered them all patiently, without asking her many probing questions in return. That alone significantly helped in giving her trust to him.

Mr. Paul told her he was a Dom who lived outside Atlanta and claimed to have trained many “subs, slaves and sluts”. He used the words so casually. She asked him to better define those terms so she could understand where she might fit in. A sub, he explained, is someone who has a desire to be dominated by either a man or a woman. A slut is a sub who gets a thrill out of giving herself sexually in every possible way at her Master’s orders. A slave takes submissiveness to the limit, giving her body and mind over in service to her Master, often 24/7. A slave can be a slut and a slut may wind up being a slave—both are subs.

The definitions made Annette tingle. She confessed that she felt most intrigued by the idea of sluts and slaves and hoped to see some “in action” someday. He assured her that she would—if she truly desired it.

Though she learned his slaves called him “Master”, he wouldn’t let her call him that. “That’s reserved for the truly committed,” he had said. “Only they have the right.” He insisted she call him “Mr. Paul” while she was exploring the lifestyle.

As time wore on, she had begun to feel more comfortable with him. They had exchanged descriptions and then photos—just face shots at first. Mr. Paul turned out to be a handsome, dark-haired man about forty—if she could believe it was really him. But she did for some reason. Perhaps it was his piercing dark eyes. During their long chats, she could see those eyes in her imagination, watching her, commanding her. He *looked* like a Dom.

Slowly, over the next few weeks, she had begun to confess her true feelings and wondered why she had them. She had been raised to believe she was a man’s equal, so why did she swoon when, as a teenager, she had read romance novels about fair maidens being captured by strong knights?

Of course, that had only been the beginning of what she had been attracted to in a story, she told him. As she grew older, the tame romances soon gave way to BDSM stories—not the cruelly violent ones, but ones that dealt with a woman being held against her will, or being taken forcefully, or tied up, spanked and teased until she begged for sexual release.

To satiate her needs, Annette had ordered a realistic rubber cock over the Internet, about one size larger than she’d ever seen on a man. When it arrived, she had many a delightful sessions naked in front of her computer, reading BDSM stories and rubbing the bulbous head over her dripping pussy and clit. She would work herself up into a lather before finally plunging the cock into her, pretending it was a strong and muscular man, taking her despite her protestations.

When she finally had confessed those desires to Mr. Paul, she had hoped he could help her make sense of it all. He explained that some women were just born that way and there was nothing wrong with it. It would be like a gay person denying his or her

feelings, he had told her. Just as some men are born to be dominant, some women are born to be submissive. They need it and won't feel satisfied until they experience it.

His calm words had made her feel better about herself. And more curious.

Afterwards, she had known their relationship would step up to the next level. She'd been excited by it and afraid of it at the same time. But he'd never pressed her. It was always at her pace, which made her trust him even more. She was the sub, yet she was in charge of how far and how fast she would go – at least for now.

They exchanged other photos. At his request, she sent a body shot, fully clothed, and he did the same. She set the camera up on the desk and posed in her favorite dress, a sexy black number that clung to her curves. When she looked at the picture, however, she thought her dark blonde hair looked a little frumpy, so she went to the drugstore for a hair-coloring kit. She added some highlights and lightened up the color. The results pleased her and she hoped he would notice. She put on some makeup and took another picture, and thought she looked pretty damned good. For some reason, it didn't seem odd to her to be working so hard to look nice for this near-stranger.

He wrote back almost at once and told her he really liked what he saw, which made her smile. Lots of men said that, of course, but it was still flattering, coming from him. In turn, she could tell he was tall and looked strong enough to sweep her into his arms and hold her down while he had his way with her. The thought tingled.

His photos showed him to be a tall, slender man, with large, soft hands. The image caused her to grow wet between her legs. Annette wished Mr. Paul was there so he might direct her, bend her to his will. She wanted him to take control but didn't know how that was possible since he lived so far away.

The teasing had gone on for more than a month and Annette had found herself craving his domination of her. She wrote and asked him how he might train a girl like her. "I mean, just for fun," she had added.

He had written back immediately. "No, that's not how it works," he'd said. "If it's just for fun, then you won't take it seriously and you won't get the benefit you desire. You must give yourself over to me if you want to find out what it's like to be a sub. But it must be your decision. You will let me know when you are ready."

The idea that she would allow this dominant man to have control over her made her tingle anew. Still, it was hard to commit. They had talked about it for another week before she felt ready. Mr. Paul had been so patient, so understanding. She knew that once she committed herself, she would do what he commanded – more for herself than for him. That's the lesson he had taught her.

Are you ready to obey, my pet?

Annette, now seeing his words on the screen, found herself getting wet almost at once. It was Friday night and she had no date planned, as usual. The men she met in real life seemed too tame for her. She sat at her desk in her small apartment, her fingers poised over the keyboard, then typed. "Yes, Master." There, she had done it, using the

term only his slaves would use. She wasn't sure where the journey might take her, but she knew she had to try it.

"Good," he replied. "You understand that you **MUST** do what I tell you and you **MUST** tell the truth. To lie to me about anything will end our relationship. I'd rather you said you weren't ready. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Very well. First, I want you to stand up and remove your clothes."

Annette had expected this and it gave her that familiar, delicious, naughty sensation in her stomach, extending down to her loins. She strode to the sliding glass door leading to her small balcony off her bedroom and shut the curtains. Then, glancing around to make sure no one could see her, she stripped off her T-shirt and shorts. She had not been wearing a bra. Shivering, but not from cold, Annette slipped the tiny cotton panties down her legs and off.

She returned to the computer. "I'm naked now, Master." She almost added, "for you".

"Good. Now, take the digital camera and snap a shot of your breasts and pussy. I want to see them."

Her hands shook as she grabbed the camera. She spread her legs and held the camera up high, pointed at an angle so her breasts would be included in the shot. Flash! The angle was odd and showed her breasts pointing into a corner of the picture. Her pussy seemed swollen with need. She looked down to see she was very wet, her labia engorged. The experience made her hot. Quickly, before she could change her mind, she uploaded the shot into her computer and sent it to Mr. Paul.

A few minutes passed. Annette wanted desperately to get her dildo out and rub it against her clit, but she knew better. Mr. Paul was in control now. She waited, jiggling her right leg nervously.

"Excellent!" He wrote back. "You have very nice breasts—not too big for your frame. I like that. And your pussy, I can see, longs for my touch. I hope to see it in person one day, to run my hands over it, to feel your wetness."

Annette shivered with delight and wondered if she would ever meet her mystery man. She knew he lived in Georgia, probably five hundred miles from her apartment on the outskirts of Cincinnati, but it wasn't really all that far. Anything could happen.

"Now," he wrote. "I see you have some hair down there. If you are going to be my slave, you must shave your pussy bare and keep it that way. Go get some small scissors, your razor and some shaving cream, and a hot towel."

Annette didn't even think about refusing. She was enjoying the game too much. She had agreed to obey and this was what he wanted. She stood in one fluid motion and went to the bathroom to gather the supplies, her hands shaking. When she returned, she told him she had everything.

"Good. Spread your legs wide and trim all the hairs down and collect them in an envelope."

That made her raise an eyebrow, but she obeyed without complaint. She put a piece of paper under her pussy and let the soft, dark blonde curls fall on it. Taking an envelope from the desk, she carefully slid the hairs into it.

"I'm done with that part, Master."

"When is the rent due?"

"Uh..." *The rent?* Annette tried to think. "In two weeks."

"The first of April? Good. When you write your check, I want you to put it in the envelope with the hairs and drop it off with the landlord. Don't say anything about it."

Give her pubic hairs to the landlord? That was an odd request! She tried not to think about old Mr. Evershall, the apartment manager, opening the envelope. What would he think of her?

"Next, I want you to take a digital picture of your efforts so far and send it to me."

She took a picture, feeling exposed now that her hair was so short. In minutes, he had received the shot.

"Good. Now rub a warm, wet cloth over your stubble and get it nice and damp before applying the shaving cream to it. Then take another photo."

Annette couldn't believe she was doing this for a man she'd never met. Her hands seemed to work without her conscious input. Flash! She uploaded the shot of her white-covered mound.

"Shave off half the hair and take another picture."

Annette bent to her task and soon half of her denuded mound shone wetly between her legs. Another shot was soon on its way.

"You're doing fine, my pet. Now shave off the rest and snap another one."

She nodded and soon had shaved herself naked for her mysterious Dom. She couldn't believe it—her pussy looked like that of a young girl's. Yet it made her so wet she thought she might have to rub herself until she came. She wrote and told Master about her desire.

"No! Don't touch yourself! Only I can give you permission to come from now on and I order you not to."

She nodded. She had expected that. "Yes, Master."

She sent the final photo, showing her bare little pussy, weeping with desire. "I wish you were here to touch me, Master," she wrote before her embarrassment could stop her.

"I know, my pet. Patience. It's good that you're horny. I want you so horny you can't stand it. Are you?"

"Oh, yes, Master. I'm dripping and my hips are twitching."

"Excellent. Now, I want you to go to the closet and pick out a short skirt. Take a picture of it against your body so I can gauge the length."

Annette got up, padded nude to her closet, and began fishing around for her skirts. She found a mini she rarely wore and held it up. It seemed too short, so she put it back and got a longer one that came to mid-thigh, about four inches above her knees.

She put the camera on the edge of the desk and set it on timer, then snapped a pic of herself with the dress. When she looked at it, she noticed it included her naked breasts, but not her face. Perfect. She would feel strange, sending a photo of her face and naked body – who knows where it might end up. She sent it along.

"No, that's too long," Master wrote back. "Do you have anything shorter?"

Sighing, she retrieved the miniskirt and held it up, snapping another shot for him.

"Oh, yes, that's much better. Put it on. No panties."

She should've known. Annette still had no idea why she was doing these things, but it made her so horny she didn't care.

"It's on, Master," she typed. She thought anyone would be able to tell she wasn't wearing panties and the thought only made her wetter.

"Now go to the closet and find a simple blouse, one color, but the material can't be too thick. No bra. Send me a pic."

Annette knew just the kind of blouse he'd want her to wear. She slipped on a white blouse that wasn't quite translucent, but anyone could see the outline of her nipples clearly. She had always worn it with a bra before. Feeling her nipples pressing against the material made them even harder, if possible. She liked the way they rubbed against the smooth rayon.

She posed against the closet door. This time, she noticed her face was visible in the shot, but since she was dressed, she didn't care. She uploaded the photo and waited.

"You look perfect, my pet. Now, are you ready for your assignment?"

Annette bit her lip. What was he going to ask her to do? She knew she'd reached the make-or-break point. If she truly wanted to be a sub, she'd obey without question. If she was only a poser and wasn't being true to her inner self she'd argue with him if she felt the task was too demeaning or embarrassing. Still, it was a big step.

Taking a deep breath, she typed in, "I think so, Master."

There came a few seconds of silence. Annette wondered if he had been called away suddenly. She could imagine one of his other slaves kneeling before him, asking a question. He would have paused to respond, his piercing brown eyes staring at his naked slut. The image made Annette's pussy weep with desire.

Then words came across the screen. She looked up and was shocked to read them. "Annette, you aren't ready."

She was stung by his words of rejection. "But, why, Master?" She felt ready. She wanted to explore these feelings within her. *What did I do wrong?*

"My pet, there are different levels of subs. There are the 'literary subs' who enjoy reading of the lifestyle but would never try it themselves. There are the 'toe-dippers' who will dabble in it, but will back away if the water's not just right. Finally, there are the true subs, ones who are drawn to it, ones who can't be anything else. Those are the only type I deal with."

"What kind do you think I am?" she replied, her eyes tearing up. She didn't expect he might reject her, not after all these weeks!

"You are probably a dabbler, although I can't be sure. You don't seem to really have your heart in it."

"But I do! I want to know!" she typed back. "I've felt all my life I was missing something and now I've finally taken the step toward it. It excites me like nothing else I have experienced. Now you tell me, out of the blue, that I'm a poser? I don't understand."

"Your answer earlier, 'I think so, Master'—it indicates your reluctance. That's a clear sign of a toe-dipper. You want the lifestyle, but you also want to be safe, protected. Sometimes, being a sub or a slut or a slave means doing what you're told even when it involves risk. That heightens the emotions and makes your experiences more intense. You have to put your trust in your Master's hands."

Annette nodded at her screen. He was right, she had been holding back. But could she give herself over completely to a man she'd never met? "I'm sorry, Master, but this is all so new. I wish I could meet you. I admit to being afraid."

"Completely understandable. Perhaps you'd like to find a Dom closer to you. I may be able to recommend someone."

"No!" Her fingers worked automatically. "No, please, Master! I want you. You've been so helpful, so far." She paused, trying to be completely honest with him—and with herself.

"I'm new at this, I admit. But this is what I want. I've been denying it all my life. Now it's time to move forward, despite my fears. Please, don't reject me."

"Very well, my pet. It's perfectly all right if you decide this lifestyle isn't for you. But I will give you the opportunity to move forward. From this, you will be able to decide. Do you think you are you ready?"

"Yes, Master! Thank you!" Annette almost cried with relief.

"Good. Here is your assignment. If you decide not to do it, you are not ready to be a sub. I won't be mad and I won't reject you, but it will put our relationship back a few steps. We'll go back to emailing and chatting occasionally for a while. You'll get one more chance after that—if you decide not to obey, our relationship will end, and you'll have to admit to yourself that you're not a true sub, only a dabbler."

"No, no," she whispered to the screen. She vowed to do what he asked. She hoped he knew what he was doing.

“Okay, if you’re truly submissive, you’ll be able to perform this task without question. It isn’t that difficult, but it does represent a good first test.” He paused and Annette waited, subconsciously holding her breath. Then the words appeared. “I want you to get your shoes on and your purse, then go out to a bar and have a drink. Your assignment tonight is to flash your bare pussy to at least one man.”

NO! Her mind screamed, but her body became electrified at the thought. She had just shaved so she felt doubly exposed, now he wanted her to show herself like a slut? Yet her pussy responded by producing even more fluids. Her mind jumped around between polar opposites—the good girl versus the naughty sub. Yet she knew, deep down, that she didn’t want to retreat in her relationship with Mr. Paul. She wanted to go forward. She wanted to explore her naughty self. If this is how he trains his slaves, then so be it.

“Yes, Master,” she wrote, her fingers shaking.

“Good. And don’t just accept the first man who comes along. I want you to flash a ‘nice guy’, someone you are attracted to. You don’t have to fuck him unless you want to. Now, take one more shot just before you go out. Stand in front of your closet and lift the hem of your dress before the camera clicks.”

Annette shuddered. She felt a heat in her loins that she had never experienced before. She did just as he asked, although she was careful to set the camera up so it would not include all of her face in the shot, only from her chin to her thighs. She sent it off.

“I got it,” he wrote back. “Now you may go. When you return, I want you to report everything to me.”

She had a million questions, the main one being—*What if someone tries to rape me?* But she said nothing beyond acknowledging his command.

She quickly put on her shoes and made up her face. Her mind raced as she got into her car. She didn’t want to be recognized so she drove to a bar across town, The Pink Panther. She’d heard it was a nice place, not a dive, and she thought she’d be safe there.

Annette drove up and parked far from the entrance, her stomach in knots. She wanted to just drive away, go back home and lie to Mr. Paul, pretend she had done as he had asked. She knew that would end her attempt at expressing her submissive side. She could lie to him, but she couldn’t lie to herself. She had to find out if this really was what she wanted or if she was just fooling herself. She wished he was there to help her through this.

She got out, careful to tug at the hem of her short skirt. A breeze teased her bare pussy. Looking down, she could clearly see her nipples pressing against the material. She wished they wouldn’t stick out so, but they seemed to have a mind of their own.

She strode to the door, moving with more confidence than she felt. Two men were just coming out and they both stopped and stared. “Whoa, Nelly,” said one. “Looks like we’re leaving too soon!” replied the other.

She brushed past them, her face red, and entered the noisy bar. A band was warming up onstage, their electrified notes mingling with the buzz of conversation. Annette went to the bar and noticed a localized silence seemed to follow in her wake. Another flush crept up her neck to her face and she concentrated on getting the bartender's attention.

She ordered a white wine. Almost immediately, a smooth-talking man with his oily hair combed straight back sidled up to her and said, "Hey, honey, would you like to get married and have my babies?"

Annette shuddered and shook her head. This would *not* be the man she flashed, that's for sure! The silver-tongued devil hung around trying to engage her in conversation, but she brushed him off until he got the message and left.

Almost immediately, another man came up. He was a slight improvement from the first one. Tall with washed-out blond hair, he looked like a construction worker about ten years past his prime. His skin had that wrinkly tan-like, dried-out shoe leather and he carried a small potbelly. At least he tried to get to know her. "Hi. I'm Sam. I don't think I've seen you in here before. Are you new in town?"

"No," she said. "I just stopped by for a quick drink." She wondered if she should just pick him and get it over with.

"Well, I'm glad you came in. You're a sight for sore eyes. What's your name?" His eyes kept drifting down to her breasts.

"Beverly," she lied.

"Beverly, it's a pleasure to meet you."

They chatted for a few minutes. Annette decided, despite his attempts to be nice, he wasn't the one. He seemed like a walking cliché. She did not feel any attraction to him. She remembered Mr. Paul's edict. She told Sam she was waiting for someone and finally got rid of him.

Twice more men approached her and twice more, Annette sent them on their way. She figured she was probably getting a reputation of being a prick-teaser, considering the way she was dressed. But she hadn't met anyone she'd be willing to flash. Or maybe she was just stalling. Did she really have the nerve?

She'd been there nearly an hour, slowly sipping her drink, when another man approached. "Hi," he said. "Can I buy you another drink?"

This man wore a suit and tie and looked professional. His hair was neatly cut and he wore wire-rimmed glasses over a friendly face. Perhaps he was a lawyer or a corporate executive. She looked down at the dregs of her wine and nodded. "Sure, why not?"

He signaled the barkeep and ordered. "My name's Dave. What's yours?"

"Annette." The name popped out before she could think of a fake one.

"Annette. That's a nice name." He wagged his thumb around the bar. "I see you've met many of our colorful regulars."

"Aren't you a colorful regular?" She smiled. She found herself starting to warm to this guy already. Maybe he was the one.

"Hmm, yes, I guess I am. My office isn't too far from here, so I find myself stopping by on Fridays sometimes."

"What do you do?"

"I sell insurance." He held up his hand. "Yeah, I know—how boring. But it pays well."

Annette wondered if he was trying to impress her with his wealth.

"What about you? What do you do?"

"I, um, work as a secretary," she said. While that was true, she figured she could safely remain anonymous, since there were about sixty thousand secretaries in the Greater Cincinnati area.

"Oh, really, where? Maybe I know of it."

She shook her head. "Let's not dig too deep right now, okay?"

He seemed surprised. "Okay. I didn't mean to pry."

She suddenly felt bad. "Look, I'm sorry. It's just that, I'm kinda nervous."

His kind eyes drifted over her blouse and skirt. "I wouldn't think much would make you nervous."

"Oh, this? This is just something I threw on at the last minute."

"You look very nice in it. Very nice."

His expression told her he thought she looked good enough to fuck. Annette squeezed her legs together. Her pussy throbbed. She blushed and took a long sip of her drink. She felt a bit lightheaded. She made up her mind that Dave would be the lucky one. She wanted to get it over with and go home to report to Mr. Paul.

They chatted over current events and the weather. She carefully skirted any topics she felt revealed too much. She quickly finished her drink and when he asked her if she wanted another, she shook her head.

"No, but, um, I was wondering... I feel kinda underdressed and I wondered if you'd be willing to walk me out to my car?"

He dipped his head. "Why of course." His expression told her he thought he was about to get lucky.

They slid off the barstools and Annette caught the eye of a man sitting with his two buddies at a nearby table. The others had been looking away at that moment, but the beefy guy holding a beer bottle had clearly caught a quick glimpse of her bare pussy as she jumped down. He stared openmouthed and, without thinking, she winked and began to walk away, feeling the heat in her pussy increase. She secretly delighted at her naughty behavior.

She couldn't wait to tell Mr. Paul about this! She realized she had just flashed one man. By all accounts, she was done. She could just get in her car and drive home. At the

same time, she knew that wasn't the spirit of the game her Master had set up. He'd be disappointed. Annette mentally shook her head, determined to complete her assignment.

Outside, the parking lot was thankfully quiet. A few patrons were either coming or going. She had parked well away from the entrance, giving her a bit of privacy for what she had planned.

Dave trotted along beside her protectively, talking to her, trying to find out more about her before she left. She deflected his questions, although she did agree to take one of his business cards. "If you won't give me your information, maybe I can persuade you to call me?"

"Maybe," she said. They reached her car. She unlocked it and opened the door, then stood in the partial protection it offered. "Thanks for the drink. I have to go now."

Dave, looking defeated, tried one more time. "Couldn't you at least give me your work number? I'd really like to get to know you better."

She shook her head. "I'm not ready yet. I just went through a breakup and I want to be alone for a while." The lie rolled smoothly off her tongue.

He seemed to accept that. He leaned in and kissed her cheek then smiled and turned away, shoulders slumped. She let him get three steps before saying, "Oh, Dave?"

He turned, his face expectant, but was not prepared for what he saw. Annette lifted her skirt, giving him full view of her bare pussy in the parking lot lights, then jumped behind the wheel, closed the door and fired up the engine before Dave could react. He took a step forward, his face a giant question mark, but she ignored him and sped away.

She laughed all the way home.

Chapter Two

"Master, I did it! I flashed TWO men!"

Annette had logged on immediately when she came home. She had wanted to strip down and don a robe in anticipation of her Master allowing her to come, but decided to let him tell her what to do. She waited for his response, chewing on the edge of a fingernail, hoping to catch his eye.

Where was he? Was he busy with another sub? Or did he have a girlfriend down there in Georgia? God, she didn't know if she could wait much longer. She fetched her trusty cock and fondled it, smelling her own scent on it. She resisted putting it to her pussy, though her body cried out for release.

Finally, she saw his message come across the screen, "Well done, my pet."

She thrilled to his words. She had pleased him! She had passed her first test.

More words appeared. "How did it make you feel?"

"Oh, Master, it was amazing! I'm so horny now I can't stand it! Please, may I come?"

"All in good time, my pet. First, I want you to take off all your clothes. Then tell me all about your evening. Don't leave out anything."

Annette grimaced, knowing it could be a half-hour or more before she would be allowed the release she craved. She stripped, which took only seconds, and started typing, her fingers shaking with her pent-up desire. She told him as much as she could remember. He'd make comments here and there, asking her to clarify some things. He even asked for the information from Dave's business card. When she described the flashing, she imagined Master holding his erect cock in his hand, stroking it as he read about her adventures.

God, she was horny! She finally finished then waited for his reaction.

"I'm proud of you, my pet. You have passed your first test with flying colors. I know how hard it must've been for you."

"Yes, Master," she responded. "I'm so wet now!" She hoped he'd get the hint and let her come. She wished he was there to help her.

"I assume you have your trusty dildo handy?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. I want you to begin rubbing it on your pussy, but don't put it inside you and don't come. When it's good and coated with your juices, I want you to take a picture for me, showing that big cock against your bare pussy."

Annette squirmed and began to rub it against herself. She believed she might come in just a few minutes. Her juices flowed out and around the cock head, making it slippery on her cunt. She imagined it was Master's cock, touching her. She licked her lips.

She had to pry herself away to grab the camera. She aimed it down and flashed a picture. Looking at it on the back of the camera, she noticed she had captured her breasts in the shot as well. Her nipples were standing out like bullets. Below, the cock had spread her lips apart and the sheen of her fluids could easily be seen. Her entire pussy glistened. She uploaded the picture.

"There, Master. See how wet you've made me?"

"Oh, very nice. I like it when you are so horny you can't stand it. Your hard nipples and your obvious wetness show me how turned on you are. You have the makings of a perfect slut, my pet."

Annette wiggled her hips in response, thinking to herself, *Please! Let's get on with it!*

"Now you've earned your reward. If I remember correctly, you have a second-floor apartment. Tell me, do you have a balcony?"

Annette stopped. Her heart pounded. "Yes, Master, off my bedroom. But it's very small. I rarely use it."

"Good. What kind of railing do you have?"

Railing? I'm about to explode and he wants home-improvement tips? "It's made of iron, about three-and-a-half feet high."

"So you can see through it?"

She didn't like the way this was going. "Yes, Master."

"Good. I want you to open the sliding glass door wide, then lay down on the rug, with your feet out on the balcony. Then you may use your cock to come for me."

Annette sat up, her eyes wide. Her fingers moved at once. "You want me to fuck myself in view of my neighbors?"

"Yes, pet. Consider this your final test this evening. When you're lying down, take a picture."

She sat there, stunned. It was one thing to drive across town and flash some stranger, but now he was asking her to show the neighborhood just what a slut she was! She didn't think she could do it. Even as the thought crossed her mind, she knew she'd have to obey. She didn't want to fail him now. More than that, she desperately needed to come.

She turned off the room lights, went to the balcony and peered through the door, using the curtains to hide her nudity. It was after eleven, the courtyard seemed dark and empty. Across the way, she could see a few people in their apartments, watching TV or talking. If she kept the lights off, she might escape notice.

She returned to the computer and typed in, "Yes, Master."

She grabbed the camera and the dildo and opened the door all the way, standing to the side, listening carefully. She could hear music playing. Someone had a TV on too loud. Another couple seemed to be in the midst of an argument. She dropped down to her knees and looked for cars driving through, but saw nothing.

No one appeared to notice her. She lay down on her back, scooting her legs out over the threshold of the door. The Spring breeze felt cool on her legs and pussy. The iron balcony still retained some heat from the sun, warming her legs.

God, how can I do this? She surprised herself. Here she was, naked, half out of her apartment, legs open to the world—and she was about to masturbate! Annette knew she tended to be a noisy girl, so she'd have to work hard to keep quiet. Normally that might cause her a problem in achieving an orgasm, but because she was so damned horny, she doubted she would be denied.

Annette found it was very awkward to aim the camera. She also realized when the flash went off, it would draw attention to her predicament. She lay there, debating. She knew Master was expecting a photo. There was no way around it. She lifted her head and looked around. The night seemed quiet. She held the camera out at arm's length and flashed a shot of herself, spread out like a whore. She paused, waiting for someone to shout or laugh, but heard nothing. Thank god.

Now for her reward! She took the cock and began rubbing it on her pussy, hearing the squishy noises combine with the night sounds of the courtyard. She could imagine herself on display out here, neighbors gathering around, cocktails in hand, to watch her. Rather than embarrass her, it drove her onward.

Annette pretended the fake cock was Mr. Paul's and he was out there with her, ordering her to display herself like this. She brought the tip up to her clit and groaned aloud before she could clamp her mouth shut. Her hand began to move faster, up and down, until the dildo slid easily and she could feel her distant orgasm approaching. She began pressing a bit more of the tip into her. She could smell her sexual scent now as it overpowered the smells of the courtyard. She wondered if her neighbors could smell it, too, a faint scent on the night breeze that would have the men all lifting their noses for a delicate sniff.

She lifted her hips to ease passage of the rubbery cock deeper into her. Her hand gripping the shaft slipped in the wetness that seemed to flow copiously from her pussy. She found her G-spot and rubbed the tip up against it. Her legs splayed open and she didn't even care if anyone saw her now. She was entering the zone. Everything else faded away. She reached down with her other hand and began rubbing her clit, hard.

The orgasm approached rapidly. She increased the speed of the cock and her fingers, her mind gone now. She was one big cunt, a hole into which her entire self was being sucked, turning inside out. She wasn't aware if she was making noises or lying quietly. Nothing mattered but the onrushing climax. With a final yelp, Annette came in a rush, her hips jerking, her feet slapping the iron balcony. An "Oh, my god!" burst out of her.

She released her grip on the dildo and fell into semi-consciousness, her legs splayed apart on the balcony, where anyone walking by could see her. She didn't care. She had come at last, after teasing and being teased all night long. She couldn't remember having an orgasm like that before. Not with any of her lovers or any of her toys.

Finally, her senses returned and she looked out between her legs into the night. Suddenly shocked at her sluttiness, she crab-walked back inside and shut the door. She started to get dressed before realizing Mr. Paul hadn't told her she could yet. It was a small thing, but she'd obeyed so well so far, she wanted to take it right to the end.

She scrambled over to the computer and asked, "Are you still there?"

A few minutes later, "Yes, my pet. Did you do as I asked?"

"Yes, Master. I was embarrassed at first, but when I finally came, it was the most powerful orgasm I think I've ever had."

"Did anyone see you?"

"I'm not sure. I hope not. I quickly came back inside afterwards and shut the door. I was afraid to peek out and check to see for fear I'd see someone applauding my rather...er...dramatic performance."

"Good. Send me the photo."

Annette uploaded it immediately, happy that it had turned out so well.

"You look great. You've done very well. Now I want you to go to the balcony and peek out now and see if anyone is looking."

Annette blanched. "May I get dressed first, Master?"

"No."

Reluctantly, she rose and went to the sliding glass door. Using the curtain as a shield, she looked out. The courtyard seemed deserted. As her eyes roved over the other apartments, she spotted a young man standing on his balcony, staring across at her! She yelped, but before she could hide, she saw him silently raise his beer in salute. She couldn't help but smile, then disappeared behind the curtain.

"Master, someone saw me! He was out on the balcony, across the courtyard!" Annette worried that he might try to come over and demand sex now. Surely, he'd tell his friends about the slut in apartment 216.

"Don't worry, my pet. I'm sure he couldn't see anything much, since you were lying down. He might've heard you, however. Were you noisy?"

Annette blushed, remembering her groans. "Yes, Master, a little bit."

"That's all right. I'm so proud of you for obeying me. You have a lot of potential. Now get some rest. You've earned it. Oh, and one more thing—don't masturbate on your own anymore—only when I tell you to."

Annette found herself nodding at the screen, thinking, *Of course not, Master*. She was falling under his control and welcomed it.

Chapter Three

Annette went to work Monday a changed woman. No longer was she the frustrated, closet submissive, yearning for something she'd never have. Now she'd tasted the forbidden fruit and she wanted another bite. Everything seemed different, more intense – the sounds of traffic, the bright blue of the sky, her good mood.

She'd tried to contact Mr. Paul on Saturday, hoping they could talk more about her powerful experience and secretly thinking he'd want to give her another assignment. Her inquiries had been met with the terse response, "Later, my pet. A good sub waits in anticipation. It heightens the sensations."

He was right about that! Annette's loins twitched constantly. She managed to hold off emailing or IM'ing him on Sunday, though she hoped he might try to contact her. She left the computer on all day, listening for the telltale "bing" of new mail. Whenever she heard it, she ran to the screen only to find junk mail or a note from a girlfriend.

Annette didn't worry too much, however. She knew her Master had everything under control. He wanted her to anticipate, so she would. All day Sunday, all she could think about was masturbating, though she didn't. She even carried around her dildo for a while, teasing herself, but was determined not to disobey Master.

By Monday she had achieved a state of grace, accepting her role in her relationship with Master. He clearly wanted her primed and horny and she was all that. But she wasn't desperate to come – at least not yet. If she had to go the rest of the week without release, she might lose that grace and begin begging Mr. Paul for permission to climax.

Maybe that's just what he had in mind, she mused.

Monday evening sitting in front of her computer with a glass of wine, she waited, determined not to contact him before he contacted her. She was on her second glass before the familiar tone sounded. It was him! She opened the IM box immediately.

"My pet, how are you today?"

"Fine, Master." She couldn't resist adding, "I missed you over the weekend."

"That's good. I find that helps a sub focus. Did you think about me often?"

"Yes, Master. All the time."

"Good. And I hope you didn't touch yourself."

"No, Master, although I wanted to."

"You're doing very well, my pet. I'm proud of you."

Annette glowed.

"What are you wearing right now?"

That caused her stomach to flutter. "I'm still dressed from work—dark blue skirt, knee-length, a white blouse, bra and pantyhose."

"From now on, whenever we start chatting like this, I want you to be naked."

"Yes, Master." She stood and quickly shed her clothes, laying them carefully on the bed. "I'm naked now, Master."

"Good. Take a picture so I can see you."

She stood by the closet and, using the timer, snapped a shot that showed her from the thighs to the neck. She uploaded it and waited for his next instructions.

His answer came back quickly. "No, my pet. I want to see your face as well as your pussy."

Annette blanched. She feared what might happen to the photo once it left her control. Tentatively, she typed in, "Will you keep it safe?"

His answer was terse. "I can see you have a lot to learn about being a true submissive."

Annette knew she'd angered him. "Please, Master! I'm taking the shot now!" She got up quickly and adjusted the camera, then flashed a shot of her naked body, her expression one of worry, fear and contrition. She uploaded it quickly, her hands shaking. She waited, but saw he had signed off.

Dammit! He'd been testing her again. And she'd failed. She didn't trust him enough to protect her. Wait a minute! Did he deserve her trust? She knew somehow that this was the crux of her conflicting emotions. She craved to be under the control of a powerful man, but she worried about the consequences. Like the other night, she'd worried about getting raped. And it was a legitimate worry—what if things had gotten out of control? Mr. Paul wouldn't have been there to help her.

That's what was missing, she decided. It's one thing to give yourself over to a Master, but it's another to do it when you can't even hear, see, touch or make love to him. Yes, she felt bad she had questioned him, but these questions had to be asked if she was going to be able to let herself go.

She left the computer and went out to the living room to watch some TV. She'd show him! Let him come back later and IM her—she wouldn't be around to hear it. He had to know of her doubts. If he was the hotshot slave master he claimed to be, he must've dealt with this issue before! Surely, he didn't just drop any of those other girls like hot potatoes.

The thought of Mr. Paul with another slave gave her a shiver of jealousy, like a splinter under the skin. She forced the thought out of her mind. There probably had been plenty of girls before her and there would be plenty afterward. She had no claim to his full attention. Still, the thought bothered her—she couldn't help it.

What would ultimately happen between her and Master? Would they ever meet? Would she go and live at his estate? Did he even have an estate? Or was this like some

mean-spirited reality show, where a man pretends to be something he isn't in order to fool her? Annette was determined to get some answers.

The week passed slowly. Every night, she checked her email, only to be disappointed. He seemed to have abandoned her. And after she'd sent in the nude picture! Damn him!

She resisted emailing him again until Thursday, when she couldn't stand it anymore. She sent a brief note, asking if he was giving up on her. She waited, but heard nothing from him that night.

Annette went to bed and suddenly realized she hadn't masturbated since that night on the balcony, a full week ago. Since Mr. Paul hadn't bothered to contact her, she figured she was on her own again. The thought disappointed her, but she decided she could find another Master online, if she wanted to. There must be dozens out there, trolling for submissives. The thought depressed her. She had liked Mr. Paul and had grown to trust him—to a point.

She stripped off her clothes, took the dildo from the nightstand and started to rub it against her pussy. It felt good and she was horny, but something was wrong. For some reason, she felt guilty, like the time when she was eight and stole a candy bar from the market. No one had caught her but the candy had tasted bitter in her mouth and she had never shoplifted again. She pushed the thought out of her mind and began to rub herself anew. Her hips twitched and some fluids oozed out, but not enough to stimulate her attempts.

Dammit! She tried to concentrate. She dropped the cock and used her fingers, which had always worked for her in the past. Yes, there it was, in the background, out of reach. She rubbed, trying to bring the orgasm closer. Her fingers massaged her damp clit and she wondered why she wasn't more turned on. She remembered how wet she had been when exposed out on the balcony and now, when she was safe in her bed, she couldn't manage enough lubrication? It didn't make sense.

She knew it was Mr. Paul's fault. He had awakened something in her that would not be denied. She hadn't realized when she began to explore her long-repressed desires that she wouldn't be able to return to the "old" Annette. Well, if it took a little more time, then so be it. She'd been abandoned, so she had no choice...did she?

Cursing under her breath, she stopped rubbing and rolled off the bed. She turned on her computer and called up her IM program. Her breath caught in her throat—Mr. Paul was online! Immediately, she felt her pussy gush juices in response.

He contacted her immediately. "My pet, did you masturbate without my permission?"

How did he know that? She was still angry with him for ignoring her for several days, but she held it in check and dutifully typed back, "Yes, Master, almost. I tried, but I couldn't do it!"

"That's because your body belongs to me now. Your mind, however, is still fighting it. Like it did Monday, when you balked at sending me the pic."

"But I sent it!"

"Only after you had angered me. You knew it was wrong to question me—you have to trust me completely or this won't work."

"Yes, Master." She wanted to trust him, she really did.

"Your body responded that way because it craves my control. This is something you've long denied and you're halfway there now. You have to overcome your doubts, let yourself go. Can you do that?"

Annette decided to tell him some of her concerns. "I know you are the man I've been seeking, but I worry that you aren't here to protect me. I can't touch you or even talk to you. In some ways, it's like I made you up."

A few minutes passed before another message came across. "This is understandable, my pet. You have a right to feel this way. Each sub must move at her own pace. But you show promise. I think it's time to give me your phone number."

Annette sat up. He wanted to talk to her? That made him so much more real. She didn't hesitate—she quickly sent it along and in a few minutes the phone rang.

"Is this better?" His voice was deep and smooth. Annette's pussy throbbed at the sound.

"Yes, Master. Much."

"Good. Are you naked for me?"

"Yes, Master."

"Are you horny now? You said you couldn't come before."

"I'm very horny. Especially listening to your voice." She paused. "I'm sorry I didn't trust you before, Master. You know...about the photo."

"Don't worry about it. I expected it to be difficult for you. Many women find they can't quite let go this early in the relationship."

"So you really weren't mad at me?"

"Not really. It was expected. But you still needed to be punished—that's how a sub learns. I only wish I could be there to punish you personally."

The thought thrilled Annette. "I wish you were, too." She wondered what kinds of punishments he might have for her.

"Have you been shaving every day?"

"Um, not every day. Every other day. But I shaved this morning."

"Good. But I want you to be smooth at all times. From now on, shave every day and send me a close-up of your smooth pussy after you're done."

She was really wet now. Her free hand drifted down to her pussy but did not touch it. "Yes, Master."

"I'll bet you want to come, don't you, my pet?"

"Yes, Master. Please."

"Wait. You must perform a task for me. Consider it your punishment."

Annette's heart thudded and she feared he'd order her to go out again. It was very late and she had to go to work tomorrow. She really just wanted to stay inside and rub herself to a quick climax.

Mr. Paul sensed her disquiet. "My pet, I can read your mind. You are afraid."

"Yes, Master."

"Why is that?"

"Because it's late. And I'm...I'm embarrassed."

"Ah. Don't worry. This will be a small task."

"Okay."

"Please call me Master."

"Okay, Master."

"Are your lights on in the bedroom?"

"Yes, Master." She had told the truth—just not all of it. Only her desk lamp was on.

"Is the phone cordless?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Go to the door of the balcony and stand there naked, in full view of the neighborhood, and describe what you see."

Annette gasped aloud. But her feet propelled her to the glass door before she could fully think about the consequences. She peeked out to see the courtyard silent and dark. It was nearly midnight, so she might be able to get away with this. With the light behind her, she should be in silhouette.

"I'm standing in front of the glass door, Master."

"What do you see?"

"Um, it's dark. I don't see anyone. Wait." She looked across to her "friend" from the other night. She could see a light on and the flicker of a TV. "I see a man still up across the courtyard."

"Is that the same young man from the other night?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Stand closer to the door. In fact, press your breasts up against the glass."

Annette gasped again, but did as she had been ordered, not willing to disobey him. The glass felt cool on her nipples.

"Spread your legs apart."

She did so and now really felt like a slut. She was sure someone would see her and come over. She was risking a lot to obey Mr. Paul. She couldn't explain why she was doing it, either. By rights, she should refuse. Or maybe that was the old, independent Annette thinking.

"Anything happening?"

"No, I don't think—wait." Annette spotted the young man from the other day, getting up from the couch and heading toward the kitchen. Suddenly, he stopped, his head swiveling around to stare out the window.

"Oh! He's seen me! Oh, Master, may I hide?"

"No. Stand still."

Annette did, her legs shaking. She watched as the man came to the window and stared out, one hand on his head. Then he ran and Annette could follow his progress through the apartment, until he came out onto his balcony, about thirty feet away.

"Oh, Master! He's out on his balcony! He's waving to me and pointing! I'm so embarrassed!"

"Stand there for a little longer. I want you to wave to him."

"But, Master! He'll want to come over! What do I do then?"

"Trust me."

Annette gave a tentative wave and smiled, though her heart pounded and she thought she might faint. Then, just as she had expected, the man turned and left the balcony. She could see him disappear out his front door.

"Master! He's leaving his apartment! He's coming over here!"

"Don't worry, my pet. I will protect you. I want you to get your robe on and go out into the living room."

Annette couldn't believe her ears. "You want me to let him in? But, what if I'm raped! You aren't here to protect me!" Her fears spilled out of her.

"Yes I am. I'm right here."

She donned her robe, feeling a lot less self-conscious, but still very much afraid. She had no idea who this man was or what Master would make her do. Would he really tell her to fuck him? She wouldn't, she couldn't.

The doorbell rang. Annette froze. "He's here, Master."

"Do you have a chain on your door?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Leave it on when you answer the door. Hand him the phone."

Shaking, Annette went to the door and opened it a crack, leaving the chain in place. She saw the face of a young man, about twenty-one, standing there smiling at her, lust evident in his face.

"Hi there," he said, his grin faltering.

She thrust the phone through the opening and closed the door as soon as he grabbed it. She could hear his voice through the door, but couldn't make out what was being said. She waited, hoping Master would tell him to go home.

There came a knock on the door.

She opened it a crack and the phone was thrust through. "Here. He wants to talk to you."

She took it, closing the door again. "Yes, Master?" She thought her heart would burst.

"I've talked to Roger. He's a nice young man. He's not going to do anything to you. Do you trust me?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. I want you to open the door. Keep the phone to your ear. Follow my instructions."

Shaking, Annette fumbled with the chain and finally managed to slip it free. Then she opened the door. Roger, if that was his real name, smiled at her and waited. She stepped aside and let him in, then quickly closed the door behind him. He seemed like a typical college student, wearing a University of Cincinnati T-shirt and cutoffs. His hair was neatly trimmed and he had a wispy beard he was trying to grow. She glanced down and spotted a bulge in his pants. She looked away immediately.

"He's in, uh, Mr. Paul."

"No, call me Master. Roger is aware of our relationship."

Her face bright pink, she replied, "Yes, Master."

"You said you really wanted to masturbate, but you couldn't before, right?"

Annette groaned. She knew what was coming. "Yes, Master." She stared at the leering face of Roger and pulled the robe closer around her.

"Good. I want you to sit on one end of the couch, your feet up on the cushions. Roger will sit at the other end. You are to hand him the phone. He'll tell you what to do next."

Annette couldn't believe she was actually doing this. By all rights, she should toss Roger out and go to bed. Instead, she went to the couch and sat down, putting her feet up and pulling the robe around her, then held the phone up for Roger. He came over, took the phone and then sat down on the far end of the couch.

"She's on the couch all wrapped up in her robe." He listened and said, "Master says you should untie the robe and let it fall open."

She gasped out loud, her head suddenly feeling like it would float away. She knew she must obey if she was a true submissive. God, he was pushing her hard! Maybe he was wrong, maybe she wasn't ready.

But she knew she was.

Annette let the robe slip open. She covered her privates with her hands.

"She's naked now, Paul, but she's got her hands covering herself." Annette could hear her Master's voice faintly. Roger nodded. "He says to put your hands by your sides."

Reluctantly, she did so, fully exposing herself to him. Roger leered at her naked breasts and pussy. She wanted to die at this point. She couldn't be any more embarrassed. Funny thing was, however—her pussy was gushing fluids. Master probably knew this would be her reaction.

"Now he wants you to start masturbating for me. And we both really want to hear you come. He told me you're noisy." Roger pulled the phone away from his ear and held it out.

Grimacing, Annette let her fingers drop to her pussy and began to rub. The wetness made a squishy sound that she knew Roger could hear. She heard Master say something and Roger pulled the phone closer to his head, then said, "Okay." He leaned forward, bringing the phone just inches from her pussy. She had to turn away to keep from dying from embarrassment. Why was he doing this?

Annette concentrated on her orgasm, for that was the only way to end her disconcerting ordeal. To her surprise, she found that the experience only magnified her sexual heat. Her fingers were soon dripping with her juices. By keeping her eyes closed, she could pretend she was alone —

"Paul says you should keep your eyes on me."

Her eyes snapped open to see Roger had the phone back by his ear, grinning at her. *How could you, you bastard!* She found herself getting angry at Master. And why did Roger get to call him Paul?

She kept her eyes locked on Roger's face as her hand worked hard to bring herself off. She could feel an orgasm out there, but it remained out of reach. This wasn't easy. She was turned on by her Master's orders, but remained embarrassed by this staring stranger. Annette knew it was another test, and she didn't think she could pass this one.

Still, she didn't quit. She kept fingering herself, growing increasingly frustrated. Her hand was coated with her juices, her clit stood out, rock-hard and begging for release, yet she couldn't come. Maybe she should fake it, a small voice told her.

Roger listened to Master — Paul — for a few seconds, then slid toward her to bring the phone up to her ear. Annette wanted to cover herself up, since Roger was now nearly touching her naked body, but she held off, curious as to what Master would tell her.

"My pet. Are you having trouble coming?"

"Yes, Master. I'm embarrassed, I guess. I'm sorry."

"Don't be. That's just your mind working overtime, telling you that you really don't want to be a slut, despite your inner need. This is the crucial point, my pet. Will you allow your upbringing to deny who you really are, or will you be able to overcome it and let the butterfly out of its repressed cocoon?"

"Well, when you put it that way..."

"Perhaps you need some extra stimulation. Let me talk to him."

Oh, god! What could he possibly have in mind? She looked up warily to see Roger, his hard body just inches away, and his hard cock making a tent out of his shorts.

"He wants to talk to you."

Roger took the phone back and listened. He nodded. He put the phone down, face up, on the couch and unzipped his shorts. His hard-on sprang free.

"Oh, god, please no! I don't want to fuck him!" she shouted loud enough for Master to hear.

"Relax," Roger said. "Just touch yourself, like he told you to."

He grabbed his erection and began to stroke it. Now Annette understood what Master had told him. By joining her, it would make it easier for her to reach an orgasm. Wouldn't it?

She had to admit, she was turned on by the sight of this young man masturbating on her couch. It put a new meaning to the term "friendly neighbors". She leaned back against the cushions and watched Roger stroke himself as her own fingers toyed with her clit.

Master had been right – the visual stimulation helped. In just a few minutes, she felt an orgasm approaching. She kept her eyes locked on Roger's cock, seeing the wetness at the tip and wondering what he might taste like. The nasty thoughts drove her onward and she really began to move her fingers faster and faster, even as Roger did the same. His bulbous head grew darker as his shaft grew harder and redder. God, that looked good!

With a sudden cry she came, and a second later Roger's cock spurted his seed in an arc that landed on Annette's breasts and stomach. "Oh, god! Oh, god!" she cried out, echoed by Roger's groan, and she knew Master could hear them both.

Afterward, she lay in a puddle of wetness, her body obscenely displayed to this stranger, dappled with his cum, and she didn't care. She had crossed a hurdle. She was allowing herself to become a submissive and was loving it. She had needed to give herself over to Master. This was her true self, not that prim and proper little daughter her mother had raised.

Roger sank back on the far end, their legs intertwined. His cock shrank rapidly. Annette watched it, as she'd never seen one grow soft like that close up. With previous boyfriends, it would be shrinking inside her at this point. She didn't want to admit it, but if Master told her to fuck this boy, she would.

Roger picked up the phone and said, "Did you get all that?" He listened for a few minutes, nodding. Finally, he put the phone down, got up and pulled up his shorts. Annette reached down and grabbed the edges of her robe, but Roger stopped her. "Uh-uh. He said wait until I leave."

So, she lay there exposed and satiated, her pussy reddened and the young man's sperm drying on her skin. Roger took his time, his eyes never leaving her body. She should be embarrassed but it seemed a distant emotion. She was just grateful she'd been allowed to come.

"Well, see ya around, Annette." He saluted her and left, just like that. It surprised her that he didn't try to take advantage of the situation. Just what had Master told him?

She picked up the phone. "Are you still there, Master?"

"Yes, pet. How did that make you feel?"

"Like a total slut. I've never done anything even remotely like that in my life and you've got me flashing guys in bars and frigging off to strangers in my apartment complex! What's next, a naked zoo exhibit?"

"Hmm. Maybe." He laughed. "But seriously, pet, you had to break through the barriers that had been placed on you by your upbringing. If you could get past that, then you can let your true self out."

"And my true self is a horny, depraved slut who does whatever her Master tells her to do, no matter how embarrassing or dangerous?"

"Yes." The simple response shocked her. She had expected him to qualify it somehow, tell her she was still a good girl. She wasn't sure she wanted to be a slut.

"Um, I'm not sure about all this. Maybe my true self is just a submissive who likes some games, not a total slut-job who will fuck anybody and probably die of AIDS."

"Did I ask you to fuck him?"

"No, Master."

"Did you want to fuck him?"

"Not at first," she admitted. "But in the middle there, if he had jumped on me, I probably would've let him." She could remember how it felt, watching him beat off, using it to fuel her own orgasm.

"I wouldn't have let him. Not yet, anyway."

"How could you have stopped him?"

He laughed. "Oh, I'm afraid I lied to him. I told him I was your boyfriend and I was at work, just a few blocks away. I told him he could see you naked and play around some, as long as he didn't go any further than I said to, or I'd come straight home and I'd be very angry. I also said he'd never see you again. He seemed quite agreeable to those conditions."

She laughed as well. "It's a good thing he was obedient. I don't think you could've gotten here from Georgia in time to stop him from raping me, if that was his goal."

"Yes, it was a calculated risk. But you said yourself, it wouldn't have been the end of the world. Your true slut self would've welcomed his cock into your wet pussy. Are you on the pill?"

Startled by his boldness, Annette nevertheless answered at once. "Yes, Master."

"Good. However, I do want to protect you. Do you have condoms?"

"A few."

"Good. Tomorrow, I want you to go out and buy some more. A dozen will be okay for now."

His words made her tingle, despite her exhaustion. Condoms! That meant she would be fucking someone soon. Or was it just another test? She couldn't think about it now, she was too tired.

“Master, it’s after midnight. I’m going to be a wreck tomorrow. May I please go to bed?”

“Yes, my pet. But don’t wear any nightclothes. I want you naked under the covers. I’ll call you tomorrow night.”

Chapter Four

Friday evening, Annette arrived home to find a note stuck in her doorframe. She opened it. "Thanks for a wonderful evening. Call me anytime. Your new friend, Roger." His phone number was below. She smiled. The student seemed smitten with her. She rather liked him, too, in a fantasy kind of way. He was a little too young for her, yet she had no doubt his stamina would be impressive. She wondered if Master would allow him to fuck her and how she felt about that. It didn't seem as if her desires mattered.

She opened the door and walked in, happy to be done for the weekend. She knew Master would have something planned for her and it made her wet and worried at the same time. Her "prim and proper upbringing" was still alive and kicking, she noted. She put the package of condoms she'd bought down on the table, wondering if she'd ever have the nerve to use them.

Annette stripped off her clothes in the bedroom and started to dress in shorts and a T-shirt, her normal after-hours outfit, then paused. *What would Master want her to wear?* Instead, she donned her short cotton robe and sat at the computer. She cruised the web, making sure she was signed in on IM, just in case Master wanted to contact her through there. But he was offline.

She arose after a while and went to the kitchen to fix herself some dinner. She had just sat down in front of her sandwich when the phone rang. She jumped up and answered it on the second ring.

"Hello?"

"Hello, my pet."

Annette closed her eyes and swooned, leaning against the counter. "Hi, Master. It's good to hear your voice."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes, Master."

"What are you wearing?"

"My robe."

"Take it off. Remember? When we talk, I want you to be naked."

She slipped the robe off immediately and let it puddle to the ground. "I'm naked now, Master."

"How was your day?"

"Routine. I'm glad to have a couple of days off. I...I, uh, bought the condoms." She felt her face grow hot. She wanted to move on, then remembered. "Oh! Roger left me a note."

"Really? Read it to me."

She fetched it and read it, including his phone number. He seemed pleased. "He's a nice guy. Maybe we'll let him fuck you one day."

"Master! Is that really what you want?" She couldn't believe he'd just order her to fuck some guy she hardly knew. Wasn't he the least bit jealous?

"It depends on how your training goes. You still have a lot to learn."

Annette found herself nodding. "Yes, Master. I still have doubts."

"This is perfectly normal. But you know, deep down, what you really want. That test last night and last Friday—you never would have done those things if you didn't want to. And you know that."

"Yes, Master." She waited, anticipation building in her stomach. She wondered if he had planned another test for her. Just like before, the thought scared her and made her wet.

"I've thought of something for you to do tonight, my pet."

"Y-yes, Sir?" She hung there, afraid to hear what he had to say and powerless to stop from obeying him.

"First, I want you to go to your balcony and see if Roger is in his apartment."

Shaking, she rose and went into her bedroom. It was still full daylight, thanks to daylight savings time, so anyone could see her naked body at the glass door. She hid behind the curtains and peeked out. She couldn't tell at first, then spotted Roger and another man—probably his roommate—passing the living room window on their way to the kitchen.

"Yes, Master, and he has someone with him. I think it's his roommate."

"Very well. I'm going to give you one more test before you 'graduate'. If you perform well, then you'll be ready for hands-on training."

Annette held her breath. "You mean, you'll come up here?" She envisioned herself wrapped in his muscular arms, waiting for him to take her. His lips would caress her cheek...

"No, of course not. You'll come down here to my place. I've got all the facilities for training here."

"But, what about my job? My apartment?"

"It will be just for a few days at first. Or a weekend."

"Yes, I guess that would work." She felt suddenly quite nervous. Should she really meet him?

"If it works out, you can come for a longer training session. At that point, you could quit your job. You won't need it—your job will be to please me. If you decide to become a full-time slut, you won't need that apartment or your stuff."

Annette wasn't sure how she felt about all this. It was one thing to explore her inner desires by flirting online and playing games with some mysterious Master, but quite

another to leave her world and enter his. What if he was a serial killer and preyed on unsuspecting submissive women?

"Uh..."

"I know you have many questions. You're not sure if you can completely trust me. That's natural, even though I've told you that trust is everything. That's because you've moved fast. Perhaps I've pushed you too far. Some women take several weeks to get to where you are. And if you need more time, that's all right. We can slow down. I'm only going as fast as you seem willing to go. I've seen many natural submissives and I can recognize it in you."

She felt pleased, but thought it prudent to take advantage of this opportunity. "Thanks. I may take you up on that. Slowing down, I mean. We do seem to be going fast. I'm not even sure how I agreed to do the things I've done so far."

"I told you, it's because you are a true submissive. You want to be told to show your pussy, you want to be told to tease men. You're a natural."

"Teasing men is one thing—fucking strangers is something else, Master." There, she'd said it. Her secret fear out in the open.

"I've never asked you to fuck a man, have I?"

"No, Master, not yet." *Why did I buy condoms?*

"Remember, it's all about trust. And being ready. If I had asked you to fuck Roger last night, would you have continued to trust me?"

"Probably not."

"See. I knew that. And I was watching out for you."

"Still, he could've raped me."

"He didn't seem the type to me. If he'd been suspect, I would've sent him on his way before you opened the door."

Annette remembered how she'd slipped the phone through the door while it was still chained. "But what about Dave, the guy at the bar? He could've raped me in the parking lot!"

"I trusted your judgment. That's why I said you should pick someone you liked. Your instincts proved correct, didn't they?"

"Yes, I guess so, Master. But..." She paused, collecting her thoughts. "The condoms. You wouldn't have me buy them if you didn't expect me to use them, right?"

"That's only for your protection—and mine. You don't have to fuck anyone. But a true slut would. The condoms just give you a measure of confidence. I don't want you getting hurt."

She felt a warmth spread through her chest, thinking about how he protected her, even from afar. She sighed. "What have you got planned for tonight?"

"Just leave everything to me. I want you to shower, shave and get ready. Wear a short skirt and blouse, no underwear. Then wait on the couch. Oh, and be sure and have your cell phone with you."

Annette didn't know what he'd planned, but she suspected she knew it was going to involve Roger and his roommate. She did as he asked, even remembering to send a picture of her newly shaved cunt to him. Then she donned an outfit like he described, put on shoes and waited on the couch.

Within fifteen minutes the doorbell rang. She opened it and wasn't surprised to see Roger and another man. She knew Master had called them and set something up.

"Hi, Annette. This is Bill, my roommate." Roger had dressed in jeans and a Grateful Dead T-shirt. His face shone with excitement.

Bill was fairer, taller and with broader shoulders than Roger. He looked rugged, like an outdoorsman and his outfit reflected that—chinos and a tight green polo shirt that showed off his pecs. When he grinned at her, his mouth turned up on only one side and his eyes pierced her. Annette found herself attracted to him in a visceral kind of way. She could imagine herself lying naked on the bed, her legs spread apart while he stood over her, his hard cock sticking out like a spear. She grew wet and unconsciously squeezed her thighs together.

"Uh, hi." She shook the image from her brain. "Come in, I guess." They walked past her into the living room and she shut the door, nerves jangling in her stomach.

"Paul tells me you have no idea what's going on, but that you'll obey his orders, is that right?"

"Yes, I guess so." *Within reason*, she thought to herself.

"Good. First things first. Show us your pussy."

His stark words shocked her. Her mouth fell open and she stepped back. They just stood there, waiting. She felt frozen, unable to obey, yet knowing she was probably disappointing Master by just standing there.

There came a long silence. Neither one made a move toward her. That alone made her feel a little more secure. She found her voice. "Is that what Paul ordered?"

"Yes. But what if it wasn't? Would you obey my orders?"

To hear this authoritarian voice coming from a kid like Roger seemed incongruous. She glanced at Bill, feeling her cheeks redden. "Paul is my Master, not you," she finally said.

"No, that's not quite right, is it? Your role is to be submissive. That means you must learn to obey any man who displays dominant qualities."

God, how much had Master told them? It was like her deepest secrets had been shouted to the world. What was going to stop Roger from telling all his friends? Would there soon be a line of young men demanding she put out?

"Th-that's not the way I understand it," she said. "I'm just exploring, that's all."

"Yes, Paul said as much. But that's your ultimate goal, isn't it? Otherwise, why bother?"

Damn! His logic was hard to dispute. After all, she had sought out Mr. Paul, not the other way around. She had welcomed his instructions, not because he demanded it, but because she needed it. In fact, she had led herself right to this point, this new awakening. And now she was supposed to go back to her old, repressed self?

"All right," she said at last. "But I'm not ready for touching. Are we agreed?"

Both men nodded, their eyes bright. Annette took a deep breath and reached down to the hem of her skirt. She closed her eyes and raised it slowly until she could hear the sharp intake of breath from one of the men. She opened her eyes to see Roger, standing there with his mouth ajar. Bill just stared at her, his eyes ravishing her.

She found herself growing wetter under their gaze and wanted to drop her skirt, but did not. She stood there, unable to move, waiting.

Roger finally spoke. "You shaved today?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

He approached and she almost took a step back, but managed to hold firm. She was fully prepared to bolt for the bedroom if he touched her. Instead, he merely squatted down and looked closely at her smooth mons, the incurving line now seeping with her lubrication. Bill stepped forward as well, leaned down and looked over Roger's shoulder.

Annette closed her eyes again, unable to bear their probing eyes. She heard the snap of a cell phone and opened them to see Roger dialing. "Paul? She obeyed, after some complaining. Yes, I'm looking at her pussy now. Uh-huh. Just a minute."

He stood and handed her the phone. She dropped her skirt and reached out, but he pulled it away. "I didn't say to lower your skirt."

Her heart beating wildly, Annette reached down with one hand and raised her skirt again, then took the phone with the other hand. "Yes, M-Master?"

"You're doing very well, my pet. See how easy it is to obey me?"

"But it wasn't you, Master!"

"No, but you had to know they came at my invitation."

"Yes, Master."

"Therefore, they have my permission. Now tell me, how do you feel, standing there with your pussy exposed?"

"Like a slut, Sir."

"Exactly. And that is your heart's desire. You've denied your feelings for most of your young life. Do you want to go back to the way things were?"

"I-I don't know, Master. I don't think so, but this is so hard."

"That's because you have twenty-plus years of conditioning to overcome. I can assure you, pet, once you learn to embrace your true self, you'll feel much better."

"Yes, Master."

"Now, I have one final question for you tonight. Do you trust me?"

"Yes, Master." And she did, completely. She only wished he was there instead of Roger and Bill, strangers to her. She wasn't really attracted to Roger, although he was cute in an immature kind of way.

Now Bill, he was something else again. He seemed older and sexier than Roger. If she had met him under different circumstances, she would've flirted with him and hoped he might invite her out. But now, standing there showing him her private charms, she felt mortified.

"All right. I want you to hand the phone back to Roger and I want you to do what they say, all right? I've worked out something with them. And relax—I told them they couldn't fuck you without your freely given permission, do you understand that?"

"Yes, Master."

"So you have ultimate control. At any time during the evening, you can use the safe word 'Georgia' and they'll stop what they are doing and take you home."

Take me home? Where are we going? "Yes, Mas— Do you really think they'll agree?"

"Yes, I do or I wouldn't have set this up."

"Okay, Master. I'll do what you say."

She handed the phone to Roger who took it and listened for a few minutes. "Sure," he said. "I understand." He looked back at Bill. "Yeah, him, too. All right." He thrust the phone at him.

"Yeah?" Bill nodded, his eyes still staring at Annette's pussy. "No problem. I got it. You don't have to worry." He flipped the phone shut.

"You can put your skirt down now, slut," he said, startling Annette with his harsh language. Nevertheless, she was happy to cover herself up. She could feel her cheeks burn as she stood there, waiting for her next orders.

"Okay, we're going out," Roger put in. "Oh. Bring some condoms and the digital camera."

Annette flushed red. She hoped the condoms wouldn't be needed—she wasn't sure she was ready. She went to her bedroom and retrieved the camera, knowing that no matter what happened, Mr. Paul would be seeing evidence of it later. That gave her small comfort. She didn't know why she was going along with this, except that Mr. Paul had ordered it. Was it so easy to obey him? Was that the lesson she needed to learn, just to let herself go and do what men tell her to do? It didn't seem right, and yet, here she was about to go out, god knows where, to do god knows what.

She returned to the living room and slipped a few condoms into her purse, her hands shaking. She allowed the boys to escort her out the door—Roger in front, Bill behind. Bill had taken her keys so he locked the door behind her. The click of the bolt had an ominous sound to it.

They went to the parking lot where Annette was directed to a dark blue Honda Accord. It must have been Roger's car, for he unlocked the doors. Bill climbed into the back and Annette was told to sit up front.

She almost asked where they were going, but closed her mouth at the last second. It wouldn't matter. It was none of her business.

"Pull your skirt up so we can see your pussy."

She obeyed, her stomach churning. She felt torn between wanting to run and wanting to just let herself go—trust them. Bill moved up between the seats and peeked over her shoulder. She flushed. They drove to the other side of town and Annette knew they were going to The Pink Panther. She wondered if Dave would be there.

It was dusk when they arrived in the parking lot. Roger parked away from the entrance, making Annette very nervous. She could feel herself growing wetter by the minute and feared they might see the wet spot she was leaving on the seat. She never moved her skirt—she knew better.

Roger shut off the engine and then turned to her. "Slut, here's your assignment from your Master. You are to go into the bar, sit down and have a drink, just like last week. Look around for Dave, the guy you flashed. He should be here—Paul called him. Bring him out here to the car. Don't worry about us. You'll see us by another car, talking. Just ignore us. We're here to keep you safe."

Annette felt both fear and exhilaration at his words. She waited for him to continue, not quite believing this was real.

"When you're in the car, you are to explain to him that you will help him get off. You'll achieve that in whatever way you can."

She felt the blood drain from her face. "Anyway I can? Like, you mean...?"

Roger shrugged. "That's up to you. But Paul wants you to make him come. And to record it." He handed her the digital camera. "Just hide it here in the backseat and snap a shot at the crucial moment."

"What? He'll freak out!"

"No he won't. By the time he gathers himself, we'll be at the car to get you out. For you see, that's our signal—the flash of the strobe."

It made a weird kind of sense to Annette. She could act the total slut, yet pull back just before she had to deliver the goods as long as she made him come. And she had her Master, in the form of these two young men, to protect her. The plan was diabolical.

She nodded slowly. "I understand."

She watched as Roger put the camera down on the floor of the car, and slid it up under the passenger seat. "It's ready to flash. Just pull it out as he's coming, aim it in his general direction and snap the shutter. We'll be here before you know it."

"Um. We're not going to use this against Dave, are we?"

"No, of course not," Roger said. "This is for Paul's enjoyment. You don't even have to get his face in the shot."

Annette started to get out of the car, but then stopped. "Wait. What's in this for you guys?"

They looked at each other, a flash of guilt in their eyes. She suspected there was something that had been agreed to without her knowledge. "Come on, give it up or I give the safe word and we go home right now."

Bill spoke up. "Paul said if we got you home safe, you'd do the same for us."

"What?!" But her reaction had been automatic. Part of her thought it was a fair trade. Otherwise, why would they agree to this stunt? The other part of her worried about what might happen once they got home. Would she have to fuck them? Or suck them? Or just beat them off? "Don't I have a say in this?"

"Yes, of course," Roger told her. "You can refuse. Use your safe word. We can take you home. Is that what you want to do?"

"I-I don't know." She did know, of course. She liked being told what to do. She liked being on the edge of danger. It boosted her sexual stimulation. *Face it*, she told herself, *I like being a submissive slut*.

Bill leaned forward and rested his hand on her forearm. "But if you do help Dave out, why not help us, too? It's only fair." He smiled, his eyes crinkling.

"No fucking," she said.

They nodded. "Only whatever you do for Dave," Roger put in.

"Okay." She got out of the car. They followed her out, waved and walked away. Annette squared her shoulders and went inside. She was at least grateful her skirt was longer this time. She didn't feel like such a complete tramp. Slut—yes, but tramp—no. *Maybe that will come later*, she mused.

She went to the bar and ordered another white wine, only to realize, too late, she'd left her purse in the car. When the bartender put the glass in front of her, she whispered, "Uh, I'm sorry, but I just realized I left my purse in the car."

"No problem, miss. I'll hold it until you can get it."

She swiveled on the stool, only to come face to face with Surfer Dude, the leathery man she'd met last week. She didn't feel any warmth toward him this week, either.

"What's the problem? You're not leaving already, are ya?"

"No, I was just going out to get—" She stopped, spotting Dave at a table across the bar. He was sitting with two other men, deep in conversation. He hadn't noticed her enter the bar. "I was just going over to see my friend Dave. Excuse me."

She pushed past him and went to Dave's table. He looked up as she approached and his smile widened, then faltered. She could imagine his thought process—he was glad to see her, but then wondered what the hell she had been doing flashing him last week. And why the call from the stranger, telling him to meet her here?

"Hi, Dave."

"Well, hi, yourself, Annette. Would you like to sit down?"

Annette looked at his friends, two suits half-drunk and both wearing wedding rings. "No, I can't. But I would like to talk to you about, um, some insurance matter, at the bar..."

Dave excused himself and followed her back to the bar. He graciously paid for her wine then ordered a martini for himself. She was glad, for she didn't like the smell of beer on a man's breath.

"So, what's up?" he asked after they settled in. "And who was that Paul guy?"

"Oh, that's my — uh, friend."

"Friend? And he's calling me, asking me to meet you here?"

She sighed. She did not want to go into it now. "It's a complex relationship." She took a deep breath and plunged ahead. "Dave, I feel terrible about last week. I just teased you and left you hanging. That wasn't fair."

"Oh, yeah, that. I admit I was surprised. You seemed so coy, then Bam! You're flashing me like a horny schoolkid."

"Yes, I know. I'm not usually like that." *Not yet, anyway!* She paused, taking a healthy sip of wine. "But I'd like to make it up to you. If you want."

"If I want? Well, who wouldn't? What do you have in mind?"

"Um, I thought we could go out to my car in the lot, and uh..." she couldn't bring herself to finish. Some slut she turned out to be!

"You mean...?"

"Well, no sex per se, but I think I could help you relieve some tension."

"No sex? What's that mean, exactly?"

"There are other ways, aren't there?"

"I think you'd better spell it out, young lady."

Annette blushed. Now she felt like a hooker. "I, uh, could use my hand."

Dave's face twitched into a brief grimace. "And what would this cost me?"

Of course, he thought he was being hustled. Who wouldn't? "No, no. No charge. I'm not a hooker."

"You sure? 'Cause I don't want to get arrested. Or blackmailed." His eyes bored into hers.

Annette suddenly realized just what he'd think when she flashed a camera at him in the car. He'd be convinced she was a crook. Her mind tried to come up with an explanation that wouldn't freak him out. She hung her head. "To tell you the truth, I'm in the middle of a scavenger hunt."

"A what?"

"A scavenger hunt. For this, uh, club I belong to. With M...I mean, Paul. And one of the toughest assignments is to bring back a picture of a man's cock, right after he...you know." She rushed on when she saw his expression. "No faces in it! Just, you know..." Her face burned red.

"Wow. You're kind of a slut, aren't you?"

Annette was sure she'd ruined whatever chance she'd had. Her face felt red-hot. "Yes, I am." It wasn't hard to admit to it she noticed.

He drained his drink and stood up. She shook her head in resignation, waiting for his rude retort. What would she tell Master? "Well, let's go, then."

"Wh-what?"

"Let's go. If this is your assignment, who am I to refuse? You'd just have to get some other guy, right? And I figured, after last week, I've kinda earned the privilege."

Annette took the final swallow of her wine and led him out. As they neared the car, she spotted Bill and Roger standing by another car about fifty feet away, talking and joking. Neither one looked in their direction.

She opened the door and let him get into the back, then went around to the other side where the camera lay hidden. She reached for it right away and put it on the seat between them. "See, I'm supposed to snap a shot of your cock, right after you come. But I promise I won't get your face in it. You can see it after."

He nodded. "So, how are you going to go about this?"

"Well, let me help you unzip and I'll —" She reached out with her hand.

"No, I need a bit more stimulation than that."

"What...what do you mean?"

"I mean, how badly do you need this photo?"

"Um, pretty badly." She didn't want to disappoint Master.

His left hand reached out and slid under the hem of her dress. She did nothing to stop him. She was a slut-in-training after all, wasn't she? His hand moved up her thigh to touch her pussy, which was dripping wet.

"Hmm," he said, even as his erection grew in his pants. "Looks like this is turning you on."

"Yes. And you, too." She reached out and unbuckled his belt then eased the zipper down. He shifted in the seat to give her better access, but his hand never left her pussy. She could feel him there, rubbing over her smooth mound, and letting his fingers dip into her wetness.

"I'm not sure..." she began, worried that he might get out of hand. She squirmed on the seat.

"Not sure about what? Whether this feels good or not? Seems like it does."

"No, I mean, if I should let you —"

"If I'm going to let you, you gotta let me."

She nodded, losing herself in the sensations he was creating within her. She believed she could come, right here in the parking lot, with very little extra effort. She closed her eyes.

"Open your blouse."

Annette found herself obeying. Her left hand came up and began unbuttoning her blouse as her right hand fumbled in his pants, trying to free his hard cock. She pulled his boxers down and out of the way and opened her eyes to see his erection standing up, a full seven inches. A very nice cock.

When the last button was loose, he reached over with his right hand to spread the blouse apart, exposing her breasts in the dim light. "Very nice," he whispered.

Annette felt deliciously exposed and very naughty. She wrapped her hand around his shaft and began to stroke him. Part of her wanted to get this over with.

"Now the skirt."

"What?" Her hand faltered.

"I can't come like this without additional stimulation. Like the sight of your naked pussy. Take off the skirt."

It was easy to obey when he said it like a command. She pulled away and unhooked the skirt, then lifted her hips to ease it down her legs. She kicked it to the floor spreading her legs for him. His hand returned to her slit, moving his fingers inside, occasionally straying to tease her clit. She could smell her own sexual heat.

"Ohh, that's nice." She'd almost forgotten about his cock. She leaned over and grabbed it again. But her own approaching orgasm prevented her from making any serious attempt to beat him off. Suddenly, this seemed less about her assignment and more about her orgasm.

One set of his fingers tugged at her nipples, rubbing them, pulling them, while his other set remained busy between her legs. Her hand slipped from his rock-hard cock as she rode the wave toward her climax. Her mouth fell open as she began to buck against his hand. Here it comes, now here —

He pulled his hands away. Annette gasped and opened her eyes. He was sitting there, leaning against the door, a small smile on his face. "So how badly do you want to win this 'scavenger hunt'?" The way he said it made it clear he didn't believe it was real.

"What?" All Annette wanted right now was to come. She had been so close!

"You brought me out here to bring me off and to take a picture. Or have you forgotten already?"

"No, no!" She reached out for him again. She noticed his cock had diminished somewhat.

He grabbed her hand. "No, I don't like it that way. Use your mouth."

She almost said, "Master says I didn't have to!" But wisely held her tongue. After all, she was a slut and had to do what the man wanted, right? But this isn't what she had bargained for. Was it? She looked down at him. He did have a very nice cock. And he was touching her so nicely. What could it hurt? She'd had sex on first dates before — and all she had to do was suck him? That wasn't too much to ask. Was it?

"Okay," she said, bending down to him. She took the head of his cock into her mouth and began to lick it. Meanwhile, she waited, legs apart, for his hand to return to her pussy. When he made no move, she stopped and looked up, questioningly.

"What?" His face beamed innocence.

"Aren't you going to...?"

"Oh, right." He reached over and brushed his right hand against her clit. She arched her back and sucked in her breath. Oh, that felt nice! She returned to his cock, sucking wildly at it, trying to draw out his seed. His fingers toyed with her. Every time she found herself approaching orgasm, her attention to his cock waned. Then he'd stop, just as she thought she might come and realize she had been neglecting her duties.

This pattern repeated over and over until Annette wanted to scream in frustration. "Dammit! Please, just touch me!" she demanded at one point.

"But you keep stopping. How are you supposed to win your contest if I'm bringing *you* off? Maybe I should be taking the photo of you instead of the other way around."

"I'm sorry," she said at once. "I'll do you, then you can do me."

"No, it's gotta be at the same time," he said, as if he was teasing, but serious at the same time. "Otherwise, I'll just lose interest after I come and leave. Then you'll have to do it yourself."

Annette didn't want to be denied. "No! Come on! We can do this!" She could visualize her orgasm and the spurting of his seed at the exact same time. How glorious that would feel!

"What? You don't want to do it yourself?" He gave her a sly grin.

"No. I mean, I could, but you've got me so excited, I just want you to do it. I like your hand down there, rubbing me. It makes me so wet. I could come in just a minute."

He shrugged. "I know a way we can come together."

She looked up at him sharply. "No!"

"Okay, suit yourself." He looked at his watch. "You'd better get busy."

"So you're not going to...?"

"Not going to what? Say it."

"Not going to touch me and make me come?"

"I am touching you." His hand rested on her hip.

"No, I mean...my pussy. Aren't you going to touch my pussy?"

"No." His teasing tone abruptly shifted. "Look, I don't really know what's going on here, but I'll bet there's no scavenger hunt involved. Clearly, you're supposed to get a picture of my cock coming, for god knows what reason. And I can help you do that. But under my terms. So if you want to get off, you have to agree to do it my way."

"And your way is fucking me? I can't!" Hot tears leaked from her eyes.

His hand came back to her slit and began teasing her. She wiggled her hips in response. "Why not? What's really going on?"

"He said I didn't have to!" she blurted.

"He? Who's he?"

"My...my...Master," the word was forced out of her. Dave's fingers stopped and pulled away.

"Your master? You have a master?"

"Y-y-yes! Sort of." Tears coursed down her cheeks. "H-he wants me to do these things."

"And his name's Paul, right?"

"Yes."

"Aha. So he was the one who ordered you to flash me last week?"

"Yes."

"Why? Why do you do that for him?"

She snuffled and wiped away her tears. "Because I'm-I'm training to be a s-submissive slut."

"Is that what he says or what you say?"

She shrugged. "Doesn't matter. It's true. I sought him out on the Internet. He's helping me explore my feelings."

"By having you beat off guys in cars?"

"By pushing my boundaries. He says I have a need to be submissive and I have to overcome my strict upbringing."

"Wow. So, he demanded a picture of my cock spurting semen? Doesn't that make him a little...um...gay?"

Annette had never thought of it that way. "Oh, no. I don't think so. No. He just wants proof that I'm following his training."

"Where is he? Is he hiding somewhere?" He looked around the lot.

"No, he's not here. He lives...far away." She couldn't believe she was telling him all this.

"And he specifically said you're not allowed to fuck me?"

"Well, no. He didn't say that. He said I didn't have to. That it wasn't part of the training right now."

Dave's eyes bored into hers. "Do you think it will stay that way?"

"What do you mean?"

"Do you think there will come a time when he'll ask you to fuck someone, maybe while he watches?"

Annette had thought of that herself. She nodded slowly. Why else would he make her buy the condoms?

"And why is that, do you think?"

"I'm...I'm not sure. I'd guess it would be because he felt it was necessary." *And I need it.*

He nodded. "So it really doesn't matter, does it, if you fuck me. You're going to fuck somebody soon anyway, right?"

She gave it some thought. He was right, but she had barely begun her journey. Inside her head, an argument was going on. Half of her wanted him to just take her, pick her up and impale her on his hard, stabbing cock. Don't even ask—just fuck her like she needed to be fucked. But the "good girl" fought it, telling her she wasn't a slut—yet. Master had told her what to do and it didn't include fucking this near-stranger. She shook her head. "No, I'm not ready."

Dave stared at her for a moment, as if weighing his chances. Finally, he took a deep breath. "Okay. But I'd sure like to get to know you when you are."

She smiled. "I'd like that, too."

His fingers probed deeper. She squirmed on his hand. "Oh, god..."

She reached out and wrapped her hand around his cock. It felt good and she wondered if she was denying her true self. Her pussy twitched, as if it could already feel his hard member sliding into her. She began to move her hand up and down, giving him the pleasure she was getting. His fingers pressed harder against her clit, encouraging her.

Their hands moved in unison. She could feel her orgasm nearing and she threw her head back. She didn't notice that Roger and Bill had approached the car from behind and were watching through the rear window.

She rode the sensations higher and higher, her breasts bouncing, the car rocking. Everything else was blotted out. Only her clit and his cock remained. She could feel it now, approaching fast. She increased her stroking, trying to make Dave come as well, and suddenly felt his cock erupt in her fist, squirting his seed over her stomach and breasts. The throbbing triggered her own orgasm, and she shouted hoarsely then fell down against Dave's chest.

They lay there, panting until she felt his cock wither in her grip. Her pussy gushed fluids onto his lap and she was chagrined. She started to climb off him.

"Wait," he said, holding her tight.

She opened her eyes to see Bill and Roger staring at her through the back window. Dave couldn't see them yet. She blushed and pulled her blouse closer over her breasts. Again, she tried to pull away.

"Wait," he said again. "Don't you want to get a picture?"

"Huh?" Her mind was blank. She looked around and spotted the camera. "Oh, yeah."

She picked it up and aimed it at his softening cock, then put it down. "No, he said I should get a shot of you coming, not..."

"Just include your stomach in the shot and I'm sure this will suit his purposes just fine," he said. She nodded, happy to have him make the decision for her. She opened her blouse to show the ropes of semen on her skin and snapped the shutter. The flash blinded her for a moment.

She slid off him and snatched up her skirt. Dave pulled his pants up. She drew her skirt up around her waist, just as the door opened and Bill stood there.

"What the hell is this?" Dave asked angrily, seeing the two men for the first time.

"Relax, we're just here to watch over the lady, but it looks like she doesn't need much watching over, huh, Rog?"

"No, it looks like she's been quite obedient."

"Oh, you guys are from Master, huh?" They seemed surprised by Dave's grasp of things.

"You know about him?"

"Yeah, she told me all about it. How's she's in training to be a sex slave and everything."

Annette sat there, her pussy still throbbing, too embarrassed to speak.

Bill gave Dave a lopsided grin. "Did you know that she's gonna to do to us whatever she did to you?"

Annette blushed again, not sure about that, yet she remembered Master's words. She had promised him.

Dave frowned and got out. "You guys are weird." Bill backed up to give him room. Dave turned around and looked back at Annette. "Listen, I had a great time. But if you ever want to have a date without Tom, Dick and Harry around, let me know." With that, he strode off across the parking lot.

Annette was sorry to see him go. She felt much more comfortable with him than with her two neighbors. She wondered if she really had to bring them off now. She felt uneasy, yet it made her feel dangerous, too. It was one thing to masturbate Dave at her Master's request, but quite another to repeat the act with these two because they felt entitled. What would Master say? That gave her an idea. She got out her cell phone and dialed Master's number. Roger almost said something then stopped.

"Hello, Master?"

"Yes, my pet?"

She told him what had happened.

"That's great, my pet. This shows you're suited to be a submissive slave."

"Yes, Master." She hesitated and then rushed ahead. "But I felt out of control! It was hard not to...go too far."

"Completely understandable, my pet. This shows you're running up against your old barriers. We have to break through them in order to free yourself."

"But, Master! Do you really want me to go around...you know, having sex with strangers?"

"Don't worry about that now. Take it one step at a time. Just listen to me—I've done this hundreds of times. I know what I'm doing. You're safe with me."

Annette felt reassured. If his goal had been to make her feel slutty, it had worked. She glanced at Roger and Bill who were both staring at her, lust evident in their eyes. "Uh, Master. The two guys saw me with Dave. They expect me to...uh, take care of them next."

"Sluts don't use cute euphemisms. What did you mean to say?"

"They want me to give them hand-jobs next."

"And how do you feel about that?"

"Nervous. I know we said something about that earlier, but I'm not feeling good about it right now."

"Put Roger on the phone."

Roger took it and listened for a moment, then he signaled to Bill and they moved away from the car. Annette strained to hear but couldn't make out what they were saying.

They returned a few minutes later and handed her the phone. The connection had been broken. "What did he say?" The men got into the front seats and Roger started the engine. They began to pull away. "What did he say?"

Bill turned around and leveled his gaze at her. "He said you'll do anything we ask you to do because that's what sluts do. He said you enjoy pleasing men."

"But, but..."

"Don't worry," Roger said over his shoulder. "He cautioned us to be very gentle. In fact, we have to make sure you have multiple orgasms."

"Multiple...?" Her voice failed. Her pussy throbbed.

Is that what it means to be submissive?

Chapter Five

They drove to the apartment complex and got out. The two men followed Annette up the stairs to her apartment without another word. She felt dizzy and uneasy. This had started out as a game, but it seemed to be taking over her life. Did she want to stop? The safe word "Georgia" came to her lips, but failed to cross. She'd be protected, wouldn't she? Then again, she'd never do this without Master's direction. She was so confused! She'd been brought up to be a good girl, one who saved herself for the man she loved. Sure, as she got older, she had sex with a few "Mr. Rights" – well, maybe more than a few – but that didn't mean she was a loose woman. Did it?

This didn't seem right. She wanted Master to be in charge, not these college students. She unlocked the door and let them in, eyeing them as they walked by. Okay, they were cute and seemed nice. Bill, especially, made her wet. But what if they forced her to fuck them? Master wasn't there to stop them. Didn't he want her for himself?

Then she remembered something he'd said to her the other day, how he had many slaves. He couldn't love them all. They were probably like working girls to him. He was nothing but a pimp! And she was falling for it!

"Hey."

Both men swiveled around.

"Um, I'm feeling uncomfortable about all of this. I know what I said earlier, but I'm... I don't think... I mean..." Her voice failed her. Yet, she found herself not using her safe word.

Bill stepped forward. "No one's going to hurt you." Even as he said it, he grasped her upper arm and she shivered. "Paul told us what's going on in that head of yours. We're not going to do anything you don't secretly want to do."

Annette was confused. She didn't want this, did she? She should stop it, yet she said nothing. Roger went over and sat on the couch. Bill brought her over, his hand still firmly wrapped around her arm. She sat. He sat on the other side. She was trapped between them.

She could feel fear and exhilaration flow through her body. Bill raised his hand to her cheek. That tender gesture melted her. He said quietly, "Would you feel better if you talked to Paul again?"

"Yeah, maybe we should."

"Okay." Roger got up and retrieved the cordless phone. He dialed the number. "Hello, Paul? Yeah, we're back at her apartment, sitting on her couch. She's, um, reluctant."

He turned to her. "Here, he wants to talk to you."

"Master?" She waited breathlessly for his voice.

"Are you all right, pet?"

"Yes. I'm just, uh, confused. A little scared."

"That's natural. Your mind is telling you that you're going too fast. You're a little overwhelmed, I think. We can slow down. But before we send them home, shall we see what your body is saying?"

"My body, Master?"

"Yes. Your body often feels differently from your mind."

Annette remembered how she felt, holding Dave's cock. It had wanted it inside her. "Yes, that's true. It did."

"You have the right to decide which 'voice' you want to listen to. Do you want to find out?"

"Um, yes, Master." She wasn't sure where this was going, but she trusted him.

"Good. Reach down and flip up your skirt."

"But, Master!"

"Are you arguing with me?"

"No, Master." She raised her skirt, exposing her wet pussy. She heard both men draw in breaths. "I've done it."

"Now touch yourself. Run your fingers up and down the slit."

"Uh—" She started to argue, then bit her lip. She didn't want to disappoint him. "Yes, Master." She reached down and let the pads of her fingers just brush the opening. Her fingers were immediately drenched. "Ohhh, god."

"What do you feel?"

"I'm very wet, Master. Very wet."

"So your mind is telling you to stop, but your body's saying something else, right?"

"Yesss."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. Now, which one of the two men do you find the most attractive?"

She looked around sharply, worried they might've heard, but their attention was focused on her sloppy cunt. "Uh, Bill," she whispered.

"Okay. Take his hand and place it on your pussy."

"But what about my mind? My feelings?" She wasn't aware they had made a decision about anything.

"That's coming. Do you trust me?"

"Yes, Master." She took Bill's hand and directed it to her pussy. He needed no encouragement—he began stroking her clit right away. His hand felt wonderful. She sagged back against the couch and spread her legs wider, the phone still held to her ear.

"Ohhh, Master, he's...he's touching me."

"Okay, now we get to decide who should be in control, your mind or your body. Are you ready?"

The hand drew more wetness out of her. It flowed down over her ass and onto the couch. She didn't care, she lost herself in the sensation. "I-I'm r-ready, Master."

"All right. Ask yourself this question – do you want to use your safe word now?"

Her eyes flew open. "NO!" The word erupted out of her. Bill, startled, started to pull away, but she grabbed his hand and held it in place. He started stroking her anew.

"There's your answer. Have a nice time and don't forget to send me a full report later." He hung up.

Annette handed the dead phone to Roger who dropped it on the coffee table. He returned to kiss her on the lips, his hand sliding up under her blouse to cup a breast. Her nipples poked hard against his palm. His thumb rubbed a nipple and she nearly came right then.

"Ohhh, god, don't stop," she murmured. She felt better now that her Master had shown the way. She needed this, she told herself. This was what she'd been waiting for all her life.

Annette found herself climbing that staircase to climax, higher and higher. She didn't protest when she felt Roger's hands unbutton her clothes. Bill's hand never left her pussy. Roger made her lean forward to take her blouse off and Bill reached and stuck two fingers deep into her pussy and pulled up, forcing her to raise her hips so her skirt could be removed.

She lay there then, naked in front of the two fully dressed men. That didn't last for long. Bill took his hand away and Roger replaced it. She opened her eyes to see Bill unbuckling his pants. When his cock sprang free, his hand returned to her. Roger moved aside, to watch. It was strange to be lying there naked before two men, their hands on her body, their cocks hard. She knew all she would have to do is nothing and they would fuck her. Is that what she wanted? She wasn't sure.

Her hand found a cock and began to stroke it. She glanced up to see Bill's face, but it might as well have been Roger. Or Dave. It didn't matter. She was becoming a slave to her own body, following the orders of Master Paul.

Roger returned, standing on the couch by her shoulder, his cock out. She turned toward him, opening her mouth. He let her lick it. For reasons she couldn't explain, she felt totally alive. Her repressions fell away. Annette was nothing more than a giant sex organ. Her mouth hung open, her eyes remained half-closed. "Uh-uh-uh-uh," she said, hearing the rub of flesh against flesh. Bill's fingers were busy on her clit. Her orgasm approached, roaring in her ears. Her mouth widened as if in shock, her eyes popped open.

"Aaaaauugh!" She cried out, shaking with the power of it. Her hand faltered, then she renewed her efforts. Annette wanted Bill to feel the pleasures she felt. Her hand

pistoned his cock. His fingers no longer rubbed her and she missed it. She wanted to come again and again selfishly.

Bill stiffened and she aimed his cock at her chest. He gasped and streams of cum spewed out across her breasts. She stopped rubbing immediately and felt his cock soften in her hand. He pulled away and sat at the end of the couch, gasping for air.

Roger moved into position. His hand found her wet pussy and began to rub her. Annette found herself climbing the sensuous staircase again. She grabbed his bobbing cock and rubbed it. Roger moved closer to make it easier.

Annette marveled at herself and how far she'd come since she began talking to Master. Here she was, spread out naked, masturbating the neighbors and being pleased in return. Was this really her? Was she just fooling herself? Wasn't she a good girl?

Her ruminations faded as her orgasm approached. It didn't matter what or who she was before this moment, all that mattered was that she come and come hard. She wanted to feel Roger's cock erupt. She opened her eyes and pulled his cock toward her face more. She needed to feel his semen on her cheeks, her nose, her lips. Yes, even her lips. She had to taste him.

Annette knew she was nearly out of control. If Roger or Bill decided to fuck her, they could. She wouldn't stop them. Whether that would please or displease Master Paul, she didn't know. At this moment, she didn't care.

She felt Roger's cock swell in her hand and knew he was close. His cock was just inches away from her face now and she kept her eyes open, watching the slit. Roger cried out and white fluid exploded from the tip, covering her face. She opened her mouth and allowed it to spurt onto her tongue, lapping it up like cream.

Her hand fell from his cock. He renewed his efforts on her clit and she was grateful. She began to ride along with him, rocking her hips in rhythm to the oscillations of his fingers. Her climax rode toward her on angel's wings.

"Oh, god! Oh, god! Oh, god!" she shouted, grabbing one leg and pulling him to her. "Oh, my god!"

It took several minutes for Annette to come down from her high. When she opened her eyes again, Roger was sitting on the coffee table, his pants zipped up again. Bill had also gotten dressed and sat by her feet on the couch.

"How was that?" Roger inquired.

Annette smiled. "It was very nice. Very naughty, but very nice."

"I'll bet you would've let us fuck you, huh?" Bill asked.

She raised herself up on one elbow and gazed at him. "Perhaps. But I'm glad you didn't press me. It means a lot to me."

Bill dipped his head gallantly. "Of course. Paul suggested as much." He glanced at Roger and a look passed between them.

"What?" Annette looked from man to man.

Bill tipped his head. "Well, Paul said if we're patient now, we'll be rewarded later."

"Oh? He said that?" Annette's stomach tingled. She knew how close she had come to fucking them tonight. She was sliding down the slope toward sexual degradation and she didn't mind the ride. What did that say about her?

"I'm glad you didn't force yourselves on me." She looked down and suddenly felt overexposed. She got up and found her clothes, holding them against her. "Now if you men will excuse me, I'd like to go to bed."

They nodded, some disappointment coloring their faces. As they got to the door, Annette turned toward them. "Hey."

They swiveled around as one. "Thanks, boys. You made my night." She dropped the garments, giving them one last look.

They smiled and Bill gave her a mock salute.

Chapter Six

She awoke around seven the next morning feeling sore and out of sorts. She was still naked underneath the covers. She touched her nipples and brushed her fingers over her damp slit. She remembered the night with a sense of wonder. Had she really been such a slut?

She groaned and got up. Grimacing, she went straight to the shower and spent twenty minutes scrubbing under the hot water. She had come so close to just letting go. How could she? What was she thinking? "I'm not a slut," she said under the steaming spray. But another part of her brain said, *Oh, yes you are – and you love it.*

She got out and threw on her robe, then went to her computer. She checked in and found an email message from Master, wondering where she was. It was dated last night at 11:34 p.m. About an hour after they had returned home. She'd been out cold by then.

She sent off an email, letting him know she was okay and she had just fallen asleep unexpectedly after her "adventure". She wanted to tell him of her doubts and fears, but she decided to wait until they spoke.

Annette put on a pot of coffee and sat on the couch. She sipped the mug, her eyes staring into the distance ahead. Her mind was a jumble of mixed thoughts and emotions. Rather than try to sort it out, she just let it idle. Master would know what to say, she told herself. Master would know.

The phone rang a half hour later. She got up immediately and answered it. "Hello?"

"Hello, my little slut."

"Master! I'm so glad you called!" Suddenly, Annette found herself bursting into tears.

"What's wrong? Tell me all about it."

She described the night and how close she came to fucking all three men—how much she had wanted it and how easily they could've had her. "I felt out of control for the first time in my life! But I'm not like that! Am I?"

"Of course you are," Master said in his soothing voice. "You want to let go, but the rules you've learned all your life are preventing you. This is a crucial point in your journey. You have to either trust me completely or to return to the way you were before you contacted me."

"But I don't want to let you go!"

"Nor do I want you to. I know I've challenged you. It's not always easy to judge how hard to press a slave." He told her how proud he was of her, how well she had done, that she had nothing to be ashamed of. If anyone should feel bad, it was him, he said.

Annette found herself feeling better. Master took a lot of the pain away. She poured herself another cup of coffee and decided perhaps she was being too rough on herself. Master said it was okay, so it must be okay.

He asked about the photo taken last night. She went to her computer with the phone tucked under her chin and uploaded the shot Dave took of his softening cock and her semen-spattered breasts. She didn't even feel embarrassed. He asked her if she had any pictures of her with Roger and Bill and she said no.

"Too bad," he remarked. "I meant to have them take some for me."

Annette could visualize those pictures in her mind – Bill hovering over her, his dick in her hand, Roger nearby with his cock at her mouth. She shuddered, thankful no one had captured any of that for posterity.

"I'm going to give you some time off, my pet," he said. "I want you to think about being submissive and how it makes you feel. What you've done there is just a taste. This lifestyle can fill that aching need you've had for so long, if you can welcome it. I've seen many a sub who thought she wanted this, only to find out it scared her too much."

Annette thought she might be like that. "Yes, Master, I can see that. It was a little frightening, last night." She wanted to add – *Because I almost got out of control. I let my inner slut peek out.* The power of it had surprised her.

"I understand. That's why I want you to think about coming down here. Not right away, but later, if and when you feel you're ready. And if you're never ready, I'll understand."

Annette didn't really know what to say. She certainly didn't feel ready today. And she may not tomorrow. Truth was, she didn't know what to think. "Um, Master? What happens down there?"

"You can let your true nature come out. All your fears evaporate. You become a vessel, open to the wishes of your Master. It's very freeing."

At Master's request, Annette didn't communicate with him for a week. It gave her a chance to sort out feelings. Surprisingly, neither Bill nor Roger called or came by, for which she was grateful. Not that she didn't like them or hadn't enjoyed the experience, but it would seem strange to see them while she was still trying to figure out what she wanted. No doubt, Master had called them to warn them off.

She went to work and came home to sit alone in her apartment. She had a lot of time to think. She still felt of two minds about being enslaved. It went against everything she'd been taught, yet it had awakened such powerful feelings within her that she wasn't sure she could go back to her old "vanilla" life.

Annette found herself scrolling BDSM and D/s sites online, reading articles, trying to understand how women could feel this way. She had stood on the edge of the abyss and had pulled back. But it would've been so easy to fall into it. She learned that some women just like the sensation of being controlled, whether by a woman or a man. Not in an abusive way, of course. She didn't want some brute of a man to use her as a

punching bag or to torture her. But, she had to admit the sites she'd come across that showed a woman being tied up and spanked really turned her on.

Does that make me a bad person?

She believed Master would help her understand. She trusted him. He wouldn't abuse her. He just helped her explore her limits. Which was how she had gotten started in the first place. She had sought answers—he had provided them. And he was being very generous and understanding about it, too. He knew just how far to press her and when to back off. He must really know what he's doing, she mused.

Thursday night, after a long day at work, Annette came home to rest on the couch, her feet up on the coffee table, her mind a blank. She couldn't think about complex issues tonight, like if she truly wanted to be submissive. She didn't even want to make any decisions about her life. It was easier just to drift.

She got up and poured herself a glass of wine, then sat back down, staring into space. For some reason, she felt at peace. Her mind was in neutral, as if it was waiting for a signal.

The phone rang. Startled, Annette sat up, sloshing her wine. She cursed, then went to the phone, her heart pounding. She knew who it was.

"Hello?"

"Hello, my slut."

"Master! I was wondering when you'd call."

"I wanted to give you lots of time alone. It helps clear the mind."

"Well, it's pretty clear, I have to admit. In fact, I feel empty."

"That's natural. You're in a waiting phase. That's a good sign."

"It is?"

"Yes, it indicates that your mind and body have come to a tentative agreement."

"Oh? And what might that be?" Annette felt a familiar flutter in her stomach.

"That you'd like to explore this further, to see where it takes you."

The words sent shivers up her back. She looked down to see goose bumps on her arm. Was that what she felt? "How can you be sure about that?"

"I've seen it many times."

"I-I don't know if I'm like all those other girls you've, um, trained." *She wasn't a mindless twit*, she thought.

"No, everyone is unique, it's only the basic pattern that is the same. You are a true submissive, Annette, you must realize that by now."

It was the first time he'd called her Annette in weeks. Always before, it was slut or pet. She found herself conditioned to the demeaning names until it had seemed normal. Hearing her name sounded jarring for some reason.

"I think I do. I know I feel something—something I've never felt before."

"You know that I only offer you what you secretly need. And you can pull back any time. That's the promise I make to you — that whenever you feel overwhelmed or if you simply want to go back to your old life, you just say so. I'm not a jailer or a kidnapper."

"I'm glad to hear it." She wouldn't have it any other way.

"How do you feel now about your new 'life'? Do you have regrets?"

"Yes, some. I still think of myself as a nice girl..." she trailed off.

"But? Do I hear a 'but' there?"

"Well, I have to admit, I've never felt so alive before. It's like I've been denying part of myself for so long. I'll bet it's not unlike someone 'coming out of the closet'."

Master's voice rumbled with laughter. "That's a good way to put it. There are some similarities." He paused. "I think you're ready for the next step, my slut."

Annette's heart beat faster. "Yes?"

"Yes. I'd like to have you come down for a weekend. Fly down Friday night, fly back Sunday afternoon. Do you feel ready for that?"

"I-I don't know. W-what will happen down there?"

"You'll be trained, of course. A mini training session. It will give you a chance to see what it's like." He paused, and before she could say anything, he continued. "Look, I know you're nervous. It's completely natural. I hope it's concern about what the training might entail rather than your lack of trust in me."

"Oh, no, Master, I trust you. It's as you said, I'm afraid of what you'll ask me to do."

"I won't ask you to do anything you haven't already done in your mind."

That startled Annette—how did he know the dark thoughts that went on in her mind? Was she so transparent?

"Well? I can have my jet at your airport Friday night—but only if you're convinced."

"Y-your jet?" Jeez, she thought, *how rich is this guy?*

"Yes. I have one at my disposal."

"W-would you be coming up, too?"

He laughed. "Oh, no, my sweet child. You come to me, I don't come to you."

A silence fell while Annette thought about it. Master, however, seemed to grow impatient with waiting for an answer.

"My pet, I have some pressing business here. Why don't you think about it and give me your answer in the morning? Perhaps you'd like to sleep on it."

"Oh, yes, thank you, Master. I would like some time." Gratefully, she hung up.

Annette walked around her apartment, thinking about her life and how it had changed so dramatically in just a few weeks. She wondered if she was satisfied to leave things as they were or to push further into her new lifestyle. Was this what she really wanted?

Later as she got ready for bed, Annette still hadn't made a decision. She knew it was fear of the unknown more than anything else that warned her. For all she knew, she might disappear down there, never to be heard from again.

Even as she thought that, she chided herself. *Master wouldn't do that! I do trust him.* Before she drifted off to sleep, she realized she didn't trust herself.

Chapter Seven

Paul Mason hung up the phone gently and leaned back in his chair. He'd been in business for ten years now and it still amazed him that there were so many women like Annette out there. He had started his business as a lark, really, not expecting it would take off. But women, he found out, loved to be "trained", even if many of them approached it as a game. Something they'd do to please their boyfriends.

Over the years, he found more affinity with the women who took it seriously and began to move his business in that direction. He liked the honesty of his clientele—they knew what they needed and didn't want those around them to be dilettantes. He often wondered what drove them to this lifestyle. Perhaps it was a backlash to the "superwoman" craze of the 1980s and early nineties, when feminists declared women could do it all. They could, of course, but it came at the expense of their children, their relationships and their sanity.

In the last few years, he'd seen more women like Annette—driven to submissiveness by an internal need, not external factors. He loved to welcome these types of women into his facility. His training methods proved to be quite effective with them. And many, once they had tasted the life, wanted to remain. No, they *had* to remain. They would even allow him to sell them to the highest bidder, and go off into their new world of slave and Master willingly, happily.

Annette seemed ready for sure. He'd know more after the weekend, but he strongly suspected she would not want to return to her dull, vanilla life. But she would have to be trained carefully. It wouldn't do for her to mix love with training. He'd seen it happen too many times. A woman comes down expecting to find love. He preferred to remain aloof, if he could.

It would be best if he could hand her off to one of his other trainers—say, Pussy-Whip, Sir Rudolf or Master James. That way, he could remain focused on the business. He mulled over his choices, then leaned forward and stabbed at the intercom.

"Yes?" The disembodied voice came through the small speaker.

"Can you come here for a minute?"

"Sure. I just finished with Shelly. Be there in a minute."

Paul stood and went to the wet bar in the corner. He poured a single-malt scotch and dropped some ice cubes in, then took that delicious first sip. The door opened behind him and he half-turned, holding up the bottle.

"Drink?"

"Sure, it's after five, isn't it?"

James Carmichael strode in. Paul fixed him a drink and handed it over, appraising his junior trainer. James had come to him from Montana, where he had been working on a ranch and dabbling in a little training on the side. He had a natural affinity for it. Strong and athletic, James was probably every Montana girl's cowboy dream. Just put a ten-gallon hat on his head and he'd look the part. He was a natural Dom and Paul had heard about him through the underground network of contacts he maintained. Paul had been in sore need of some extra help, and it didn't take much convincing once James caught sight of his operation here.

He could remember James getting out of the limo, just ahead of the naked Belle, and staring up at the house. "I'm in the wrong business," he'd said and Paul knew he had found his man.

Here in Atlanta, he'd fit right in. He had that natural ability to feel at home no matter where he was or with what people. He was an easygoing man, most of the time, but he could be stern during training. Women happily abandoned themselves to his authority.

He'd be perfect for Annette.

"I've got a girl for you," he said, lifting his glass in a silent toast.

James nodded. "Good. Who is she?"

"A volunteer."

He raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"Yep."

"Got a picture?"

Paul found one of Annette in her miniskirt and blouse and handed it over. He caught the smile beginning at the edges of James' mouth. "Now don't be getting any ideas. If things work out, I plan to sell her."

"You really think she's up for that?"

"Yes, I do. She's coming down for the weekend and you can see for yourself."

"Ah, shit – the weekend? I was planning on going fishing."

Paul laughed. "Sure, go ahead. I'll give her to Rudolf."

James looked up from the photo without moving his head. "'Sir-Fucking-Rudolf'? No way. I'll take her."

Paul retrieved the photo from James' fingers. "I figured you would. She'll be here tomorrow tonight."

James watched as Paul put the photo back in the drawer. "Hey."

Paul glanced up.

"I'll bet you have a few other photos of her, huh?"

Paul laughed and fished out all of the ones Annette had sent him. "Here. Don't go blind."

Chapter Eight

Friday, Annette woke up and stretched, feeling refreshed and new. She'd slept soundly, which surprised her—she had expected to be tossing and turning over her decision. She knew why, of course—she'd already made her decision, subconsciously. And in the night, her subconscious was calm and pleased with itself, which allowed her to rest.

She got up and made coffee, then showered while it perked. She grabbed a cup and began dressing for work. The phone rang, startling her.

"Hello?"

"My pet..."

"Oh, Master!" She hadn't expected he would call so soon. Her heart beat faster. Without thinking, she stripped off her panties and bra and sat down on the bed, naked.

"Are you getting ready for work?"

"Yes, I was—but I'm naked for you right now, Master." She didn't know why, but she felt compelled to tell him that.

"Excellent, my slut. You have pleased me." He paused. "Now, it is time to decide. If you say you aren't ready, I won't call you for two weeks, to give you time to think about what you need in your life."

Two weeks! She didn't know if she could bear to go two weeks without hearing his voice or serving his needs.

"But if you decide to come down, that will be the last decision you make for two days."

Annette bit her lip. Her conscious mind tried to fill her with doubts, but she knew the decision had been made. "I'll come."

"Excellent! I knew you would. What time do you get off work?"

"Um, about five-fifteen. I get home at five-thirty."

"No, don't go home. When you leave this morning, make sure the apartment is secure and your plants have been watered. When you leave work, go directly to the airport, to the charter desk. I'll have someone there waiting for you."

Wow. Just like that, she had done it, she thought. The wheels are in motion. "But—"

"No buts! That's the old Annette talking!" His voice was firm, but not angry.

"Yes, Master. Shall I bring anything?" She sneaked in that last question in a rush of breath.

"No. Everything you need will be provided—everything."

The sound of that sent a shiver through her.

* * * * *

Annette drove toward the airport, not believing she was actually doing this. The day had dragged by and she hadn't been able to concentrate on anything, other than what awaited her in Atlanta and her tingling pussy. Now it was upon her and the "good girl" was telling her to drive home, take the phone off the hook, unplug the computer and eat a carton of Ben & Jerry's. Just forget the whole thing. Yet, her hands remained steady on the wheel, her foot on the gas. She had to find out what lay ahead. She couldn't go back – not without at least checking it out.

She turned into the airport parking lot and made her way to the charter terminal. She found a place to park and got out, carefully locking the car behind her. She still had on her business clothes – very prim and proper – and carried nothing else – no suitcase, no briefcase, not even a change of panties stuffed into the pocket of her suit coat.

She was really doing this.

At the counter, she gave her name and a man behind her spoke up. "Miss?"

She turned. A pleasant-looking man about thirty-five stood there, grinning. He had wide-set eyes and short-cropped hair. He wore a blue polo shirt and brown slacks. "Miss Ryder?" She nodded. "I'm Bill Sutherland. I'm your pilot today."

Annette turned to look at the clerk who shrugged as if to say, "Sounds good to me." She turned back. "Hello." She extended her hand to Bill who enveloped it in his and gave it a squeeze. For some reason, it sent a thrill through her.

"This way. Your transportation awaits." He led the way out. After a second, Annette followed, casting one final glance at the clerk. She wondered if she was making the biggest mistake of her life.

Outside, the warm air blasted off the tarmac and nearly knocked her off her feet. She gripped the edges of her suit coat and leaned into it, following the burly pilot toward the gleaming business jet parked on the apron. Annette didn't know much about jets, but she knew this one had to be very expensive. At the gangway, he stepped aside and let her go ahead of him. She hauled herself up the steep stairs and entered the plush interior. Immediately, the whoosh of wind diminished and she had a chance to catch her breath.

Five large leather seats filled the interior. One was occupied by a leggy blonde. Where a sixth seat might've gone there stood a small wet bar, hard against a bulkhead. A corridor led into the back. Bill shut the door and came up beside her. "Annette, I'd like you to meet Belle. Belle, Annette."

The woman stood. She was a good two inches taller than Annette and carried herself with such grace that she seemed more feline than human. "Hello." She reached out a hand. Annette shook it, trying to think of something intelligent to say, but the only question on her mind was, *Are you one of Master's slaves?*

Belle was pretty, but not gorgeous. About thirty, she seemed more like the efficient secretary than the slut type. She had blonde hair tied up in a bun and wore a business

suit that buttoned in the front below her breasts. A sheer white top allowed the outline of her lacy bra to show.

"Uh, hi," Annette finally managed.

"I'm here to keep you company and to answer questions while Bill flies us back. All right?"

Annette nodded.

Bill spoke up. "Pick any seat, it's just us three today. The restroom's in the back." He pointed down the corridor.

"What? No copilot?" She wasn't sure she liked that. Normally, she wasn't a nervous flyer, but this small plane seemed somehow more dangerous. Or maybe it was the concern about her destination that worried her.

"Not on this quick trip. We'll be in Atlanta in an hour. Not worth it to pay for two pilots." He grinned at her. "You're not afraid of flying, are you?"

She gave him a weak smile. "No, not unless you plan on doing some aerobatics."

He laughed. "No, not in this baby. My boss would have my head."

"Come, sit down," Belle urged, leading Annette over to a comfortable chair. She sat down next to her. Annette watched Bill head into the cockpit and close the door behind him. In a few seconds, she heard the whir of the engines starting.

"So, um, how long have you known..." Annette didn't want to call him Master to this stranger "...Mr. Paul?"

Belle laughed. "Oh, it's all right—you can call him Master, we all do, eventually."

"So, you're..."

"A slave?" She inclined her head slightly. "I suppose I am, although by now I've probably graduated to 'administrative assistant-slash-slut'."

Annette allowed herself a brief smile. She had guessed right.

"Anyway, I've been with Master for five years now."

"Did you start out, um, like..." God! What was wrong with her! She couldn't get any words out.

"Like you? Yes, I did, a long time ago."

"So he...er...recruited you?"

"Yes, he found me online. I had been searching for something, something I wasn't sure I could even name and he gave it to me, in spades."

A shiver ran up Annette's spine. It sounded much like her own story. "So you don't regret, um, getting to know him?"

"No. Why should I? I have everything I want out of life now."

Her words comforted Annette. She had many more questions, but the plane was beginning to move.

"Better fasten your seat belt."

They were quiet for a few minutes while the plane taxied to the runway, then gathered speed and took off. Annette felt they were hurtling into another dimension.

Chapter Nine

"Are you nervous about meeting Master?" They had leveled off. Belle had unbuckled her seat belt and turned toward Annette.

"Well, yes, I am. I'm not sure what to expect."

Belle stood, a fluid, graceful movement. "Want a cocktail?"

"Oh, yes, that would be lovely. A glass of white wine?"

Belle went to the wet bar and poured two glasses. "I wasn't sure, either, five years ago. I was a lot like you – apprehensive, lonely, lost, stuck in a dead-end job –"

Annette tried not to gasp – she was describing her own life!

" – and one day, I met Master in a chat room. We talked for weeks and I think I felt in love. Or something like it. I wanted what he offered, that's for sure. I just hadn't been able to put a name to it."

"That all sounds so familiar," Annette said, taking a sip of wine. "Does he meet all his, um, 'girls' that way?"

"No, some come to him from other Doms for training, some are runaways who hear about him and just show up – Master has a reputation, you know."

"No, I didn't know." She wasn't surprised – Annette could feel his command, even through her computer or the telephone. She could only imagine what it must be like to stand before him in person, probably naked and vulnerable. Another shiver went through her.

"Are you cold? I could turn up the heat." She handed her a glass. Annette took a grateful gulp.

"No, no, I'm fine. Just nerves, I guess."

"Oh! You should've seen me, the first time I visited the Castle –"

"The Castle?"

"Oh, that's our little joke. Master has a large mansion and the facing is made of these big stones. It looks like a castle from the road. It sits up on a hill, surrounded by a huge stone fence. We call it Slave Castle – or Slut Castle when we're feeling catty."

Annette laughed. She liked Belle, the woman put her at ease. "How many women are there?" She had hoped Master would give her his full attention, but now realized she would probably be one of many.

"Oh, he has five slaves or servants on staff – like me – and he trains no more than ten girls at a time."

"Ten!" That sounded like a lot. She took another big drink, trying to steady her nerves.

"Yeah, I know. You'd be surprised how many women—or their boyfriends or husbands—are searching for a strong Dom to teach women the submissive arts."

"Hmm. What, uh, kind of training goes on there?"

Belle smiled and shook her head. "That would be telling. Master wants you to experience that firsthand. But don't worry—if you're here for the weekend treatment, you'll find it rather low-key. It's when you come to stay for a while that things get interesting."

Annette shivered again and looked away out the small window. The plane was gliding serenely through the wispy clouds, appearing to float over the landscape. Annette felt as if she was floating as well, floating from one life to another.

Belle didn't try to fill the silence, for which Annette was grateful. She wanted to be alone with her thoughts. For the tenth time, she wondered if she was doing the right thing. Seeing Belle and learning how calm and matter-of-fact she was about it eased her fears. *It can't be all that bad*, she told herself.

The drone of the engines combined with the late-afternoon wine made her eyelids heavy. She began to drift while her imagination wandered. She saw herself dressed in white, coming down a broad set of stairs toward Master. He was a dark-haired, handsome man, dressed in a tuxedo. She found her clothes were starting to fall away from her body and she didn't care. By the time she reached the bottom, she was naked before him.

"Welcome to Atlanta," he said, touching the side of her face with his palm. She melted and found herself getting wet.

Annette woke, hearing the pilot's voice over the intercom, "Welcome to Atlanta. We'll be landing in about ten minutes. Please make sure your seat belts are fastened."

Flustered, she sat up. Belle smiled at her. "You dozed off for a while there. I didn't have the heart to wake you."

"Uh, thanks. It must be the wine."

The plane banked, turning east. Annette looked out, trying to spot the airport. She expected to see a huge, bustling megalopolis, but could only see scattered houses, fields, trees and an occasional road. As the plane dipped lower, she began to get nervous.

"Where—"

"Shhh. It's all right. Bill's landed here dozens of times."

The plane now seemed just a few hundred feet over the trees and fields hurtling by underneath. Annette gripped the seat arms and held on, certain the plane would be torn to shreds on the branches below.

Suddenly the trees opened up into a narrow corridor. The jet eased down and she heard the kiss of tires on pavement. Annette could see a small building up ahead to the left, looking forlorn amid the open space. The jet hurtled by as it slowed, engines reversed. The plane slowed and turned left, off the main runway onto a narrow taxiway.

"Where is this place?"

"It's a small, private airport just north of Atlanta, near a town called Sandy Springs. It's much more convenient to his estate."

The jet taxied back down the apron until it sat in front of the low-slung building. The engines wound down and shut off. In a few minutes, Bill came out through the cockpit door and smiled at the two women.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"No, that was very smooth and fast," Annette replied, unbuckling her seat belt and standing up. Belle joined her. They moved toward the door. Bill unlocked it and eased the stairway down.

"Ladies first," he said, stepping aside. Annette felt like a movie star. She led the way out of the jet. The heat enveloped her like a warm embrace — just another beautiful April day in Georgia. She stood at the bottom of the stairs until Belle joined her. Bill stayed in the doorway and waved to them.

"Isn't he coming?"

"Bill? Oh, no, he stays with the jet. Come on, we're parked over here." She walked around the building. There were few people nearby and no one paid any attention to them. Around the corner, Annette spotted a sleek, black limousine waiting for them. A uniformed driver kicked himself upright from his position against the front wheel. He tipped his cap and opened the door. Belle slid in, followed by Annette. Cool air flowed throughout the spacious interior.

"Wow," she said as soon as the door thumped closed behind them. Leather seats, a wet bar and darkly tinted windows made her feel like she was riding in a yacht. "This is nice." *He must really be rich*, she thought.

"Yes, although I have to say, I've become used to it. I guess I'm spoiled, huh?"

"Oh, no — I could get used to this, too, I think."

The car began to move. "Well, we'd better get ready — we'll be there in about fifteen minutes." Belle began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Wh-what are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm sorry — I didn't warn you, did I? All his slaves must be naked once they're on the grounds of the estate. No exceptions." She pulled her blouse apart and shrugged it off her shoulders, then reached around to unfasten the bra. When it came free, Annette noticed at once that Belle was wearing nipple rings — golden hoops that hung down below her breasts.

Annette just sat there, mesmerized. Belle paid her no attention, nor did she seem embarrassed to be half-naked in front of her guest. She unzipped her skirt and lifted up off the seat, sliding it down her long, tan legs. Her panties soon followed. Only when she was completely naked did she look up at Annette who was still fully clothed.

"Relax. It's part of your experience here. Don't be shy." Belle's breasts were medium-sized, but well-formed and a glance further south told her the woman shaved

regularly. Her body, Annette noticed, was evenly tan and in excellent shape. She felt suddenly out of her league.

Belle peered out the windows at the passing countryside. "Hurry! We're almost there."

Annette found her hands at her blouse, unbuttoning as if they were possessed. She hadn't undressed in front of anyone since high school gym class and she had felt self-conscious even then. But her desire to conform overrode her embarrassment, so she continued to strip until her panties joined the rest of her clothes on the seat next to her. She shivered and covered herself.

Belle smiled and crossed her legs, completely relaxed as if she was still dressed. She did not stare at Annette, but instead looked out the tinted windows. Annette began to relax, although she kept her hands in front, protectively.

"We're here," Belle said softly.

Annette looked out to see the limo pass through a heavy iron gate, set in a tall stone wall. Looking back, she saw the gate close behind her, shutting out the world. This made her feel a little better for some reason. Still, her heart pounded as she waited to see what would happen next.

As the limo glided up the long driveway, Annette caught her first glimpse of Master's mansion. It was as Belle had described, stretching across the skyline like a castle, looking at once foreboding and mysterious. Now naked, Annette felt even more vulnerable.

The limo pulled up to the front of the mansion and parked. The driver made no move to get out. Belle reached over and unlatched the door. "Come on," she said. "Don't be so shy." She unfolded her legs and climbed out into the sunshine. Cautiously, Annette scooted over toward the door and peered out. There was no one around save for Belle. She eased out slowly, like a mouse peering from its burrow, ready to scurry back to safety at the first sign of danger.

Belle just stood there, grinning at her. Annette finally put a naked foot on the smooth brickwork and climbed out, keeping her hands in front of her. Belle closed the car door with a loud "clunk" behind the girl, causing her to jump. She laughed.

"Hey now, relax. No one's going to hurt you. You asked to come here, remember? So just go along with whatever happens. This is your new life, the one you secretly want, okay?"

Annette nodded and, with some effort, lowered her hands.

"That's the spirit," Belle said, and turned toward the stairs leading up to the massive front door. Annette noticed how her ass seemed perfectly formed, like a ripe peach. She looked over her shoulder at her own ass, mentally trying to compare the two.

At the door, Belle paused to press the bell. Annette could hear the tones echoing inside. It must be a huge entryway, she figured. She shivered again and found herself edging behind Belle, feeling small and ugly.

"Oh, no you don't," Belle said, grabbing her shoulders and putting her back in place next to her. "You have to overcome your old ways. You are now Master's property and he wants to see you."

Before she could respond, the door thumped then opened. Annette gasped, expecting to see Master himself. Instead a small Asian girl, also naked, peered out. "Oh, Belle! Welcome back!" She jumped into the larger woman's arms and they hugged enthusiastically. They also kissed quite passionately, Annette noticed. She turned her head away.

"Oh, Ling, this is Annette."

Annette looked up to see the two had separated. Ling was watching her, her eyes bright. "Uh, hello, Ling." She put out a hand, not sure what to do. How do two strange, naked ladies greet each other?

Ling stepped forward and grabbed Annette into a warm embrace, startling her. She could feel the Asian's breasts against hers. Like Belle, she also had large nipple rings. Annette's instinct was to push her away, but she fought it. She didn't want to appear rude. She hugged her back, although not as passionately. She noticed, with some satisfaction, that she was at least three inches taller than the Asian.

"Hi, Annette, welcome to Slut Castle!" Both Ling and Belle laughed.

"See? I warned you," Belle said. "Come on, Annette, let's go inside and get you situated."

Annette followed Ling inside, Belle right behind her. She felt trapped, like she'd just made a big mistake. She wondered if she could get away – and what about her clothes! Where they still in the limo? Would the driver take them? How could she get away if she was naked all the time?

Her thoughts were interrupted by the grandeur of the foyer around her. The wainscoting was paneled in a dark wood, perhaps mahogany, with plastered walls of a pale ivory above. The ceiling had to be fourteen feet up. Antique statues graced the corners. As they passed through an oval to the right, marble columns flanked them. The living room was much larger, filled with expensive furniture and large paintings of the type Annette had only seen in museums.

"Gosh," she squeaked. "It's beautiful."

Belle spoke up behind her. "Oh, yes, it is nice, isn't it? I'll bet you could get used to this, huh?"

Annette didn't know how to respond to that, so she said nothing. Ling led them through the living room to a narrow door set in the wall. She opened it and went through, Annette and Belle on her heels. The room was small and paneled in the same dark wood as the foyer. Soft lighting graced the interior. She looked around and spotted only a bed, a sink and a toilet. It looked like a jail cell. A fancy cell, but a cell nonetheless.

Annette panicked and started for the door. Belle blocked her way. "Annette, it's okay. Look at me."

"NO! I want to go home! I don't want to be here!"

"Annette!" Belle grabbed her arms above the elbows. "Relax. This isn't a kidnapping. You are completely safe. This is just your room, that's all." She turned toward the door. "Look, no one is holding you prisoner. We're just showing you how slaves live—that's why you came here, isn't it?"

Annette realized she was right. Master had control over her already. She had given her soul to him freely. She had nearly fucked three men because he had wanted her to—how much more of a slave could she be? Feeling suddenly foolish, Annette sagged into Belle's arms. "I'm sorry! I was just so scared for a minute."

"It's okay, slave, it's okay. Here, sit down on the bed and we'll explain."

Annette sat, feeling her legs shaking. Ling approached and put her hand on her shoulder. "You should feel honored. All the new slaves are assigned small cells like this. However, most are in the basement and aren't as nice. This is one of only a few on the main floor. It's reserved for special guests. Master made it clear this was to be your room during your stay."

Annette blushed. "I'm sorry—I didn't know."

"Master thought you'd be more comfortable here, by the living room. Your movements will be restricted, yes, but that's normal for new slaves. You have to experience the lifestyle completely before you can learn your true desire." Ling spoke like a Chinese philosopher but her words soothed, nonetheless.

"Okay. I'm okay now." She breathed deeply, hoping her panic attack wasn't a foreshadowing of things to come.

"All right," Belle said, squatting down to be at eye level with her. Annette couldn't help but notice that her legs came apart and her pussy spread open, the pink a contrast against her tan skin. Annette could see the wetness within. A gold ring hung from one labial lip. She averted her eyes.

"No! Lesson number one—never look away from beauty, and my pussy is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Y-y-yes."

"And so is Ling's. Look at her."

Annette glanced over to see Ling had widened her stance to show her slit. She seemed quite wet as well. Like Belle, Ling also had a gold ring through her flesh. Annette wondered if all the slaves had such rings. She looked down at her knees. "Very nice, both of you."

Ling laughed and Belle joined in. "Oh, sweetie, you've got a long ways to go." Belle gently cupped her hand around Annette's jaw and pulled her head up until their eyes met. "You must learn to love your body and the bodies of everyone around you, no matter what the size, shape or color. That's the true meaning of being a slave in Master's household."

Annette nodded and blinked back tears. She felt like a prude and she'd never thought of herself as straightlaced before. It took just a few minutes on the estate to discover how sheltered a life she had lived up to now. She took a deep breath and resolved to be more open. After all, look how calm Ling and Belle were about their nudity, their sexuality.

Belle released her chin and stood up. Annette found herself staring right at her crotch and started to look away then stopped herself. She forced her gaze to remain on Belle's glistening pussy.

"That's better," Belle cooed. "You came here to find out some things about yourself. That's what this weekend is all about. Don't forget that."

Now Ling came over and Annette turned her gaze upon her pussy. Like Belle, Ling shaved or waxed regularly. Not a hair showed between her legs. She looked down at her own stubbly pussy and felt inadequate for the tenth time that afternoon.

"Don't worry, we'll prepare you before you see your new Master," Ling said quietly, as if she could read her mind.

"Thank you."

"Now, we're going to leave you here for a little while to relax," Belle put in. Annette raised her eyes to the woman's sex again. She could smell the scent of her and found it a little arousing. *Must be the nakedness*, she mused. "Ling will be along later to collect you for your bath. If you're hungry or if you need something, just ring the bell by the door and wait."

Annette nodded, her eyes still on the woman's pussy. The women moved away toward the door. They stood there for a moment and kissed. Annette tried not to react to it. Then they opened the door and were gone. She heard the jangle of keys and knew instantly she'd been locked in, albeit temporarily. The room seemed to shrink in on her. She hoped she'd made the right decision.

Chapter Ten

Annette was dozing when she heard a noise at the door. She sat up immediately. The lock turned and the door opened. Ling stood framed in the light from the living room.

"It's time for your bath, slave."

Annette stood erect, enjoying how much taller she was than the Asian woman. She followed her out. They walked down a hallway past the living room. Annette kept her eyes peeled for Master or another servant, but she saw no one. She knew there were five servants here—where was everyone? They paused by a door. Ling tipped her head to indicate Annette should enter.

Behind the door, there was a large and luxurious bathroom. It was tiled in Italian marble, she guessed, and had ornate brass fixtures in the double sinks to her left. Ahead, a massive tub on lion's feet dominated the room. It made the tiny bathroom in her apartment look like something found in Calcutta. "Oh my," she gasped.

"Nice, huh? Master knows what women want." Ling went to the tub and opened the taps. The water thundered out—they wouldn't have to wait long for a bath. Ling adjusted the temperature and splashed in some bath salts, then turned to the naked girl.

"Okay, while we're waiting for that, let's get you shaved." She seemed so matter-of-fact about it, Annette found herself nodding without complaint. *Besides*, she told herself, *Ling has already seen me naked, so why not?*

Ling directed her to sit up on the marble top between the two sinks where she had placed a folded-up towel. The thick material cushioned Annette's ass and made her feel like she was getting a spa treatment. It was easy to go along with events here.

Ling made her spread her legs wide then tsked at the stubble around her pussy. "If you ever decide to be a full-time slave, you'll want to remove this permanently, it's just so much easier," she remarked as she gathered up the materials she needed. She wet a washcloth and pressed it against Annette's loins. She could feel the heat soothe her.

Ling squirted some shaving cream into her hand. Annette watched, a bit apprehensively, as the girl spread it over her mound. It was such an intimate act, but then, everything she'd experienced since she had arrived at Slut Castle had been intimate. The cream—and Ling's touch—made Annette wetter, if that was possible. Taking up the razor, Ling carefully scraped away her hair, taking extra care to get all the little hairs tucked inside the folds along both sides of her slit. Annette found herself wanting to kiss the Asian for some reason, even though she didn't consider herself a lesbian. But the girl was treating her so kindly, waiting on her and being so intimate Annette felt a sisterly love grow into something else.

"There," Ling said, wiping the last of the soap from her pussy. "How's that?"

Annette looked down. She had never felt so naked before. "It's, um, nice."

Ling laughed. "Oh, you'll get used to it. Master likes the look."

"Did you have, um, hair before you got here?"

"Oh, yes. And I shaved for quite a while before I just got tired of it. Then I had laser treatment—which Master paid for, of course—and I've never been happier." Ling turned around. "Oh, look—the tub is ready. Let's go." She turned off the taps.

Annette slid off the counter and approached the big tub. It was like something out of *Caligula*. The tub was the size of a small oval pool. Mounds of bubbles rose over steaming water. She eased into one end and found Ling had made the temperature just right. She suddenly flashed on her panic earlier and felt embarrassed. How could she doubt these lovely people? Everyone was being so nice!

She was a little startled when Ling slipped into the other end. She felt their legs touch. She resisted moving hers, for fear she'd seem rude, yet she'd never shared a bath with another woman before. Ling seemed to sense her awkwardness.

"Oh, relax! I couldn't resist this hot bath, could I? Besides, I'm supposed to bathe you—what better way than from inside, not outside, the tub." With that, Ling scooted up and grabbed the washcloth. She soaped it up and began running it over Annette's body. Any of her concerns soon melted away with the soothing touch of her bath-mate. She felt like a rag doll within minutes. Ling wouldn't let her lift a finger. She moved the cloth across her breasts, around her stomach, even down between her legs. Annette accepted it all gratefully.

When Ling moved close and kissed her, Annette didn't protest. Far from it—she welcomed the attention. Her whole body felt like it was opening to this new experience. She returned the kiss with a passion she never thought she'd feel for another woman. Their soapy bodies fell together and they rolled around in the hot water, abandoning themselves to each other. Ling moved her hand down to Annette's pussy and began to stroke it under the water. Annette found her hips moving in rhythm to her movements. She tried to reciprocate but Ling moved away. She tried again and she moved again. Then she realized this was just for her—she didn't have to give pleasure, only receive it. She allowed the fingers to stroke her—she even spread her legs wider.

She could feel the orgasm approach and waited for it to overcome her. Ling kissed her deeply, and moved her other hand to her breasts. Annette lay back in the soapy water and felt like she might float up to the ceiling. *Yes*, she breathed, realizing she only spoke internally. "Yes. Oh, please." The orgasm neared. Annette arched her back and waited for it.

Suddenly, Ling pulled away. Annette's eyes flew open. "Wait!" she begged. But Ling had already moved to the other side of the tub. "I was so close!"

"And close you should be. Master wants you ready—but not for me. For him."

Then she understood. Ling had been told to “prepare” her. Not only by shaving her and bathing her, but by leaving her on the edge of a climax. Annette nodded. “Very well. I think I’m ready to meet my Master now.”

Ling smiled. “Good. Then let’s get out of this tub before we melt.” She rose, the water sluicing off her and stepped out. Annette followed, her body hollow and on edge. She knew once she saw Master, if he asked her to lie down and spread her legs, she’d do it. She was ready.

They dried off. Ling made sure she helped Annette, rubbing the towel over her until the girl wanted to press her fingers to her clit and come. She resisted, for she knew Ling would not allow it. She already felt, in many ways, that her body no longer belonged to her.

They dried their hair and Ling helped Annette put on some makeup. Not too much, which surprised her. She thought Master might like to see her made up like a whore.

“Come. It’s time.” Ling led the way out of the bathroom and right, down the corridor. Annette’s stomach churned, worried for the umpteenth time what she had gotten herself into. Ling paused at a double oak door and knocked.

“Come,” came a muffled voice beyond.

Ling opened the door and stepped aside for Annette to enter.

Chapter Eleven

Annette's stomach fluttered and her pussy felt wet with desire as she walked into the room. Sitting in a chair by the empty fireplace was Master Paul, looking very much like the pictures he had sent—tall, handsome and slightly graying around the temples. His eyes had a hawk-like quality that pierced Annette to her very soul. He wore casual slacks and a blue dress shirt. At his feet sat a naked Belle, stroking his thigh. His hand was protectively on the side of her head, touching her cheek.

He smiled, but did not rise.

"My pet, how nice to finally meet you."

Annette smiled and tried to speak, but her voice seemed to have left her. She coughed and managed, "Yes, M-master, it's good to see you, too." Suddenly, she felt embarrassed at her nakedness, yet knew that to cover herself up would be frowned upon. Instead, she hunched her shoulders and drew her legs together.

He laughed and indicated she should come closer. Belle immediately rose to her feet and moved aside. Annette stepped into position and shivered under his soothing touch along the flank of her leg. "Relax, my pet. You're safe here. Consider this weekend an experiment. Even if it doesn't work out for you, at least you'll know."

She nodded. "Yes, Master."

"Good." He took both of her hands into his. She could feel his warmth. Idly, she wondered if he was aroused and surreptitiously tried to glance at his crotch. "Now, my dear—are you ready to begin?"

Annette thought she already had. She nodded, fearful of what more might be asked of her. She hoped he wouldn't ask her to get her nipples or labia pierced! Any further thoughts vanished from her mind when Master Paul suddenly turned her sideways and slapped her on the rump.

Her eyes flew open.

"That was for not responding when you are asked a direct question, slut," he said, but in a soft, teaching voice. She did not feel threatened by it and the slap didn't really hurt.

"Yes, Master," she said at once.

He smiled. "See, you're learning already." He pulled her down so she sat on his lap. She could feel the smooth cloth of his trousers against her bare thighs. "First things first. Your name, Annette, represents your old life. While you are here, you will have a new name, one that reflects the new you." He paused, stroking her breast. Annette felt her pussy fill with fluids and worried she might stain his pants. He reached between her legs and ran his finger along her slit. It was immediately covered with her juices. He

held it up for her to see. "Ahh. I shall call you Honey, because you produce a lot of honey for me."

She flushed pink. Master just smiled and shook his head. "Oh, don't be embarrassed, Honey. I love that you're so turned on by me. It tells me what a slut you are. I think you'll do well here."

He eased her to her feet, one hand stroking her ass. Annette—no, Honey—shivered anew. She wanted this man. After all she had done for him, she hoped he would make love to her tonight. Ling had left her on edge and Master's touch renewed her near-climax. If he just touched her clit, she'd explode. Unconsciously, she moved her hips forward, as if to encourage him.

He ignored the gesture. Honey stood there, expectantly. For the first time since she arrived, she became more worried about what *wouldn't* happen than she was about what would.

"There are a number of rules to follow here. If you disobey a rule, you will be punished. So, try to remember each rule as it is told to you. First, you must learn how to stand, how to walk and how to kneel."

He signaled to Belle. Using her as a model, Master showed Honey how to stand, with her legs apart, breasts up and shoulders back. Not like a soldier, but more like a runway model. Belle helped her move, swaying her hips in a sexy fashion, breasts thrust out. Honey mimicked Belle until she had it right. Belle then eased to her knees, keeping her legs apart, her hands clasped behind her, her head bowed.

These were easy lessons to follow and Honey soon knew all her positions. Or so she thought.

"Here's another one, also important," Master said. He gave a signal to Belle who immediately put her hands in front of her on the floor and rested her forehead down on them. She raised her ass into the air. It was an obscene pose and Honey knew just what it would be for. She followed suit and hoped Master would fuck her, right then and there.

No such luck. She rested there, ass up, feeling faintly ridiculous until he told them to kneel again. This was all too easy! For the umpteenth time, she wondered why she had come here. She could be at home, reading naughty stories online and playing with her plastic man, coming several times in a row, instead of here, hanging on the edge, waiting for more instructions—

"Honey!" Master's voice was sharp.

"Uh... Yes, Master?" She was caught off-guard.

"You seemed to be daydreaming. Slaves don't daydream."

"Oh, sorry, Master."

"Come here."

She rose and padded to him, her mind awl. She knew she was dripping wet and was sure he could smell her arousal.

"Lay across my lap."

"What?"

"Was I not clear?"

"Uh, yes, Master." She lay over his thighs, feeling foolish once again. That lasted about five seconds. No sooner was she in position than his hand slapped her, eliciting a startled cry. He struck her again and Honey tried not to squirm. She knew why she was being punished, but it had seemed such a minor transgression. So she daydreamed – so what?

Slap! Slap! Slap! The blows rained down on her. Honey could feel her ass grow red and the heat only made her pussy wetter. God! She thought she might climax from this! How could that be? She was being spanked like a little girl!

Finally, he stopped and began to stroke her sore ass. She shivered.

"I want all my sluts to pay attention to me at all times. I don't want anyone's mind wandering – it's very rude, don't you agree?"

"Yes, Master." *Please, touch me there!* He was driving her to distraction right now, the way his hand felt on her ass, stroking the hot flesh. She opened her legs a bit, hoping he'd touch her wet pussy, run his fingers down to her clit. One touch would be all she'd need...

"Okay, up now," he said, helping her to her feet. Honey didn't know if she could stand. Her knees threatened to collapse. She looked over her shoulder at her red rump and smiled ruefully.

Master grinned at her. "Now, would you like to come?"

"Oh, yes, Master!" She nearly danced in place, waiting for his next command. Would he bend her over the couch and take her from behind? Or perhaps he'd make her kneel down, head low. Or maybe he'd just touch her. Whatever he might do, she was ready for it.

But she was not ready for what he said next.

"Belle, make Honey come."

Honey took a step back. "Master?" She was not a lesbian. She flew down here for *him*, not one of his slaves! As Belle approached, Honey's eyes pleaded with Master. He just stared back, a slight smile tugging at one side of his mouth. Belle dropped to her knees in front of Honey and opened her mouth. Her tongue extended toward Honey's sopping wet slit.

That was quite enough! "No," she said, backing up. Belle immediately got up and walked away. Master lunged up from his chair and grabbed Honey by both arms. He pulled her back down with him, positioning her over his knees again. She knew what was going to come next.

Slap! Slap! Slap! The blows rained down on her already tender flesh. "Ow! Ow! Please, Master!"

"You — must — learn — to — obey — your — Master," he said, each word punctuated by a slap.

Honey began to cry, tears flowing freely from both eyes. She begged, she pleaded, she told him she'd be good. Finally, he stopped. Again, he rubbed his hand over her burning skin and began talking softly into her ear. "See, sluts don't decide who they are going to make love to. That's why you learn to obey without question. Your mind is fighting your body again. You need to let go, just listen to my voice and obey. And remember — you don't come without permission."

Honey nodded. It would be a lot easier to do that. She so wanted to please him, to learn from him. She had to find out all the answers to the questions she'd been asking herself for years.

This time, when he stood her up, she obeyed without question. He didn't even have to tap her legs apart, she knew what was expected. She waited there, her eyes focused on Master's face while Belle approached. Honey could feel the woman's breath on her pussy. She shivered, but didn't move. When Belle's tongue touched her wet slit, she clenched then forced herself to relax. By watching Master, she could pretend it was his tongue on her, not Belle's.

The tongue probed, drawing more wetness from her. She could feel the electricity run up and down her legs, then up to her breasts. She wanted to touch them, to pull at them until she gasped, but she did nothing. That was up to Master. *Let it all go*, she told herself. *Just let it all go except what you're feeling right now.*

The sensations grew more insistent. Honey widened her stance a bit more to allow Belle to reach back, pulling more honey from her. *Yes, that's right*, she thought. *My name is the same as the wetness my pussy produces. I am a honey pot, a sweet slut — my Master's toy.*

The tongue and her salacious thoughts merged as one. She no longer feared being labeled a lesbian — she only wanted to come. Master was right — it didn't matter whose tongue it was. Belle was certainly very good at what she did. She stared at Master's mouth and saw him lick his lips. The tongues were all the same some just more talented than others.

Honey began to perspire. She abandoned herself to the feelings. She threw her head back and opened her legs wider. She wished she could fall down and let Belle dive deeper into her wet core. She felt the orgasm coming now, faster and faster. Her knees began to shake.

"Oh, god," she whispered. "Oh, my god." Then she remembered. "Please, Master, may I come?"

"Yes, my pet."

Belle sucked at her clit and Honey fell right off the edge of the world. Her legs collapsed and she wound up on her back in the thick rug, shaking with the power of it. Her legs were splayed wide apart and she gasped with relief.

"Jesus! Oh, my god!" She rolled to her side, bringing her legs together, trying to ride out one of the most powerful orgasms she'd ever had in her young life. She had never imagined it could be like this!

It took her several minutes to recover. When she did, she opened her eyes to see Belle was sitting primly in front of her, legs tucked underneath, hands on her thighs. Master was leaning back in his chair, sipping some wine and smiling.

"There – was that so bad?" He grinned sardonically.

"God! Master! That was...that was incredible."

"So when I tell you to just relax and enjoy events, you understand now what I'm talking about?"

"Yes, Master." He had been right, of course. She had been silly, letting her upbringing get in the way like that! She had been trying to answer the questions that had bubbled up in her life and now she could see that her body had been right all along. She couldn't imagine going through her entire life never knowing mind-blowing orgasms like that were possible!

"Stand up, slut."

Shakily, Honey got to her feet. She no longer felt any shame or embarrassment at having come at the tongue of another woman. In fact, she hoped Belle might repeat the performance soon. But now, as she gave Master her full attention, she hoped he might fuck her himself.

"Suck me off."

The command was given so matter-of-factly that Honey was caught by surprise. Then her brief training kicked in—she did not want another spanking! Besides, he deserved a reward for allowing her to come so powerfully. Honey found herself already falling into the mindset that Master controlled everything.

She stepped forward and dropped to her knees in front of his chair. She carefully spread his legs apart and began unbuckling his pants. He watched her with a bemused expression as she freed his erection. She gasped at the size of it. It had to be at least eight inches long and as big around as her fist. No wonder women came from all over the country to be trained by him! How could she fit that monster into her mouth?

Honey had had some experience giving head, as many of her boyfriends had enjoyed the activity. But none had been as well endowed as Master. She eased forward and took just the head of it into her mouth. It felt like she was trying to swallow a golf ball. She licked and sucked, drawing the head inside. He tasted salty and sweet at the same time and she loved this closeness – finally!

Honey forced more of the cock into her throat, making sure her teeth didn't scrape the tender flesh. She was rewarded by hearing his intake of breath as he began to fully enjoy her attentions. She pumped up and down, trying to draw his seed from him. She wasn't sure if she would be able to swallow it all, but she was determined to try. She sucked and stroked his cock until her arm and her tongue ached.

He gasped suddenly and Honey could feel his cock pumping into her throat. She started to swallow but Master pulled out, squirting much of his seed onto her tongue and lips.

"Don't swallow," he said, "just hold it." His cock squirted the last of its load.

She did, waiting for congratulations or permission to swallow, or...something. It didn't matter. Whatever Master wanted, Master would get. For the first time, Honey felt ready to let go and just be the vessel for his commands.

Master pulled free. "Show me."

She opened her mouth wider to display the thick, white fluid on her tongue.

"Good. Now, share it with Belle. She hungers for my seed."

Without thinking, without judging, without revulsion, Honey rose and approached Belle who also stood. They kissed passionately, mouths open, allowing the sperm to flow from Honey to Belle and back again. Honey moved her hands over Belle's back and felt the woman return the embrace. When they separated, they each had a portion of his precious fluid. They waited until he nodded then they swallowed. To Honey it tasted like power.

Master smiled broadly and Honey melted under his approval. "You are doing very well, my slut. I'm so proud of you. You may return to your cell."

Honey nodded and allowed Belle to lead her back to the cell off the living room.

"You're a natural," she said as she stepped aside to allow Honey to enter alone.

"Thank you." There was nothing more to say.

Belle kissed her gently on the cheek then closed and locked the door in Honey's face.

Chapter Twelve

The next morning Honey waited by the door for someone to fetch her, obediently kneeling on the rug by her bed. She felt more at ease to be naked by now and didn't try to cover herself when the door finally opened.

Ling stood there, smiling. "Hello, Honey—did you enjoy meeting Master last night?"

"Yes, it was very...educational."

They both laughed.

"Come on, let's get you shaved." Ling had Honey sit on the edge of the tub and spread her legs wide for a shave.

"He really likes it neat, huh?"

Ling smiled as she bent low, shaving the last of Honey's red-gold stubble. "Yes. It's his way."

Honey nodded, thinking about "his way". She wondered if she would be invited to stay with Master beyond the weekend—and if she wanted to. She felt comfortable so far, but it was early yet. It was only Saturday—she had a full day and a half ahead of her.

"And now for your enema."

Honey startled. "What?"

"Come on, you have to be clean—you never know how you might be used."

"But...but..."

"Hush, now. You have to let go of your old-school inhibitions. Don't tell me you've never had an enema before?"

"Well, once, when I was going to the doctor, but otherwise, no."

"You'll have to get used to it." She was already pulling her down to the tiled floor, pressing down on her shoulders. Honey knelt, her protests dying on her lips, and allowed Ling to press her head down. Her raised ass felt vulnerable.

Ling bustled about, getting the equipment ready. Honey stayed where she was, embarrassment creeping up from her neck to her face. When she felt the nozzle press into her ass, she groaned, even though it didn't hurt. It was simply her reaction to the intrusion.

"Oh, hush, silly," Ling said. "I'm not hurting you."

Honey felt chagrined she had vocalized her shame and decided she would work to overcome it. If this was what submissives were expected to do, then she would do it without complaint.

She kept her mouth shut as the warm water rushed into her bowels. It filled her to bursting before she was allowed to get up and relieve herself on the toilet. She tamped down her renewed embarrassment over the noisy sound of her evacuation. Honey felt relieved it was over, only to hear Ling say, "Okay, once more and we'll be done."

Honey stifled another groan as she sank down to the floor once more.

Afterward, she was allowed to take a shower. She washed everywhere, trying to scrub away any errant stains that may have landed on her skin. She had to admit, she felt cleaner than she ever had before.

When her makeup was in place, Honey was given breakfast. She was starving—she hadn't been fed last night. She supposed that had been another part of her training. Afterward, Ling brought her into a large room where she expected to see Master waiting. Instead, she was startled to see a strange man standing there. Belle was with him, kneeling by his side.

She balked, just for a minute, but Ling pushed her forward.

"Don't be embarrassed," Ling said quietly. "This is one of Master's trainers."

Honey stepped forward, her stomach churning.

Belle smiled. "Honey, this is Master James."

Honey didn't know what to do, so she just smiled tentatively and nodded her head.

Master James was of medium height with a barrel chest. His reddish-brown hair was cropped close and he had a stern expression on his face. No, that was too simplistic a description, she thought. He wasn't stern, he simply exuded power, like Master Paul. He looked strong enough to break a man's spine, Honey thought and shivered slightly. He was like the fantasy of a Dom brought to life. *Where had Master Paul found him?*

"Haven't you been taught even the most basic courtesy?" the man said, his voice pitched low.

The lessons from yesterday overrode her fears. She strode forward, then dropped to her knees in front of him, her eyes downcast. She made sure to put her legs apart and clasped her hands behind her. She could smell the odor of her own arousal. It surprised her—wasn't she here for Master Paul? *Why is this man making me react this way?*

He put a gentle hand on her head. "That's better. I was beginning to think Belle and Ling had shirked their duties. Had that been the case, they would have been punished along with you."

There was something about Master James' voice that was hypnotic. Honey found it resonated deep within her, making her wet despite her apprehensions. She knew instinctively that he was a natural Dom.

She glanced behind her to see Ling had also dropped to her serving position. Everyone waited for Master James' next command. He held them there like that for a long moment until Honey vibrated with anticipation.

"Honey." The voice rumbled. His hand reached underneath her chin, forcing her eyes up to his. His face had kindness, along with strength. Honey trusted him and

feared him at the same time. "It's time you tested yourself. Up to now, you've been 'playing' at being submissive. Now it's time to find out what you really want. Are you ready?"

"Oh, yes, Master James!" This was why she had come. Was she just fooling herself? Or were these dark feelings she'd had all her life really telling her she should give up her life to a man like Master – or Master James? She wasn't sure, but at least she knew she had to find out. She couldn't go back to her old life without knowing for sure.

"Very well. Today, you will be tested. You will find out who you really are."

She nodded, almost smiling. She couldn't wait!

"Suck my cock."

The command disappointed her. She had expected something else, something bold or challenging. But this? Nevertheless, she unzipped his pants and eased his large cock out. She began to tongue it around its bulbous head, getting it wet so it would slide down her throat more easily.

The cock grew in her hand. She enveloped it into her mouth, trying to fit it all in. He was simply too large for her small throat. She used her hands to pump the tool, trying to get him off before he noticed her inadequacies. He patiently allowed her to struggle for several minutes before he pulled himself free.

"I see your technique leaves a lot to be desired," he rumbled and Honey's heart fell. She lowered her head and felt hot tears burn her eyes.

He squatted down, his pants still loose around his thighs. He put his face close to hers. "Don't worry, my little slut. You will be trained. This is only your first day." His gentle words soothed her.

"You can make it up to me," he said and Honey brought her face up, her eyes shining at the carrot he offered.

"Yes, Master, please. What may I do for you?"

"Take me up your ass."

Honey felt she had been given a rare gift—a chance to show him she was a good slut. A small part of her worried about how her tiny rosebud could accept his large cock, but she shouted it down. She wanted to prove herself to him. Up until now, she hadn't had to fuck anyone. Yet she had known this would be part of any training. Would she be able to give her body to strangers upon command? Was she truly a submissive slut or had she just been pretending all these weeks? She immediately turned around and put her head down, raising her twin globes for him.

She watched from her submissive position as Master James nodded to Belle. She rose and disappeared from her view then returned in a moment carrying a tube. Honey knew it was some sort of lubricant and she sighed with relief. He clearly knew what he was doing. But had he chosen to thrust into her without it, Honey had been prepared to accept him.

Belle knelt beside her and began rubbing the lubricant around and inside her asshole. It felt strange, having the woman be so intimate, despite their lovemaking last night. Honey knew they were breaking down her barriers. Then Belle turned and rubbed Master James' cock, making it swell even further. Honey felt a pang of something and wondered why. Could she be feeling a tiny bit jealous?

When they were good and slippery, Master James approached her. He knelt down between her legs, forcing them wide apart. She tensed when his cock head touched her ass and was immediately rewarded with a painful slap to her rump.

"Don't tense up," he growled and she forced herself to relax and open up.

The cock penetrated her, slowly at first. It was a tight fit and Honey groaned involuntarily. She got another slap, this time from the left hand. "Don't groan unless I tell you to."

The cock pressed in further and Honey didn't think she'd be able to handle it. She bit her lip and tried to expand the tight ring of muscle around his cock. The lubricant helped and soon the head popped inside. The shaft was smaller and slid in easily until his balls bounced gently against her wet slit.

The feelings were indescribable. Honey wanted to touch herself and knew she could come in an instant once her fingers rubbed her clit. She knew that would disappoint Master James, so she merely waited for his command.

"Now, I want you to help me fuck you," he said and she was confused at first. Then he began to pump back and forth and she started to rock with him—forward until she could feel his bulbous head stretch her asshole, then back until he was planted deep within her.

She felt an orgasm building and was surprised—she didn't think she would have been able to climax this way. His rhythm increased and her pussy began to tingle, though it was untouched. It didn't seem to matter. She rode him, glancing once over at Belle who watched her debasing butt-fucking with a rapt expression on her face, her mouth partly open.

Honey knew she was going to explode and tried to hang on until he came. When he erupted inside her, she climaxed as well, gasping aloud, crying with the intensity of it.

Immediately, Master James pulled out and stood up. The sudden loss of his cock made her feel emotionally empty as well as physically and she looked around, expecting to see him smiling down at her. Instead, his face was dark.

Belle was roughly pushed aside and James, his cock flapping, signaled to Ling. Honey didn't know what had happened or why he seemed so angry until Ling came into view holding a cat-o'-nine-tails.

Then it hit her—she had climaxed without permission!

She tried to get up, but Master James held her easily in position with his left hand. He raised his right and slashed her across her buttocks. Honey jerked from the sting.

"Don't you ever come without permission!" he bellowed, striking her again and again.

Honey tried to get up again, but both Belle and Ling held her arms, forcing her head to the ground, her ass up invitingly. James spanked her until she moved beyond the pain into a kind of twilight state, lost in her own thoughts about punishment, pleasure, sluts and "good girls". When he stopped suddenly, Honey barely noticed. Her ass seemed to be on fire, but it was a dull pain, spreading from her ass to her pussy and breasts. She knew she was dripping wet. *Why?* she wondered.

Then she felt his fingers reach underneath her to touch her clit and she nearly exploded again. "PleaseMasterMayICome!" she blurted out, trying to hang on.

"No," he said softly and Honey began to whimper. She didn't think she could do it.

His fingers continued to probe and torment her and Honey wiggled her ass as if trying to get away. There was nowhere to go. She had to kneel there, enduring his touch, forcing her body not to betray her. Her ass throbbed, her pussy tingled and her breasts ached. She wanted nothing more than to let go and come hard. She began to pant, sweat beading on her face and back.

"Please, Sir, please, Sir..." She was begging now.

He leaned close. "You've earned your reward." He looked up. "Ling."

Honey just nodded. Of course, she had expected Master James to bring her to orgasm but, like last night, her wants were secondary. She was a slut who would come at the hands of whomever her Masters chose—or not at all.

Ling pushed her gently down onto her back on the rug and spread her legs apart. She looked up to see the eyes of Master James on her. She held his gaze while Ling bent down between her legs and began to tongue her to a climax. It didn't take long. Within a minute, she again hung on the edge. This time, she knew better than to come without one final check with Master.

"M-master, may I come?"

"Yes, my slut."

The orgasm rocked her. Ling held her mouth against Honey's gushing pussy, her throat working to swallow it all. When she pulled away, Honey could see Ling's face smeared with her juices.

"You may thank me, slut," the deep voice demanded. She opened her eyes to see Master James, now fully dressed, standing over her.

"Thank you, Master James."

With that, he turned and left the room. Honey lay on the floor for a few more minutes before Ling and Belle helped her up.

"What the hell just happened to me?" she asked them. But she was really asking herself. Honey was stunned by this man. While Master Paul had been her main reason for coming down here, she was surprised to find her body—and mind—responding

more to the charismatic powerhouse Master James. He left her breathless. Was she just reacting to her training or was something else going on?

"You wanted to learn if you are a true submissive," Belle answered. "I think you've found out. No one else could do that. And we know, because we're both sluts, too."

It sounded strange, hearing the girls talk about themselves that way. She realized she was beginning to think she'd made the right decision coming here. Now she knew what she had always denied. Then a thought struck her.

"Where's Master? I mean, Master Paul?" She felt she needed to get her mind back on track and get Master James out of there.

"Oh, he's around. You'll see him again. He's found it's best when testing the newcomers not to get too close at first."

"Why not?" She couldn't hide her disappointment. She had hoped Master Paul would have taken advantage of her body by now.

"He doesn't want your feelings toward him to get in the way of your feelings about the lifestyle. That's the question you came to answer, isn't it?"

Honey nodded. It was true. And she felt she had the beginnings of an answer. But how far would she go to prove it? And how does that explain the powerful emotions she felt about Master James? It was all so confusing!

They had a light lunch in the kitchen, hovered over by another slut Honey hadn't seen before, dressed only in an apron.

"This is Claire, the cook," Ling explained.

Claire nodded and smiled. She was a cute, petite, dark-haired girl, probably no older than Honey. Her hair was cut in a short shag. When she turned back to the oven, Honey noticed a strange contraption around her waist that had straps going down between her legs.

"What's that?" she blurted before catching herself.

"Oh, that's her chastity belt," Belle said, smiling. "She's being punished, aren't you, Claire?"

Claire turned around, her face red. "Yes, Belle."

"Tell her why," Belle insisted.

She looked at Honey. "Master Paul caught me masturbating. So he put this on me until I can behave." She turned back to her stove. Honey could see the blush extending down her neck.

"Do they do that often? Punishments, I mean?" Honey was worried. Her ass still throbbed from the whipping she'd received earlier.

"Only until the slut learns," Ling said and all three girls laughed. Honey wasn't sure she saw the joke.

Claire served them some toasted ham and cheese sandwiches that tasted delicious to Honey. She realized she hadn't had much to eat since she'd left home. She ate with relish and soon had finished every bite.

After lunch, Belle took her on a tour of the property. Ling stayed behind, telling Honey she had to report to Master. They walked outside among the gardens in back. For the first time, Honey felt completely unconcerned that she was naked. It seemed natural to her already.

They found the pool tucked in behind a row of trees, about fifty yards from the house. A cabana lay beyond, complete with showers, wet bar and bathrooms. "Wow, this is really nice," Honey said, eyeing the pool. She wondered if she would be allowed to swim while she was there.

"We'll go swimming a little later, after we've digested our food," Belle said, as if reading her mind. "But first, I wanted to show you the barn."

Honey had been around barns before and expected a certain smell—manure mixed with hay. But the structure smelled, well, different. She couldn't put her finger on it.

In the gloom, she spotted several stalls filled with hay. As she approached her eyes widened in shock. Instead of horses, the stalls were filled with young women, nude like herself. Some stood in the center of the stall, arms tied behind their backs, while others were laying down sleeping.

"What's this?"

"These are Master's ponygirls. Surely you've heard of them."

Of course she had—on the Internet. She'd never imagined such things existed outside of people's imaginations. A dozen questions came forward, Honey asked just one, "Why?"

Belle laughed and shrugged. "Some girls like to be sluts, some like to be ponygirls."

"So he doesn't have any horses?"

"Oh, no, he has a few. Just not in this section."

Honey continued to walk along the stalls. One girl was fastened in a tight leather halter that was tied off to the wall, forcing her to bend over. A blindfold covered her eyes and her hands were tied behind her. Her butt was well marked by red stripes.

"What happened to her?"

"Oh, that's Maggie. She's willful. She likes to act up so she can be punished. It takes all kinds."

When Maggie heard the voices, she spoke up. "Please untie me, I'll be good, I promise."

"No, I can't do that and you know it, Maggie."

"You gotta! I'm hurt! My back is killing me! I'm gonna pass out!"

Honey was worried. With her eyes, she implored Belle to help her. But Belle seemed unconcerned.

"If I help you, you know I'll just have to retie you in another position...after I beat you."

"Yes! That's all I need! Just to change position! Please!"

Belle entered the stall while Honey watched from outside. She untied Maggie and turned her around, then fastened the leather strap to a higher hook on the wall, forcing the girl upright.

"Oh, thank you, Belle," the girl said. Clearly, she had recognized Belle from her voice.

Belle picked up a riding crop and swished it through the air. It was about two feet long and looked quite deadly. Maggie bit her lip and began to plead again. "Oh, please don't hit me! I'll be good. I'll make you come, would you like that—"

The crop slashed through the air and landed just below her belly button. Maggie jumped in the air and began to dance. Belle kept striking her, on her hips, on her thighs and especially on her pussy. Soon her entire region from waist to thighs was bright red.

Finally, she seemed to go limp and just leaned back against the wall, not moving as Belle struck her. She babbled some, but didn't make any sense. Honey thought Belle was going too far and stepped inside to try and stop her. She tried to grab the crop but missed.

Belle simply turned and struck Honey hard across the left breast, leaving a mark and causing her to jump straight up in the air.

"Don't ever interfere with a punishment, unless you want the same thing yourself," Belle warned, pointing the crop at her. But she did stop whipping the poor girl.

"I thought you were going to kill her!"

"Naah. Maggie likes it like that, don't ya, girl?"

Maggie, still breathing heavily, nodded. "Please touch me, Belle, please?" She spread her legs and humped her pussy at her. It was an obscene gesture and Honey felt embarrassed for the girl.

"Now you know I can't do that. Only a Master can." She turned to Honey. "That's one of the rules around here, as you've learned. No orgasms without permission."

Honey nodded, her ass reminding her of the consequences of violating that rule. Absently, she rubbed it, then switched hands and rubbed her sore breast.

Maggie turned her blindfolded face to Honey. "How about you, slut? Can you touch me? Please?"

Honey just shook her head then realized how silly that was—Maggie couldn't see her. "No, I can't. I just got beaten for violating the rules, I'm not going to do it again."

Maggie laughed. "Oh, yes, you will. Especially if you're like me. You need it."

Honey shook her head. "I don't need it like that. I plan to obey the rules."

The bound girl laughed again. "Honey, no one can obey all the rules all the time."

Honey wondered how she knew her name before she realized Maggie was just using a generic term.

"What'd she do wrong?" Honey asked Belle.

Belle rubbed the riding crop over Maggie's heaving flesh, careful not to touch her clit. "You tell her," she ordered the girl.

"I refused to jerk off the stallion," Maggie said, her chest heaving. Her nipples were hard points. She seemed on the verge of an orgasm, but unable to reach it.

"What?" Honey was shocked, which was becoming a common occurrence for her around here.

Belle explained. "Maggie here came to us last week to be a ponygirl. All ponygirls have to learn to pleasure the stallions."

Honey was almost speechless. "You mean, like fuck 'em?"

"No, only some do that. Most just masturbate them. Some like the taste of horse sperm, so they might allow him to come all over their faces. But their job is to regularly milk the stallions. Maggie said she was too good to do that."

"I did not! I just...thought it was disgusting."

Honey knew she had gone through a similar experience, just a short time ago. Until she was beaten, then denied an orgasm, she would never have considered sucking a cock that had been in her ass before. Training here seemed to consist of pushing the women past their self-imposed boundaries. She had no doubt that Maggie would be fondling a horse cock before long.

"Master James told me he'd be out to see you in a bit," Belle told the girl. "If you still feel it's disgusting, you be sure and tell him."

Honey could see Maggie blanch, despite her blindfold. She also felt another little twinge, thinking about Master James fucking this ponygirl slut.

"If you beg him nicely, he might even fuck you," Belle added, then laughed as she pulled Honey away, carefully closing the stall door behind them.

"Don't leave me!"

They ignored the shouts and left the barn.

"What will happen to her? Why does she put up with it?"

"Oh, she really likes it. This is her fifth session with us, over the last year and a half."

"Really! I thought she seemed disgusted by the whole experience."

"That's just her little game. She likes everything—being a ponygirl, tied up, whipped. Even when she's forced to touch the horse's cock. She always tries to hold out until near the end of her stay here, making Master James or Master Paul whip her until she agrees. I think it's a deep-seated fantasy from her childhood."

Honey was stunned. *Five visits! Would I ever come for five visits?*

"So she's not here to be trained? Or to see if the lifestyle fits her, like me?"

"Oh, no. She's a closet submissive. She's a rich woman who acts the prim and proper wife and mother until she comes here, then she lets her true self come out. This is really a mind vacation for her."

They walked back toward the house. Honey again longingly looked at the pool. She was surprised no one was using it as it was a hot day. She asked Belle about that.

"It's used quite frequently, actually," she said. "But usually not until a bit later in the day. We have to get our chores done first, you know."

Honey nodded and wondered what "chores" lay ahead of her.

Chapter Thirteen

Belle and Honey, both sweating from being out in the sun, entered the library. The air was several degrees cooler and Honey enjoyed the sensation of the sweat drying on her skin. She wished she could take a quick shower.

Inside, she saw Master Paul seated in his chair. His pants were unbuttoned and a woman Honey had never seen before was sucking his hard cock into her mouth. She was lying across Master's right leg and his fingers were busy working on her naked slit. Honey tried not to react, but she couldn't stop the twinge of jealousy she felt.

"Oh, good, Honey, you're just in time. I've got a little contest going with Dina." He pulled his hand away and Dina stopped sucking on him, her head coming up for a moment before going back to work.

"I've promised Dina a good fucking on the machine if she can make me come before she does. If she comes first, she gets a whipping."

Honey wanted to ask what "machine" he meant, but kept her mouth closed. She wondered what this had to do with her.

"Now that you're here, I'll give you the same deal. If you can make her come before she does me, I'll let you enjoy the machine later. And you can watch her get whipped."

Honey's loins tingled, but she wasn't sure if it was because she might get to see this girl get whipped or to find out what a "fucking machine" was. Suddenly, it occurred to her she'd never brought a woman to a climax before. That had hardly entered her head. She must be a lot farther along than she had thought.

"But if she makes me come first, I'll have you whipped."

Honey was in no mood to be spanked twice. Master Paul made Dina move in between his legs. Belle laid a fat, narrow pillow between Dina's legs and Honey dropped down onto her back and scooted up close. It was strange, seeing the girl's pussy so close, dripping with moisture.

"Hurry up, I can't last forever," Master warned.

Honey lifted up and dove into the succulent flesh in front of her. Belle helped her by cramming more pillows underneath her back. Honey tried to remember just what Belle had done to bring her off last night and mimicked the activity. The girl was apparently very horny for it didn't take too long before she started gasping around Master's cock. She began to lose her rhythm and soon abandoned herself to the approaching orgasm.

"OOOOHH, GOD!" she shouted around his cock as the climax overtook her. Honey tasted a gush of her fluids in her mouth and swallowed it automatically.

"Good job, Honey!" Master Paul called out and she felt enormous pride.

Belle helped Dina up and dragged her over to the wall where she was fastened halfway up, bottom invitingly on display. Belle then went to retrieve a cat-o'-nine-tails and brought it over to Master. "No, you go ahead," he told her. "I want Honey to finish what Dina started."

Honey got up and fastened her mouth around Master's cock. In the background, she could hear Belle whipping the poor girl. The more she cried out, the faster Honey sucked the cock. She thought of nothing else but making his cock erupt and the sounds of tender skin being abused by the whip.

Master groaned and Honey eagerly swallowed the jet of spunk that filled her mouth. She almost climaxed herself. She laved his softening cock and when it finally pulled free, she turned her head so she could see Belle whipping Dina. Her hand automatically dropped to between her legs, but her training kicked in before she could touch herself.

"You like that?" Master's voice caught her by surprise.

"W-what, Master?"

"You like watching Dina get whipped?"

"I-I don't know. It was kind of exciting, hearing it while I sucked your cock. I don't know why."

"It's your true nature coming out. You like to suck cocks...or pussies...or to be beaten, although I suspect you enjoy watching others get beaten better. It excites you."

She nodded. It *did* excite her. Everything about this weekend excited her. She was glad she had agreed to come.

"You are a natural slut, my pet," Master said soothingly. "I'm so glad you decided to come down this weekend. I think you're learning a lot about yourself."

Honey nodded, unable to tear her eyes away from Dina's red ass. The poor girl was begging Belle to stop. Honey wanted to come—she wanted to be whipped like Dina—she was all mixed up.

"I'm having a few friends over for a cocktail party," Master Paul was saying, and Honey's attention was suddenly riveted on him.

"Yes, Sir?"

"I'd like you to serve the guests. Can you do that?"

"Yes, Sir." She wanted to ask, *Will I be nude? Will I be asked to suck or fuck them? Will I be beaten?* But she already knew the answers to those questions—it was all up to her Master.

At a signal from Master Paul, Belle put down the whip and brought the sobbing girl over to stand in front of him. Honey watched from on her knees, fascinated.

"You may go now and have Ling take care of your marks," Master said. "And next time, I expect you to work a bit harder to take care of your Master's needs, rather than your own."

Dina, face streaked with tears, nodded and was led away by Belle. Once the door closed behind them, Honey realized she was alone with Master for the first time since she arrived.

"I'll bet you're horny."

She was startled. "Yes, Master."

"Would you like to fuck a big, hard cock?"

"Oh, yes, Master!" She was thrilled at the thought that she would at last get to experience Master's cock. It was as if she had been saving her pussy for him. She tried to push the invading thoughts about Master James out of her mind.

He leaned back in his chair. "Unfortunately, I just came." He indicated his limp cock.

"Oh, but I could make it hard again." She felt her pussy gush at the thought of him.

He laughed. "I bet you could. But I have a better idea." He zipped up his pants, then reached over and pressed a button on the desk. In a few seconds, the door opened and Master James came in. Honey's heart beat faster. She found herself torn between two lovers. She had come here for Master Paul, but it appeared she would be fucking James again. And this time, in her pussy. Her mouth came open and she found herself ready to fuck either one—or both. Or anyone else they might have brought in. Had she come that far so fast?

"Ah, Master James! I was wondering if you'd help out Honey here. She's such a slut, she desperately needs to get fucked and I just came in her mouth."

Honey blushed at the crude talk, like she was a piece of meat. *Maybe that's what I am*, she mused. *A piece of meat, to be used and abused by strong men.* But, looking at James, she didn't care. She wanted to feel him inside her again.

"Sure," he said, smiling. "She's a good cocksucker, isn't she?"

"A natural." Master Paul waved at her. "Well, she's all yours. You don't mind if I watch, do you?"

"Of course not." James approached. Honey felt very strange, being there with both Masters, one about to watch the other fuck her. Her attitudes about sex were being stretched. She didn't dare move as James approached. Master just sat in his chair, smirking.

"Get into position, head down," James barked and Honey dropped into the familiar position. This way, he could use either of her orifices. She was merely a vessel for his pleasure.

She thought he might fuck her up the ass again and was relieved to feel his cock enter her pussy quickly—she was so wet, there was no resistance. It was almost like a rape, but a rape she desired. It confused her and excited her at the same time. She almost came right then.

"Slut." She looked up to see Master sitting there. "I want you to keep your eyes on me while Master James fucks you."

She nodded, her face growing hot. She could feel James' hands on her ass, his long tool sliding deep within her. She groaned despite herself. She closed her eyes for a moment, only to get a quick slap from James. Apparently, they had some sort of signal worked out. No doubt they fucked all the girls who come here, she thought. It was not surprising they'd do it together as well as separately.

She saw Master reach over and thumbed the buzzer again and in a few seconds, Honey could hear the library door open. More people! She tried to pull away from James but his strong hands gripped her ass while he continued to fuck her. She looked desperately at Master for some relief, but he just smiled.

Honey remembered how Master had ordered her to flash Dave in the parking lot and masturbate on her balcony. Of course, he'd want to embarrass her by having her "perform" in front of others. It was simply part of her training. More barriers were being broken down.

She could see now, left and right, several slaves and staff members had come into the room. She recognized Belle and Ling, and the limo driver, but there were some others she'd never seen before—they must be slaves-in-training like her. She was mortified, but there was nothing she could do.

Her orgasm, which had eluded her when her embarrassment overtook her, began to return. She could feel it. She tried to concentrate on it, as she knew, deep down, that she wouldn't be allowed to leave until she climaxed noisily in front of all these people.

She pushed out all other thoughts. She closed her eyes and pretended she was alone with Master James, feeling his big cock split her open. This man owned her right now and she understood what it truly meant to be a sex slave. Her orgasm neared. She could taste it.

"Slut." She looked up at Master Paul again.

"Do you want to come?"

"Yes, Master, please."

"Beg for it."

"What?"

"Beg me to allow you to come. Beg me in front of all of these people. That's what a slut would do." Master seemed so self-assured.

Honey broke through yet another barrier. "Please, Master, let me come. Let this slut come. I'm begging you. This slut needs it."

Master sat stoically while Honey's entreaties filled the room. She could feel the stares of everyone around her and didn't care any longer. She knew they had probably done the same thing or worse in front of others. She was desperately holding back her climax now, her fingers gripping the carpet, her eyes pleading him. Her words began to lose all their meaning—she was just a slut, babbling for release.

"You may come."

The voice triggered an immediate reaction. Honey arched her back and shook with the power of the climax. At the same time, she felt Master James' seed explode into her. She cried out and would've fallen to her side had his strong hands not held her in place. The last of his semen squirted into her. She moaned with pleasure.

James pulled out and Honey knew fluids were oozing out in front of everyone. She tried to squeeze her pussy shut, some embarrassment returning. No one spoke for a few minutes. Finally, she looked up to see Master smiling down at her.

"You're doing very well, my pet. I'm very proud of you. Belle will take you now to rest up. Go for a swim, if you'd like. I'll call you when it's time for my guests to arrive."

Belle helped her up. Honey was too weak to move on her own. When she stood, she noted that most of the others had left already. They had served their purpose.

Belle eased her out the door and down the corridor to the bathroom where she let Honey take a shower alone. She felt much refreshed afterwards.

"Come on, I think some of the sluts and slaves are going swimming. Let's go join them."

Chapter Fourteen

James entered Paul Mason's office and sat down abruptly. Paul looked up, his eyebrows raised.

"What brings me the honor of this sudden visit? I thought you would be busy training Linda Labia."

Both men laughed at the nickname they had given the trainee. Her first name had an unfortunate alliteration with her oversized pussy lips and Paul had immediately dubbed her Linda Labia, much to the woman's embarrassment.

"I am. She's, um, busy with something right now." He had left her on the fucking machine, set on low. She was busy begging for a climax that remained out of reach. "I have to get back to her in a minute."

Paul waited. He knew something was on James' mind.

James caught the impatient look. "It's about Honey. Annette. I, uh, was wondering if you could tell me more about her."

The edge of Paul's mouth pulled back in amusement. "Oh? I've never seen you take such an interest in our clients before."

James blushed. "Uh, yeah, well. She's, uh, interesting."

"That she is. She's a special case. A volunteer, if you will."

"Really? She wasn't sent her by her boyfriend or, um, husband?"

Paul had to laugh at his friend's transparent interest. "No, Annette's not married, has no boyfriend. She just has been having these urges, you know." Both men smiled. "She's testing us out this weekend, as you know. But I have a feeling she'll be back for the full treatment."

"Really? How can you tell?"

He shrugged. "Experience, mostly. There's something in her eyes that tells me she's found a missing part of herself here." He paused, then fixed James with a steely gaze. "So what's your position on her?"

"Me? Oh..." He stopped and stared back at Paul. "Okay. I admit it. There's just something about her. I'm attracted to her."

"You know you're not supposed to get involved with our clients."

"I know. That's why I'm here, now, instead of trying to play it cool. I'm interested in her. That's as far as it goes. It won't go any further if she doesn't return. But if she does, I want to be involved with her training."

Paul frowned. "That would be highly irregular."

James leaned forward. "You know when I came here two years ago, I told you then that there would come a day when I would either get bored and leave or find what I'm looking for and leave. I'm not bored yet. But as soon as I saw her, I felt drawn to her. I don't know if Honey is the one—it's too soon to tell. I just want to be involved so I can find out."

Paul rumbled, "I don't like this. It seems unprofessional."

"Yes, it is that. But I have to grab this opportunity. I need to find out. I just need time." He sat back. "I haven't ask for much—"

"You've been well paid for your work," Paul interrupted.

"I know. I'm just hoping to call in a favor."

Paul twitched his lips. "You know that if you do this and become involved with this woman, I imagine you'd want to leave us— to train her on your own."

"I'm prepared for that possibility."

Paul thought about this for a moment. Finally, he shrugged. "Well, it's not as if this is corporate America. We do run an—" he smiled "—unusual business here. I suppose I could grant you a little leeway. How about this—if she returns, I'll give her to you for initial training, but allow Pussy-Whip to help out here and there. Just to keep you on an even keel."

James nodded. It was better than he expected. "All right."

Paul leaned forward suddenly and pointed a finger at James. "But I'd expect you'd treat this girl professionally. I wouldn't want you to ease up on her just because you find her attractive."

"I wouldn't. I'd want to make sure, same as you."

Paul nodded. "Very well. If she returns, you can train her. But you'll be on a short leash. If I hear you've gone soft on me, I'll take you off her case."

James held up a hand. "Don't worry. I won't."

Chapter Fifteen

The pool was just the kind of respite Honey needed. She swam with Belle and Ling, and met some of the other “guests”. She was surprised to see Maggie there—she had expected her to be chained up in her stall for several more hours.

Honey couldn’t help but ask her about it. She chose her words carefully. “So, did you touch the stallion?”

Maggie grinned. “You mean, did I stroke his big cock until he squirted his spunk all over me? Yes, indeedy!” She seemed to be quite different from the sobbing woman they had left before. Her eyes were bright and she seemed to be on some sort of emotional high.

Honey was introduced to Barbara, a tall, willowy blonde with pert breasts who had come there at the behest of her boyfriend. She told Honey she had never considered herself to be a submissive until her first visit two years ago. She had stayed a month, being trained until her true self emerged.

“Now I come here once or twice a year for ‘tune-ups,’” she laughed. “Bobby—my boyfriend—loves it.”

“Do you ever regret becoming a submissive?” Honey asked her.

“No, not at all! I get so much more attention—and sex—” she winked lewdly “—that I would never want to go back.”

Honey wondered if she would feel the same way after this weekend. *Or was it simply not enough time? How would I feel about staying a month?*

At four-thirty, the party ended and the girls went their separate ways. Maggie, no doubt, was headed back to the barn for another session as a ponygirl. Barbara went to another wing. Belle, Ling and Honey walked back toward the main house.

“Come on,” Ling said when they reached the back door. “I’ll get you fixed up for the party.”

Belle said she had some things to do, so the girls left her and went to the spacious bathroom. Ling had her quickly wash the pool chlorine from her body, then helped her dry and curl her hair into a fashionable ‘do. Then Ling applied makeup, insisting on a new “look” for Honey. When she looked at herself in the mirror, Honey saw a very attractive, but somewhat slutty woman staring back.

She glanced down to see her pert nipples standing at attention. She realized she would soon be serving drinks to a bunch of strange men while completely naked and felt a twinge of fear.

“You okay?” Ling rubbed her back.

“Yeah. Just nervous.”

"Don't worry. Just don't think. That's your problem—you think too much. That's the difference, you know. A free woman thinks about everything, all the time. She's worried about her hair, her body, the men in her life. They get all stressed out. A slut or a slave just does what she's told. It can be very liberating."

Honey nodded, trying to convince herself. But it wasn't easy. She'd only been at this one day, after all.

Ling escorted her down the hall to the kitchen where other slaves bustled about preparing hors d'oeuvres for the gathering.

"Are they here yet?" Honey asked her.

"They'll be trickling in soon. Belle is greeting them at the door and Master wants you to carry a tray of drinks around." She handed Honey an oval tray and began placing champagne flutes on it. "They'll be in the library."

As Honey started to walk away, trying to hide her unease at being nude in front of a bunch of strangers, Ling called her back. "Oh! I almost forgot your 'uniform'."

Honey's heart leapt at the word. Uniform! So, she would at least be partially covered. Relief washed over her. She put down the tray. Ling led her to the butler's pantry and found a small white apron.

"Here, here's the slut's apron." When she held it up, Honey was confused. It appeared to be the small apron that a French maid might wear, except a triangle had been cut out of the middle. It consisted of two panels, hemmed by frilly lace. When Ling tied it around her waist, Honey could see the devilish design—the open triangle neatly framed her nude sex.

"Ohh, that's...naughty," Honey said, staring down at herself.

"That's not quite all. That's for you to wipe your hands on. The guests need something to wipe their hands on, too." Ling pulled two small objects from the shelf. "Now normally, you'd have nipple rings like mine, but we can use these for now."

She held up two nipple clamps. Honey cringed.

"Oh, don't be a baby. These are designed not to pinch too badly. They may come loose a few times during the night, so just refasten them as quickly as you can."

Ling put them on. Instead of biting into the nipple, they had a circle of metal that fit around the flesh when the ends were squeezed. Honey gasped but did not cry out. They did pinch a little, despite Ling's assurances, but it wasn't unbearable. The clamps both had large rings attached to them that hung down. Ling grabbed two small cloth napkins and threaded one into each ring, then smoothed them down.

"So that's why you all have nipple rings? So you can be towel holders?"

Ling laughed. "No, not really. Master just likes the look. We only serve once in a while." She stepped back, admiring Honey's lewd outfit. Looking down, Honey felt ridiculous, but in a sexy sort of way.

"Okay, I think you're ready to go."

Honey picked up her tray and made her way to the library. Her knees knocked together and she thought maybe she'd just keep on walking toward the door and try to find her clothes in the garage outside. Even as she dismissed the fleeting thought, two men came down the corridor from the main entrance. She blushed and bowed stiffly, holding the tray in front of her, balancing the champagne glasses carefully.

"Oh, what do we have here? A new one!" roared one, a florid man about fifty pounds too heavy for his body. He reached down and rubbed his finger along Honey's slit, which was wet, despite her worries. He held his finger under his nose.

"Boy, get a whiff of her! She's hot!"

The other man, shorter and thinner, took a champagne glass with one hand and touched the side of a breast with the other. Honey shivered but remained still. His hand dropped down until he, too, dipped into her wet slit. When he came up with shiny fingers, he used the towel hanging from her left breast to wipe off her wetness.

"Yes, she's a special one. I don't know where Paul gets such fine-looking women!"

Both men swept past her and into the library. Honey, shuddered quietly, yet pleased by their compliments, slipped into the room behind them. There were only two other men besides Master inside. She didn't see Master James, either, and assumed he'd be coming later. She spotted Dina, dressed similarly to her, walking around with a tray, her blonde hair up in a bun. From across the room, Honey got a good look at how obscene their outfits appeared. The apron did nothing to hide her charms, only framed them like a curtain frames a stage. And the towels hanging from her breasts were low enough not to hide any of her nipples. She looked like a total slut—and that's exactly what Master had wanted. When Dina turned, Honey could see the red marks from her whipping clearly.

The next half hour was a blur to Honey. More men came in. Conversations grew. She didn't have a chance to talk to Dina—both were kept busy replacing glasses or fetching mixed drinks from the bar. Everywhere they went men would touch them. Her pussy was rubbed frequently, her nipple clamps bit into her every time someone wiped his fingers, being sure to touch her breasts at the same time. Occasionally, one clamp or the other would come loose, causing a bolt of pain. But there was always someone there to help her reattach it. One man even sucked on her nipple to "soothe it", as he put it.

Despite the crude fondling, Honey became increasingly turned on by the men. She knew she was oozing fluids—her thighs were covered with them. She was surprised to be so aroused by the rough treatment. Dina seemed to be in a similar predicament. Her hair had come partly out of her bun and the girl looked frazzled and in heat. When one man took her tray from her and forced her to her knees, the girl automatically unzipped his pants and took out his engorged cock, and began to suck on it.

Immediately, someone grabbed Honey's arm and spun her around so fast, the drinks went flying off her tray. She turned to see the florid man she'd met coming in, trying to force her to her knees. She tried to get away. She had agreed to a quiet

weekend with Master, exploring her submissiveness. Master Paul and Master James were one thing, but she hadn't planned to be the blowjob queen of the castle.

"Stop it, Will!" Her Master's voice rumbled before the man could make her unzip his pants. He stepped forward and pushed the man aside. "She's not ready," he said, and Honey felt immediate gratitude toward him.

"But she's doing it!" Will said, pointing to Dina who was still busy pleasuring the guest.

"Yes, but she's been here longer. She likes it," Master said. "Honey here might like it, too, but she's still exploring herself, aren't you, girl?"

Honey looked up, relief in her eyes. "Yes, Master."

"You can't have one girl for all of us," Will protested.

Master nodded. "I know. I have others coming in just a bit. Don't worry—have I ever let you down? But first, I thought you'd like to watch our little submissive here give a floor show."

Honey's eyes grew big. *Floor show? He's not going to make me fuck someone in front of everyone, is he?*

Will smiled. "Oh, yeah, this I gotta see."

Master pressed the buzzer on his desk and Master James came in, wheeling a contraption ahead of him. Honey had never seen anything like it. It had a bench seat at one end and some kind of piston at the other. It looked like—then it hit her. A fucking machine! She remembered that Master had promised her a session with it, but she had no idea what it was or that it would be in front of all these men!

She tried to pull away. Master gently gripped her upper arm and unclashed the nipple clamps. She sucked in her breath as the blood returned to the sensitive buds. Master sensed her reluctance and whispered in her ear, "Relax, my slut. This is the culmination of your stay here. Tomorrow will be less intense. You wanted to test your limits. This is the final test. If you are truly submissive, you will enjoy this, despite your fears. You must learn to let go of your restrictive upbringing and let your true self come out."

Honey was in a daze. Part of her wanted to run, and part wanted to find out who she really was. She allowed herself to be led to the seat. Master James had slid the device off its cart so it sat firmly on the rug. She was placed on her knees, her stomach resting on the black padded seat. Her chin rested on a smaller padded surface so she could face the crowd. Her breasts hung freely below. Men came forward to strap her in before she could escape, even if she had wanted to.

A wheel was turned, and the seat forced her bottom up and she knew everyone was staring at her wet pussy. She thought she might die of embarrassment. She tried to remember what Ling had said and just push all thoughts out of her mind, concentrate only on the pleasure.

She could feel Master James touching her ass but she couldn't turn around to see what he was doing. He made some adjustments and Honey felt the dildo slowly push pass her sopping wet folds. She gasped and the crowd chuckled appreciatively. James kept turning the wheel, forcing the dildo further into her until she felt she could take no more. Only then did he stop. She panted at the sensation. Surprisingly, it felt pretty good.

"We'll start out slow," he assured her, holding up the controls so she could see. He hit the switch and the motor hummed to life. The piston began to move. A cheer went up from the crowd. The device pulled out of her, then returned in slow, languorous movements.

"Aaaahhhh," groaned Honey. She closed her eyes. Immediately, she felt a tap on her ass. Her eyes flew open and she looked around to see Master standing there, holding a riding crop, tsking.

"Keep your eyes open, slut," he said. "And don't forget to ask permission."

The men crowded around. Honey tried to concentrate on her pussy, not the leering guests. Even the man getting a blowjob had stopped to edge closer, his dick hanging out of his pants. Dina remained where she was, kneeling as if waiting for another command.

The machine really was a wonder. It was like an indefatigable man. Steady, slow movements began to arouse her. She closed her eyes briefly then opened them again before Master could correct her.

Master James leaned close and showed her the dial. He edged it up a notch and the piston began to move faster. "OOOOoooohhhh," Honey groaned as new sensations rippled through her. The piston was setting up harmonic vibrations now, making her breasts tingle in unison with her pussy.

The crowd cheered. The room felt hot. Honey no longer thought of herself as a woman, just a big cunt, open to anything and everything. If Master had shut the machine off and lined up the men to fuck her, she would not have complained. She was a slut and she loved it.

Master James turned it up one more notch and Honey knew she was about to explode. She began making a low humming noise in her throat, matching the thrusts of the piston. Her clit was untouched and she wished someone would rub it. It would only take a second for her to climax.

No one did, so she had to allow the fucking machine to drive her over the edge. She knew her orgasm was only prolonged, not denied. She began to rock with the steady thrust of the dildo deep inside her. Men seemed to crowd in closer. Honey was embarrassed, but she knew she had to beg to be allowed to climax in front of them.

"Please, Master, may I come?"

"Not yet, my slut."

"Ohhh," she groaned and tried to delay the inevitable. Master gave her a sharp rap on her ass to help her, but it only made it worse.

"Please, Master!"

"What do you think, gentlemen, shall we allow her to come?"

"No!" Men shouted. "Not yet."

"Make her beg!"

"They want to hear you beg, slut," Master Paul said.

She did. Honey babbled, and shook and cried and pleaded. Her nose ran and drool coated her chin. She had ceased to be an intelligent being—she was simply a cunt, a slut, a whore. She couldn't hold back anymore.

"I think she's ready, gentlemen," Master Paul said and Honey felt a rush of gratitude.

Cheers went up. "Here, here!" "Yeah!" "You bet!"

"They say you may come, slut."

Instantly, the wave broke over her. She cried out, a guttural yell that came from her core. She shook with the power of her orgasm. Immediately, the piston stopped, for which Honey was extremely grateful. The sensations were simply overwhelming. She thrashed about in her bonds, crying and climaxing. It seemed to go on forever. Finally, she collapsed on the bench seat, her body limp.

"Oh, my god," she whispered.

For a moment, the room was quiet. Then another cheer went up and the men broke apart to fetch more drinks. Honey lay there, unable to move. Then Master leaned down so she could see his face.

"I'm proud of you, my pet," he said. "How about a little rest before we begin round two?"

Chapter Sixteen

Honey was allowed to sleep late on Sunday. She doubted she could've gotten up any earlier anyway. Her body was sore all over from coming so strongly so many times. After the second round, her mind had blurred. She remembered men touching her, the machine humming, drinks being forced into her mouth but not much else. She believed she had not been fucked by anyone but the machine, yet she couldn't be sure. It really didn't matter.

She was a sex slave.

Honey was positive now. She had debased herself, with very little pressure from Master. She proved she would willingly do just about anything. She had abandoned her moral code that had served her all these years, replacing it with a hedonistic code that better reflected how she felt deep inside. It felt good to let go.

Still, she had some worries. Like about diseases. She had to protect herself from that. She couldn't be fucking anyone who came along! But if she was in a controlled environment, she could be very happy to just obey her Master, she decided. She hoped he might ask her to stay longer. She couldn't imagine going back to her dreary little apartment or her dreary little life.

The door to her cell opened tentatively and Ling peeked in. Honey smiled and gave her a weak wave to show she was awake. Ling smiled back and came to sit on the edge of her cot.

"How are you feeling?"

"Like I've been hit by a truck full of horny football players," she laughed before turning serious. "Hey, did you see what happened to me in there?"

"I didn't come in 'til later, but I saw the end of it. You had quite a ride on the machine."

"Um, did anyone else...?"

"Fuck you? No. Not that I saw. After the machine, you were carried away by Master James. He might've fucked you, but I didn't see."

Honey searched her memory and decided he hadn't. Not that it would've mattered. Master James could fuck her anytime. She wished Master Paul would.

"Ling?"

"Yes?"

"Why hasn't Master Paul, um, made love to me? Is there something wrong with me?"

"Oh, no. This is just his way. He doesn't like to get too close to the new girls. He wants them to find their own way, without getting emotionally involved with him."

"That's hard not to do. He's a very...um, powerful man."

"Yes. But it's best if you don't get too attached. You never know where you'll go from here."

Honey couldn't hide her disappointment. "You mean, I have to leave?"

"Well, this was just a weekend, after all. You knew that."

"Yeah, but I thought he might..." she stopped. It sounded so stupid now.

"What? That he might ask you to stay? I can't say. That's up to him. It's possible he'll let you return home to think about what you want."

"Yeah, I suppose." Honey almost said she knew what she wanted now, but held her tongue.

"He'll talk to you about it today. If I were you, I'd be totally honest with him."

Honey nodded.

"Come on, I've drawn a hot bath for you. You can soak for an hour, if you want."

"That sounds lovely."

When she got up, her muscles screamed. She had to walk bowlegged down the corridor to the bathroom.

It was actually forty-five minutes. After that, Honey felt too restless to stay in the now-lukewarm bathwater. She wanted to talk to Master and she wanted to find out what her future might be.

Ling came for her and helped her shave and dry off. They padded naked down the corridor to the kitchen. Honey found her muscles were much more relaxed, although her pussy still felt loose and her breasts sensitive. Claire served them a late breakfast.

Afterward, Belle came in and suggested they go for a walk. Ling stayed behind.

They walked past the empty pool to the gardens. "So, what do you think about your visit? Was it worthwhile?"

Honey suspected Belle had been asked to feel her out, to find out if she was disturbed by the training or if she had accepted it. She decided to be noncommittal until she talked to Master.

"It's been very nice. I think it was worthwhile, yes."

Belle stopped her with a hand on her arm. "You know, you can be honest with me. I'm trying to help you. You contacted Master, remember? He seeks my input as a woman before making his final decision, so please tell me what you really think."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know." Honey stopped and stared out at the flowers, being attended by buzzing bees. "Well, I'm kind of in shock, if you must know. It was very intense. I'm glad I have this time to sort out my feelings."

"That's what it's designed for. We know it can be a lot to accept."

"Yeah." She turned to Belle. "I think I am a slut. I mean, deep down. That doesn't mean I'm ready to spread my legs for just anyone. But for the right someone, at his direction, I could do just about anything."

Belle nodded. "Good. That's all that's necessary. I know that as women we have to worry about things men don't care so much about. You're on the pill, so pregnancy's not a problem. If a man wears a condom, then disease isn't an issue —"

"Yeah, about that..."

Belle looked up. "Yes?"

"Well, that does worry me — it would worry any woman. In some ways, it'd be easy to just let myself go, but I can't. I don't want to die of AIDS or something."

"Of course not. Being a slut doesn't mean you have to put your life in danger. Rest assured that all the men who visit here are thoroughly checked out and tested regularly. But I don't think you really have to worry about that."

"Why not?"

"Because you'll probably become the property of just one man and he'll decide who you should fuck. He certainly won't want to risk damaging his property."

Honey stared. *Like Master Paul? Or Master James?* But she couldn't bring herself to ask those questions.

"Come on, let's head back. I know Master wants to talk to you before you catch your flight home."

"Already?" Honey had a million more questions.

"Yeah. That's the way he works. You'll understand, later."

She led her back to the library where Master sat behind his desk. When he saw Honey, he came out and greeted her like an old friend. Belle bowed briefly and left the room, closing the door behind her.

"So, Honey — or perhaps I should call you Annette again — how did you enjoy your experience?"

Honey couldn't imagine being Annette every again. "Please, Master, call me Honey. I-I loved it. It opened up a new world to me."

"Was this a world you expected?"

"Yes — and more so. It was quite intense."

"What have you decided about yourself?"

"That I'm a true slut and would love to keep on experiencing that lifestyle...with the right Master."

Master smiled. "Of course. It's a big decision, you know. What about your job, your apartment?"

"It's a crappy job and a crappy apartment. I'd much rather serve you, Master."

He pursed his lips. His eyes were gentle. "No."

Honey felt crushed. He didn't want her? She backpedaled. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"I'm the trainer, Honey. I have plenty of women around to keep me happy. But I have many Masters who come to me seeking submissives. Natural submissives, like you. These men—and some women—are wealthy, powerful and not willing to compromise. I think you could be very happy with one of them."

"But, Master, I don't know them!" She just wanted to stay there.

"You didn't know me, either, when you first contacted me. But you learned to trust me. You could learn to trust someone else."

She felt hot tears come to her eyes. "Yes, Master."

He nodded. "I know this is all very sudden. I want you to take a break and go home, and think about all this. I won't contact you for a week." His look sharpened. "And Honey—don't do anything without my permission. That includes fucking Roger or Bill or Dave—or even masturbating. I want you to think about what you truly want."

Honey nodded, blinking away her tears. A week without Master! She wasn't sure if she could stand it.

Chapter Seventeen

When Annette—it was hard to think of herself as Honey anymore—unlocked her apartment door, she felt as if she had been away for three months, not three days. The apartment seemed smaller somehow, more shabby. She checked her phone messages—no one had called. She sat at her computer and read a few emails. There were few people in her life. Her parents had been killed when she was eighteen and her brother had been living in Alaska for the last seven years. She felt suddenly all alone. She missed her new family in Georgia—Master Paul, Master James, Belle and Ling.

She did think a lot about her life—where she was going, what she wanted to accomplish. Certainly, being a secretary in an office wasn't her dream job. It just seemed as if life happened to her while she was making other plans. She had always meant to finish college. She had expected to meet a nice man and get married, but that hadn't happened yet.

But she knew, deep down, she had found what she had been missing. To be owned completely by a man—how could she let that go after tasting it? Her internal compass had pointed her in that direction and now, thinking about settling down with a boring, vanilla husband and going to work every day—well, it just paled in comparison to the exotic thrill of being with Master. Having the freedom to be a sex slave. That was what she craved.

And yet, Master didn't want her. He had too many slaves already.

Annette tried to return to the flow of her life. She went to work Monday morning feeling like her feet were encased in concrete. She tried to smile and be cheerful to her coworkers, but she could only feel sorry for them. Many, she knew, were only marking time until they could get married and start having babies. A few lucky ones would be able to stay home with the kids rather than work.

Annette who was ambivalent about children, couldn't see working at the office for another five or ten years. She couldn't imagine how to get out of the trap she had gotten herself into. Master represented her best chance. Would she take it? Would he be able to find her someone who could captivate her so completely as Master Paul had? Or Master James?

The week dragged by. Roger called on Wednesday, asking if she would like to go out, but Annette knew he only wanted to use her body. She almost said yes then remembered what Master had told her—no sex for a week. So, she begged off. She really had been glad to have an excuse not to go out with him.

She couldn't understand her attitude at first. After all, if she was a slut, she should welcome Roger's—or anyone's—cock in her pussy. That was her role in life, she told

herself. Yet she knew that only worked if the man was the right one. Roger wasn't strong enough to control her. It took someone like Master James.

Then it hit her. She had been happy to fuck Master James. It had been relatively easy to transfer her allegiance to him. She had just let go and trusted Master. She could do that again. If Master Paul said he would pick out a good Master for her, then she should trust him.

"That's what I want," she said aloud. Then more softly, "That's what I need."

Master Paul called her Sunday night. By then, Annette had achieved a transcendental state about her life. Without thinking, she stripped off her clothes and stood naked, holding the phone.

"Hello, Master. How nice to hear from you." Her voice was calm and serene, she imagined.

"Hello, my pet. How have you been this past week?"

"Fine. I've missed all of you, of course. But I'm fine."

"You sound different. Calmer somehow."

"Yes. I appreciate having a week to think about what I want out of life."

"Oh? Have you come to any conclusions?"

"Yes, Master. I've decided I want to live this lifestyle fulltime. To give myself over to a man completely."

"You understand that won't be me."

"I understand. But who would it be?" This part worried her the most.

He chuckled low in his throat. "Don't worry—I'll find someone fitting. I take good care of my trainees."

"So you'd be willing to do that for me?" She paused, biting her lip, hoping she hadn't been too forward.

"Yes, of course, my sweet slut. When would you be ready?"

"Oh! I'm ready now, Master!" Her body tingled all over at the thought.

He laughed into the phone. "You sound eager. Why so sure? You've only been home a week."

"I know. But I've come to realize this is what I want. It resonated with me. I want to be completely owned by someone strong." She had almost added "and wealthy", but she wisely held off.

"Very well. What about your apartment? Your job? Your friends?"

"I won't miss the job or apartment. Yes, I'll miss my friends, what few I have here, but they would never understand how I could feel this way. Sometimes I don't understand it myself. I was born this way, just as you said, and I'm ready to go live my life now. If I lose a few friends, so be it. I'll make new ones."

"You have surprised me by being so positive, so soon. Are you sure you don't want some more time to think about it? Because once you arrive here to be trained, you will lose all ability to control your own life. And afterward, you would be sold right away."

"Sold?" The thought excited her, but she was curious as to how the process worked. Why did she have to be sold? Who would get the money? Wasn't slavery illegal?

"Yes. And you'll sign a contract, too. It's a very formal process that both slave and Master take very seriously."

"Oh, I do. But isn't slavery against the law?"

"This is voluntary, isn't it? No one is making you do this."

"No, of course not, Master." The next question burst out of her almost before she could stop it. "Who gets the...uh...um? I'm sorry, Master." She knew she was being too forward.

"That's all right, my pet. If you're asking me who gets the money, why me, of course. Sluts don't need money. Sluts are property of their Masters. And if you're wondering, I would use any proceeds to keep the Castle open—to help other women like you decide if they wanted this lifestyle and to pay for training."

It suddenly made sense to Annette. "Of course, Master. I didn't mean to question you."

"Questions are expected at this stage. Only later would you be punished for asking questions." He paused. "Do you have anymore for me?"

"Well, yes, Master. What about the training? How long does it usually take?"

"That depends entirely upon the woman. Some take two weeks, others two months, but most fall within that range somewhere. I'll begin your training. But the man I'll be selling you to is also perfectly capable of training you himself. He'll teach you everything you'll need to know to please him."

Annette shivered. "Will he pick a new name for me, too?"

"Yes. He may decide to call you Honey, but more likely he'll pick a name that suits him."

She had no more questions. "Thank you, Master," she whispered.

* * * * *

Annette told the landlord she would be moving by the end of the month and sold most of her belongings. She kept a few items for traveling and some personal items from her parents, but everything else could be shed like a skin. She was emerging from her cocoon into a brand-new life.

When she boarded the jet for the trip back to Atlanta, Annette expected to find Belle onboard, but only the pilot Bill was there to greet her.

"Hope you don't mind a solo flight—Belle was called away and couldn't make it. But you know the drill pretty much by now, don't you?"

Annette nodded. She did feel surprisingly comfortable. She sat in a leather seat and relaxed as the jet took off. Once airborne, she helped herself to a glass of wine. She was leaving the old Annette behind and wanted to toast herself. She pinged the edge of the glass with a manicured fingernail. "To me," she whispered, as if Bill might overhear her from the cockpit. "To my new life as a slut."

The plane banked and turned south toward Atlanta.

Chapter Eighteen

Honey stood, naked and a little apprehensive as Master Paul entered the room. It was the morning after her flight south and her first day of real training. This would be more intense than her previous weekend there and it frightened her, even as she had come to trust her Master. She tried to push out negative thoughts and open herself to this new experience. Honey had no idea how long she might be there—that was up to Master Paul. She hoped she might be worthy of his trust in her.

Honey had been bathed and shaved by Ling before this meeting so she had come to him completely bare and vulnerable, as he had requested. She still felt twinges of embarrassment at her nudity and she realized that would probably be burned out of her in the weeks to come. She almost wished she could just jump ahead and become that new submissive without going through the training.

“My pet,” he said, a smile creasing his face. “I’m so happy you’ve chosen to join us.” He came forward and cupped the side of one of her breasts. The touch sent electric shocks through her. Honey felt her knees almost buckle and she steadied herself.

“What you will be experiencing in the next few weeks will, on occasion, confuse you and may even frighten you. This is all according to plan. You have to learn to completely trust your Master, whomever he may be.”

She smiled thinly at that, realizing again that Master Paul didn’t want her. It made her feel unwanted, or perhaps not pretty enough.

He seemed to read her mind. “I can tell you are disappointed you are not to remain here, with me. And I must say, I am flattered. You are a beautiful woman. But that’s not what training is about, don’t you see? It’s about who you are, inside. Not who you are with.”

She nodded, trying to convince herself he was right. This was not something she decided to do on a whim, it erupted from her own dark psyche. Some internal hardwiring, perhaps from birth, caused her to desire this strange lifestyle. Ever since she had entered puberty, she had felt the pull of submissiveness. How it might feel to let go of all control. How she might react to a strong man who demanded things of her she could not mention aloud. These thoughts invaded her when she slept or when she read between the lines of the many romance stories she devoured as a young woman. She remembered becoming frustrated with the stories after a while and sought out writers who didn’t leave out the details. Each erotic story led to newer, darker ones until she was cruising the Internet, reading tales of kidnapping, domination, humiliation and forced sex.

It was delicious—as a fantasy. She kept traveling down this midnight road, finding more in common with the characters than in her own life. That led to her exploration of

the BDSM chat rooms and, ultimately, to Master Paul. Now she stood before him, naked, vulnerable, frightened and alone. This was real. Was this what she truly wanted? Could she call it off? Did she want to?

Again, Master Paul read her mind. "I realize you have doubts. You wonder what you've gotten yourself into. Perhaps you fear you might disappear, never to be heard from again. I can assure you that you will survive your training, just as soldiers survive boot camp. It won't be easy and you may want to quit at times. But by making the conscious choice to enter my facility, you have given up that choice—temporarily. You will stay here for as long as I think is necessary. Ultimately, you will learn if this lifestyle is right for you. At the end, if you decide to return to your former life, you will be freed." He smiled. "I am not a kidnapper. However, if you find your true self in this life and elect to remain in it, you will give up choice forever. You will be sold and your new Master will do with you what he will. Your duty will be to obey."

Honey shivered. The idea she would be under a strong man's control like that scared her, but she couldn't deny the wetness between her legs.

Master Paul thumbed her nipple lightly as he continued. "I do not say that lightly. Obedience might mean fucking other men. It might mean being humiliated or whipped for his sexual pleasure. It might mean having body piercings or tattoos. It might mean anything. But it will not mean that you will be permanently harmed or killed. I qualify my buyers very carefully. Some may have unusual tastes, but it doesn't extend to that."

She nodded slightly, feeling relieved. Of all the Masters she might have found, she was fortunate to stumble upon him. She trusted him—if he said she would be taken care of that was good enough for her. She took a deep breath, trying to calm her nerves.

"While you are here, you must learn to trust in your Master completely. Whatever he says is for your own good. You must learn to obey without question, to make that voice in your head that says, 'No, no', go away. You saw some of that during your weekend here. You learned to overcome your bias against loving another woman, for example. You will learn to overcome a lot more."

Honey hoped she could be worthy of him. She didn't want to disappoint him or make him sorry he chose her.

"You will start out slowly, to ease you into the lifestyle. You will find yourself challenged, your values stretched. I hope I won't push you faster than you want to go, but that's a risk you'll have to endure. What will help you in the weeks to come is that everything we do we've done before to others. This training is the result of many years of study and experimentation. You are fortunate to come here now, for we have learned a lot about women—things we admit we didn't know before. The training has been adjusted over the years until we can open up that submissive side like a birthday gift and let it out. That is my pledge to you."

Honey loved the man a little bit more with each sentence he spoke. His words played upon her mind like an orchestral musician played the violin. Every note rang true, every statement resonated in her soul. Her doubts receded somewhat. They didn't

disappear and she knew they would return. But at least she felt more confident about her choice. Perhaps she belonged there after all.

Master picked up a small bell and rang it. The door behind her opened at once and she heard the soft padding of feet on the carpet. "I'm going to hand you over to our trainer Pussy-Whip."

The name brought her fears back to the surface. *Pussy-Whip? What kind of name is that?* Honey could feel her, standing just behind her left shoulder, but she dared not turn around. She waited for someone to give her an order.

Master spoke over her shoulder. "Pussy-Whip, this is Honey. She's beginning her training today. I'll want regular reports, as always." He turned his attention back to Honey. "Honey, I'll be leaving you now. You probably won't see me for a while. But rest assured, I'll be following your progress." He stroked her breast one more time, then turned on his heel and left.

Honey stood there, missing him already. She had expected Master Paul might train her himself—or Master James. Instead, she felt a shiver of disappointment at being handed over to this woman. She waited, feeling her trainer's presence and wondering why she remained behind her. Should she turn around? She decided to let her make the first move. Long minutes passed and Honey thought she might break and run for the door. She forced herself to stand as she was, legs slightly apart, head up and breasts thrust out.

When the woman behind her finally spoke, the voice was silky, but with hidden steel. "Very good. I'm impressed you have learned to wait for your orders. That attitude will help you in the weeks to come." She came around to the front so Honey could see her.

Pussy-Whip was dressed like a Halloween version of a dominatrix—thigh-high, black leather boots, soft, black leather gloves up to her forearms, black leather bustier that forced her ample breasts up, nipples just peeking out over the tops. Her uncovered sex was marked with a vertical line of hair—the rest of it was smooth and showed no trace of stubble. She was tall, almost six feet, Honey guessed, and her head was a riot of thick, black hair. She had a feline's grace to her movements.

But Honey's attention was quickly drawn to the woman's right hand, which held a thick, dangerous-looking riding crop. The woman slapped it against the top of her boots as she addressed the cowering slave.

"My name, as you heard, is Pussy-Whip." She reached out and tapped Honey's pussy with the crop. "You will learn how I got that name in time. I know how to get the most out of our slaves." She grinned wickedly and Honey felt she might have made a mistake after all, coming here. "Master thinks highly of you, for reasons I can't imagine. You will have to prove yourself to me."

She walked around Honey, using the crop to touch each body part in emphasis. "While you are here, you will learn how to stand..." She tapped the crop under Honey's chin, forcing her more erect. "How to present yourself..." The crop rubbed the

underside of Honey's breasts. "And how to please your Masters." The crop dipped into Honey's sex and she brought the wet tip up for the slave to see. Honey shivered.

"For now, you belong to me, so you must learn to please me and me alone. You will do what I say or suffer the consequences." The crop rapped sharply on her ass, causing her to jump. "I will punish you for any transgressions—" she came close enough so Honey could smell her cinnamon breath "—or for no reason at all, simply because I want to." She chuckled, low in her throat. "For that, you see, is what your Master will want to do, too. You should thank me for preparing you." She paused, and Honey didn't know what she meant so she stayed still.

The crop slashed down on her hip. "Ow!"

"I said, you should thank me for preparing you."

"Uh, thank you, M-mistress."

Pussy-Whip smiled. "Mistress. Yes. That's right. I like that." She paused. "But that wasn't the kind of thanks that I had in mind." She came around to the front and placed the crop on Honey's shoulder. She could feel the pressure of it. Now she understood. She slowly sank to her knees in front of the woman. There, level with her eyes, was the woman's sex, glistening in the light.

"You may be surprised to learn that I am a slave, too—a slave to any Master in the house. If they wish to fuck me, I spread my legs. If they wish to whip me, I bend over. But to you, I'm *your* Mistress now." The crop tapped the back of Honey's head and she leaned in and extended her tongue. "And one of the perks of the job of training new slaves is to find out just how talented they are with their tongues."

Honey tasted the woman's slit and found it pleasing, sex with a hint of strawberries. She began to lick more energetically. She wondered if she should bring her hands up to cup the woman's ass and decided not to, for she hadn't been told to do so.

Pussy-Whip sighed and spread her legs wider apart. She placed her hand gently on the back of Honey's head and pressed her face into her wetness. "Oh, yeah. Dig for it, slut. Ohhh." She began to hump gently against Honey's face. Honey, encouraged, licked more forcefully at Pussy-Whip's clit. It swelled in her mouth and surprised her with its length. It was like a tiny cock, thrusting out from the fold of skin.

"Gently," Pussy-Whip cautioned and Honey eased up. *It must be very sensitive*, she thought. *It has to be, the way it sticks out like that*. She came at it from underneath, knowing that was how she liked it whenever one of her old boyfriends would go down on her. Lick the slit, bring a lot of fluid up to cover the clit and gently tongue it until she was so turned on he could do anything. She did the same thing to Pussy-Whip and was rewarded by an increased humping of her face. She risked bringing her hands up to cup her ass and the woman didn't object.

"Ohh, oohhh..." Pussy-Whip's voice rose and fell as Honey increased her activity. The whole lower part of her face was wet now and juices ran down her chin to drip

onto her breasts. This woman was what Honey would call a “gusher” and knew it would only get wetter when she finally came.

Her tongue was growing numb, but she kept at it, fearful of disappointing this woman. She had barely met her and already she was tongue-deep into her pussy, but she didn’t know what might happen if she erred or disobeyed. She didn’t want to find out, either.

Pussy-Whip was rocking back and forth, her head thrown back, the riding crop forgotten in her hand. Honey forced her mouth onward, licking and sucking for all she was worth. At last, the woman grabbed Honey’s face and pressed her hard against her, and gave out a guttural cry.

“OH, MY GOD!” She shuddered. A copious amount of fluid shot out and splashed in Honey’s mouth and over her face. She swallowed and tried not to choke. She stopped licking immediately and waited, her nose tipped back just enough for her to breathe. Pussy-Whip finally let go and Honey sagged back. She started to wipe off her face when the riding crop lashed out, catching her on the breast.

“No! Don’t ever wipe away your Mistress’ fluids! You are privileged to wear it and you will, until told otherwise.”

Honey nodded and forced herself not to rub her breast where the crop left a red mark. She stayed on her knees, face dripping, tongue exhausted and waited for orders.

“That’s better. I like to look upon a slut’s face after it has pleased me. I like the smearing of juices up to the eyes. Wear it proudly.” Then she smiled. “You did very well, for an amateur. You must enjoy it yourself, hmmm?” She laughed when Honey didn’t speak, reading the answer in her eyes. “That’s right, don’t feel embarrassed. You will learn to let go of your silly inhibitions.”

The riding crop came out and tapped Honey under the chin. “Stand up, slut. Let me see you.” Honey rose. Pussy-Whip used the crop to tap her legs farther apart. “Good. That’s how I want you to stand from now on, feet about shoulder-width apart. Your pussy must be accessible at all times.” She reached down and used a gloved finger to whip up some of Honey’s juices. She held it up in front of her face. “Oh, looks like this turned you on, too, hmmm?” Honey blushed. Pussy-Whip made her open her mouth and suck off the glove.

“You want to get fucked, don’t you? You’d like nothing more than a big cock thrusting into your hot, wet pussy?”

She was right—Honey did feel very sexy right about then. She imagined Master James fucking her, his strong hands on her ass... *Whoa! Where did that come from? What happened to my fantasies about Master Paul?*

“Tell me!” The crop tapped her pussy.

“Yes, Mistress. I would like to be fucked right now.” Her eyes widened when she saw, out of the corner of her eye, Master James standing to one side, watching her. He was just as virile and handsome as she remembered him. He wore soft, black leather pants and a white shirt that seemed tight against his muscular chest and arms. Honey

could imagine those arms wrapped around her, squeezing her close, his hands gripping her ass. She blushed when she remembered how he had fucked her ass the last time she had been there. A heat spread from her loins up through her chest and Honey had a little trouble breathing.

Pussy-Whip smiled and nodded. "I knew it. You're a real slut. However, you won't get that pleasure for a while. You won't even be allowed to masturbate." The crop tapped her pussy again. "In fact, if we catch you masturbating, you will be beaten severely. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." Honey felt a wave of disappointment. But she vowed not to break that edict, no matter how horny she felt. She could wait for her Master—or Mistress.

"Good." Pussy-Whip walked around her once more. "I think you have potential. Some girls would already be sobbing by now." She stopped behind her. "However, you won't get off easy, I'm afraid."

Honey didn't know what she meant and her heart began to race.

"Part of your training is to accept whatever your Master decides to do to you. That could be fucking, of course. But it could also mean punishments—for any reason or for no reason at all. Come with me."

Honey's anxiety increased as she followed Pussy-Whip across the room. The woman directed her to lie over an ottoman, her ass in the air. She gripped the sides, her heart pounding in her chest.

"Today you will learn that sometimes you get punished even if you've done everything right. I'm going to punish you because I want to. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

Mistress raised the crop and brought it down sharply on Honey's upturned ass. *Whap!* She shrieked with the pain and grabbed the ottoman tighter. *Whap!* She shook and cried, but didn't move. *Whap! Whap! Whap!*

"Wait." The masculine voice startled her. She looked over to see Master James approaching them. He took the crop from Pussy-Whip's hand and jerked his head to the side. She nodded and retreated. He gripped the riding crop and smiled down at her. She waited there, eager to feel his power.

Whack! He struck harder than the woman. Honey jerked, but tried to remain steady. *Whack! Whack! Whack!* The blows began to merge into one. The initial pain faded with each additional one until the sound of the crop hitting her flesh seemed like it was happening to someone else. Honey reached a transcendental state. Her ass glowed red, but the pain had reached a plateau and grew no worse.

Finally James stopped and stepped back. He cocked his head and observed Honey's blank expression, how her mouth sagged open and tracks of her tears covered her face.

"There, that's better. I feel better, anyway. Thank me, slut."

Honey struggled to find her voice. "Th-thank you, Master."

"Good. You may get up."

Honey struggled to get off the ottoman. Her muscles felt uncoordinated and the pain in her ass increased the more she moved. She wished she could just sit in a soothing bath. Shakingly she got to her feet and stood before the man, her fear mixed with desire.

Master James recognized the expression. "Good. I see you're a little afraid of me. That's how it should be. You should have some fear, for otherwise, you might question your Master's orders. If you know the consequences beforehand, you'll find it a lot easier to just obey without thinking."

Honey nodded, certain she would obey him. She knew she had gotten merely a taste of what he could dish out. She didn't want to see what might happen if her Master became angry.

Master James moved to a table and picked up a leather collar. He approached Honey, holding it up. It looked like a simple dog collar with several D-rings on the sides. "I'm sure you know what this is."

Honey nodded.

"It represents your obedience. It's also a handy way to control you." He made Honey bend over and fastened it to her neck. It felt strange on her. "This can't be undone by you. It takes a special key."

Master James returned to the table and brought back a leash. He fastened one end to Honey's collar. "Come. I'll take you to your cell." He tugged at the leash none too gently and Honey followed him out, past Pussy-Whip who just smiled at her as they went by.

Honey remembered how, on her previous visit, she had stayed in a nice cell off the living room. She recalled that Ling had told her most of the cells were in the basement. So it was no surprise when James led her downstairs, her red ass aflame.

She padded along silently behind the powerful man, dreading what the cells might look like. They would probably be Spartan, perhaps even medieval. It only increased her fears when he used a key to unlock the cellblock door at the base of the stairs. Even if Honey wanted to get away, she would not be allowed to.

The metal squeaked as it opened, playing on her fears. They were in a corridor, with steel bars lined up on one side. As they approached, Honey could see each cell was about six feet wide and eight feet deep. She counted six cells along the corridor. In front of each cell, video cameras had been mounted on the wall opposite so the Master could monitor his captives. Four of the cells were occupied with naked young women like herself. All wore collars. The cells had bars between them so the girls could see each other.

Honey stared at some of the women, her eyes wide. Although two of the young women merely sat on their cots, two of the other women were acting very strangely. One was lying on her cot, using a large black dildo on herself, thrusting it in over and over and groaning. Her nipples were hard points. When the two of them walked by, she looked up and her face grew red, but she didn't stop thrusting. The other girl stood in

the center of the cell with a suede leather whip in her hand and was using on her own body, whipping her breasts, ass, stomach and legs. Her body was marked with red stripes that ran together until she looked sunburned. She glanced up, her eyes pleading with Master James, but when he ignored her, she kept on slapping herself with the whip, tears flowing from her eyes.

Honey stopped and stared for a moment at each woman, side by side in their individual cells. She wanted to ask why they were doing what they were, but she suspected it was some form of punishment and she was better off not knowing. Honey could imagine that they had disobeyed an order—perhaps the dildo girl had balked at fucking a man with a large cock, or the whipping girl had cried too much when punished.

Master James caught Honey staring. “Oh, yes. You’re wondering about these girls? On occasion, we grow tired of punishing you ourselves, so we ask that you deliver your own punishment. We can monitor you from upstairs. And if you think you can ease off and get away with it, trust me, you can’t. You don’t want to see what happens if you lose your enthusiasm.” As if by proxy, the two girls began working harder—thrusting the cock or slashing with the whip. Sweat flew off their bodies. James peered into the cells. “Just one more hour and you can quit.” He tipped his head at the clock mounted in the center of the corridor.

Master James turned back to Honey and jerked the leash toward one of the empty cells. Honey scooted along and was prepared to enter as soon as he opened the gate. She stepped in and looked around as the Master unhooked the leash. There was a cot with a folded-up blanket atop a single sheet, a combination toilet and sink and nothing else. Her cell was one from the end, so she could look back along the other cells between the bars. A redhead sitting on her cot was right next to her, then came the two cells of the women being punished, then on the far side, a blonde sat staring back.

The door clanged shut, causing Honey to jump. “Now you be good. We’ll be back to begin your training in earnest in a bit.” He left, clanging the basement door behind him.

“Jesus,” Honey whispered, staring at the redhead. She didn’t know if she was allowed to talk or not, so she waited to see what the woman would do. The redhead was slender with small breasts and narrow hips. She had a small triangle of bright red hair above her pussy. Honey wondered why Master hadn’t made her shave it off. She smiled at her tentatively and sat down on the cot. She pulled her legs up to her chest.

“Hi,” the redhead said. “What brings you here?”

Good, Honey thought, *we can talk*. She glanced at the cameras. “Uhhh, I think I’m finding myself, but now I’m not so sure.”

The girl laughed, a short, hollow sound. “I hear ya. I’m probably the same way.” She stood and came to the bars. “My name’s Erin. What’s yours?”

“Uh...” For a moment, she wasn’t sure if she should give her real name or her slave name. “Annette. Although here they call me Honey.”

"Oh, right. I'm, uh, Red-Bush here." Her face grew as red as her hair. "But I really hate that name."

"I can see how they named you. I guess that explains why you don't have to shave it off, like the rest of us."

Erin nodded. "Yeah. They seem amused by it." Her hand brushed her sparse hair between her legs. "I'd shave it off if I could." She looked up. "So how did you get your name? It's kinda cool."

Now it was Honey's turn to blush. She glanced at the cameras again and decided she'd better not lie. "Uh, Master Paul said I produce a lot of, uh, honey." She gave the girl a half-grin.

Erin laughed, a genuine one this time. "That's funny. It's still a cool name."

Honey raised her chin at the girls beyond. "What's with them? How long have they been at that?"

"Oh, I don't know, about an hour, I guess."

Honey couldn't imagine fucking herself or whipping herself for an hour. And Master James said they had an hour to go! "Jeez."

"Yeah. They musta done something bad, huh?"

"You don't know?"

"No. I'm sure I'll find out, once they're done. They're not allowed to talk during punishment." She grimaced. "There are a lot of rules like that. It's hard to remember them all."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two weeks. I'm supposed to be here a month."

"Did you come by yourself?" She meant by her own inner demons, as Honey had.

Erin looked confused. "Well, no. My boyfriend dropped me off, if that's what you mean."

"Not exactly."

"Why? Did you decide to do this all on your own?"

"Yeah. Can you believe it?"

Erin laughed and shook her head. "Well, kinda. I mean, I've had thoughts like that a time or two. But I would never have done this if Steve hadn't insisted."

"Why do it then? I mean, why not tell him to jump in the lake?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. It sounded kinda kinky. Sexy. You know, giving up all control. It's just for a month—I figured, what could it hurt? I thought it might be like a spa vacation." She laughed out loud.

"Are you sorry you came?"

"Yes and no. There are things I know that will drive Steve wild when I get out. New tricks and all. But I'm not sure I like some of the methods they use here." She jerked her thumb over her shoulder. "Such as."

Honey nodded, looking at the poor girls doing their penance. "Yeah. I hope I don't have to do that."

"Oh, trust me, there will be something you'll do wrong. You can't help it."

That didn't encourage Honey. She didn't know how to respond, so she said nothing.

From across the room, the blonde spoke up. "Hey, don't leave me out."

Honey smiled at her. "Hi. What's your name?" It was hard to see her past the writhing women.

She laughed. "You mean my slave name or my real name?"

"Both."

"Well, here they call me Slippery, probably for the same reason they named you Honey," she laughed. "But my real name's Debra."

"Hi, Debra." Honey was surprised to see someone like her here. Debra was a beautiful blonde cheerleader type, with shoulder-length hair, big breasts and a narrow waist. She looked to be in excellent shape. When Debra stood, Honey could see she was shaved bare also. She seemed to be a confident woman, so what was she doing in training to be a slave?

"So, what brings you here?"

"Husband. He's a rich bastard and he really hates it when I argue with him. So he said if I went here for a month, he'd make it worth my while."

"Jesus, he must've promised to buy you a yacht!"

"Something like that. I figured I'd amuse him. But it's harder than I thought."

"How long you been here?"

"Just a week. But it feels like a month."

Honey was distracted by the dark-haired woman flogging herself. She barely moved the whip now, just gently slapping the leather against her skin. Her body was covered with sweat and her chest heaved. Honey wondered if she might get herself into trouble.

Looking beyond her, the woman in the cell lay on her cot, her eyes on the ceiling, her hands wrapped around the big, black dildo. It had to be fourteen inches long and about three inches around. In and out it went, slowly but steadily. Honey could see she had brown hair, but that was about all. Right now, she was all cunt and Honey was sure it was sore.

Before she could say anything else, the basement door clanged open and all four girls' eyes were riveted on the large black man who entered. Honey had never seen him before. Tall and muscular, his body was well-defined and his abs rippled. It wasn't hard to see his muscle tone because he was naked except for a loincloth. He looked like something from a Tarzan movie. Looking lower, Honey noticed his cock was enormous, for the tip of it hung below the cloth. She shrank back and glanced at the girl with the dildo. Was he the reason she was being punished?

The man approached and Honey could see he held a many-stranded whip in his hand. She sat down on her cot and tried to look small.

The man strode up to the second cell. "Well?"

"I'm fucking your big black cock, Master! I'm fucking it!" The brown-haired girl's hands were blurs now, thrusting it in and out.

The man opened the door. The girl squealed. "No, please! I'll be good!"

"You most certainly will be. Tell me how you like my black cock now!"

"It's fine! I love it! I'm sorry about before! It wasn't a black thing, you were just so big I couldn't handle it!"

"You seem to be able to handle it now."

Honey stared at the man's cock, which was starting to grow, making a tent out of the cloth, which did nothing to contain him. It was by far the largest she'd even seen, except for some of the freaks on the Internet. It swelled and rose like a club between his legs, barely held in place by the loincloth.

He grabbed the woman off her cot and made her stand in front of the bars, facing the camera. "Now, let's see you show all the viewers upstairs just how much you love my big, black cock."

The girl stood with her legs splayed far apart and rammed the dildo up inside her cunt, then pulled it back out again. She grimaced every time.

The black man left her there and went to the next cell, where the dark-haired girl was whipping herself. "How about you, slut? You whipping yourself as hard as I would?"

"Yes, Sir!" The girl's actions were much increased—her hand slashed at herself, leaving more red marks on her already reddened body. He unlocked her cell and came in. He stopped her for a moment and turned her around. "Looks like you missed a lot on the back here. Let me help you." He pushed her up against the cell bars opposite the bed, so her back was to Honey and began to whip her. She cried and screamed, and shook under the blows. The whip was soft suede leather like hers, so it left similar wide, red marks, but did not cut the skin. It still must hurt a lot, Honey thought.

The man whipped her until his body was covered with sweat and hers looked like a road map to hell. His cock was still hard against his loincloth. "Now that's how to whip yourself. You understand?"

The sobbing girl took her own whip and renewed her attack on her defenseless body. He left her there, whipping away, and returned to the dildo girl. "You ready to take my big, black cock now? You got yourself all stretched out?"

"Yes, Master Bone!"

Master Bone? Was that really his name? Honey almost laughed until she wondered if she would be expected to fuck him in the weeks ahead. She thought she might have the same trouble as the dark-haired girl had.

"Good! Let's have you lean against this cell, so all of the girls can watch, okay?"

The girl obeyed without question, the dildo still sticking down from her pussy. He watched as she eased it out and she was clearly sore. She winced and shook as it came free. He took it over to the whipping girl's cell and held it out to her. "If I let you stop, will you suck this clean?"

"Oh, yes, Master!" She leapt forward to grab the dildo and thrust the end into her mouth, allowing her whip to drop by her feet. She stood there, naked, quivering, deep-throating the rubber cock for all she was worth.

Master Bone returned to the dark-haired girl and yanked his loincloth free. His club-like cock sprang upright, a good ten inches long. Honey squeezed her legs together as if she could feel it going up inside her. Bone picked the girl up by the waist like she was a toy and held her over his erect cock. "You ready to do your duty, slut?"

"Yes, Master, please!"

He dropped her and she screamed as his cock rammed up inside her. Then she wrapped her legs around him and began to fuck herself on his huge cock, smiling through her tears.

"Oh, Master! It feels so good!"

"That's not what you were saying this morning!"

"I'm sorry, Master! My pussy just wasn't used to you!"

"You will be from now on, right, bitch?"

"Yes, Sir!" She bounced up and down, her tits flopping. The black man just stood there, letting her do all the work. After a while, her energy began to flag and she struggled to make him come. He pulled her away from the bars and began using his whip on her back. "You need some encouragement, I can tell!"

From the angle, Honey didn't think the blows hurt much, but it had the desired effect on the girl. She renewed her efforts, jumping up and down on his huge cock. Honey wondered what that piece of meat might be doing to her. Would she have to fuck him, too? Could she handle it? Or would she wind up punishing herself with a big dildo, too?

Master Bone was getting into the rhythm now, smiling with even, white teeth as he began to bounce with her. Suddenly, he dropped his whip and grabbed her hips, holding her tight against him. Honey could see his groin muscles flexing as he pumped his seed into her.

The girl looked grateful that he had climaxed at last. She pretended to orgasm as well, although it looked fake to Honey. The black man was not fooled either. He pulled out and let her slide to the floor. Picking up his whip, he struck her breasts. "Don't you ever fake an orgasm around here, do you understand?"

"Yes, Master! I'm sorry, Master!"

"Your pleasure doesn't matter! You're only here to please your Masters! Don't do it again!"

With that, he picked her up and pushed her back into her cell. He slammed the door. He turned to the other girl who was still sucking on the dildo that just moments before had been up her cellmate's cunt. "Is my cock all clean now?"

"Yes, Sir!" She held it out to show him.

"No it's not! My cock is still dirty, you slut!"

The girl suddenly got it and ran out to drop down in front of the man. She opened her mouth and took his soft cock inside. It was still a tight fit. She laved it carefully until he seemed satisfied. He grabbed the rubber cock from her hand.

"All right. You both did a good job. I'll cancel the remainder of your punishments. Just don't disappoint me again." He directed the girl to hand him the whip from her cell then locked her back in. Without another word, he left, carrying the dildo and the extra whip with him.

Silence fell over the cellblock. Honey looked at Erin and then at Debra. The girls in the middle cells stared only at the floor, shaking silently. Honey decided to just leave them alone for a while.

She lay down on her bunk and stared at the ceiling. It wasn't even noon yet and already she was thinking she'd made a big mistake.

Chapter Nineteen

Pussy-Whip came for her about a half-hour later, before she had a chance to learn the other two girls' names. "Are you ready for some lunch?"

Honey stood, embarrassed that she was the only one allowed out. "What about the other girls?"

"You're not to worry about them. They will be taken care of." She frowned. "I can see you have a lot to learn."

"Yes, Ma'am. I mean, Mistress."

"Either one will do. As long as you show respect, my pet." She clipped a leash to her collar and led her out. The other women stared at her as she walked by. Honey lowered her eyes to the ground.

She was led upstairs past double doors into a room she'd been in before. The fucking machine stood in the center. Honey eyed it with a certain trepidation. It made her pussy vibrate even as it frightened her.

"Wait here," Pussy-Whip said. She unhooked her leash and left Honey standing in the middle of the room. She waited there for several minutes. She was tempted to walk around and look at various objects in the room, but feared she was being watched – and judged – so she remained where she had been left, like an obedient slave should.

The door opened behind her and she almost turned around. At the last moment, she caught herself. She stood erect, breasts out, chin up, nerves on edge.

"Hello, Honey."

She turned – she couldn't help herself – and saw Master James standing there. Her heart leapt. "Oh, Master James! Hello, uh, Sir."

He approached. "Are you ready for some serious training?" He slapped the riding crop he carried against his leg for emphasis.

"Of course, Master." Secretly, she was pleased to see him again. She had feared she might be turned over to that cruel Master Bone and be forced to fuck his monster cock and suffer his whippings. Master James seemed much more reasonable – and more handsome. He'd even been gentle when he had fucked her ass. Maybe this time, he'd take her cunt again. Her pussy began to lubricate in anticipation.

"Good. As Master Paul told you, we will start slowly and build on what you learn. You will be pushed, but hopefully not too far, too fast. You should feel a little out of control, on the edge of danger, but not so much that you hyperventilate." He smiled, showing white teeth. Honey had a sudden urge to kiss those lips.

"Uh, yes, Sir."

"First, we need to reduce your embarrassment about your body. Already, you've probably gotten used to being naked. But we want you to get used to all your bodily functions, whether that be eliminating waste, fucking or masturbating."

He said it so calmly he made it sound reasonable. She found herself nodding.

"I know you've been fucked by the machine in front of others. You will continue to do that, as well as fuck whomever we choose at any time. You might also be asked to make love to a woman or masturbate in a crowded room or out in public. You will lose your inhibitions."

He said it like a command and she had no doubt he meant it. Honey knew she would have to overcome years of her upbringing. The idea of exposing herself or making love to someone out in public! It excited her, sure, but it seemed so wrong! She knew that was the "old Annette" talking and the new Honey would learn a different attitude. Taking a deep breath, she vowed to give herself over to this man, to trust him as she trusted Master Paul.

"There will no doubt be times when you falter or get embarrassed. The result will be swift and sure punishments. Soon, your body will prefer to obey mindlessly rather than endure abuse. Only then will you have achieved the level of submissiveness we require. Do you understand what's to be expected of you?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. You will find out, in a very short time, if you are suited to this lifestyle. If you are not, you will be sent home to live out your life and will not be allowed any further contact with us. Are you clear on this?"

"Yes, Master."

"Glad to hear it." He stepped forward and clipped the leash to her collar, turned and walked away. She hurried to catch up. He led her into the kitchen where he handed her a big glass of water and ordered her to drink it. She did, confused by the demand. She didn't dare question him. He nodded and jerked the leash, leading her out the back door without a word. Honey tried not to feel embarrassed—after all, she had been outside naked during her previous visit. But she suspected James had something else in mind today.

In the backyard, there were a few other slaves being trained. One was sucking on a man's cock, getting directions at the point of a riding crop. Another was crawling on hands and knees through the grass, a Master slapping her rump to encourage her. Two other female slaves were making love to each other nearby, while a male and a female trainer watched.

Master James led her down the center of the garden path, past all the activity and Honey was pleased she might be out of sight of the others. Let her training begin slowly, she prayed. She was startled to see her trainer head toward an old gardener who was clipping some rosebushes.

"Enrique!"

The old man turned and Honey could see he was Latin. She guessed his age to be sixty-five. The gardener gave her a big, nearly toothless grin when he spotted the naked woman.

"Hola, Senor James." The man put down his clippers and waited.

"Enrique, I'd like you to meet Honey. She's new."

Enrique bowed slightly and Honey smiled warily back, not sure what this was all about.

"Honey, I'd like you to masturbate for Enrique."

The request startled her. Masturbate in front of this stranger? Yet of all the things he could've asked her, it wasn't so bad, was it? She stepped forward and spread her legs, determined to prove herself worthy of her trainer's efforts. Her right hand went down and began rubbing her little nubbin. She did not feel sexy in the least, standing out there in front of the two men, but she gamely tried to bring on a climax.

She rubbed herself, feeling self-conscious and awkward. A few minutes passed and all she felt was sore and embarrassed.

"If you can't come in five minutes, you'll have to suck his cock," Master James said matter-of-factly. Enrique's grin widened and his tongue licked at a hole between two teeth.

Honey tried harder, but it was no use. She wasn't able to overcome her own upbringing. Her fingers rubbed and rubbed, but the arousal faded further away. When Master James called time, Honey merely sank to her knees and unzipped the gardener's pants without a word of complaint. His cock was tiny, but clean and she tried not to show her feelings of aversion as she took it into her mouth. Either she was very good, or the old man hadn't had any in a while—in just a few minutes, she was rewarded with a watery squirt of his semen. She swallowed it and waited for instructions.

Master James nodded at the old man and jerked Honey to her feet. They began walking back. Honey felt disappointed in herself and knew there had been a lesson there—you have to be able to let go of your inhibitions. There was nothing Master James had to say about it and she was grateful he didn't chastise her.

Master James led her inside, back to the same room they'd left just forty-five minutes ago. Already Honey's horizons had been stretched. She could see how she would learn to obey, no matter what was asked of her. Her training would open her to the true world of the submissive. Was she ready to accept it?

"Go climb on the machine."

His words startled her, even though she had expected them. She turned and went at once to the fucking machine and climbed on, her ass up. James helped fasten her ankles and wrists down then adjusted the dildo until it just parted her nether lips. She found herself shaking as she waited for him to turn it on. But he didn't. She heard him moving about and craned her neck to see.

He had opened the double doors! She knew he wanted her to be exposed and she tried to tamp down her embarrassment. This was something she'd experienced before, so she should have learned from it. She knew strangers and acquaintances would soon come in and watch as she writhed on the machine, having orgasm after orgasm, helpless to stop herself. She waited.

Suddenly, a large flat-panel TV on the wall ahead of her came to life. On it, she could see herself, from the side, her body held immobile in the obscene position. She could only smile and shake her head. She was to watch her own defilement. Glancing over, she saw the video camera on a tripod opposite the door. Beyond her, a woman walked by the open door, did a double-take and paused to stare at her before moving on. Honey gritted her teeth and hoped she could get over her shyness.

Master James came near her. She noticed, with some concern, that he carried a riding crop in his hand. Was he going to beat her while she climaxed?

"Here's how this is going to work. As before, you're going to be on display. But it's not just like last time. This time, the machine is set to run for two-minute intervals. In order to 'earn' a short session, you will have to be whipped ten times, like this."

With that, he hauled off and began to strike her helpless ass. She was shocked! *Whack! Whack! Whack!* "Ow! Ow! Please!" Ten times in quick succession he struck her. As soon as he finished, the machine kicked to life, the rubber dildo plunging into her and pulling out again. It was a strange and exhilarating feeling. Her ass was hot and it warmed her pussy and caused her clit to extend. She began to get into the rhythm of it and felt an orgasm approach.

Then the machine quit. Honey looked around wildly. Master James smiled at her. "You will remain here until you come twice. The trade-off is ten strokes for two minutes. You'll have to beg people to help you—but each person can only spank you ten times. You've got one hour." With that, he hung the riding crop on the machine and walked out of the room.

Honey didn't know what to do. She had to come twice! How could she even come once with just two minutes of fucking? How could she endure all those whippings? And what would happen if she didn't in one hour? He was being so cruel!

She looked into the TV and saw a black man, dressed in a chauffeur's uniform, walk by. "Help!" she shouted. "Please, help me!"

He came in, looking around. "What is this, darlin'?" He had a smooth Southern accent. He looked at Honey, strapped in, her ass marked with stripes.

"Please!" She found herself completely at odds with herself. She was supposed to ask this stranger to whip her and then turn on the machine? Why not just skip the first step?

"Can you, um, turn on the machine for me?"

"Darlin', I'd be happy to!" He came close and paused. "Hey."

"What?" She craned her neck back to see him reading a card Master James had apparently left on the machine. A sinking feeling swept through her. She believed not

only was she going to get caught and punished, she felt guilty about it besides. "Oh, I forgot to mention. You have to, um, spank me first."

"Sez here ten times with this." He picked up the crop and waved it experimentally in the air. He stared at her ass. "Looks like you've already had some, huh?"

"Yes." She hung her head. "Go ahead... Please."

"You must really be hard up for sex, hmmm?"

"Something like that." God was this embarrassing! How could she ever overcome her feelings like this? She found it hard to imagine that a month from now, she'd be having sex in front of strangers and not feel self-conscious. Master James was so cruel!

The chauffeur stepped close and gave her a good rap on the ass. It stung, but not nearly as much as Master's blows. "Yes, that's it," she said.

Whap! Whap! She wiggled her ass, feeling the familiar heat in her loins. *Whap! Whap!* God, it was making her hot! The man finished counting out ten, then asked "Are you ready for this?"

"Yes! Please, turn it on!"

He hit the button and watched as the dildo disappeared into her wet cunt. She groaned and waited for her orgasm to build. It was hard to get back into the mood now that she was effused with embarrassment. She closed her eyes, blocking out the image on the screen before her and thought only of her pussy, her hot, wet pussy.

Yes, there it was, tickling around the edges. She concentrated on her elusive orgasm—only to have it vanish when the black man slapped his hands together and laughed. She opened her eyes. He was staring at her pussy, his eyes alight with glee.

"Gol-lee," he said, smiling. "You shore are purty!"

Her arousal faded away. Within seconds, the machine shut down. *Dammit! How can I come with men like this watching me as though I'm some kind of freak?*

"Okay, can you find someone to take your place?"

"Why? Don't you want me to do it again?"

"Yes, I do," she lied, "but I'm supposed to find new people. That's the deal."

The old man shrugged. "Okay. But I might come back and watch."

She nodded. Anything to get this show rolling. What would happen if she didn't make the deadline? Would Master James beat her more harshly? She didn't want to find out.

The man shuffled off and Honey wanted to scream at him to hurry. She could see him in the monitor, looking up and down the hallway. Where was everybody! He disappeared down the corridor. This wasn't fair! There should be more people around! How could she do what he wanted if no one was around?

The man returned, with a woman in tow—wait! It was Ling! Honey sobbed out her relief. "Ling! Help me! Master James says I have to come twice on this thing. But I need people to whip me first!"

The Asian slave came forward, nodding. "Oh, sure. I remember this. It's a devilish assignment, isn't it?" She rubbed Honey's red ass. "Looks pretty good. You come yet?"

"No! I need more people! I need a constant stream, so I can get a regular rhythm going."

"Sure, I can help. I'll see if I can't find some others." She started to leave.

"Wait! Whip me first!"

"Oh, okay." Ling smiled and picked up the crop. "You sure about this?"

"Yes! Please!"

Whap! Whap! Whap! The blows fell on her already sore ass. Honey endured them, waiting for the machine to start up. When it did, she blocked out Ling and the black chauffeur and concentrated on her pussy. Oh, it felt good, but she couldn't ignore the fact that it was on for such a short time. She wished she could touch her clit—she could come in a second if she could! Maybe she could ask Ling to help. She opened her eyes, but Ling had already left to find new people. She stared at the chauffeur, debating. Would he do it? Of course, he would. But, more to the point, would she be violating the rules somehow? She decided to risk it. Master James hadn't said she shouldn't ask for help.

"Mister?"

"Call me Hank, sweetheart. I feel we should be on a first name basis, don't you?"

"Yes, I'm Honey. Would you please touch my clit?"

The man's eye lit up. "Oh, my chile, I'd be happy to!" He came forward, his stubby black hands touching her rocking hip. The way the pad pressed against her mound, there wasn't much room for his fingers. He fumbled around as she tried to wiggle her clit to him. "It's kinda hard to reach, now isn't it?"

The machine cut off. "Dammit!" She went limp, defeated. Now that the machine was silent, his fingers found her clit and began to rub awkwardly. Instead of arousing her, it only hurt.

"Wait. Stop. It hurts." She began to cry. The man withdrew his hand.

"Sorry, Miss Honey. Maybe I'm just too old."

"No, it's not that. My Master is just tormenting me, that's all. It's not your fault."

Ling returned with a couple of men. Honey's spirits rose. "Thank you! Please, get some more! I need more!"

The men appeared to be gardeners, for they were dressed for outdoor work. She quickly explained what they had to do. They seemed surprised, but were reassured by the note.

Whap! Whap! Whap! The blows fell. The machine went on. She blocked out the prying eyes and thought about her pussy. Her clit. The big cock thrusting into her. Anything but the men standing close. She found herself climbing toward her elusive goal when the machine quit again.

"Hurry!" She begged the other man. *Whap! Whap! Whap! Whap!* Her ass was on fire. It only drove her onward. The machine started up. Pussy. Cunt. Cock. Clit. She kept her eyes closed, not even hearing the grunting noises she was making low in her throat.

Other men came in, more blows fell on her tender globes. Her entire sex seemed to be on fire. The crowd thickened. Some men wanted to go again, but Ling told them the rules. "One man per each ten blows. Sorry, gentlemen."

Honey was glad Ling was there to help her. She didn't know how much time was left. She wasn't sure she could come once, let alone twice. How could Master James demand so much of her so early?

After dozens of blows to her ass and more than a half-dozen rides on the machine, Honey was beside herself. Two minutes wasn't long enough! Her pussy throbbed, her bottom ached. Tears flowed freely down her face to drip onto the carpet. Through blurry eyes, she could see the crowd had grown and others were coming in. The men—and women—cheered her abuse. Blows rang steadily on her ass, which had gone numb. But her clit refused to fire. She felt she just needed a little more help!

She didn't hear Master James come in, she only noticed the room had quieted down. She turned to see him and sobbed anew, fearful she had failed.

"Honey, I'm disappointed in you. You haven't been able to come *once*?" He looked at his watch, tscking as he did.

"I'm sorry, Master! I'm sorry!"

Master James pulled out the locking pin and eased the dildo out of her steaming pussy. Juices dribbled down to the floor. "Maybe you need a real cock, hmm? Would you like to fuck some of these men?"

"Yes, anything you want. Just let me come... Please."

She felt hands gripping her sore ass cheeks and didn't look back to see who had climbed up first. Honey was prepared to fuck every man in this room. When the cock entered her, it triggered her clit finally. Something about a real, live cock sent her over the edge.

"Oh, god! Oh, god! OH! OH! OH!" She shuddered with relief. The orgasm was so strong, she passed out briefly. When she came to, the cock was still in her—or had it been replaced by another already? She couldn't tell. Then she looked up into the monitor to see Master James behind her. It was his cock fucking her!

Seeing him there, knowing his cock was so familiar and welcome, Honey came again, shaking with the emotions that rocked her. She passed out again.

When she awoke, the room was empty, except for Master. She lay limply on the machine, drool running out of her mouth. Her butt throbbed. Her pussy ached, but in a nice way. She had finally come. It was probably too late and she would be punished, but she had finally come the required two times.

"Thank you, Master," she breathed.

"You're welcome." He moved about, unfastening her arms and legs from the machine. Honey doubted she could stand so she just lay there, waiting for her strength to return.

Master helped her from the machine. He had to pick her up and she seemed to weigh nothing in his powerful arms. He carried her to the sofa and laid her down. She sprawled on it, her sore ass hitting the surface, her legs falling open and she didn't care.

"I'm proud of you."

She looked up, startled. "What? But I failed!"

"No, you didn't. I said you had to have two orgasms before an hour was up. I came in with five minutes to spare. You had the required two orgasms in that time."

Honey's mouth dropped open. "You...fooled me."

He shrugged. "Sort of." He gave her a shy smile.

Now she wondered if the other men had taken her while she was unconscious. "Master...?" she began.

He seemed to know what she meant. "No, it was only me. But you would have fucked anyone or everyone there, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Master. I would have. Was that the goal of the exercise?"

"Yes, of course. You have to be ready to fuck anyone your Master wants you to. It may amuse him to share you with others."

Honey nodded. "I would have, but I'm glad it was only you." She blushed, afraid she had revealed too much.

But James just smiled. "I think it's time for a little nap, don't you?"

Honey smiled gratefully.

Chapter Twenty

"You called?" James came in and stood in the doorway.

"How's she doing?"

James strode forward and sat in the chair across from Paul's desk. "She's doing great. She's a natural, as you said."

"Yes. This one was pretty obvious. We had many long conversations about her urges." He stood suddenly, and went to a monitor on the wall and clicked it on. The image was frozen on the scene of Honey on the fucking machine, being surrounded by men, all watching her. He clicked a remote and the scene moved forward. Honey, writhing, begging for release. He watched as Master James entered the room and leaned down to talk to her. She was nodding, desperate. James moved the machine's dildo from her pussy and took its place. Paul clicked the image so it froze again. He stepped toward James and leaned against the desk.

"The plan was, as I understood it, to introduce Honey to the duties of fucking strangers on command, was it not?"

James' dark eyes flashed and he stared back at Paul. "Yes," he said, after a bit. "But I changed my mind."

"Why is that?"

"Because I didn't think it was right, for her, at this stage of her training."

"Oh? That's not what you said last month, when you had Allison on the machine. Or Beverly. Or Diane. You let the men all fuck them and they loved it. They loved letting go, being slutty, following orders. And Annette, of all people, fits that category to a T."

James slumped down in the chair. "Yeah."

"I told you when you asked to participate in her training that you would have to be professional. Now I see you're holding back."

"I couldn't help it. I couldn't bear to have strangers paw at her, fuck her."

"Oh? A little jealousy rearing its ugly head? This is just what I warned you about before."

"I know. And you're right. I admit it. I've fallen for her. I tried to be cool, tried to treat her like everyone else, but she's not like them. She's different. She might be the first purely submissive woman I've trained." He locked eyes with Paul. "I want her, Paul. I want her for myself."

"So you've decided – she's the one."

"Yes."

Paul sighed. "You know she's going up for auction in a month. I've already got interested bidders."

"I know. I want to short-circuit that process. Let me buy her. I want to train her myself. I mean, completely." He leaned forward. "I want to take her away from here."

"I can't let you do that. I've got a lot invested in her. She could bring in a goodly sum."

"Let me buy her now. I know what other girls have gone for. I figure you could get one hundred grand for her." He stood so he was on equal footing to Paul. "I'll pay you that much."

Paul let the offer hang in the air for a long moment. "She's special. I could get a lot more for her."

James flushed. "That's all I can afford."

Paul left him there and went to the window. He looked out at the grounds, his back to James. Finally, he turned. "When you say you want to take her away from here, where would you go?"

James shrugged. "I don't know. Someplace quiet. Remote. Maybe I'll go back to Montana, find a small ranch house to rent."

"I would hate to lose you as a trainer."

"That's flattering, but I don't see how I could stay—she would take up a lot of my time."

"That's true. But how would you live? If, as you say, you can only afford a hundred thousand, wouldn't that leave you broke?"

James shrugged. "I can work. I'll find something."

"So by your own admission, you'll have to leave Honey alone for several hours a day anyway, just to pay the bills."

The logic was inescapable. "Yes. That's true." He grimaced.

"And you'd probably have to do go back to shoeing horses—unless there's a call for a lot of sex slave trainers in Montana."

James wasn't sure where Paul was going with this. "No, although maybe I could open my own shop, eventually. Not to compete with you, of course. But for now, I can go back to being a farrier. I was pretty good at it."

"Hm. Hard work, that."

He waved a hand. "I'm used to it. Besides, I'll have to do something."

"I may have a better proposal."

James was startled. His face showed it. "Yeah?"

"Like I said, I'd hate to lose you as a trainer. And it so happens I have a guesthouse about a mile from here that's currently unused. It's tucked away in the trees, very private. I could loan it to you—if you agreed to stick around."

The idea flowered in James' mind. "How would that work?"

Paul came toward him and stopped so he was eye to eye with his employee. "First, we'd have to decide the value of Honey. I can't just let her go for a hundred grand if she could bring in more. She must go to auction. So her training here would continue while I make the necessary arrangements. Perhaps we could speed up the auction by a week or so. Whatever the bid is, you bid higher. The difference between that price and one hundred thousand is the amount you would owe me, in wages."

James gasped. "You expect me to work for free?"

"No, of course not. But you could get by at half-salary, easily. Your housing would be covered. You'd just have to pay for food, transportation and miscellaneous expenses. And I'd have you around to train other slaves."

"But wouldn't I be too busy here to train Honey?"

"You could take the morning shift, seven to three. That would give you plenty of time for her."

James thought it over. It was a pretty good deal, all things considered. He might have to work here for another two or three years to pay off the debt, but so what? He hadn't really wanted to leave anyway. Living here at the estate had spoiled him.

Yet there remained one issue they needed to resolve.

"Sounds good—but what about the rest of Honey's training? I'd, uh, like to limit her, uh, sexual activity..." He felt embarrassed for the first time.

"What? To just you? That won't help her training."

"Well, how about just fucking then? She can give blowjobs and they can bring her off, but only I get to fuck her."

Paul shook his head ruefully then shrugged. "If you agree to the deal, what do I care who she fucks? Personally, I think you're going off the deep end. I mean, if you have her trained right, you might want to share her with others, just to see how she does." He held up his hands. "But I'm not going to argue with true love." James made a face and they both laughed. "Okay, go ahead. Save her pussy for you. But I think you're going to spoil the slut."

Chapter Twenty-One

The cellblock was empty when Pussy-Whip led Honey back downstairs. She imagined all the other girls were out doing their best to please Master Bone or some other exacting trainer. Honey felt she had gotten the best deal of the house—Master James was a good man. At least, so far. It was early yet, she cautioned herself.

She didn't know if he treated all his slaves as he did her, but she found herself drawn to him. Was it love? Honey should know better than that for she expected to be sold in a month or so—if she decided to remain in this life—and she'd probably never see him again. It worried her a little, going off with some strange man. What if he was cruel, like Master Bone? What if she couldn't stand him? Would she be able to get away, later? Or would she be so indoctrinated she would just acquiesce to whatever he demanded?

The next few weeks would tell if she was truly suited to this lifestyle. It amazed her how far she had already come. It seemed it was just days ago that she was a worker bee, living vicariously online at night, reading about captive women and slave traders. Now she was here, living the life, and so far, it was quite freeing.

She appreciated that they were letting her take it easy today. So far, they had tested her limits and even pushed past them, but not so far that she couldn't handle it. Her mind had been expanded even as her body had been tested. Honey felt more responsive to stimuli, both positive and negative.

Pussy-Whip locked her in the cell and Honey collapsed on the bed and fell into a dreamless sleep.

She awoke to the clanging of metal on metal. She looked up to see Erin had returned. Like her, Erin's ass was well marked and she walked gingerly. She lay face down on the cot and began to cry.

"Are you all right?"

Her voice was soft, partially muffled by her forearms. "Yes. I'm fine. I'm just worn out."

"What did they make you do?"

"Master Bone—" Her voice broke, then she gathered herself. "Master Bone made me beg for it."

"Beg for it? You mean, sex?"

"Yes."

She nodded, even though Erin wasn't looking at her. "Master James did that to me, too. I had to beg to be whipped while on the fucking machine."

Erin rose up to her elbows and looked over. "Yeah? That I could handle—an anonymous machine. But then I had to fuck all these guys—I didn't like that part at all."

"You did?" Honey felt very fortunate. Then again, it was her first day. "What happened?"

Erin's words came out in a rush. "Master Bone took me to this room where a bunch of strangers were sitting around this small stage. They all stared at my naked body. I wanted to hide. He put me up on the stage and made me bend over a chair, showing them everything! He whipped me until I was begging and crying for him to stop. It hurt so much! He said he'd stop if I begged every man in the room to fuck me! I never signed up for that, I tell you! If Steve had been there, I would've made him take me home!

"So I refused—at first. Bone just kept whipping me! So I broke down and agreed. I started going around the room, begging total strangers! My ass was so sore! I had to bring the chair with me so I'd have something to bend over. I had to present my ass to them and plead with them to fuck me. It was humiliating! Four of them fucked my pussy, hard and fast and came inside me. Then when I thought it couldn't get any worse, one of the guys I approached started rubbing this stuff around my asshole and I knew what was coming! I had to fuck two guys up the bum! God! I've never felt so abused!"

She began to cry and dropped her face back down onto the cot.

Honey was stunned. Fucking six guys in a row? Being forced to beg for it? It was appalling, yet it made her pussy tingle. She remembered how she felt on the machine, ready to fuck every man in the room, if she could just come. Perhaps after being there a couple of weeks, like Erin, she might face the same choice. As a true submissive, she should welcome cocks into her pussy. That is, if her Master wanted it. Erin, she could see, was not a true submissive, no matter how much her boyfriend wanted her to be. Honey doubted their relationship would survive this.

But she found it strangely arousing, the idea of being forced to beg for her own debasement. She wouldn't need a lot of whipping to be convinced, she suspected. She had almost fucked Dave in the car during Master's final test of her. She would have, the next time, she was sure. And Roger and Bill, too.

And she's fucked Master James a few times already. She would willingly do it again. And if he asked her to fuck a stranger, she probably would. For that's what a submissive slut does.

Honey didn't speak to Erin anymore, and soon she felt asleep, dreaming about hard cocks and soft whips.

Pussy-Whip woke her later by running her gloved hand over her ass, making Honey start. She glanced up at the clock and saw it was after five. She'd been asleep for an hour!

She got up and saw Pussy-Whip holding a finger to her lips. She looked over to see Erin was still asleep, as was the blonde. The two other girls were missing. Honey

nodded and they tiptoed out. Pussy-Whip locked the leash to her collar when they reached the stairs and they went up.

Honey hoped her ass would be left alone—she didn't think she could take another spanking. Fortunately, Pussy-Whip only wanted to demonstrate some basic techniques, the same ones she had learned during her weekend visit. She ran through the paces, learning how to conduct herself around a Master, how to serve and how to stand and walk.

At the end of the session, Master James walked in. Honey's heart leapt at the sight of him, even as she feared what he might ask her to do. But he merely stood by while Pussy-Whip directed Honey on some cock-sucking techniques. She thought she was pretty good at it, but under Pussy-Whip's direction, she learned much more. How to tease a man and how to prolong his ejaculation.

"Now I think it's time to try what you've learned, hmm?" Pussy-Whip said and Master James stepped up. Honey happily unzipped his pants and took him into her mouth. After several minutes, she was rewarded with a tongue bath of his warm sperm. She swallowed it eagerly.

"You've done very well, my dear," Pussy-Whip said. "But your night isn't over yet. Master Paul is hosting another party and he'd like you to serve."

Honey nodded. She had done this before so she knew what to expect. Although, the last time, Master Paul had prevented any of the men from fucking her. Would they be held back tonight? Or would she be bent over a chair while the men lined up, like poor Erin had done? She didn't think she would, for it was early in her training, but doubt remained.

She was taken to the kitchen and given the same silly apron as before. Her sex was neatly framed and her breasts exposed. Nipple clamps pinched her and the large rings hanging below were again used for guest napkins.

"You know what to do?" Pussy-Whip asked.

Honey took a deep breath and nodded. She was given a tray of champagne flutes and walked nervously into the drawing room where several men and a few women stood around, chatting. Master Paul stood by the cold fireplace. Honey looked around for Master James, but didn't see him. She did spot another slave there and when the woman turned, she recognized the blonde from the cells. Debra. She gave her a brief smile and received one in return.

As before, hands touched her breasts and pussy. She did nothing to stop them. Honey continued to serve drinks, feeling the heat in her pussy increase with each hand that stroked her. All of the men were being very gentle with her, which she appreciated. Still, a knot lay in the pit of her stomach at what she might have to do. Honey steeled herself to let go of her silly inhibitions and just obey—it was easier that way.

As the evening wore on, the men drank more and became more boisterous. Hands that had been gentle now pawed at her. Her nipple clamps came off repeatedly and one

guest took her by the upper arm to Master Paul and suggested she have nipple rings installed *right now* so this wouldn't keep happening. Fortunately, her Master demurred.

The man stalked off, leaving Honey standing next to her Master. She started to turn, aware she still held a half-full tray of glasses.

"Wait."

She turned back, expectantly. "Yes, Master?"

"I have some men in the library who are anxious to see what you learned today. Do you feel ready?"

She knew what he meant. She wondered if it would go further than just blowjobs. It didn't matter, she told herself. If Master wanted her to give herself to strangers, she would do it.

"Yes, Sir."

"Good." He took the tray from her and tipped his head toward the door. "Go."

She went, her knees shaking. At the library entrance she paused, taking a breath then opened the door. She slipped inside. Honey was surprised to see just four men seated in chairs there—and one of them was Master James. Her face broke into a smile.

"Hello, Master," she said, much relieved. She dropped her gaze to the rug.

"Hello, Honey. Come. I've told my friends about you."

She came forward and tried to look no higher than the bulges in their pants, as she had been trained. At Master's chair, she paused, waiting for her orders.

"Honey, look up." She did. "This is Master David. Say hello."

"Hello, Sir." She glanced up at him and saw he was a man in his mid-forties with a receding hairline. He nodded in return but said nothing.

"Suck his cock." At her Master's command, she dropped to her knees in front of Master Dave and unzipped his pants. His cock was already hard and she eagerly took it into her soft mouth. She remembered her lessons well. After a few minutes of energetic sucking and teasing, he squirted into her mouth. She swallowed it all, then gently cleaned up his cock and sat back on her haunches.

"Oh, you were right, James! She is tremendous. A lot of natural talent. I can't wait to fuck her."

"Okay, you've had your turn, now send her over my way," said the second man.

Honey sidled her eyes over and felt some apprehension—this man was much bigger. She worried his cock might match his size. She waited for her Master to speak.

"It's okay, Honey. That's Master Evan. He loves a good cock-sucking. Go ahead."

She moved over to the heavysset man and unzipped his pants. When his cock sprung out, she almost gave a sigh of relief—it was small compared to Master Dave—or Master James, for that matter. She sucked him and he popped off within two minutes.

"Oh, my, lordy! She's good! She can come by regularly, I say."

Honey gave a shy smile and sat back, tasting the two men in her mouth. One had a creamy taste, another slightly bitter, but neither was repulsive. Or maybe she was just getting used to the taste of cum.

"There's one more, Honey. Meet Master Brian."

She nodded and went to the last man. He was younger, perhaps thirty, and seemed quite athletic. He had a full head of brown hair and his eyes were alight with the sight of her naked body. He hadn't spoken a word so far and he didn't now. He just widened his legs and she did the rest.

His cock was impressive. It was about the same size as Master James, but hard with the flush of youth. She enveloped it and worked her way down the shaft, taking more into her throat. He gasped and rocked his hips in rhythm to her movements. Being young, he was full of seed and when she triggered his release, her throat was flooded with it—so much so that it spilled out around her lips and some dotted his pants.

She glanced over at Master James, fearful she'd done something wrong. Quickly, she scooped up the dots of cum with her finger and licked them clean. She tucked his softening cock back into his pants and zipped him up.

Honey waited.

"That wasn't very good, was it?" Master James' voice was hard to read. Was he really angry or just teasing her?

Master Brian spoke up for the first time. "I think I just caught her by surprise."

"Yes, but she stained your pants. We can't have that. She needs to be punished. It's the only way she'll learn."

Honey's ass throbbed when she thought of what her punishment might be. Would he whip her in front of these men?

Master Dave jumped in. "Yeah! Let's beat her ass!"

Brian spoke up again. "Oh, that's rather dull, isn't it? Watching a girl get thrashed. Ho-hum. You can see that any day around here."

"What did you have in mind, then?" Master Evan spoke up.

"How 'bout we give her over to that dyke, what's her name? Pussy-something?"

"Pussy-Whip," James told him.

"Yeah. Pussy-Whip. A little girl-on-girl action."

James leaned back in his chair. "I don't know. Maybe she'd rather be whipped."

Brian snapped his fingers at Honey. "Hey, you—slut. Which would you rather do? Be the 'bottom' for Pussy-Whip or get whipped by us?"

Honey looked at the floor. She wasn't sure what "bottom" meant, but she could make a good guess. "Whatever my Master says, I will do."

"There, ya see? She's practically begging for it." Brian waved his hands at the others.

"I didn't hear that," Dave said. He turned to Evan. "Did you hear that?"

Master James stood suddenly. "Well, we'll simply have to flip for it. Heads, it's Pussy-Whip, tails it's just the whip." He pulled out a coin.

Chapter Twenty-Two

The days flowed by for Honey. Every morning she woke from her cell to do exercises, then had some fruit for breakfast and moved on to her training. After the intense experience of the first day, she was ready for just about anything they could throw at her. And they were very inventive.

Take that night in the library, for example. To Honey's relief, "heads" had come up and they got on the intercom to call Pussy-Whip up. She arrived in full regalia, with her riding crop in one hand, a bag in the other. Honey quailed, thinking she'd probably get fucked *and* whipped.

Pussy-Whip knew how to make love to a woman. She had begun by making the girl give her a quick orgasm with her tongue, then took her around the room and let every man—including Master James—rub and fondle her pussy until she was on fire. When she was practically begging for release, Pussy-Whip lay her down on the rug and fumbled in her bag for something. She pulled it out and held it up for Honey to see.

A strap-on dildo! It was then Honey knew what the men had been talking about. What a "bottom" was. She was to be the submissive for the Mistress. And why not? That's what she was. She didn't relish the idea of a plastic cock, but she found it preferable to a whipping—or having all these men fuck her.

She looked over at Master James and wished it was him fucking her. She wouldn't mind if he did it in front of these people. Her pussy throbbed when she thought of his hard cock.

Once Pussy-Whip had the cock in place, she had teased Honey mercilessly with it—rubbing it against her mons, bringing it up to stroke her breasts and cheek. She had alternated with kissing Honey's nipples and neck, and slapping her tender flesh here and there with the riding crop. The men watched raptly as Pussy-Whip brought Honey further under her spell until the poor girl was begging to be fucked.

"What if I took you out into the next room and had you fuck all those guys, would you do it?" she asked.

Honey babbled yes, she would. She just wanted to get fucked. It was the same as before when Master James had her on the fucking machine.

"Open your eyes and look at the men around you—look at them as I fuck you like the slut you are. You are made for this life. You are a real slut." With that, she pressed her cock into Honey. She shrieked and clung to the woman, her hips jerking around the large cock. Pussy-Whip stroked it back and forth, setting it deep.

She reached between her legs and suddenly Honey felt the cock spring to life. A vibrator! "Oh, god," she moaned and felt the onrush of an orgasm. It was only at the last minute that she remembered.

"PleaseMasterMayICome!" she blurted out and heard James' voice.

"No, not yet, my pet."

"Aaaaguh!" She pulled herself back from the brink with all her strength, but it was a temporary victory. She tried not to enjoy the sensations. It was impossible.

"PleaseMasterMayICome!"

"Will you obey me without question?"

"Yes!Yes!Yes!"

"Your pussy, your mouth, your ass belong to me?"

"Yes! Please Master!"

"Very well."

The orgasm had hit her like a wall of sensation, shorting out her circuits and causing her body to jerk like a woman electrocuted. She had screamed and passed out.

After that day, being fucked so wildly in front of everyone, it became a lot easier to feel open about sex in all forms. In groups, in public or simply at the casual command of Master James. Once, for example, her Master asked her to accompany him down to the gate to fetch the mail. When they got there, the mail truck hadn't arrived. So James had her grip the bars of the gate and bend over while he fucked her from behind. When the mail truck appeared, he didn't stop and she ended up giving quite a show to the mailman. She should have been embarrassed, but she wasn't. She was learning.

As time passed, Honey began to notice a pattern to her training that seemed unusual. She made love to women, men fondled her and she gave wonderful blowjobs, but no one fucked her but Master James. That seemed out of keeping with the rules of the house. Wasn't she supposed to be available to all men at her Master's command? It wasn't that she particularly wanted to allow other men's cocks into her cunt, it just seemed as if Master James was keeping her all to himself. She wondered about that.

As time went on, Honey found it easy to slip into her submissive persona, obeying her orders without question, especially from the charismatic James. She rarely saw Master Paul anymore—Master James became her whole world. His strength, his piercing eyes, his firm voice—all caused her to gush like a schoolgirl. When he fucked her, the world was blotted out. She belonged to him. She wondered if it would be so easy to switch her allegiance to a new Master once the date for her to be sold arrived.

The training actually became easier for Honey after the first two weeks. She had fewer pangs of conscience, less fear of punishments. If she was told to do something by a Master, it was her duty to obey. If she was to be punished, she deserved it and accepted it with grace. It was as if her "Annette" persona and all the emotional baggage she had brought with her had been jettisoned. She was Honey—or whatever name her

new Master chose to give her. That she would allow herself to be sold, she had no doubt. She would go willingly up on that auction block and accept her fate.

During the latter part of her training, she found out what it would be like to become a ponygirl. She had no particular sexual interest in it, although she knew some women really enjoyed it. Honey simply took it all in as something to learn to please her Masters. She was determined to do her job well.

Master James had brought her to the barn one day and began putting on the ponygirl attire as if she was a mindless beast. He made Honey step into the tall boots with sturdy heels that forced her toes down and stretched her calf muscles. Honey's arms were fastened behind her in a single glove that thrust her breasts forward. Master James fastened a large belt around her waist that had straps for attachment to the wooden leaders on the pull cart.

On her head, a leather bridle was locked into place, along with reins connected to a rubber bit in her mouth. Master James shoved a black butt plug into her ass with a horse's tail attached. Honey practiced in the ring, her Master holding a lunge whip, cracking it across her ass when she faltered. Her legs ached and she knew, if she kept this up for several weeks instead of a few days, she would add new muscles to her thighs and calves, and increase her wind.

Though she was asked to pull a cart around a few times, it really had just been a trial run, to give her a sense that this may be her life, if her new Master chose it for her. To Honey, it wasn't the life she would've wanted, but she would've accepted it. Her mind was open to all possibilities.

Throughout it all, she kept up a positive attitude. It was easy, for by now she knew that Master James was there to protect her—just as Master Paul had protected her while she was with Dave or Roger, or Bill. She didn't understand why Master James was being so careful with her and she didn't care. He made the training much easier to bear.

As the weeks passed, Honey began to think more about the upcoming auction. Erin and the brown-haired girl were gone, replaced to two new girls. Now she was the veteran and gave some helpful hints to calm them down when they had been pushed too far. She tried not to get too close to them, for she knew she would be gone soon, to a new life and a new Master. Being sold had been on her mind since she had arrived and as each day passed, she found she had begun to grow impatient for it. She just wanted to know her fate.

One day Pussy-Whip came down and fetched Honey from her cell. She followed behind dutifully, not really thinking about where she might be going or what she might be asked to do. She was a vessel, waiting to be filled.

Honey was a bit startled to be shown into a room where six gentlemen and Master Paul awaited. Was she finally going to be asked to fuck them? After all this time? She stood, arms at her side, head down and waited.

"Make love to Pussy-Whip, slut," Master Paul said in a chilly voice.

Honey didn't think anything of it. She turned toward Pussy-Whip and dropped to her knees. The woman welcomed her face into her cunt and Honey brought her to a satisfying orgasm within five minutes.

When she stood again, juices smeared on her face, she stole a quick glance at the men. They all stared at her, their eyes calculating. When she dropped her gaze, however, four of the six men had bulges in their pants.

"Who would like to try her sweet mouth?" Master Paul's words didn't worry her. She had given dozens of blowjobs in the last three weeks.

"I would," a man said. He crossed to a chair and sat down. Honey went to him and dropped between his legs. When she unzipped him, his cock was hard and veiny, pre-cum already leaking from his slit at the tip. She took him in and expertly brought him off, thinking no more about it than she would if someone had asked her to bring him a beer.

"Anyone else?"

Another man took his place and Honey repeated her magic. Soon her throat was bathed in second bath of semen.

"Can I fuck her?" a third man spoke up. Honey held her breath.

"No. Special circumstances," Master Paul said. Honey felt relieved.

"Well, hell," the man responded. "What's so special about her?"

"I'll explain later. This is just a quick look-see."

Honey tried not to think about what he meant. She waited for her instructions. One more man stepped forward for a blowjob and she gave it, expertly. Master Paul brought her up and had her stand in front of the men again. Then he ordered her to turn around.

Slowly, it dawned on her. They were preparing her for auction! She was being trotted out to potential buyers to gauge interest. But why wouldn't Master Paul allow them to fuck her? Why had only Master James fucked her? Could he be saving her for himself?

The thought struck her hard, making her visible sway on her feet. Fortunately, no one noticed. She tried not to get her hopes up, but being sold to Master James would be a dream come true. It would explain the limitations to her training. It would explain why he took such good care of her, even if he had to beat her. And it would, of course, explain why her pussy was off-limits. Or did it? Was Master James jealous?

After a while, Pussy-Whip led her away, but she was no longer thinking about the men. She was simply trying not to think about Master James. Make her mind blank. It would be easier that way, if she went to auction and wound up being sold to a different man. Probably a cruel man. One who would whip her daily and hand her out to his friends. If so, she would learn to love it. That was her duty.

Chapter Twenty-Three

The auction took place on a Sunday afternoon. Belle came down to Honey's cell to collect her, which had surprised her. She had expected Pussy-Whip. Honey hadn't seen Belle much and she had missed her. No doubt the slave was too busy flying around the country, drawing in new submissives for training.

In the library, Master Paul nodded at her as Belle led Honey to the small stage set up in the middle of the room. Just four other men were present. Honey looked around and was disappointed not to see Master James. Was she wrong? Would she now be sold to one of these men?

She glanced at them as best she could while trying to keep her eyes low. Belle said nothing to her, simply left her on stage and returned to stand by Master Paul. A silence fell as the men studied her.

After a few seconds, Master Paul spoke up. "Honey, raise your chin, let the men see your pretty face."

She took advantage of the situation to check out her bidders. One of the men struck Honey right away as cruel. His face seemed to be in a permanent scowl and he appeared to be as strong as Master James. He wore jeans and a blue shirt, and looked like he'd just come from a ranch. Maybe a ponygirl ranch? She briefly closed her eyes and prayed he would not win her.

The man next to him was slender and urbane, wearing a suit and tie, and holding a flute of champagne. His face was open and friendly and Honey thought he might make a good Master. Of course, she couldn't read behind the façade, so she could only hope would treat her right.

The third man was huge – there was no other way to describe him. He easily stood six-six and probably weighed close to three hundred pounds, although he didn't appear to be fat. He was just big, all over. His shirt must've been a triple-large. Honey pictured herself underneath him, gasping for air as he pumped his fire-hose cock into her. A shiver went through her. That's two she hoped would lose the bidding.

The last man was an enigma. He was as cool and hard to read as Master Paul. He was tall and handsome, and well-dressed, but there was something about his eyes that seemed...off. They were flat and he looked at her like a man might look at a used car – without emotion, simply gauging the cost-to-value ratio. She felt like a sum of parts, not a living, breathing woman.

Shit, that's three out of four she didn't want to win her.

"Please turn around, my pet," Master Paul said and she obeyed instantly, happy to turn away from the ogling men. "Back now." She turned and faced them again.

"Gentlemen, you know the rules. There are four of you and one more on the phone, in just a second. The opening bid is fifty thousand and we'll begin as soon as we have our last bidder."

The phone rang at that moment, Belle picked it up and spoke a few soft words into it. She nodded to Master Paul. He came to the front of the room and stood just below Honey in front of the stage.

"This slave is nicknamed Honey because she's so wet all the time." Honey didn't even blush. It was simply true. "She's the perfect submissive—she came to us by her own accord. She stands five-four and weighs one-twenty-two. She's twenty-seven years old. Honey has undergone almost a month's worth of training and she's performed admirably. I'm sure whoever wins her will want to continue that. She still has much to learn—and much to give."

"Why can't we fuck her?" The scowling man asked.

"Special circumstances. That's all I can say. I can assure you, there is nothing wrong with her. She is, of course, fully guaranteed, as all our slaves are. If you're not fully satisfied in the first thirty days, bring her back for a full refund."

She was like a used car, she thought. I even come with a money-back guarantee.

"Hard to give her a full appraisal, ya know," the man growled. Other heads nodded in agreement.

Master Paul ignored him and continued. "After the bidding is over, Honey will be prepared for shipment, including having the house ring installed—unless the buyer objects, of course."

Honey remembered the rings Belle and Ling wore through their labia and realized it was a trademark of sorts. Perhaps there was even an inscription—Master Paul's House of Slaves or the like. She almost smiled at the thought, but her fears about who would win her overrode it.

"Do I hear fifty thousand?"

For a moment, no one bid and Honey feared she wasn't wanted because no one had fucked her. She would, if Master Paul would tell her to. She would bend over right now.

"Fifty thousand," said the scowling man.

"Sixty," put in the well-dressed man to his left.

"Sixty-five," rumbled the huge man.

The bidding continued. It topped one hundred thousand when the handsome man with the flat eyes raised his hand, a slight smile on his lips. It passed one twenty with a nod from the urbane man Honey hoped might win her.

Occasionally, when the bids seemed to falter, Belle at the phone would raise her hand, upping the bid yet again. When it reached one forty, the scowling man dropped out, making Honey breathe a mental sigh of relief. At one fifty, the tall man with the flat eyes shook his head and sat down.

Honey held her breath. It appeared she would be bought by either the huge man or the nice man. Or by the mystery man on the phone. She silently rooted for the well-dressed man.

But he dropped out at one sixty, leaving the big man and the bidder on the line. Honey's heart pounded as she waited. Would she be the sex toy of this massive hunk of flesh? She could almost feel the blows from a riding crop or whip held in his hands tearing into her. She might not survive her first month!

"One seventy-five," the big man said, his eyes narrow. He turned to glance over his shoulder at the naked woman on the phone. She held up a hand.

"One eighty," Master Paul intoned.

"Dammit! One eighty-five!"

A long pause. All eyes turned to Belle who listened intently but made no bid.

"Going once..." Master Paul said. "Going twice..."

Honey's knees shook so hard she thought they would buckle.

"One ninety!" Belle sang out and Honey startled and opened her eyes wide.

"Forget it! He can have her!" The big man stomped off and left the room, slamming the door behind him. The others stared after him.

"One ninety, going once... Going twice... SOLD to our silent bidder on the phone."

Honey felt a wave of relief wash over her until she realized she didn't know if the buyer was better or worse than the men in the room. Was it an Arab sheik who would make her part of his desert harem? A rich Japanese businessman who would make her perform erotic delights for him and his friends? Her mind worked overtime.

"Thank you, gentlemen. I'm sorry you were outbid. But we have another auction taking place in a half-hour, after everyone gets a chance to gather their wits." He looked over at the closed door meaningfully.

Belle came forward and led Honey from the stage. They went through a side door and down the corridor to what appeared to be an examining room. *Of course*, Honey thought, *the buyer will want to have me examined by a doctor before he finalizes his purchase.*

"You can relax here for a bit, Honey. Please, sit down—I'll bet you're a little shaky." She led her to the padded exam table and helped her climb up. She adjusted the back so Honey could lean back.

Honey nodded. "Yes, I am. Thanks." Belle found a chair in the corner.

"Belle?"

"Yes?"

"Can you tell me about the man who bought me? Where will I be going?"

Belle smiled. "That will be revealed in good time. First we need to have our ring installed."

"Oh? The buyer authorized that?"

"Yes."

Honey felt pride mixed with fear. She wanted to join the exclusive club with Ling, Belle and the others, but she feared the pain. "Will it hurt?"

"Only for a second. Then it's all good after that."

"Does it say anything? The ring?"

"Oh, that's right. You haven't seen once close up, have you?"

Honey shook her head. Belle rose and came to her. She helped Honey down from the seat and spread her legs. Honey squatted down to see the shiny gold ring glinting between her thighs.

"Go ahead. Touch it."

Honey reached out and gently took the ring in her fingers. It was a thick ring about the size of her middle finger. It had been secured firmly through the fleshly labia on the left side, near the front so it would show at all times. She bent down and noticed there were tiny letters on the inside. She peered closely and made out some words. "M-A-S... Oh, Master Paul! And a date. Oh! I'll bet that's the date you finished your training!"

"Yes. The first training. I've had many since then, of course. But it's the first one you remember the most."

"So that's all – 'Master Paul' and a date?" She was a little disappointed.

"What did you expect? 'Love'?" She laughed.

"No," Honey said quickly. "I guess I thought Master Paul would've had a name for this place or something."

"He needs no names. The only name that counts is his name."

Honey nodded. That was certainly true. She would've gone anywhere to learn from him. He had drawn her into the life and she had welcomed it. Now she was about to embark on her next step.

A man came in, startling Honey. He wore a white lab coat so she assumed he was a doctor. He frowned. "Get up on the table, please."

Honey jumped up quickly while the man slipped on rubber gloves. He made her spread her legs and roughly grabbed her labia lip and tugged at it. Honey didn't complain. He seemed to be in quite a hurry.

"Good. Nice lip. Should work just fine." He swabbed it with alcohol then smeared some jelly on it. The lip began to grow numb as he held it. She breathed a sigh of relief. The doctor laid a towel underneath her pussy. He took a large, shiny needle out of a sterile package and found a spot he liked on the fleshy appendage. He glanced up. "This will sting for just a second."

Belle came forward and gripped Honey's hand. She nodded in gratitude. He pressed the needle into her flesh. "Ow!" It went through suddenly. Blood spotted the towel. The doctor swabbed the area again, leaving the needle in place. He left to get the ring. He pulled it out of a small plastic bag and held it up for her to see. "You can't touch it – it's already been sterilized."

She nodded again, inordinately proud of this gift. Even though she had just been sold, she would wear Master Paul's ring forever. She wondered how her new Master would feel about that.

The doctor pulled out the needle and slipped the heavy ring in place and clicked the tongue home. "This only slides once, so it's permanent." He tugged on the catch to make sure. He swabbed the area with more alcohol. "Okay, that should do it." He gathered up his equipment and put it away.

Honey stared at the ring. It was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. Belle helped her to stand and she noticed right away how heavy it felt. "Wow."

"Don't worry – you get used to the weight."

Honey had another thought. "Does it, um, interfere...?"

Belle laughed. "With fucking? No way. It's actually better because it rubs against the man's cock, stimulating him."

Honey felt new wetness flow from her. She squeezed her legs together and imagined her new Master plunging into her, sliding by her ring, feeling it tug at her. Clearly he authorized this, so he had no problem with her wearing it.

"It's beautiful. Tell Master Paul thanks. I'll wear it proudly."

"I know you will. I'm proud to have you as my new sister."

The term brought tears to Honey's eyes. She was a sister now, to Belle, to Ling, to Claire the cook – they all belonged to the same club. No matter where she was on the planet, she would maintain this sense of belonging.

Honey raised her chin at Belle's nipple rings. "What about...?"

Belle looked down. "Oh, those? That will come later, if your new Master wants them."

Honey was a little relieved. She wasn't sure if she could handle having two nipple rings installed right now.

The doctor left without another word. *Perhaps he had another girl to pierce*, Honey thought.

"Are you ready to meet your new Master now?"

Honey stared at her. "Yes," she whispered. Her stomach ached and her pussy leaked.

Belle led the way out. She took her down the corridor. Each step felt like she was wearing an anchor between her legs. It made her walk a little bowlegged and noticed how that made her hips sway in a sexy manner. She looked up at Belle's rump and observed she was walking in a similar way. *Perhaps the ring tugging at your pussy makes you more aware of your hips*, she thought.

They entered an office. Master James was sitting there. Honey's eyes lit up. "Oh, Master James! I was hoping to see you before...you know." She looked around, expecting to see another man there, but the room was empty.

"Hello, Honey – if that's to be your new name. I haven't decided yet."

"You...?"

Belle stepped forward. "Honey, meet your new Master."

Honey's mouth dropped open. "Master James! It was you all along!" She wanted to hug him, squeeze him, jump into his strong arms. She almost forgot her place – almost. She caught herself and focused on her training, bringing her legs apart, shoulders back and her head down. "I'm pleased to see you, Master. How may I serve you?"

He came forward. His fingers found the ring and tugged at it gently. "I see you've been marked with my ring. I may have a few marks of my own to add."

Honey gasped. "You mean, it's your name engraved upon it– not Master Paul's?"

He nodded.

"I would be pleased to bear your marks as well, Master." Honey couldn't stop quivering.

"Well, let's get you ready to travel."

Honey wanted to ask where they would be going. She thought Master James lived at the estate. Was he quitting? Would they be going off to live at his estate? She didn't know much about him, but she trusted him. Whatever he asked of her, she would do.

Honey kissed Belle goodbye. Master James brought out a pair of handcuffs and fastened her wrists together behind her back. She was proud that it forced her breasts out and she exaggerated the thrust of them. He clipped a cape around her shoulders. With her hands behind her, Honey was helpless to stop the cape from coming open. Not that it mattered. She was used to being naked outside, even in near-public situations.

On the way out, Master Paul came by and gave her a big hug. "I'll miss you, Honey. I'm glad Master James bought you. He'll be a good Master for you." Under the cape, his hands ran over her body, giving her chills.

"Thank you, Master Paul! I'm so happy right now, I could burst. Tell Ling goodbye for me."

"I will. Take care."

They left and got into Master James' car. Honey sat in the passenger seat, the cape around her. Her new Master opened up the front so her breasts thrust out. She sat proudly, ready to show her breasts to the world, if that was what he wanted. He started the car and they drove off down the gravel road toward the gate. They waited while the gate opened, Master James' hand caressing her breast. Her nipples grew so hard they ached.

They drove down the two-lane road. When cars passed them, Honey made sure she watched their faces as they passed. Some seemed to be startled by her naked breasts and it made her smile.

She was surprised when they turned off onto a narrow, paved road, about a mile from the estate. She turned to look at Master James, but his eyes were on the road. So

she waited, smelling the summer flowers and listening to the birds, trusting him to take her where she was supposed to go.

When they pulled up at the small guest cottage, Honey gasped aloud. It was so cute! More like a gingerbread house than a home. She had expected they would fly off to a big estate, similar to Master Paul's place. For the first time, she realized Master James wasn't rich. And he had paid, what? One hundred and ninety thousand dollars for her? How could he have afforded that?

She turned to him with a newfound respect and even love. "Master," she said, her voice cracking, "it's beautiful! I love it!"

He smiled. "Good. I'm glad. Now, let's get you out. We have a lot of work to do here. Your training has only just begun."

She smiled and waited for him to come around and unlatch her door. She stepped out, barefoot onto the dirt. He led her inside. It was like a doll's house. The living room was cozy, with a couch and chair and two small tables. The kitchen, to their left, was small but serviceable. It had been upgraded recently and featured new appliances.

James led her back into the hallway that led past a bathroom to the bedroom that took up most of the back of the house. It had a large queen-sized bed, two dressers and a small closet. A door led to a second small bathroom and shower.

"It's wonderful," she breathed.

He leaned in and unclipped her cape. He tossed it on the bed. She waited for him to undo her cuffs, but he merely toppled her over the bed, facedown. Honey spread her legs for him. His hard cock slipped into her copious wetness in one stroke and she gasped.

This was how it should be, she decided. Right here, handcuffed, on her stomach, her Master thrusting himself into her, using her body. She was open to him at all times. No matter what he asked of her, she would give it. He could whip her, share her, shape her and she would happily agree. She had no idea when she started this journey that it would end with such happiness. The cock thrusting into her was like a statement of ownership. Mine, mine, mine.

As he neared his own climax, Honey's spirit rose on feathered wings and took flight. She hung on, waiting for him, delaying her own pleasure. When he was close, she cried out, "MasterMayICome?"

He shouted "YES!" and erupted inside her, triggering her own orgasm. Her body shook. She felt lighter, as if their souls had intertwined above their mortal shells. She sank back down, completely happy. He lay on her, his cock softening. She never wanted this moment to end. And, she realized, it probably never would.

Afterward, Master James cooked for her! He had to, for he hadn't yet untied her hands. She sat on a kitchen chair, naked as usual, legs splayed apart, watching him fry up some eggs. She thought it might be all he could cook. It amazed her that he would cater to her this way, but she suspected it was his way of expressing his gratitude for having purchased her.

And why not? What a glorious adventure this would be, she decided. Honey felt like an empty vessel, waiting to be filled up with knowledge. She couldn't wait to learn her new duties, serve her Master and accept whatever he demanded. For the first time in her life, she felt she belonged.

James finished the eggs and plopped them onto a plate. Just one plate. Honey didn't think anything of it – if he wanted her to eat, he would feed her. She would not question him. She trusted him completely.

Master James sat down at the table next to her and began eating the eggs. Honey watched him, enjoying the way his muscles moved under his shirt. Halfway through his meal, he leaned toward her and lifted a bite to her mouth. She accepted it gratefully, eating like a baby bird. They traded bites and for some reason it made Honey's pussy tingle all over again. She couldn't believe how horny he made her all the time.

When they were finished, he washed the dishes in the small sink and put them on the draining board. Then he turned around and leaned up against the counter, his eyes smoldering. Honey hoped he might take her again. She was ready – she would always be ready.

"Well, are you ready to begin your personal training?"

Honey took a deep breath, then nodded, putting her life and her love in her Master's hands.

About the Author

J.W. McKenna is a former journalist who took up penning erotic romance stories after years of trying to ignore an overly dramatic – and often overheated – imagination. McKenna is married and lives in the Midwest, where polite people would be shocked if they knew what kind of writing was being done in their town.

J.W. McKenna welcomes mail from readers. You can write to J.W. c/o Ellora's Cave Publishing at 1337 Commerce Drive, #13, Stow OH 44224.

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