



enslaving
SYLVIA

Cherry Lee

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Enslaving Sylvia

By Cherry Lee

Chapter One

God, she was tired. Bone-tired. Almost shaking in her weariness and dread at the thought of facing another day in the office. Another day in a world that wasn't really her own. She worked because she must to earn money for her keep. She'd gone through all the appropriate motions in life, graduated high school, gotten a business degree, found a job with moderately decent pay and benefits. She'd flirted and dated and kissed and had sex with guys. But she hadn't found fulfillment from any of these things.

There was an elusive something always at the edge of her consciousness. A thing she craved and couldn't even name. When Sylvia was younger, she'd tried to write poems about this unnamed thing, strings of words intended to convey her thoughts and feelings, but the poems had said nothing. Her inner being was beyond the words a child knew, beyond what a young girl dared to dream of. Even in her bed at night as she fingered her clit and fantasized, she hardly dared admit to the wild, erotic images that tumbled through her mind.

Only when she was older did she understand that chains and whips and cages weren't for circus animals only. A woman could long for such things. She could imagine the whip applied to her flesh, the chains clamped tightly around her neck and ankles, the cage keeping her contained and vulnerable. Oh, and she could imagine hands. Hands doing delicious, horrible, cruel, wonderful things to her body. And a man...or perhaps men with hungry eyes gazing at her, delighting in her submission. She would be on display for them, a beautiful, exotic specimen for them to admire. Yes, she wanted that and so very much more.

But Sylvia was a normal girl from a decent family. Her wild imaginings would stay in the realm of fantasy while she dated nice, normal guys from decent families and worked in a nice, clean, safe work environment. Her vanilla world was draining the very life from her, but she dared not change it. She needed someone to change it for her.

Another day she crawled out of bed. Another day she took a lukewarm shower because the water in her crappy apartment never got truly hot. Another day she selected an outfit from the same, boring wardrobe—sedate, businesslike, gray. Another day she rode the train to work because it was too tough to own a car in the city. Another day she went through the messages on her machine, cleared out her email inbox, finished the paperwork from the previous day, had a yogurt for her mid morning break, filled out more paperwork in the afternoon, attended a mandatory meeting for all office employees about safety hazards. Another day she drifted into a doze as the department head droned on and on.

Hands pinching her awake. A voice telling her roughly that she wasn't allowed to sleep until He gave permission. Sylvia always thought of Him with a capital letter, like Christians referred to their God. It was proper. He was her god, the man who directed every aspect of her life. She adored him. Her only desire was to please him. She craved his pettings and his punishments equally. She wanted to be with him always, to be so very small and inconsequential that he might carry her around in his pocket.

If she could but find Him, the things he would tell her to do, the commands she would obey all in His name. This was what she wanted. This was what she dreamed of and what her childish poems had tried to say. She wanted to be something other than

an average human woman. She wanted to be a creature with no will of her own but to follow His greater will.

Sylvia had read about dominance and submission. Online was safe, but only a little because couldn't the ubiquitous "they" find out such things cached somewhere deep in your computer. Her greatest fear was others knowing of her perverse desires. She wasn't strong enough or brave enough to pursue what she craved.

Once she had seen an ad in the newspaper for a BDSM club and had driven past the spot at night. She'd parked a little way down the street and watched the people who came and went from the place. They all looked like they were attending a costume party. They were exciting and interesting, self confident and bold. She was not like them. She could never, would never go inside. Sylvia drove home.

Another day and she finished filing the last of her cases. She smiled at her office mates and declined their offer to go to a bar with them. *You should go. You need to make more friends*, her mother's voice reminded her. *You've always been too much of a loner, Sylvia.*

She could put on what she called her "people" face and pretend to be one of them. She knew how to play the game, talk the talk, act as one of the gang. But tonight she was simply too exhausted to project that persona.

Shouldering her satchel, she walked to the elevator with the others then pretended to have forgotten something and went back to her desk. She couldn't take listening to them all the way down to the first floor.

Another day over. Another night of television and dirty fantasies. Perhaps she should get a cat for company if she wasn't going to date. But alone was better. Alone with Him and the degrading, humiliating, wonderful things he did to her.

Another day riding down in the elevator, walking to her car in the parking garage, footsteps echoing, scent of gasoline and exhaust fumes perfuming the air. The garage was empty tonight. She'd waited a while, finished up a project first, and the others were long gone. Her heart sped a little and she walked faster. She held up her car keys and flicked the button to unlock her car.

She thought she heard the phantom sound of footsteps following her and glanced over her shoulder. But she was alone.

Sylvia put her satchel in the backseat and reached for the handle on the driver's side door.

Footsteps behind her, for real this time. She spun to face them. Strong arms encircled her, pulled her tight against a hard body. A gloved hand covered her mouth before she could even scream. There was a strange, sweet, medicinal odor and her vision grew blurry.

Should've taken self defense courses. Her mind stood calmly apart from her body, commenting on the action.

Sylvia struggled. She kicked out with her legs, banging them against the side of the car, and pushed her body back against her assailant—even less resistant than the metal of her car. He was so strong, his hold on her body so secure, and she began to melt into him as her mind floated away. Before blackness shrouded her completely, one last thought exploded like a firecracker in her mind. *He's come for me at last.*

* * * *

Sylvia. Bound and gagged before him at last, just like in his dreams. He'd watched her every day. Talked to her once or twice, but she hadn't seen Him, hadn't recognized his true nature.

But her Master had seen the submissive in her, had recognized it from the first time he'd looked at her. There was pleading in her eyes. She wanted someone to rescue her and take her away. It was as if she was screaming aloud, but only he could hear her.

Carefully he'd planned for this day. It wasn't a whim to kidnap her. He'd considered other ways to win his slave. Simply talking to her, explaining what he could offer and giving her the chance to accept it...that would've been a safe and sane way to begin their relationship. But that wasn't what he wanted.

The excitement of planning her capture and preparing her prison were part of the exquisite thrill—both for him and for her, because he had no doubt Sylvia would embrace this with open arms. She might resist at first, and if he felt her resistance was real he would certainly let her go. But he'd studied her for a long time and was certain he knew what was best for her.

Sylvia was a woman who wanted her autonomy stripped away. She wanted to be flayed bare, brought down to nothing and to give up her will completely. He would help her achieve her goal. This belief wasn't based solely on his own need for it to be true. He'd infiltrated her apartment and hacked her computer, examined the sites she'd visited and read bits of her personal diary and poems. She had been waiting for him a long time.

The pallet where he'd placed her was in the basement of his home. It was a temporary spot to keep her until she'd acclimated to her new environment. Besides, the dungeon-like nature of a basement with shackles and chains on the walls was simply too erotic to pass up. What better place to instruct his slave in her new life.

He sat on his chair, watching her chest rise and fall with her breathing. Her shoulder-length brown hair tumbled in waves around her lovely face. Her eyes moved rapidly behind her pale eyelids, lashes fluttering softly. Her nostrils flared as she drew breath and her pink lips were stretched prettily around the ball gag in her mouth. He'd tied her wrists together and her feet then attached them together with a length of rope to keep her well hobbled.

Oh, he could hardly wait for her to wake up and the training to begin. And then her beautiful gray eyes opened, blinked and focused on him. They went wide and she began to struggle, discovered her hands and feet were tied, and cried out into the gag.

He tugged on the black hood shielding his features and leaned toward her.

"Welcome to your new home."

Chapter Two

Sylvia fought against her restraints, cotton rope that cut into her flesh. But the harder she pulled, the tighter the binding grew. She was thirsty and the ball in her mouth stretched it wide enough that her jaw hurt. She stared at the man in the black mask seated on a chair and leaning forward slightly to gaze down at her. All she could see of his face was his mouth and chin.

Was this Him? Or merely some madman who would rape then kill and dismember her?

She was terrified and she began to scream into the gag.

“Welcome to your new home.” His voice rumbled deep and soothing, pouring over her like honey. “Don’t be afraid. I won’t hurt you beyond what you can endure. I haven’t kidnapped you to kill you. And I won’t rape you. Whatever I do to you will be only what you desire.”

She stopped screaming and listened.

“Because I *know* your secret desires. I know everything about you, and I’m here to anoint you into an entirely new life—if you dare to accept my training.”

He made it sound like she had a choice, but of course that was a lie. If she told him to let her go, he certainly wouldn’t. She gazed at his black-masked face, at the glinting eyes behind the mask. As long as he was covered like that, unidentified, she supposed it was still possible that he would release her if she requested it.

“I know you dream of being submissive but you’re afraid to give yourself totally over into someone else’s care. If you will trust me, I’ll fulfill all your secret fantasies. You

must let go of the shame and fear you've felt when considering this life. You will leave Sylvia behind and become whatever I name you. Does that sound good?"

It did. Even in the midst of her extreme terror, she felt a thrill at the words. Submissive, secret fantasies, desire, new life—they were all concepts she'd explored many times in her mind. But was she brave enough to accept them in reality.

"I will remove your gag now if you promise not to scream. But if you betray my trust and scream you will be severely punished. Understood?"

She nodded.

He rose from the chair and she studied his body as he came toward her. Black T-shirt and jeans, black boots. Tan arms with a sprinkling of dark hair beneath the sleeves of the T, and muscles that showed even through the dark fabric. His voice seemed familiar. She felt she might know him, which gave her a tiny bit of comfort. He wasn't some random stranger, but a man with whom she had some kind of connection.

Of course, husbands sometimes killed their wives so she shouldn't be feeling too comforted.

He stooped beside her, slid a warm hand beneath the nape of her neck and unfastened the gag. After pulling it gently from her mouth, he rubbed his thumb over her lips, tracing their shape. He stroked her jaw, massaged the muscles of her neck and offered her a drink of water from a bottle before lying her head back onto the pillow.

For the first time, Sylvia registered that she was lying on a low pallet on the floor in a room with cement block walls, no windows. She was still fully clothed except for her shoes. The door in one wall had bars over the small window. High in a corner of the room and halfway down one of the walls a couple of surveillance cameras were

mounted. She pictured her image transferred to a monitor in another room, this entire scenario played out for his viewing pleasure. No doubt he was filming it to keep and watch over and over.

She should've been sickened by the thought. A normal person would be. Instead, tingles of arousal pulsed through her nerve endings. Her nipples tightened and her pussy clenched and released. He was keeping her here in a prison against her will and she was *excited* about it!

"Do you trust I won't harm you?" he asked gravely and she imagined a frown behind the silky black mask.

"Yes," she answered without thinking, without hesitation. Well, wasn't that what one was supposed to do with a kidnapper? Convince him you were defeated so when the opportunity to escape came his guard would be down?

"I'm not a stranger, Sylvia. I know you. And now it's time for you to get to know me and what I expect of you. As I said, you will leave your old self behind and become the person I make of you.

"But first..." He pulled out a pocketknife and her heart hammered. "It's time to symbolically shed your skin. He smiled and for a brief moment, she could almost name who it was. "Symbolically," he repeated. "There won't be any shedding of your real skin."

Bending over her, he lifted the top button on her blouse and sheared through the threads with a knife. The button popped off and her blouse spread wider. One by one, he sheared off the buttons until the garment gaped open. Her hands were bound at waist level. The rope attaching them to her feet ensuring that she could lift them no

higher. Thus her captor was able to pull her blouse down her shoulders, leaving her clad only in her bra.

“White. Virginal. How sweet.” He caressed the lacy fabric and she felt his touch even through the lightly padded cups. Her nipples grew even harder, poking against her bra. Could he feel the slight bumps when he ran his thumb over them?

His fingers traced an outline around the neckline of the bra, stroking along the straps and over her cleavage. She knew he would remove the undergarment any second, but he was toying with her, making her *want* him to take it off. And she did. Deep inside the desire for him to see her grew stronger and stronger. She needed him to look at her breasts, to touch her nipples unencumbered by fabric. The thought of his sensuous mouth—the only part of his face she could see—closing around one of her nipples and sucking hard, made her pussy spasm with desire.

But he left her with her shirt pulled down and her bra intact and moved lower. Now his knife traced a line down her skirt, the point pressing against her waist and bisecting down her stomach and over her crotch before reaching the split in her legs. Fear made her belly tighten, but sheer arousal made her pussy gush and throb. *Spear me!* Of course she didn’t want the knife, but she felt confident he wouldn’t use it on her or she would have been truly afraid.

The man lifted her skirt up away from her body and cut through the material with the knife. The blade entered so cleanly and sheared the fabric so neatly that Sylvia knew it was really sharp. She shivered as the skirt split apart and air cooled her flaming thighs. She wore no hose, so her legs were bare once the skirt was split from top to bottom.

He carefully spread the flaps of fabric wide then sat back on his heels to look at her in her demolished clothes and her chaste, white bra and panties.

"I knew they'd be white," he murmured.

She thought of him looking at her and thinking about her for God knew how many days. Where did he see her? Was he another drone in an office cubicle? A clerk at the grocery store where she shopped? A fellow launderer at the Laundromat? A barista serving her coffee every day? She didn't tell him that if he'd caught her on another day, she might've been wearing pink, lime green or floral print. Let him enjoy the illusion of her purity.

For in a way, he was right. She was pale and drained of color. He had assaulted her life and brought vibrant hues coursing through it.

"This isn't about me enslaving you." He stroked the blunt edge of the knife over her heated thigh and the metal was cool. "It's about you surrendering to me. Step by step, day by day a little more, until you completely belong to me. Do you like that idea?"

God help her, she did. Flutters of excitement coursed through her. The cool knife blade encouraged another gush from her pussy and now the crotch of her panties was sodden. Her stomach muscles twitched and clenched as he laid a hand there and began to massage her lightly.

"You will be mine and I will be yours." His soothing voice murmured on. There must've been vestiges in her system of the drug he'd knocked her out with because she began to float with that voice. It would be too easy to give in, to let him mold her exactly as he wished.

But if she capitulated too easily, would it bore him? Would he tire of her and want to get rid of her? The thought jolted her out of her near trance. *Get rid of.* And he had a knife! What the hell was she thinking of believing anything this man had to say. She should be thinking only of escape.

The knife blade slid beneath the elastic leg band of her panties and touched the edge of her pussy—a single, non-threatening touch before he removed it again. He did the same on the other side, kissing her cunt with the edge of his knife. Then he turned the blade and abruptly cut up through the panties, shredding them.

Sylvia's gaze was trained on the action at the junction of her legs. One side of her panties was split apart, exhibiting her groin, her leg, a few curls of pubic hair. Her captor slid the knife back under the other leg band and quickly sheared that side open. Only a scrap of fabric was left to cover her pussy.

"I'm going to give you a task now," he said. "Your wrists are bound together but your fingers are free. Uncover your pussy for me and spread the lips wide so I can look at it."

Her skin was burning from her face to her feet, every inch of her glowing bright red at the suggestion, or at least that was how she felt. But Sylvia complied. It was awkward with her hands bound together, but she could hook a finger under the flap of underwear and push it down between her legs.

She stared at the brown tuft of hair marking her crotch and wished it was clean shaven or at least more neatly trimmed. Then she berated herself for worrying about such a stupid thing.

"Spread wide now. I want to see everything."

She moved her legs farther apart, as far as she could with her ankles bound, and placing her fingers on either side of her cunt, pulled the lips wide for him. She knew her pussy was glistening, flushed red and pulsing, her clit erect and hard.

He leaned close, so close his breath puffed warm against her open cunt, and he inhaled deeply. "You're aroused. You love this. Do you wish I would fuck you now? Well, I won't. It's far too soon. But you are an eager, horny little bitch aren't you?"

She was. She absolutely was, because he was right, she wanted nothing more at that precise moment than for this stranger to touch her poor, aching pussy, to push the button of her clit and fill her empty channel. She wanted to be fucked.

* * * *

His cock was so hard and ached so badly he thought he might explode in his pants. He wanted her with every cell in his body, wanted to fling himself on top of her and fuck her hard. But this wasn't about instant gratification. It was about winning her and training her to be his forever.

Still, the smell of her pussy nearly did him in. Surely one lick was permissible just to learn her taste. It would help to win her over too, for what woman didn't like having her pussy licked.

Control. He advised himself. *You must exhibit control in order for her to respect you. There's a time for everything and this is not pussy eating time yet.*

He was entranced by her glistening folds and mysterious, dark slit, and the contrast to the cotton cord running from her wrists down to her ankles. The rope tying her hands together made her position awkward. He'd counted on that.

He reluctantly lifted his gaze from her cunt to look at her breasts, still encased in the frosted white cups. He sat up, slid his blade between her full breasts, careful not to slice the tender skin, and sawed upward through the tough elastic. The bra parted and the cups fell back down to loosely cover her tits.

With the tip of the knife blade he peeled each one back and examined her lovely breasts. They were pale with light blue veins running through them. Her nipples were the lightest rose, the small areola pebbled and the tall nipples erect as little soldiers. How beautiful they'd be when pierced with hoops hanging from each one and a delicate chain binding the hoops together. He could picture her nipples in clamps and decorative clips, her breasts squashed flat in vises, bound into elongated cones, bisected by fishing line and constricted until they turned dark purple. There were so many things he wanted to do to her breasts.

And she would love everything he did to her because it was *him* doing it. She would come to rely on him for everything, to call him Master and mean it, to make him the center of her world. She would truly be his slave.

But he would not touch or suckle her breasts yet. Instead, he took the flat side of the knife and pressed it against the top of each tight bud, pushing them down. Sylvia hissed then moaned.

His excitement mounted. He'd made her moan. She was so hot for him. He looked down at her pussy again where more moisture was seeping from her yawning entrance. She so longed to be filled. But she must wait as he had to wait.

He exhaled slowly, calming his racing heart. Leaning forward, he touched the side of her face, mapped her features with his fingers as if reading Braille. He touched

her smooth forehead, her small, tilted nose, her softly curved cheeks and lush eyelashes. And he touched her mouth, trailing his thumb back and forth over her lower lip until she automatically opened for him. Oh, how she wanted him to put something into her mouth. He could see it in her eyes.

He drew back his hand and rose to stand over her, his feet on either side of her hips. He slipped the knife back into his pocket. "You are very beautiful. Everything I had dreamed you would be. But I must leave you alone now for a while. I want you to think about everything that's happened to you today. I want you to think about having me as your master and how that would feel.

"And Sylvia..." he waited for her to reply.

"Yes."

"I want you to keep your pussy open like this. Keep holding it wide open with your fingers unless I tell you over the intercom that you may close your legs."

Chapter Three

She didn't know how much time had passed. It could've been hours. It felt like days. The light was dim, not shining directly in her eyes, and she might've drifted off to sleep but she was desperate to fulfill her captor's orders and keep her pussy open, fearful of his punishment if she grew lax and disobeyed.

The position was very awkward with her bound wrists attached to her bound ankles. Her legs trembled at being held apart and her fingers grew numb from holding her lips spread. She should've begun to feel dry as her entrance was open to the air, but her pussy kept producing more cream, especially when the rope tied to her wrists brushed against it.

Torture sounded more erotic and exciting when reading about it. The reality of it was difficult and a little painful. Spreading her folds wasn't an impossible task, but her hands were cramping from the awkward angle since they were tied at the wrists, and her inner thighs quivered from the strain. How much longer would he make her lie like this?

She glanced down at her breasts, slightly flattened by gravity but with the nipples still erect. The room was not cold, but it was cool enough to keep her nipples pebbled and her skin sensitive to the light brush of air from the filtration system. She glanced from one camera to the other, each trained on her body from different angles, and wondered if he was watching her even now.

Of course he was. She was his prized trophy, there for his inspection. He wanted her to slip and fail so he'd have an excuse to punish her. What kind of punishment might

he devise? Something severe and stringent or something more gentle for a novice such as herself?

She began to imagine flogging or being bound into some position far more uncomfortable than this one. She imagined piercings, sight deprivation, encasement in latex to further the loss of her senses. She imagined everything she'd ever read about.

And her pussy began to clench again.

Sylvia shifted her hands. The rope that connected them to her ankles slid across her clit, making her hips jerk. She bit her lip to keep from crying out. Then she shifted again—on purpose—allowing the rope to saw over her yawning pussy.

She groaned in pleasure and closed her eyes. Again she pulled the cotton rope over her clit and rivers of delight flowed through her. She forgot about holding her fingers in place, keeping her pussy lips wide, and concentrated on the wonderful torture the rope could give her.

Like a seesaw she moved it back and forth over her clit. Her back arched, thrusting her breasts into the air. She wished He was here to take hold of them and pinch her nipples hard, maybe clamp them to a bar and pull them away from her chest. How sexy she would look like that, and how much it would hurt.

Again the rope cut into her pussy right across her clit and this time she could hold back no longer. She cried out and arched up as she came, wave after wave of pleasure spilling through her. Only when the last bit of pleasure had faded did fear set in.

She had disobeyed her captor. She had moved from the position he'd told her to hold. And even worse, she'd come without asking. What would he do to her for such a transgression?

She didn't have to wait long to find out. A moment later the door of her cell opened and her black garbed persecutor stood in the doorway.

"It didn't take you long to disobey. I expected more from you."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to. It just happened," she began to babble, but he silenced her by lifting his hand.

"I know why. You are more interested in your pleasure than in obeying me. This is a lesson you'll have to learn. Your pleasure must always come at my command. That body is no longer yours. It's mine and will operate at my will. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir. I think so, sir," she tried to appease him. "You're the Master."

"You say it, but you don't believe it yet. It's very early in our relationship and you have a lot to adjust to, I realize that. But if you can't follow such a small order, I must punish you."

"Yes, sir," she repeated. Her foolish body still betrayed her as the last shimmers of climax made her pussy spasm again. How was it possible to feel such a mixture of utter fear and anxiety at the same time that pleasure pulsed through her?

He knelt beside her once more and untied the ropes, the knots of which she'd pulled tight with her thrashing around. It took some time for him to loosen them but he didn't use the knife and cut through them.

She watched the lower part of his face as he worked and wished he'd remove the hood so she could see the rest of him. What color were his eyes? His hair? And then she remembered he was somebody she already knew by sight—or maybe he had watched her and she had never seen him at all. The doubt and confusion added to her anxiety, which she supposed was part of the point. He wanted to put her off guard,

never let her know what was coming next and his anonymity made him a more frightening and commanding figure.

His jaw was tense as he worked the knots around her ankle. How angry was he with her? He hadn't sounded truly incensed, merely disappointed. Maybe he was mad at himself, second guessing his crazy kidnapping scheme and wishing he'd never done it. He was human after all, despite the fact that he acted as if he was beyond such weakness as self doubt. He must feel some fear along with his triumph at capturing her. Unless he planned to murder her—her stomach gave a churning roll at the thought—then he would have to keep her forever in his care, a huge responsibility. Forced abduction and mind control might have sounded better in theory than he was finding them in fact.

She knew that was true for her. She was sick of being afraid, sick of being half naked and tied. Sick of this room, and she really needed to pee.

"Please," she said softly then waited permission to speak.

He looked up at her. "Go ahead. You may talk."

"I really need to relieve myself and I'm thirsty."

He nodded. "I'll allow you to urinate and drink some water before your punishment. But no dinner for you tonight."

It was her turn to nod. She couldn't have possibly eaten anything anyway. Her stomach was too jumpy, her nerves too shredded.

After finishing freeing her, he stripped her of the remnants of her clothes and indicated the corner of the room where a toilet stood. Her cell contained everything she

needed. He averted his eyes as she took care of her needs, and offered her a fresh bottle of water when she returned.

She swallowed slowly, delaying the beginning of her punishment, and she studied her captor. Standing before him she saw that he wasn't as overpoweringly tall as she'd imagined, but he was still a good head taller than she. The tendons of his neck, the line of his jaw and chin and his full, curving lips were fascinating to her because they were all she could see of him. The desire to reach out and pluck the hood from his head was nearly overwhelming, like when one stared at a waterfall and imagined floating over the edge with it no matter that it would probably be lethal.

But she wasn't nearly ready for the extra punishment such an act might provoke. She gave the water bottle back to him, and stood with her hands at her sides and her head slightly bowed. She was very aware of her pale nudity, especially in juxtaposition to his dark clothes. It made her feel vulnerable to have nothing hidden from his eyes, which was surely his intention. Stripped bare, she was no longer a businesswoman with duties and agendas and deadlines, but merely a woman. All the power belonged to him and the feeling it gave her was oddly liberating.

He kept her standing there wondering for several minutes, making her more anxious with each second that ticked past. At last he moved, getting several more pillows and blankets from a chest in the corner and adding them to her pallet. She watched and waited, briefly wondered if she dared try to run out the door, but didn't bother to try. Even if the door wasn't locked, he would quickly catch and bring her back, and her punishment would increase a hundredfold.

“I’ve decided to defer your punishment until the morning since you’ve had such a trying day. You may lie down on your bed, face down with your arms resting on either side of your head. Your ass will be raised on the pillows I’ve provided and you will stay in this position all night. Understood? No rolling over or turning to your side.

“You will not be tied, but that doesn’t mean you’re free. I will monitor you and I’ll know if you move. This might sound like a simple task, but I assure you it will become difficult to maintain this pose. If you need to urinate in the night, you may rise and do so then place yourself back in your position.”

She nodded and crawled onto the pallet to comply. There was plenty of cushioning. Her neck was well supported as was her stomach and groin. He’d placed many pillows there to elevate her rear so it thrust high into the air. Her knees rested on the pallet. The position was very erotic. Her anus clenched as she felt the man inspecting her body with his avid gaze.

She guessed he was not going to cover her with one of the blankets and he didn’t.

“Good night. Try to get some rest.” With that he walked to the door and left. A short time later the room lights dimmed and she knew he was in his control booth, wherever that was, watching her.

As hour after hour slipped past he would continue to watch her. The thought should’ve been creepy but was surprisingly comforting. She was completely at his mercy and totally in his care.

* * * *

How beautiful she looked lying prone that way with her head turned to the side and her bottom high in the air. He knew the position was comfortable to start with. He'd tried it himself. But holding any posture at length no matter how seemingly relaxed grew increasingly difficult. She would begin to want to turn over, to roll to her side or back, stretch her legs out, shift her head to the other side—although he'd forgotten to tell her not to do that. And the more she realized she wasn't allowed to move, the more she would want to. It would become an itch beneath her skin. Her whole body would tremble with the need to move and she'd be afraid to sleep for fear she'd stray from the position he'd ordered her to stay in.

His poor Sylvia would get very little rest at all. That, of course, was his intent. To control her mind, he must control her body, every aspect of when she ate, slept, voided, exercised, and most especially when she came. By the time he was finished with her, she would come at the lift of his finger or withstand the need to climax for as many days as he told her she must. Her pleasure and her pain all belonged to him. She was his—body, mind and soul.

The thought filled him with such a thrill he could hardly bear it. All his long hours of watching and waiting were coming to fruition at last.

He relaxed back in his swivel chair and sipped his celebratory glass of wine. He would not eat tonight, could not for his stomach was churning with excitement and yes, some fear. After all he had kidnapped a woman. Others wouldn't understand that the pair of them was playing out a predestined game, that she'd been his since long before he took her.

If anyone had been watching in that parking garage, they would only see a violent thug overpowering a woman and putting her inert body into the back of his van. Good God, he would look like a frigging serial killer to an outsider. Only he and Sylvia knew, although she probably wouldn't admit it yet, that they were meant for each other.

But no one had seen. He'd disabled the security cam covering that part of the garage before he'd hidden and waited for Sylvia to come out. How had he known she wouldn't walk downstairs with her co-workers? Gut feeling. But if the first plan hadn't worked out and he'd had to follow her home, he could just as easily have taken her from there.

He wondered if she even remembered him and the few brief exchanges they'd had at the office. She'd never really met his eyes when they'd talked so he doubted it. In fact, it had been that submissively averted gaze that first clued him in to her nature. The rest had been a matter of listening, watching and learning all about her.

Creepy stalker? Maybe. But he'd preferred to think of himself as a hunter carefully pursuing his quarry. He had checked every detail and made certain she was the right one for him before he took her.

Setting his water bottle aside, he leaned forward and watched his slave's recumbent form. She hadn't moved so much as a muscle yet and nearly two hours had passed. Time was his ally. He had control over it and she was in limbo, uncertain of its passage. He planned to wake her in a few more hours to administer her punishment, a light one this time for a small infraction, just a taste of other things to come.

For several days, he planned to wake her at odd intervals both day and night, interrupting her natural sleep cycle and further disorienting her. Cruel, perhaps, but a

necessary element in training her to rely on him for everything. It was like the scene in *The Taming of the Shrew* in which Kate called the sun, the moon and daylight, darkness, at the suggestion of her dominant, Orsinio. It was the moment when it was clear her will was broken to his.

He hoped that by the time his vacation days were spent, he would have molded Sylvia to the point where he could safely leave her in the house without having to lock her in. That was the goal. But if not, he would keep her in her room a little longer.

On the monitor screen, the woman shifted her weight from one knee to the other, her lovely bottom rocking. How he longed to plow the furrow between those soft, white cheeks. He unfastened his pants and took out his solid erection, stroking it up and down while he continued to watch Sylvia.

He'd already masturbated once as he'd watched her display her pussy for him then given into her primal urge and allowed herself to come. He could tell that placing her in different positions was going to be a favorite hobby of his. Simply looking at her was a deep pleasure.

He rubbed his cock briskly, the friction between palm and shaft growing hotter and fiercer until at last he spilled with a sharp cry. After wiping up, he subsided into his chair to continue to watch and wait for the right moment to go to his beloved.

She was moving more often now, her hips moving as she shifted her weight back and forth. Her hands grasped the sheet beneath her and her eyes were wide open, staring across the room at nothing in particular. He guessed she was considering at least turning her head to give her neck a rest since he hadn't told her not to. He could

almost see her weighing the option before erring on the side of caution and maintaining her current position.

At last, he could stand waiting no longer. He rose from his seat in his office and returned to Sylvia's room in the basement. He smiled as he opened the unlocked door, pleased that he hadn't even needed to lock it—he was that certain of her obedience after only part of a day.

When he entered the room, her eyes flicked toward him and he could swear he read relief rather than fear in them. He crossed to her side and knelt beside her, stroking her from the nape of her neck all the way down her spine to her tail bone.

“Are you ready? Will you accept your punishment?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

He'd given her long enough to worry and wonder about it. She would learn that fearful expectation was harder to bear than the actual execution of a punishment. He took the hairbrush he'd hidden behind his back and, still without allowing her to see it, raised it above her bottom, flat side down. He brought the hard plastic down on her rump with a satisfying thwack.

She jerked and yelped.

“Hold still,” he commanded. “The more you wriggle, the more strokes you earn.”

He spanked her again across the other cheek, making the firm flesh jiggle. Already the first blow had left a bright pink mark. The sight of it sent a charge through him. He could scarcely wait to see her ass glowing cherry red from his spanking.

Again and again he slapped her bottom with the flat side of the brush, pausing between snaps, to give her time to anticipate the next blow. And then, to add another

element of pain, he turned the brush over and whipped her with the bristled side. He knew the bristles stung. He'd tried it on his forearm to see how it felt.

Sylvia yelped again when the bristles scored her flesh. Her hands clenched the bunched up sheet and the muscles of her neck were corded as she struggled to control herself. The sight of her fighting to obey him and hold still was an amazing thing to see.

He beat her ass cheeks, but also the tops of her thighs, blow after blow until she'd flushed the exquisite blush he'd imagined. With every hit, his cock grew harder and his heart pounded more. He longed to fuck her so badly he could scarcely stand it. He wanted to pull those rosy cheeks apart and bury his cock, not in her sopping pussy but in the narrower channel of her ass.

Clenching his jaw, he counseled himself to maintain control. This was a game of patience for them both. He couldn't have her until she yearned for him, begged for his cock. Only then would he give it to her.

When he finally stopped spanking her, tears were coursing down Sylvia's cheeks, wetting the pillow beneath her head. He stroked her burning bottom, soothing the pain he'd caused. He bent over her, brushed her hair back from her face and kissed her cheek.

"Your punishment is over. Now you can truly rest," he said.

"Thank you," she murmured.

"And you can lay any way you please." He rose and stood over her, gazing once more at her tortured backside. "Get some sleep now. Our work has barely begun."

Chapter Four

Sylvia lost track of time. She lived in a haze of waking and sleeping at her Master's whim. She could feel she wasn't getting a full night's sleep and that when He woke her with His customary, "Today we will..." followed by an agenda, it wasn't really another day. Night and day had become interchangeable in her new life. There was only this place and His commands to follow.

One day He told her He didn't want her to lose muscle tone, placed a hood over her head and led her—naked—to another room in the house. In the completely outfitted gym, He watched as she worked out on the elliptical machine and the arm and leg weight training machines.

Her breasts bounced as she moved. The jiggling motion coupled with her bare thighs sliding together and with Him watching intently made her incredibly horny. She began to wish He would stop all this sexual tension and fuck her. How long did He intend to play games with her, to allow her to be sexually stimulated in various ways yet not let her to come?

Sylvia began to feel she was in a perpetual state of semi-arousal, her pussy always plump and pliant and on the verge of exploding. But He'd warned her never to come without permission and she knew she couldn't hide the signs of her orgasm from Him. He was watching, watching, watching her all the time, every second. Did He get any sleep at all? His increments of rest were as erratic as hers for they were nearly always together when she was awake.

Another day He offered her cell phone and told her to call her boss to say she was taking some time off. "Tell her you don't know how long yet and you understand if

she has to let you go, but you're going through something and need to use some personal days."

Of course, her supervisor, Sandra wanted to know more. Sylvia apologized for leaving so abruptly without advance notice. She explained she was in a fragile emotional state due to some family circumstances she didn't wish to discuss. She asked her boss to forgive this terrible inconvenience and to tell her friends at work not to be surprised if she didn't return their calls.

She watched His face while she talked, His smile and nod letting her know she was doing well. Sylvia was amazed at how buoyant she felt after hanging up the phone. The idea of not having to walk into that building and go through the motions of her detestable job was exhilarating. And as tired as she sometimes was here in her Master's house, it was nothing like the bone-deep weariness of depression she'd felt in the past year at her place of employment.

"You did fine," He told her when she'd hung up. "You'll call again in about a week and let Sandra know you won't be coming back." He paused then added. "I, on the other hand, have to return to work soon. When I do, you'll be here on your own during the days. I'm sorry to have to leave you, but it can't be helped."

He didn't mention His returning to work again as more time slipped past.

Another day He allowed her to watch a movie with Him. She sat on the floor at His feet while He massaged her shoulders. She barely registered the plot of the movie she was so focused on His touch. She wanted Him to massage more than her shoulders. Her breasts ached for Him to slide his hands over them and pinch her

nipples. But He only rubbed her shoulders and stroked her hair. She went back to her room, her body throbbing with the need for more.

It was extremely erotic to be nude all the time, even while doing something so mundane as watching television or eating a meal. She grew used to the feel of her naked body and to His gaze scorching her skin, for He never seemed to lose interest in examining her.

She grew proud of her body. Her breasts were round and full with perky nipples. She unconsciously began to walk with a sway, exhibiting her hips and ass to their greatest potential. She found herself watching Him as much He did her.

One day she raised her hand for permission to speak, which He granted.

“Sir, may I see your face now? I know I won’t be leaving here. There’s no longer any need for you to conceal your identity.” She’d begun to wonder if he was a very ugly man and that was why he hadn’t unmasked. It didn’t matter if he was, she realized. She was attached to him now. Somehow in small increments her resistance had been chipped away and now she believed He was her Master.

He paused for a moment, then nodded. “As you wish.”

She held her breath as He reached up and pulled the hood from His head, revealing the upper half of His face. She stared at Him for a moment. He was no one she knew at all from her previous life. But then a memory surfaced. Yes, she had seen this man before.

Last year. She’d had a few dealings with Him about a particular real estate case. He worked in another department. She’d asked her questions, shown her part of the work, and never thought of Him again.

“Oh,” she said. “You.”

He smiled and his dark eyes crinkled at the corners. “Me.”

She couldn’t even remember His name. It didn’t matter. He was Master now.

“Today you will be bound Shibari style,” He informed her during one of her waking periods. “I’ll admit I’m a novice at this art which is a Westernized version of traditional Japanese Kinbaku, but I’ve been learning with a master. Now I can practice my rope tying on you.”

The word “rope” sent a thrill surging for her. Being tied was one of her greatest sexual fantasies, one which she’d imagined with her fantasy Master on an almost daily basis. Now she was going to enjoy the real thing, the pleasure and discomfort of being constrained by His rope.

He told her to kneel on the mat he’d provided. While Japanese flute music softly played, he brought her arms behind her back and began to bind them with rope.

“This is hemp, which is what the Japanese use. Western practitioners tend to use a poly-blend, but I wanted the old-fashioned look. Of course, in real Kinbaku they don’t use knots at all. It’s elaborate looping and criss-crossing of ropes. But that art is extremely difficult to master.”

He pulled her arms close together and wrapped them, pulled the rope between her legs to the front and looped it around her neck. The length of rope nestled between her ass cheeks and rubbed over her pussy. If she lifted her head, it pulled her arms uncomfortably and also made the rope draw even tighter along her seam. Soon her cunt was flowing with juices from the unbearable stimulation.

He added more ropes, tying her hands to her feet and adjusting the tension on the ropes so no matter how slightly she moved there was pain and pleasure. She was forced to keep her head bowed submissively. The sight of ropes encircling her breasts and pulling them up high, then crossing beneath them and attaching to other ropes was all she could see. She liked the way she looked, trussed like this and she really liked the way it felt. Every body part was tender and sensitive. Her breasts ached and her pussy throbbed with each beat of her heart.

Master began to take pictures. Her cheeks flushed and she smiled. Perhaps He would allow her to see them later and relive how her bondage had felt. He moved around her taking photos from every angle, zooming close to capture a particular body part or backing up to get the entire effect.

When He was finished with the photo shoot, He sat on His chair in her room and simply watched her. She sighed and shifted, feeling the hemp cutting into the bottoms of her breasts, reveling in the rope's tight press against her clit. Her arms and legs were beginning to ache, and the back of her neck from having her head bowed. She moved again and the rope sawed over her pussy. Another gush wet the mat beneath her.

"Do you enjoy this?" He asked.

"Yes, Master." A thrill went through her at the sound of the word, a sense of possessiveness—although He didn't belong to her so much as she belonged to Him. He had a life and a world outside this house which he must return to soon. She existed only here in His presence. He was quickly becoming the center of her life.

Had she thought of escape in the early moments after her capture? Had she imagined running away? Now she couldn't think of returning to her old life. In what was probably a very short time, she had changed. She had become a different person.

She was no longer Sylvia, and it was good.

* * * *

He gazed at the beauty of the woman before him, her head bent, her arms drawn awkwardly behind her back, the ropes criss-crossing her body and cutting it into pieces. This was everything he'd wished for and more.

"Sylvia," he said softly.

"Yes, Master."

"Are you my slave now?"

"Yes. I am your slave." Her voice was so low he could barely hear it.

"Would you run away if I set you free?"

"No, Sir."

"I haven't hurt you, have I? Other than your punishment soon after you got here."

"I earned that spanking, Master. I disobeyed."

The soft, submissive tone sent a chill through Him. He loved her quiet admission and what it signified.

"I think perhaps its time to take our relationship to another level."

She dipped her head lower in acknowledgement and he heard her soft gasp as the hemp sawed over her pussy and pulled her arms tighter.

"Are you aroused?"

"Yes, Sir."

“Are you ready for our relationship to be fully sexualized?”

“Yes, Master. Please.”

The please nearly did him in. Although he'd masturbated regularly ever since she'd arrived, his cock seemed to be perpetually hard. A quick jerk-off was never enough. It didn't fulfill his needs. And now that he was finally going to have her sweet mouth on him, he didn't know if he could maintain control.

He rose from his chair and unzipped his pants, releasing his cock. He walked toward her with it cupped in his hand. Her head was bent just a little too low and he tilted her chin up, pulling her arms painfully behind her. The shift in position also lifted her breasts even higher.

Her eyes glistened and he didn't know if it was from the pain or the emotional moment. She opened her pretty, bowed lips and said, “Please, Sir, may I have your cock.”

His heart nearly stopped. He moved closer, pressing the tip to her lips and she opened her mouth to take it in. The hot, wet mouth engulfed him and he groaned. His eyes fell nearly closed, but he kept them open enough to watch her as she sucked his cock. He'd never seen anything more exotic or beautiful than this bound woman, kneeling at his feet and sucking him off.

The strain on her shoulders must be intense, and he was sure the rope was cutting into her crotch enough to make it raw. But if the pain bothered her, it didn't show as she closed her eyes and moaned. Her pink mouth stretched around his cock. Her tongue swirled around him, tasting him, and then her cheeks hollowed as she sucked harder.

He caressed her head then leaned over and checked the tension of the rope around her neck. It was cutting into her nape. Her arms were bound together from the elbows down behind her back then the rope disappeared between her butt cheeks to emerge again pressed against her pussy.

He pulled his cock from her mouth, examining its glistening wet length, the violent red and purple head. He tapped her cheeks, her nose, her closed eyelids with the head of his cock. She sat patiently, feeling him against her face.

“Open,” he ordered and her mouth instantly went wide again.

“Stick out your tongue.”

She did and he tapped his cock against it, shaking droplets of come onto the pink tip. “Now swallow”

His slave instantly complied.

“Do you like the taste?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Do you want more, slut?”

“Yes, Sir.” Tears trickled from the corners of her closed eyes.

“What’s the matter?”

“The ropes are cutting me. And my pussy...” she trailed off.

“Does it hurt or feel good?”

“Both. I want... I want more. Please, Sir, may I come?”

“When I’m finished coming, you may come?” He felt as beneficent as a king bestowing his grace on a loyal subject. “You’ve been a good girl. You’ve earned it. Now suck me.”

She gobbled him up as if she was starving, sucking so greedily it made his balls hurt. The desperation in her thrilled him. He grasped her head on either side, and drove into her mouth again and again, grunting with every thrust. When she gagged, he slowed down, thrusting less deeply.

The tension inside him mounted higher and higher. He began to come, spilling deep in her throat. But he wanted to see his come on her face so he pulled out and the rest of his load spurted in creamy jets on her cheeks, lips and chin. She stuck her tongue out and licked the spatters she could reach.

“Greedy little slut,” he called her affectionately as he shook the last droplets onto her reaching tongue. “That will be your name now—Slut. Forget your old name and accept the name you’ve been given.”

Slut was hardly an original thing to call a submissive but he loved saying it. He loved the demeaning connotation, which was very sexy, and the way it reminded her of her place.

As he untied her bindings, he rubbed the reddened flesh the ropes had cut into. When he was finished, he ordered her to lie back on her pallet and he began to sooth her raw pussy with his tongue.

Slut whimpered and lifted her hips. He bathed her cunt, then fucked her with his fingers while he licked her clit. He’d kept her waiting for so long it didn’t take more than a few flicks of his tongue to bring her to climax. She wailed and thrashed as he pinned her hips down and continued to lap her painfully sensitive clit long after she’d come.

At last he drew away, wiping his hand over his mouth. “Such a horny slut. Are you glad I rescued you from a life of drudgery and brought you here?”

“Yes, Master,” she gasped breathlessly. “This is what I’ve always wanted. You’re the Master I’ve been waiting for.”

“I knew it.” He couldn’t stop the note of triumph in his voice. “I could see it in your eyes.”

Chapter Five

"Today your nipples and clit will be pierced," He announced one day and Slut's nipples and pussy hardened at the words. "I have a tattoo artist coming in to do the job here. We can look through his book at designs, too. I think I might like to decorate your body, but it's a clean canvas right now and I want to be certain to choose the right thing."

"Thank you, Master," she remembered to show the proper gratitude for His gift. "I want to look pretty for you."

"You're always pretty, but this will make your body more...festive." He kissed her forehead and then her mouth, sliding his tongue over her lips until they opened and then searching inside. She slid her hands up His broad chest and hooked them over His shoulders, melting against His body as He kissed her until her toes curled.

At last He let her go, grabbing her shoulders and setting her back on her feet. "You make it too hard to leave, but I've got to get to work."

He glanced at His watch, straightened His tie and looked around for His briefcase. Slut got it from the floor in the foyer and handed it to Him.

His gaze raked her naked body from top to toe and He drew in a hissing breath. "I don't want to go."

"I'll be waiting for you when you get home." She smiled.

"I'll call you part way through the day and tell you what to put on. For now, I want to picture you going around the house naked. It turns me on to think of you like that with none of the neighbors having any idea that I own a little house slave."

He kept the blinds drawn on the windows even though his large house was set apart from its equally expensive neighbors. It was a well-off residential neighborhood with spacious lawns and many trees. He'd dressed her and brought her outside one night to view the area.

When the door closed behind Master, her spirits drooped. It would be hours before she'd see Him again. But there was plenty to do. She looked at the list of tasks He'd assigned her for the day and began to carry them out.

She washed the breakfast dishes by hand even though He had a dishwasher because He said he liked to imagine her doing domestic tasks the old-fashioned way. She was learning to bake bread from scratch and she kneaded the sponge she'd set rising the evening before. Later in the day she'd make it into loaves.

After gathering and starting Master's laundry, she went to the exercise room and put in an hour on the treadmill and weights. She wasn't allowed to watch television, but after her shower she was allotted time to read books. Slut selected a mystery from the shelf and read for an hour, stopping only to change the clothes from the washer to the dryer.

The phone rang and Master asked for a report of her day. He was pleased with her for following her list of chores so exactly and He told her what to wear for Him that evening. She was so excited just from hearing the deep timbre of His voice that she wanted to come and she asked him if she might masturbate.

He told her to save those feelings for Him. He would allow her to come later.

Slut went to the kitchen and made the bread into loaves which she set to rise, then she began to prepare dinner. The meat must marinate but the potatoes and salad could be prepared early.

After folding and hanging Master's clean clothes, she went to her bedroom—the upstairs one rather than her cell in the basement—and got the costume she was to wear from the wardrobe. It was difficult to shimmy into the black latex bodysuit. The material compressed her flesh and made her hot. But she had to admit she looked really sexy when she gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

The sleek, black suit covered her from groin to neck, with cutouts for her breasts to poke through and an inverted triangle at her crotch to display her pussy. She shaved her body every day now, ensuring that her legs and armpits were perfectly smooth and also her pussy. Master said He liked to see every pretty fold of her cunt. Well it certainly was emphasized now with the latex framing it.

She returned to the kitchen and put her loaves in the oven to bake. She would add the meat a bit later. Slut was always a little anxious about meal times. She wanted to time the cooking perfectly so the dinner was fresh for Master shortly after His arrival. But sometimes He worked late and she was ashamed to have to serve Him reheated or overcooked food.

When that happened, He assured her it wasn't her fault. She couldn't plan for every eventuality and she did her best. His sweetness as He kissed her made her stomach flutter. She belonged to the kindest Master in the world and she was so very grateful He'd found her.

Sometimes she thought of her other life as Sylvia and it made her shudder. She never missed the person she'd been or the life she'd lived. Master had allowed her to call her parents and let them know about her new living arrangement. Of course, she hadn't shared the part about being Master's slave, but they lived far away and didn't visit or call often. She could keep up the charade of having moved in with her new "boyfriend" for quite a while.

The word 'boyfriend' made her smile. It didn't even apply to what Master was to her. He wasn't some guy she dated. He wasn't a partner or an equal. He was the sun and she the satellite that orbited around him. For some women such an arrangement would be unthinkable, detestable, obscene. For her it felt like coming home. This was the relationship she'd longed for all her life, the one those childish poems had hinted at.

And it had barely begun.

Slut wasn't certain exactly how much time had passed since she came here. Master didn't allow her to watch the news or read a paper. He said she no longer needed to worry about the concerns of the world. His world was all there was for her. But she could see from the calendar on His desk when she was dusting it that a page had been turned. She didn't know what day it was, but she'd been here long enough to have had one period.

During that time, Master had played with her in other, less sexual ways. They played cards or chess or other board games and video games as well. They watched movies together and talked about their views of the world.

Even though she was only his Slut, He listened to her opinions and they discussed at length how life was different for people like them, who practiced a lifestyle so far outside the norm that they might as well be on a different planet.

He held her and whispered about all the many experiences He'd like to have with her. There were tortures and deprivations they hadn't yet begun to experiment with yet. She snuggled close to His chest and listened to the things He'd do to her, the ways He'd hurt her and she could hardly wait to experience them.

Slut checked the time again. The house smelled of fragrant bread and meat cooking. It was nearly time for her Master to arrive and she waited for Him by the door. She heard the car in the driveway and quickly dropped to her knees with her head bowed. He loved to enter the house and find her dutifully waiting for Him like a faithful dog.

Today was no exception. He closed the door behind him and leaned to pat her head. "Hello, beautiful. Did you miss me?"

She raised her face and gazed at his face, her heart rising to her throat and choking her. She could hardly speak she was so overcome with emotion. "Yes, Master. I miss you terribly every time you're gone."

He brushed his thumb over the tear that trickled from the corner of her eyes. "My God, you really do." He sounded awed.

He bid her rise and she took his briefcase and coat and put them away. She poured him a drink and went to the living room where he'd kicked off his shoes and stretched out in his favorite arm chair. She knelt and offered him the drink.

Master accepted it then ordered her to rise. "I want to look at you in your new bodysuit. Fuck, that looks good. Makes me want to show you off. I think I'll have a party soon. I have a widespread group of friends that likes to get together. I'm sure you'd enjoy seeing some other people and meeting other slaves."

Her stomach flipped. The idea of opening their little world to outside forces did not sound fun at all. She would feel ashamed and shy for strangers to see her like this, and then she realized that a stranger was coming this very evening, a man who would definitely see her most intimate parts. She wondered if the piercings would hurt.

"Does a party sound good to you?"

"Yes, Master," she replied without hesitation. He would never know that the idea made her stomach churn. She would do whatever he required and welcome all strangers into their home. *Master's home*, she reminded herself. *Nothing here belongs to me.*

Slut's trepidation about the piercing mounted as they ate dinner and the hour for the tattoo artist to arrive drew near. When the doorbell rang, her pussy grew tense in anticipation.

Master had not told her to change. She must meet this stranger while wearing black latex with genital cutouts. He'd probably seen crazier things.

The man was middle-aged, overweight and had tats everywhere. Slut kept her eyes turned down as was appropriate but couldn't resist a peek at the colorful designs on his arms and neck. She would've liked to see him with his shirt off. What a tapestry his body must be.

“This is my girl,” Master beckoned her forward to stand before the seated man. “I want nipples and clit as we discussed.”

The guy nodded and opened his tool box. “The nipples will hurt,” he warned Slut. “But the clitoral hood, while more delicate, is less sensitive. You can have sex immediately after and it probably won’t bother you.”

She nodded.

“Kneel,” Master ordered and she obeyed.

If the man thought the master-slave relationship was strange, he gave no sign of it. Again she realized he must see many unusual lifestyles in his line of work.

“Don’t jerk away whatever you do,” the artist warned her.

Master watched closely as the man swabbed her nipples with alcohol and positioned the piercing gun. The alcohol felt cold, her nipples were as erect as they could possibly be from the stimulation and from having a stranger’s hands on them. Then there was a blinding, white-hot flash piercing her left nipple. She cried out.

Before she had time to recover from the pain he quickly moved to her other side. Another jolt of lightning shot through her sensitive bud and Slut moaned.

She looked down, there were two silver studs decorating her reddened nipples. She looked to Master for His approval.

“Beautiful.” He smiled.

“Works best if you sit with your legs spread for the clit piercing,” the man said.

Slut sat on the ottoman before him with her legs stretched as wide as the latex body suit would allow. Her breasts were throbbing with pain, but conversely her cunt was throbbing with excitement. Her clit was erect. She held her breath and tried not to

squirm as the man pulled on the little hood, stretching it until he could insert his instrument.

She watched Master's face, the excitement and pleasure as He leaned in and studied every move the tat artist made. The clit piercing was a tiny bee sting compared to the hard ache in her nipples. Slut looked down to find a sparkling diamond jauntily perched at the apex of her pussy.

"Very nice. Thank you," Master said.

He rose and so did their visitor. "Stay there, exactly like that," Master warned Slut before paying the artist and seeing him to the door.

Slut waited with her knees spread wide and her pussy on display. Her breasts felt like they were branded, sharp pains continuing to lance through them.

When Master returned, the glow of warmth in His eyes took away some of her pain. He knelt in front of her and examined her new piercings, fingering the silver studs and the diamond jewel. When He touched her clit, her pussy softened and began to cream. He could make her ready for Him with a mere flick of his finger.

"Do you want to get fucked?" He asked.

"Yes, Master, please."

He pulled her from the ottoman onto the floor and crouched above her. "Damn, you look hot." He leaned down and tongued one of her nipples and Slut hissed in pain.

"Hurts," He commented and sucked hard on the tender bud.

She cried out and tried to twist away but He pinned her shoulders to the ground. He sucked one nipple then the other, tonguing the new studs and ignoring her whimpers of pain.

Not ignoring, she realized, her pain was turning him on. He guided His huge cock to her entrance and shoved inside. The latex suit kept her from sliding across the floor as He pumped into her. With every thrust, His groin rubbed against her sore clit and His chest against her aching breasts.

Slut whined and twisted and closed her eyes, riding the waves of pain. It hurt so much she loved it. The pain and pleasure wound together and became one. The more her tits throbbed, the higher her arousal grew. She rose higher and higher, transcending her body and entering a strange zone where she felt beyond herself looking down.

And at that zenith her body erupted. An orgasm such as she'd never experienced before exploded through her. Sharp glass shards of pain and pleasure sparkled through her system. She gripped Master's waist between her legs and held on. "Fuck me, fuck me, fuck me," she found herself repeating in an endless litany.

"What are you?" He demanded.

She replied with the expected response. "Your slave."

"What else are you?"

"A slut, a dirty little slut who loves her Master's cock."

"Oh yeah," He groaned and froze. As He came, she felt His hot seed pouring into her and she was overjoyed to receive it. She'd never been more content. This was what she'd been made for, to be a vessel for her Master.

* * * *

It grew harder to leave her every day. The mundane, everyday world of office buildings and small talk with boring people was a necessity. He used to enjoy his job.

He'd just forgotten why he liked it recently when all he could think of was his little slave waiting at home.

She'd settled into her new life much more seamlessly than he'd dared to dream. He'd called it exactly right when he marked her as a slave waiting for her master. Quiet Sylvia the office drone with mysterious depths in her eyes.

Now he, and only he, was allowed to see her amazing beauty, the transcendent spirit that lived for him alone. She was his prized possession. His babydoll when he wanted her to be. His temptress. His dirty slut. The object of every torture he could think of to inflict.

The night of the piercings was only the beginning. When he found how she took to pain, he began to introduce all kinds.

Breast bondage seemed to be her particular favorite. He'd whipped, crushed, bound and burned her tits until she cried for mercy. But she was always ready to do it again. He loved how she looked when tight lacings around her tits made the flesh purple. He also liked to see them jabbed with needles as pin cushions or clipped with many clothespins.

Slut would watch as he inserted needles or clamped her nipples and she would sigh at what she called "the exquisite pain."

When he wanted to give the tender flesh of her breasts time to heal, he'd concentrate on her backside for a while. He'd installed a hook in the basement and she was gorgeous sight with her hands pulled high above her head, her toes barely touching the floor. He bought several different flails and whips and applied them to her back and

ass until she was striped with red. He also found that a flat paddle made a satisfying loud sound when smacked against her butt.

He purchased a little electric prod at a sex shop. It was very low voltage and gave off a light charge, but oh how Slut squeaked and danced about on her toes when he applied it.

When she'd taken all he thought she could stand, he would grasp her hips and shove his cock into that tortured ass, fucking her so hard she wailed and begged for him to stop. But if he stopped, she'd beg for him to fuck harder. He was always happy to do that.

His Slut was everything he wanted her to be and she never refused him, even when he could tell she was tired or not in the mood. She was so eager to please it touched him. He was falling more in love with her every day and couldn't imagine life without her.

But there were some drawbacks to having a live-in slave. Sometimes he would've liked to get together with some of his old friends, the ones who didn't know about his lifestyle choice. He didn't feel he could share the secret of his slave-girl with them. But when he went out to a bar or party with these friends he was always aware of Slut waiting sadly for him at home.

They were almost too wrapped up in each other. He decided it was time to throw that party he'd talked about for his other set of friends, giving both Slut and him a chance to socialize.

Chapter Six

"Today we'll play a new role-playing game. We're having some guests and all of them are bringing along their puppy girls." Master told his slut. "For the day, you'll behave like the good little dogs you are, perform tricks and please your masters."

"Yes, Master," Slut dutifully replied.

"You won't speak, because puppies can only whine and bark. You will, of course, wear a collar and I've bought a special puppy tail for you. Are you excited?"

She panted to show her approval of the party plan.

"First, I'll wash you, because little dogs can't wash themselves."

She followed him to the bathroom on all fours.

He lifted and placed her in the bathtub of warm water He'd drawn then shampooed her hair and washed her body. After He'd patted her dry, He had her kneel on the floor while He blow-dried her hair and brushed it until it was glossy. He made a part down the center of her scalp and drew her hair into two high pigtails on either side like spaniels' ears.

"For the rest of the day you may move about only on your hands and knees." He handed her knee pads which she slipped onto her legs.

Master fastened a beautiful jewel-studded collar around her neck. He had her sit up in the begging position with her paws held before her while He changed her nipple rings to matching gems and added a little diamond stud to her clit.

Back on all fours again she turned around so He could insert her tail. The butt plug fit snugly and her anus clenched around it. She glanced over her shoulder to see a

soft, long tail hanging behind her that matched her pigtails. She wiggled her ass and felt the hairs brushing sensuously against her bottom.

Slut looked up at her Master for approval.

He smiled and petted her head. "You'll be the prettiest bitch of all. I can't wait to show you off."

Soon after the doorbell rang and the first of the guests arrived. The man brought his bitch in on two legs, dressed in a long coat, but she removed the coat and got down on all fours the moment the front door was closed. The puppy-girl was naked and wore a black leather collar. Her hair was black too as was her little tail.

Slut padded over to the newcomer and sniffed her from head to tail. The other girl growled and snapped at her and Slut retreated to her Master's side.

"I'm sorry. Bitty's not used to strangers." The dark-haired master jerked on Bitty's leash to show his disapproval and she whimpered and cowered.

Slut sat up in begging position by her Master and He patted her head. "Today you will be called Ginger," He told her, and she barked to show she understood. He could call her whatever He wanted on any given day, she would always respond because she belonged to Him.

The air was charged with excitement as more guests arrived with their bitches on two feet, shrouded in human garments. But every time, the moment the door closed, they became dogs for their masters. It was an exciting transformation. Ginger thought about all the neighboring houses on their block with people inside them living boring, normal lives. None of them had a clue about the play party going on next door. Or the radical lifestyle existing in the midst of their vanilla world.

The masters and their dogs sat in the living room. The men drank and the animals made friends with one another, smelling each other's bodies or playing tug-of-war or fetch with the toys their masters had brought for them.

Ginger enjoyed hearing what the men had to say about them. They admired this one's hair or that one's collar. They exclaimed over tit size and patted the smooth backsides of the dogs. Sometimes they tugged lightly on their tails, forcing them to clench their backsides to keep the plugs in place.

"Come here, girl, I want to see you." One of the strange men beckoned Ginger to him. She was nervous and looked to her Master for guidance.

"It's all right. Go to him. He might give you a treat."

Ginger crawled to the man with her head lowered, showing her submissiveness. He reached out and patted her head. His hand was warm and his touch gentle, but he wasn't her Master and she wished he'd leave her alone.

"I have a bone for you," he said as he unzipped his pants. "Suck it."

Again she glanced at Master. Was this what He wanted? She'd always been His before, He hadn't chosen to share her with anyone. But He nodded and so she crawled between the stranger's knees.

Some of the bitches wore little mitts on their hands to remind them that they were paws and to use them as such. Master hadn't placed such constraints on her so Ginger had to remember for herself to keep her fingers together. The man's cock was erect, pointing straight at her face, so she didn't really need to use her paws at all. She leaned forward and took his bone into her mouth, sucking it and whimpering to show her pleasure.

He tasted different from Master and she still wasn't sure how she felt about doing this, but she was so eager to please Master she put her qualms aside and concentrated on giving the best blow job she could. She licked and nibbled his head, sucked him deep and even burrowed between his thighs to lick his balls.

After a bit, he grabbed hold of her face and began pumping into her mouth hard and fast. She held her throat tight so he couldn't go too deep and gag her, and submitted to him fucking her face until he came. She swallowed his jism and waited for him to pull out of her mouth.

"Good girl. Good girl," he crooned, pulling lightly on her pigtails then patting her head. "Now go ahead and play with the others."

Obediently, she trotted back to the play area where a couple of bitches were wrestling together, nipping and barking, for their masters' entertainment. One dog turned belly up and the other began to lick her genitals.

"That's it Sparky. Lick her until she comes, there's a good girl," her master encouraged.

Ginger was excited by the play. She wanted to join in, but didn't know if she was allowed. As always, she looked to Master for guidance. He smiled at her and indicated that she should join them.

Ginger crawled over and began to suck on the prone doggie's nipple. There was a tiny nipple ring decorating it, and she threaded her tongue through it, pulling lightly until the bitch gasped. Causing her pleasure/pain was very exciting. Ginger squeezed her legs together as her pussy began to pulse. She used her paws to bat at the dog's

large breasts, knocking them this way and that before she clamped one between her paws and began sucking again.

The men watched the action avidly, some stroking their cocks as they enjoyed the show. The belly-up dog with the blond hair began to writhe and moan as the one called Sparky ate her pussy and Ginger sucked her tits. She whined and bucked and came with a howl.

Several of the men cheered or applauded. Ginger wished she was the puppy on her back because her cunt ached fiercely and she desperately wanted to orgasm. Not to mention that it was a thrill to be the center of attention. She would like the men, including Master, to cheer and applaud her, too, as she came.

Ginger gave another blow job to a friendly stranger and then playtime was over for a while and the masters took their dogs into the kitchen to eat. Each man had brought a pair of bowls, one for food, the other for drink and they laid them out on the floor for their pets.

Ginger sniffed the kibble her Master had placed there for her. It wasn't real-dog kibble but some special soy-blend intended for puppy-girls. One of the men had brought it. His puppy lived as a dog in his house full time so he took extra care with her dog diet. The food had everything a human woman needed but in kibble form to fulfill the fantasy.

Ginger dug her face into the bowl and got a mouthful. As she crunched it up, she was glad she and Master didn't play puppy-girl 24/7.

* * * *

He loved the way she looked like this, his beautiful, submissive, slut. She would do anything he told her to, perform any task, act in any way, and accept any humiliation.

The only thing she refused to do was leave him. She wanted to be his always and that thought filled him with joy.

He enjoyed the game. It added an interesting flair to an ordinary Saturday. But he was glad not to have a full time puppy like Brad Levitt and his bitch. The girl was rarely allowed off hands and knees and it couldn't be good for her back. A butt plug wasn't meant to be worn day after day for long periods of time and a woman wasn't meant to crawl. But Gigi seemed to be extremely happy in the role and Brad claimed he liked it 'cause she couldn't talk.

But talking with Slut was an important part of his relationship and he wouldn't give it up for anything, no matter how fucking adorable she looked with that tail sticking out of her ass and her face buried in a dog bowl.

He hadn't expected to get so hot just from the sight of women eating dog kibble, but damn, they all looked good, so debased and demeaned. He considered getting that hot bitch, Bitty, to suck him off. He hadn't indulged when all the other men did, but then he decided to wait. Watching his own pretty puppy-girl service his friends would have to do for now. Let all his arousal build up inside like a thunderhead and then let it go tonight after his guests left. He'd fuck Slut until she was raw, reminding her who exactly she belonged to.

Just then she looked up from her bowl of water, her chin wet and her eyes shining as she gazed at him with adoration. His chest grew tight, his heart clenching at the emotion her lovely gray eyes expressed. He loved her deeply. None of these other bitches compared to his, and he decided he would not allow her to service any more of

his friends. Her mouth was for his cock alone. He smiled at her and nodded to tell her she was a good dog.

After the girls had eaten, their owners attached leashes to their collars and led them out to the back yard to pee. Even though his yard was carefully shielded by high stockade fence and tall trees, he'd told everyone they must be quiet while spending time there. He wished he had the privacy of a country home where there were no prying eyes or listening ears, but this was a suburban neighborhood, albeit a large one, and he had to take care.

The bitches each crawled to a different part of the yard and relieved themselves on the grass. He knew that for some of the men this was a huge turn on. A few would crouch down to watch the stream of yellow splashing freely from their bitch's body. Brian Bentley even put his hand under his dog to catch the flow on his palm. But urine had never been a very arousing play for him. He waited patiently for Ginger to finish then he led her back to the house.

"Sit," he commanded and she crouched on her hind legs with her paws dangling before her. He adjusted her pigtails and asked her if the butt plug was getting uncomfortable. She shook her head.

The group returned to the house and there was a bit more play time. Although he'd decided not to let Ginger suck anymore cock, that didn't stop him from enjoying watching her play with the other women. They all grew quite friendly, wrestling and licking and sucking on one another, and Ginger was in the thick of it. He smiled as Bitty, who'd growled at her when she arrived, now burrowed between her legs and ate her out. Ginger moaned and twisted and pawed at the air. He was proud that she never

forgot her hands were paws even without the aid of little mitts. She had completely immersed herself in the role he'd chosen for her today, and she would be rewarded tonight.

Some of the men had brought dog beds or kennels. Deciding the puppies had had enough play, they ordered them to rest. It was another erotic thrill to watch the dehumanized women curl up on fluffy dog beds or, even more exciting, crawl into cages. Seeing them on all fours, peering through bars made his cock grow rigid. He had to buy a cage for Slut.

The men sat around drinking and watching part of a baseball game for about an hour. After that, the men and their pets began to leave.

When he'd closed the door behind the last pair, he heaved a sigh, glad to have the house quiet again. "Well, that was more interesting than spending an entire afternoon watching ball games," he commented to Ginger.

She whined in agreement.

He wasn't quite finished with having her perform this role and he patted his hand against his side. "Come on girl, up to the bedroom."

She followed him up the stairs and curled up on the floor beside the bed.

"That's all right. You're allowed up just this once."

While he stripped, she climbed up onto the bed and curled up again, watching him with excited eyes.

"You ready for a treat?" he asked, and she nodded.

"Get on all fours, doggie style."

She obeyed.

He climbed onto the bed behind her, caressing her soft sides and her lush buttocks, playing with the tail that still protruded from her ass. He would leave it in while he fucked her.

His cock was already hard since he'd been waiting all day for this. He pulled her cheeks apart and guided it to her entrance. Then he rammed it inside.

She was soaking wet and took his length easily, whimpering and driving herself back onto him.

Grasping her hips, he pulled out and thrust again, hard and harder, over and over. "Who do you belong to, Ginger?" he growled. "Whose bitch are you?"

Ginger whined and he remembered he hadn't given her permission to talk yet. "Go ahead, speak, girl. Tell me, whose bitch are you?"

"Yours. Yours Master," she grunted as he rammed into her hard and fast like a piston. "Please fuck me Master. Show me I'm yours."

"That's right, bitch. No one else's but mine. I don't want to see you sucking any more cock." He was suddenly furious, even though he'd been the one to pimp her out. He drove in with punishing intensity, fucking her raw just like he'd promised himself.

"Yes, sir. Yes, Master. No cock but yours," she whimpered.

He loved the sound of that, especially spoken in that sweet, humble little voice. Power surged through him and he gripped her hips so hard he knew there'd be ten bruises later marking her as his. He thrust deep one last time and groaned as he came, filling her deeply while that silly tail was crushed between his belly and her ass.

"My bitch, forever," he growled in satisfaction as he claimed her once more.

Chapter Seven

Slut feared she was losing her Master's love. She was certainly losing his attention. He spent longer and longer hours at work, sometimes leaving her alone far into the evening. She was afraid he wasn't working. She was afraid he was with another woman. But she would never dare to share these worries with him.

Instead she began acting out. A naughty slut got punished and that meant having Master's full attention on her.

She broke things and earned spankings. She cooked a different meal from what he'd ordered and got whipped. She dared to snap at him and he had her wear the ball gag for a day. She let him catch her masturbating when she hadn't been given permission and he tied her in suspended bondage for nearly six hours.

Slut deliberately had the TV on when he finally returned from work one night. She was lying on the couch pretending to watch a movie when actually her entire mind was focused on Master entering the room. She looked up as if she'd only just noticed him and took her time rising to her feet. "Master, you're home."

He frowned at her insolence as she slowly knelt before him.

"No television without my permission. You know the rules."

"Will you spank me?"

He was silent. He could see right through her and knew that was what she wanted. "No. Go to your room and go to sleep. You will get none of my attention tonight."

Her stomach hurt. She clasped her hands together and begged. "Please, don't. I'm sorry. I just miss you so much. I want you to punish me, to spend time with me."

He took her by the arm and gently lifted her to her feet. “I want that, too, but I can’t help how busy my work has gotten. I have a life outside this house. I’m a man with responsibilities. I feed you and clothe you and keep you safe. It is your duty to obey me and keep my home a haven for me to return to each night.”

When he frowned, she sobbed harder.

“I can’t come home to tears and misbehavior. My job’s too stressful for such drama.”

“Yes, Master. I’m sorry,” she pleaded. “Let me massage your body or give you a blow job. I want to help you relax.”

He shook his head. “I’d love to let you do those things, but we have a situation here. You’ve disobeyed. You’ve forgotten your place and you have to be punished. Since being alone is clearly your idea of the worst punishment possible, I order you—again—to go to your room.”

She’d lain on her bed that night and cried and cried, wrapping her arms around her body and rocking herself. If she lost her Master’s affection she had nothing. She couldn’t bear the idea of returning to Sylvia’s world again. There was nothing for her outside of this house.

Could she ever find another Master if she lost this one? The idea was unthinkable. And so she must do whatever she could to win Him back. If He really was simply working late, she must accept that and be as cheerful and supportive as she could.

But if another woman was what he wanted, well she would have to make it clear that she was willing to share Him with as many others as He wanted, so long as she was the slave who lived with Him.

When Master came to release her from her room the next morning, she kissed his feet and apologized for her bad behavior.

"I realize how busy you are and I'm sorry." She looked up at him through swollen eyes. "But may I ask you one thing, Sir?"

"You may ask. I'll grant it if I can."

"If you are growing tired of me, may I ask that any other women you are interested in you bring home? I'd rather be a part of any new relationships you might have than be left behind."

His eyes widened. "You think I'm seeing someone else?" He began to laugh. "That's what this has been about? You're really afraid of losing me to another woman?"

His warm chuckle washed over her and she began to hope. "You're really not? You're honestly just working late?"

"I told you I was. I will *never* lie to you, Slut. You're mine and I'm yours."

"Oh." She felt foolish...and happy.

"You must trust me." He paused. "But I have to say, the images you bring up are hot. I really enjoyed watching you play with the other girls at the party. I wouldn't mind trying a ménage if you're interested."

"Whatever would please you," she said. "If you want to see me gangbanged by several men or if you want to watch me with women, if you want to have an orgy with either or both of us involved—I'll do whatever you want."

“Multiple partners sounds pretty exciting,” he admitted.

And instead of feeling jealous, Slut felt a shimmer of excitement run through her at the idea. Her interest had always been in serving one Master and losing herself in him. But if his pleasure was for her to be pleased by others, well—she’d very much enjoyed her interludes at the puppy party.

Making up was much more pleasurable than fighting and Slut’s pussy was sore by the time Master finally left her to leave for work—late. He promised He’d look for likely candidates for their three or moresome.

Several days later He told her He’d contacted a pair of his friends, ones she hadn’t met at the party, and they’d be coming over for another different kind of play date.

“I’ve only met Bob online. But we’ve talked for years. He and his girl, Candy live a couple of states away. I’ve invited them to come for a weekend so I hope we all get along together.”

Slut hoped so too. She was nervous about the upcoming event and thought of it all week. Her anxiety ratcheted up a notch when Master announced an addition to the plans only a day before the proposed weekend.

“Bob is bringing another male friend along, and then I happened to discuss the weekend with a different friend of mine and he wants to make the trip, too.”

Slut nodded. Several men and only two women, the complexion of the weekend had just changed completely. If she’d been nervous before, she was extremely anxious now. The puppy play party had taught her what it was like to service other men in a group situation, but there’d been no penetration involved. This weekend would be

different. Anything might happen. Any number of combinations of people fucking might take place. Her nipples peaked at the thought, and her stomach dropped.

But it was what Master wanted and He promised she'd find it enjoyable. "If it gets too intense, and it can with four men charged with testosterone and two beautiful willing women, let me know. Call out to me and I'll stop anything you don't like, all right?"

"Yes, Master." She glowed inside at His tender care for her. He could use her hard and rough but He also pampered her like his prize possession. She knew He'd keep her safe and so she was more excited than nervous when their guests began to arrive the next day.

* * * *

He didn't know exactly how he felt about sharing his Slut with the others. After the puppy party he'd sworn he wouldn't see her service another man. But the images that danced in his mind were too exciting to resist. With the arrival of their guests, the air was fairly charged with sex.

His friend, Ted came alone, choosing to leave his slave at home. The sandy-haired man was a big guy with a jovial sense of humor. At first his teasing made Slut shy, but she soon warmed to the friendly guy.

Soon after, Bob and Candy and their friend drove up. The couple looked familiar from pictures they'd exchanged. Bob had brown hair, a thin build and deeply set blue eyes. His bitch Candy, as he referred to her, also had brown hair but it was highlighted with brilliant pink streaks. Her wide eyes were heavily outlined in black, making them look even bigger. She had a very small bust and her master dressed her in girlish clothes that made her appear much younger than her nearly thirty years. The friend they

brought along was an African American guy with shaved head and a lot of muscles, whose name was Jake.

When everyone was seated in the living room with drinks in their hands, they began to discuss as a group what their plans were for the two days. There weren't enough bedrooms for all so the out-of-towners would stay at a nearby hotel. Ted would sleep in the spare room. All the men had a chance to express their desires, and, without over-planning, a general flow of events began to form.

After a few more drinks and a little talk about their jobs and private lives, the men were growing restless and ready for the action to start. The women had gone to change and when they returned their masters and friends whistled and clapped in appreciation.

Slut wore a classic, a French maid's uniform unlike anything a real maid had probably ever worn. The black skirt stuck straight out over short, lacy petticoats with a crisp white apron over it. But the center panel of the bodice was sheer black fabric so Slut's breasts were clearly visible. She wore black fishnets and heels and was a picture of classic sexiness.

Candy wore a pale pink baby doll blouse and a pair of ruffled pantalets. Her hair was brushed into curly pigtails set high on her head and she sucked on a lollypop. The pair was iconic sexualized images of women and the men were hard for them.

His cock was stiff in his trousers, ready to burst free and tear into one or both of these women. He summoned Candy to come and uncover it. She swayed saucily toward him and reached for his zipper. He took a deep breath, calming his racing heart. He had to pace himself. There was a weekend worth of fun ahead of them.

Chapter Eight

Master's friend, Ted called Slut to him and brushed his hand along her cheek.

"You're a very pretty girl. And I love your little white cap. Can you turn around bend over so I can see what's underneath your skirt?"

She smiled and obeyed. The skirt flipped up and cool air touched her naked rear. She wore only a garter belt to keep her stockings up. Ted caressed her cheeks and pushed his warm hand between her legs.

"Very nice." A deeper voice than his remarked.

Slut glanced over her shoulder to see the big black guy, Jake, staring at her backside with gleaming eyes. His skin was a warm chocolate and she wondered what his cock would taste like.

Both men rubbed their hands over her ass and down her legs, both took a moment to sample her wetness. She was so aroused by their attention her pussy gushed like a fountain. Then Jake moved in front of her and told her to stand straight. He weighed her breasts in his big hands through the sheer fabric panel, squeezing them lightly. "Nice tits, too." His grin was friendly.

"Thank you," she replied.

With an abrupt move that startled her, he grasped the panel and shredded the fabric like tissue paper so her breasts spilled free. Gathering them in his hands, he pressed his face between them. His cheeks and breath felt warm against her skin. When his lips wrapped around one of her nipples and drew it into heat and wetness, she moaned in satisfaction.

He suckled one breast then the other, pulling with strong tugs of his mouth. When he stopped, he looked at her with lust-glazed eyes. "I love me some tits, especially milky ones. Nothing like sucking milk from a bitch."

All the while he paid homage to her breasts, Ted was behind her, playing with her butt. He pushed his fingers in and out of her pussy a few times to moisten them, then he began pushing into her anus with insistent pressure. Her body burned as it stretched around him.

The man in front of her had his shirt off now, revealing some amazing, body-builder type muscles. He stripped off his pants and was naked. Grasping her head, he pushed it down toward his crotch. Slut grasped the thick shaft, opened her mouth and sucked. His dark groin filled her vision as she swallowed him as deep as she was able.

With her head down, her ass lifted higher. Ted grasped her hips and tried to force his cock into her ass. She wanted to tell him she needed better lube than pussy juice, but he figured it out for himself and went to get a tube. Master had laid out an array of necessities and toys for everyone to use. Condoms were not part of the preparations. They each provided proof of recent testing because condoms leached the fun from a group gangbang.

While Ted was getting lubricant, Bob took his place behind her. He slid his cock into her pussy and began to pump, and Jake held her head steady and fucked her mouth. The sensation of being used as a sex object by men who didn't know her or care for her in a personal way like Master did should have been disturbing. Instead, Slut was growing more and more excited.

The man in front of her muttered dirty names, calling her slut, whore, bitch and cunt while he filled her mouth with his big cock. Bob slammed into her hard enough to nearly knock her off her feet.

“Hey, I was here.” Ted had come back to find his spot taken.

“Plenty of room on this bitch. Let’s see if we can triple-team her.”

Slut was nearly choked by the surge of excitement his words caused and by her mouthful of cock. Three on one? It was what she’d feared and secretly hoped for. She’d never been filled by two men at once before and she was going to skip straight to three.

Jake released her head. “Stand up, girl.”

She obeyed, glancing down at his glistening black cock and the heavy sac hanging beneath. She also glanced across the room to where Candy was sucking Master’s cock as he sat on the couch watching the others. Slut met his gaze and he nodded at her, letting her know this was all right.

Bob lay on the floor, his cock rising straight up like a rocket. Slut knelt over him, positioned him at her entrance and sank down onto him. Her eyes rolled back in pleasure as he filled her. She rose up and down a few time before she felt Ted’s hand on her back pushing her forward. She lay prone on top of Bob and felt Ted move in behind her.

His well-lubed cock slid much more easily into her ass, but it was still a tight fit, especially with Bob filling her cunt. She held still, allowing them to guide and manipulate her body as they needed to in order to accommodate them both. So much pressure. So much cock filling her. Her heart pounded and her breathing grew ragged. She moaned as both men moved inside her at the same time.

Her eyes flickered open as Jake moved in front of her. He knelt with his knees on either side of Bob's head and his cock poked toward her face. As Slut moved, he captured her head in his big hands again and offered his penis to her mouth. She opened and let him feed it to her.

Her body was a tool, molding around the three men, giving them pleasure in every way she could. Pussy, ass and mouth all full of male. The feel of their bodies, the texture of their skin, their sweat coating her skin and their earthy masculine aroma filling her senses. Her sense of self was lost. She existed only in this moment, only for their pleasure. Bodies buffeted against hers and hands touched her everywhere. The little French maid skirt had been pushed way up to allow access to her pussy and rear. She wished they'd taken it off her because the stupid petticoats were in the way. She wanted to feel Bob's belly sliding against hers like Ted's thighs were slapping against her ass.

Her nose was buried in Jake's belly, his pubic hairs tickling her as he pulled her head on and off his cock at the pace that suited him. "Yeah, baby. That's a good girl," he crooned, along with names like "slut" and "cunt".

The tension inside her grew and grew. It was too much. Her ass was stretched to the limit. She was choking on Jake's cock hitting the back of her throat. And then her climax blossomed and exploded through her, shaking her in its intensity. Her pussy gushed and clenched around Bob's cock. Her body shuddered. But that was only the beginning.

The men weren't done with her yet. As they continued to thrust and fill her in every way imaginable, a second orgasm stuttered through her and a third. Or maybe it

was all one long climax. She couldn't tell. She was out of her mind, out of her body and soaring while her lovers grunted and pushed into her.

Bob came, his low groan signaling his climax. Then Jake came, his spunk warm at the back of her throat. She swallowed it. Slut opened her eyes and glanced toward Master to see if He was still watching. She found Him nearby shooting photos. He circled around the four of them, squatting down or standing up as he took shot after shot of their bodies.

Ted held her hips tight as he drilled her ass fast, punching in and out and then holding as he shot his load into her. For one last moment, Slut was embraced by three, filled by three, and then Jake took his cock from her mouth and moved away.

Behind her, Ted pulled out of her ass, leaving a dribble of seed trickling down from her hole. Bob gently pushed her off him and laid her back on the carpet. Slut stayed where he'd placed her, breathing and feeling the final sparkles of orgasm shatter through her.

Her beloved Master was taking pictures of her spent form, focusing on her face, then crouching to take pictures of her pussy. "Spread a little more," he told her, "and lift your hips so I can get a shot of your ass."

She placidly obeyed, boneless and content after her marathon session.

"Beautiful. You can put your butt down now and rest. You did great, sweetheart. Amazing to watch."

Slut was proud. She'd pleased him in addition to having the time of her life. It had been a very successful beginning to their party.

* * * *

Ted had a thing for Bukake. He said seeing a woman covered in semen was the pinnacle of sex for him. It was his desire and since they were trying to accommodate every man's desire that weekend, the others agreed. Not hard to do for they all wanted to come on the two girls.

Ted's only complaint was that there weren't more men. "There's nothing better than a group of like twenty guys all coming on a bitch at once. Her skin and hair and eyes streaming with cum. So hot!"

But there were only four of them and two women, so they decided to treat Candy since Slut had already had her fill.

Little Candy stripped off her babydoll shirt and her ruffled underwear. Her tits were no bigger than teacups with tiny, pointed brown nipples. Her hips were as narrow as a boy's and her pussy was completely waxed rather than marked by a landing strip like Slut's was.

She knelt on the floor in the center of the four men, her head bowed as if in shame. Bukake had originally been a punishment for bad girls in Japanese villages. Buried in the sand up to their necks, they were fair game for any man or boy who wanted to fuck their mouths or come over their faces. Good punishment for a little whore.

The men each grasped their cocks and began to pull. Although they'd all come only an hour earlier, the other three with Slut and him in Candy's mouth, they were hard again. Who wouldn't be from looking at the petite girl humbly kneeling and waiting to be anointed in their spunk?

"Help us out a little, Candy," her master commanded.

She abandoned her submissive slump and rose up to take Ted and Bob in each hand and Jake into her mouth. She massaged the two cocks and sucked the other. Their host was left to his own devices, but his own hand tugging his cock was just as effective when coupled with the erotic sight before him.

His cock slid easily in his fist, he'd rubbed it with lube first to ensure it. The sound of the other men's quiet groans. Their muttered curses and Jake's free-flow verse, "bitch, mother-fucking cunt, whore, suck me, yeah, that's right, suck it, bitch, suck my big, black cock, slut" were enough to quickly bring him to the edge.

He tried to hold off by clamping his finger and thumb into a circle around the base of his shaft. They'd agree to try to shoot at the same time. But then he saw Ted was already coming, ribbons of white shooting onto Candy's hair, a blot landed on her curly pigtail and dripped down.

Jake pulled out of her mouth and aimed his cock at her face as he let loose.

Candy tilted her head back, closed her eyes as though in ecstasy and opened her mouth. Her master hit her cheek and her mouth with a stream of come. Unclamping his makeshift cock ring, he allowed himself to join his friends. A few vigorous strokes and a white spurt shot from the tip of his cock to land on Candy's forehead.

"Yeah, bitch. Eat that come," Jake crowed, laughing.

"I want to see Slut lick her face clean," Ted said.

He glanced at his slave who was sitting on her heels, watching them. "Come on, Slut, you're wanted here. Lick the come off Candy's face."

Bob stepped aside to let her into the center of the group. She crawled up to Candy and placed her hands on her shoulders, then she began to lick her forehead, her

cheek and chin. A spurt of come covered one of the other girl's eyes and Slut leaned in to carefully lick it clean.

When she was finished, she looked at the other girl's face then bent to kiss her lips softly.

"Oh, yeah," Bob groaned. "Lick her all over."

"Man, I wished we'd come on her body, too," Ted complained. "I want to see her *doused* in come!"

He ignored the other men's rumbling excitement and concentrated on the beautiful sight of Slut sweetly making love to Candy. After the kiss, she flicked out her tongue and met Candy's reaching for hers. They coiled around each other then went deeper, mouth fusing to mouth.

Slut stroked her hand down the other girl's chest, plucking at her small breasts. After a moment, her mouth followed where her hand led. She bent to suck on one tit then the other while Candy stroked her hair.

They were so sweet together, touching each other's bodies, softly moaning and wiggling. Candy stretched out onto her back on the floor and Slut left her breasts, the brown nipples standing stiff and wet, to move lower. She kissed her taut stomach, making her skin quiver and then she framed the other girls' pussy between her hands. With her thumbs, she pulled the plump folds apart so all the men could see the red petals within and the gaping hole that was wide open for fucking.

Slut bent her head and began to lick. Candy's eyes closed and she arched her neck, letting her head roll back on the carpet. "Ooh, yeah," she moaned. "That feels so good."

“Damn,” Jake muttered. His arms were folded over his chest and his jeans still gaped open. His flaccid cock began to rise once more.

Slut’s owner felt his own cock doing the same, strengthening and hardening although it had so recently spent. The tableau before them was too erotic to watch without reaction.

Ted went to the table full of sex toys and brought back a dildo which he offered to Slut. “Use this on her.”

The dildo was molded to look like a real cock with plenty of veins and ridges. Slut had stopped licking Candy and was fingering her now. She held up the dildo. “Want this?”

“Yes. Please, yes,” the other girl whimpered.

“You’re going to have to beg a little.”

“Please. Please fuck me.” Candy spoke in a high, breathy voice, a little too close to childlike for his comfort. But Bob liked that kind of thing.

Slut moved over her, offering the fake cock to her mouth. “Suck it first and then maybe I’ll fuck you with it.”

Candy opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, licking the plastic as if it was the real thing and she was desperate for it. She moaned and groaned and made a show of sucking the dildo deep when Slut fed it to her.

Arousal swirled in his groin and he took hold of his cock, rubbing lightly as he watched the show. These girls were amazing together and he knew this would not be the last time he’d want to share his slut with others, both male and female. The group experience was too hot not to incorporate it into their life together.

Slut returned to Candy's crotch and inserted the thick dildo into her cunt. She pushed in and out while the smaller girl lifted her hips to take it more deeply.

"You want it harder?"

"Yes, please. Fuck me hard," Candy whimpered.

Slut obliged her, jamming the dildo in and out with violent thrusts. All the while she continued to tickle her fingertip over Candy's clit, making her gasp with pleasure. It didn't take long for the girl to reach her limit.

"Oh yes, now, now, now. Fuck!" She cried in that high little voice as she writhed on the floor.

Slut pumped the dildo in and out for a few more strokes before stopping. But she left the fake organ inside the girl, keeping her stretched around it, while she rubbed a gentle hand over her belly. "Feels so good, doesn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes. Thank you." Candy's voice was choked and she gasped for air. "Thank you for fucking me."

Slut slid up to kiss her lips again and stroke the hair back from her perspiring face. Her tender affection for the other girl made his heart swell. She was so adorable and he loved her.

Life without his little slave was impossible to imagine and he vowed he'd take better care of her affections. His hours at work recently *had* been outrageous. She was right. And he would find a less stressful job and quit this one so he could devote more time to her if that's what it took to make her happy.

He realized it wasn't just enough to have her and keep her fed and sheltered. She relied on him for much more than that. He was everything to her just as he'd wanted to be. Now he must be responsible for that trust and treat her right.

Chapter Nine

Slut enjoyed having visitors, but all the extra stimulation was getting to be too much. She'd be glad when the weekend was over and it was back to just her and her Master. He was so happy though. She watched His face as he joked and laughed with His friends and it made her smile.

Candy, who was sitting on the couch beside her, leaned toward her. "I can see you're in love with your Master. He must treat you really well?"

"Yes, He does," she agreed.

"How long have you been with him?"

"I'm not sure. Several months, I guess. I don't really keep track of time any more."

"How'd you two happen to get together? Bob and I met at someone else's party. We hit it off, found we had a lot in common, and he asked me to come live with him as his little girl. I know a lot of people, even hard core types, aren't into that kind of role-playing." She shrugged. "Fuck them. I love my Big Daddy Bob and I'm happier than I've ever been. No one should judge. It's not like we bring any real children into the mix. This is just how we like to interact with one another." Her breathy, childlike voice was an intriguing contrast to her well-spoken argument.

Slut nodded.

"So, how did you meet your master?" the petite woman asked

She smiled. "He took me as I was getting into my car after work one night."

Candy's eyes widened. "*Took* you? As in, kidnapped you?"

“We’d met each other before, slightly, in a workplace situation. I didn’t notice Him then. I was concentrating on the job. But He noticed me and saw who I really was inside. He watched me for a long time.” It warmed her to think of his loving eyes on her for all those months.

“Stalker. Wow.” Candy held up a hand. “But hey, I’m not judging, just commenting.”

“He learned everything he could about me, even hacking my computer and reading some personal writings.” She paused, realizing how wrong it sounded, but wanting Candy to understand. “You see, He had to make sure he had it right. That I’d been waiting for Him, my Master, just as He had been waiting for me, His perfect slave.”

The other girl nodded. “Makes sense. But why didn’t he simply talk to you, find out about you that way and then offer you a contracted relationship?”

Slut knew it was a reasonable question, but it was difficult to explain the answer. “There was romance and drama in the way He took me. Being imprisoned more or less against my will was exciting. It was a grand gesture. The fear added to the thrill of it. Understand?”

Candy pursed her lips and slowly nodded. “Abduction is a common female sex fantasy. Sure. I can buy that. It’s hot.”

“At first I resisted, you know.” Slut thought about it. “No. Actually I never resisted. I did exactly what he told me from the very beginning. But inside, I thought about escaping. Although that’s not really true either. I thought I should *want* to escape, but I never really wanted to.

“I knew almost right away that this was what I’d been dreaming of all my life. This relationship, this living situation, is what I’ve always wanted.” She smiled and shrugged. “While my friends used to say they wanted to grow up to be movie stars or pop singers or lawyers like their moms, I would think all I wanted was to be owned by someone. Even then, when I didn’t have words for this kind of a relationship, I was an extreme sub waiting to happen.”

“Now, I really understand that.” Candy nodded. “When I played with my friends, I always wanted to be the captured girl. Let them have the action roles of cops and bad guys. I was happy tied to a chair in the closet.”

“I’m very happy with my Master. I’m very glad He came for me and I wouldn’t change anything about how He went about it.”

“Lovely, ladies,” Jake approached them with a drink in each hand and offered the cool beverages to them. “Since this is our last day together—and yesterday was wonderful, by the way—we thought we’d like to have a little contest featuring you two.”

Bob joined him, “But only if you want to. Candy, you know how hung up on breasts Jake is. He’d like to see a little tit torture before we go and then Ted suggested we make it a contest. But it’s going to be rough and we don’t want to do anything you don’t agree to.”

“We want to find out which of you can withstand more pain,” Jake said. “I’m of the opinion that little titties like Candy’s are better able to withstand being clamped and pulled.”

“It’s not about breast size,” Ted argued as he came over with a beer in his hand. “It’s about which woman is more sensitive to pain. Everyone’s got different thresholds.”

Master sat beside Slut and slipped his arm around her. He leaned to nuzzle her neck and whispered in her ear. "You don't have to do this if you don't want to. It's your choice."

She glanced at Him and must have frowned because He stroked his thumb over the crease between her eyebrows.

"Don't look so worried. I promise you won't disappoint me if you refuse to participate. Only play if you want to."

She nodded. "I want to. I can do this."

Ted cheered. "That's the spirit. You can take her."

"I don't think so," Candy said. "I happen to have a very high tolerance for pain."

With that, the contest was on. The group went down to the basement where Master's torture room was. Slut had been whipped, pierced, splayed on a cross, hung from a hook and spent many painful, wonderful hours in this room. *Home turf advantage*, she thought.

Candy and Slut took off their clothes. Today Slut wore her black latex bodysuit with the cutouts and Candy a frilly dress that exposed most of her ass. Slut removed her nipple rings and set them aside.

The girls' masters tied their hands behind their backs, lashing their bodies to two poles. Then there was some discussion of what should be done to their breasts. Jake had big plans. It was as if he wanted to run through a list of all his breast fantasies in one go. But the others dialed down his over-eagerness and they began by binding each girl's breasts in loops of heavy weight fish line.

The plastic line bit into the base of Slut's full breasts, cinching them tight and cutting deeply into the flesh. She breathed through the pain as she'd learned to do and glanced over at Candy. Since the other woman's breasts were so petite, it was a bit more difficult to encircle them and draw the loop tight, but at last Jake managed. The tiny puffs on her chest rapidly turned lilac as the blood flow was cut off.

It was the same for Slut's heftier bosoms. The cutting line hurt, but her breasts began to grow numb so she couldn't feel as much—until Ted placed clamps on her jutting nipples. She hissed in a breath through her teeth, but didn't cry out. The rules of the contest were that the women could yelp, moan or even scream. They had to beg to be released in order to end the torture.

As he'd tied her up, Master had reminded her there was no shame in surrender if it became too much for her. She'd nodded, but without any intention of giving in.

Now, with the hard clamps biting into her tender nipples pain radiated through her entire body. But she'd done this before. She knew if she waited, the suffering would subside to a manageable level. Once, Master had even managed to suspend her from a hook by her nipples with her feet barely touching the floor for one brief moment. The excruciating agony had brought her out of her body, floating into the elusive sub-space she'd only read about.

Slut was fairly confident the torture would not be so extreme today. She glanced at her competitor, who was already moaning steadily, and saw Candy's face was contorted with pain. The woman wouldn't hold out long. Her pointed little nipples were clamped tight and her pain was a hotly erotic sight even for Slut, who was enduring the same treatment.

She licked her lips and concentrated on breathing then glanced at Master. She would not let him down. He would be proud of her for the way she withstood the torture and won him the small bet he'd placed on her.

Jake now stood in front of her and Ted faced Candy. They'd agreed to alternate in an effort to make the treatment as equal as possible.

"Pull now," Bob ordered and the two men grasped the clamps and pulled away from the women's bodies, slowly, careful not to pull off the clamps.

Slut's nipples were stretched like rubber. Fire burned through them and she had to close her eyes and clench her teeth to bear it.

Beside her, Candy screeched, "My God! Omigod, omigod, omigod."

"Sweet Jesus," Jake groaned. "I've never seen anything like this."

His voice sounded far away. Slut could barely hear it through the whining in her ears. Blackness clouded her vision and swirls of bright red, too. She bit down and groaned.

"If we pull any harder the clamps will come off," Ted said.

"Then twist them like knobs," Jake said. "Both together now."

In the small part of her mind that wasn't screaming, Slut thought how inexperienced Jake seemed at the entire concept of torture. The way Master played with her He could make a session go on for hours. He'd hurt her then allow her to rest. Punish her tits then soothe them. Give her pain then fall to his knees in front of her and lick her pussy nearly to orgasm. What she was enduring now wasn't playtime, but a harsh test to see which girl would break first. Sweat poured down her body and her teeth ground together as she struggled to make sure it wasn't her.

The clamps turned, twisting her already extended nipples. A new wave of pain washed through her, carrying her along with it like driftwood. She cried out at last, a wordless cry of anguish.

But Candy cried out too. "Stop! For the love of God, stop! Please stop!"

The stretching torture on Slut's tits ended almost immediately and a triumphant glow spread through her, mingling with the horrible pain.

Someone cut the binding around the base of her breasts and they ached even more as blood flowed back to them. Her chest was a throbbing mass of pain.

Immediately, Master was beside her, untying her body and then gently rubbing her punished breasts, cradling them in His warm hands. "Poor, baby," he murmured.

She looked into His eyes and saw how He felt for her. At the same time that her suffering turned Him on incredibly, He also ached along with her. She could understand that, because seeing Candy writhe in pain had been a bit of a turn on for her as well.

"It doesn't matter. I won." She smiled at Him.

He gathered her close and held her against His body and whispering into her ear again. "I'll be glad when our guests are gone. It's been entertaining but I need some alone time with my little slave."

A thrill went through her at his words. He wanted her above all others. She was His.

* * * *

After the torture contest the men let the girls rest, while they prepared a nice lunch for them. There was little time after that before the out of town visitors must leave, which was fine since he was ready for the weekend's festivities to end.

But before they left, the group engaged in a last round of fucking. This time there were two men on each girl. Slut and Candy knelt on all fours sucking Bob and Ted's cocks, while Jake and he fucked them doggy-style.

Candy had a sweet little ass, he had to admit. And he enjoyed grasping her slender hips and drilling deep into her sopping cunt, while watching Ted cram as much cock as he could into her willing mouth. But even as he fucked her, he looked over at his Slut.

She looked so sexy on all fours with Ryan's huge cock sliding in and out of her pussy. Her eyes were closed as she licked Bob's penis. Bob rubbed it against her face, tapping the engorged head against her eyes before sliding it back into her mouth. He seemed to love to take it in and out, sliding it along her cheek then popping it into her mouth again, but at last he grasped her head and began to fuck her mouth in earnest.

Slut's master turned his attention back to the woman he was fucking. He stared down at her pale cheeks, at the muscles flexing as she thrust herself back onto him. Her petite body was really arousing and he kind of liked the babydoll clothes her owner dressed her in. He thought he might buy a few outfits like that for Slut.

Bracing his hand against the small of her back, he began to stroke faster. He felt the familiar swirl of a rising orgasm, starting deep inside him, tightening his balls and swelling his cock. His groin slapped against the small woman's backside and he grunted with every thrust.

Another glance at Ryan and Bob double-teaming Slut was enough to put him over the edge. Bob had pulled out of Slut's mouth to shoot come all over her face, while Ryan was cursing and driving his hammer deep into her cleft.

He pushed into Candy once more and his climax rushed through him. He rocked against her a few more times then pulled out his depleted cock from her dripping pussy. Ted finished off in her mouth soon after. Ryan was the last to come with a roaring stream of curses, and then the event was over.

After that there was nothing more to do but clean up, have a last drink, shake hands and promise to meet again. Then all the guests left.

He was glad to close the door behind him and have his house silent again. He turned to Slut and pulled her into his embrace again. "You must be sore as hell, the way you've been used this weekend. Did you have a good time?"

"Yes." She wrapped her arms around him and rested her head on his chest. "I liked entertaining your friends, and Candy was nice to talk to."

"I'm glad. You need more friends. I'll have to arrange for more play dates for you." He pulled away and looked down into her face. "But right now, I'm glad to have you all to myself. I'm going to tend to you now, baby you a little after all you've gone through."

He scooped her off her feet and carried her upstairs to the bathroom. After drawing a tub full of warm water, he lowered her into it and began to wash her gently. He shampooed and rinsed her hair then soaped her body and rinsed it clean. Although he fondled her breasts and pussy in passing, there was nothing overtly sexual about this. It was an act of devotion.

When he was finished cleaning his girl, he lifted her from the tub and toweled her dry. He treated her breasts with ointment, smoothing it into the cruel red line cut in a perfect circle around each one and rubbing it onto her bruised nipples. She jerked when

he touched them, but quickly stilled and let him massage the healing ointment into them.

“Come here, little girl,” he murmured. “Kneel down and let me brush your hair.”

He sat on the toilet seat and she knelt before him so he could dress her hair. He blew it dry and brushed it until it gleamed, then pulled it into high pigtails on either side of her head. He tied a bow at the crest of each one.

She turned to look at him and her face looked incredibly young, open and vulnerable, framed in the childish pigtails.

Next he took scented powder and dabbed a soft puff all over her skin, lingering a little on her rounded bottom. She smelled as fresh as spring flowers when he was through. He told her to wait like a good little girl while he got her nightie then he went to her wardrobe and picked out a sheer, white babydoll length nightgown. It wasn't as childish as anything Candy had worn, but it would do for the illusion of childhood, he was trying to evoke.

He returned to the bathroom and she held her arms up while he slipped it over her head. Scooping her into his arms again, he carried her to his bedroom and placed her on his bed.

“You can sleep with Daddy tonight. I'll hold you close and you can rest. You played hard today.”

Instantly she fell into her role. “Yes, Daddy. I'm very sleepy. Thank you for taking care of me.” She curled up on her side, as he plumped the pillow to put beneath her head.

He climbed into bed beside her and held her sweet, scented body close to his.
“You’re such a good girl. I love you.”

She snuggled against him. “I love you, too. You’re so good to me.”

He glanced down at her closed eyes, her clean face and shining pigtails and felt a swell of love for her. “You’re my sweet, baby girl.”

But his slave was already breathing deeply. Asleep.

* * * *

God, she was tired. Bone-tired and limp. It had been a long weekend and her body had been used to the max. She’d been fucked in every way a woman could be fucked and she’d endured harsh torture followed by sweet devotion from her Master. Her body was sore all over, her pussy worn and her ass stretched, her jaw aching and her breasts enflamed. But she’d never been more content than she was lying here in Master’s arms, listening to him breathe.

She thought of the woman, Sylvia, who she’d been not so long ago. She might have to take on that role again sometime for she couldn’t put off her parents wanting to visit her forever. But after she’d played the part and after the door closed behind them her costume would come off and she’d return to her true nature as Slut, Master’s slave girl.

No longer did she have to work in an office she hated or pretend to be something she was not in a world that wasn’t hers. She was right where she belonged. She’d found the elusive thing she sought.

In his house she would be abused and used, pampered and cuddled, humiliated and shamed, bathed and babied, bound and whipped. Master would treat her like a

princess and a whore and she would love either one. She belonged to the one Man who could give her everything. She'd been enslaved by a Master who protected her and called her His own.

Slut was content.

The End

ABOUT CHERRY LEE

Taste the forbidden fruit of Cherry Lee. I enjoy exploring the bitter dark chocolate of sex as well as the sweet cherry center. If you like your erotica with edge, sample my stories. You can learn more about me at [MySpace](#) and can contact me with any comments at cherryleewriter at yahoo dot com.

Under other pseudonyms, I have many books with various publishers.

I hope you enjoy my stories here at eXcessica.

If you enjoyed [ENSLAVING SYLVIA](#), you might also enjoy:



BRANDED

By Cherry Lee

When the walls come tumbling down, can Sondra accept the secret that lies behind them?

Strong-willed Sondra is concerned by her sister, Melanie's, new life as a full time submissive in a master dominant's household. To alleviate her sister's worries about this lifestyle, Mel invites her for a visit.

Sondra soon begins a sexual journey under the tutelage of Master Damien, exploring levels of desire she never knew she possessed. Will she surrender her will to him and can she acknowledge a facet of herself she thought she'd put behind her?

Warning: this title contains BDSM practices, branding and incest.

[REVIEW by Mrs. Giggles for BRANDED](#): (80/100)

I find Master Damien a seductive erotic figure in this story and I easily see why a skeptic like Sondra can fall under his spell. What really impresses me about this story is how the author takes meticulous care to describe not just the act but also

the sensations and the emotions experienced by Sondra under she undergoes her training with Master Demian. The writing is vivid, evocative, and sensual. (Miss Lee) really knows how to draw the reader into her character's cornucopia of thoughts and erotic sensations.

[REVIEW by Amanda Haffery of Dark Angel Reviews \(Recommended Read!\)](#)

Tie me up and bring out the whips and chains cuz I want to be BRANDED! Cherry Lee just rocked my world with this magnificent look into the world of BDSM. ...Potent enough to have your toes curling and your teeth sweating!

EXCERPT from BRANDED:

Prologue

This is the test, isn't it? To see how still I can hold as the burning brand moves closer and closer to my quivering flesh. My stomach is curdled like old milk and my mouth as dry as paper. I embrace the roiling stomach acid and my thick, swollen tongue, because these small discomforts distract me from the larger one to come. I smell the steaming coals and the heated iron, and imagine I smell charred flesh, but it hasn't happened yet.

No chains and shackles hold me. No stocks confine me. No hands hold me steady. I could bolt at any time, and return to the life I knew a mere two months ago. But I stand and hold my ground. I've chosen what is about to happen.

Clenching my jaw so tight my teeth creak, I brace my hands against the gate and grip the rough wood. The dark voice comes from behind me, so husky and sensual my pussy tenses and releases wetly. "Do you truly want to bear my permanent mark?"

As the brand nearly touches my hip, the heat already singing my flesh, I groan, "Yes. Yes, I want this."

Chapter One

"This isn't like you, Mel. You're freaking me out."

"Trust me, sweetie. You have nothing to worry about." My sister's voice was cool and smooth as silk, unruffled despite the fact we'd been arguing for the past twenty minutes. Or actually, I'd been arguing, she'd been responding in that calm, affectionate voice, refusing to rise no matter how I baited her.

"Well, I am worried. You're involved in this strange lifestyle, you barely call anymore, and when we do talk you don't sound like yourself."

"Sondra, believe me, I'm more myself now than I've ever been my entire life. I know it seems weird to you, but have you ever known me to rush into anything? I'm embracing something that makes me happy, and I wish you could be happy for me."

She was right. I was the impetuous younger sister, the one who threw herself into situations without considering consequences. If levelheaded Melanie told me she wanted to be living as essentially a sex slave in some mysterious man's home, I had to believe she was quite serious and hadn't been coerced into it.

"But it's so...wrong! You've given up your job, your apartment, and you've surrendered your body to this man to...to do whatever he wants with. How can giving up your will be mentally healthy?"

"I haven't given up my will." Her voice remained infuriatingly calm. I wanted to reach through the phone line and slap her. "You wouldn't believe the willpower it takes to do this, to be this. And I haven't called because I knew you wouldn't understand the life I've chosen. It's just too difficult for an outsider."

Outsider. I was an outsider now? To the sister who'd been closer to me than anyone in my entire life, any friend or lover I'd ever had. Her words hurt. I drew a deep breath and let it out slowly. This might be my one chance to reach out to her and keep our communication open. I must choose my words carefully for once.

"You're right. I don't know anything about BDSM or about what draws some people to be dominants or submissives. But, if it's as fulfilling as you say, maybe it's something I should check out. How would your...master feel about having a houseguest for a two-week visit? I've got some time coming at work and my plan was Cancun, but I'd much rather see you."

There was a long pause. For a moment, I thought she'd turn me down, then Melanie spoke breathlessly. "Seriously? You'd come to Napa? Oh honey, I'll have to ask Master Damien, but if he permits it, I'd love to see you."

"Ask him then and call me as soon as you find out." I managed to keep the disdain from my voice. But inside her words rankled. Asking for permission from a man? Such bullshit!

Mel's voice bubbled with excitement. "You'll love the estate and the vineyards. It's so gorgeous here, and as for the rest of it, honestly, at first you might be a little freaked out, but I think you'll start to understand our relationship."

I was already freaked out. Seeing dungeons, torture equipment and sex toys first hand could hardly make it any worse.

"I'll send you a couple of very good books to give you an overview of the different elements of the lifestyle."

Kinky sex homework. Nice. This should be a vacation to remember.

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