



SWEET REDEMPTION

MELINDA BARRON

Loose Id

TYGERS 5:
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Melinda Barron

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Tygers 5: Sweet Redemption

Melinda Barron

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Author's Note:

As always, I'm indebted to many people for the story you see before you. Thanks to Maura for the title and to Shannon for always listening. Special thanks to Maryam, more this time than ever, for helping mold this tale into what I wanted. As always, remember to keep things Safe, Sane, and Consensual. Helena would tell you that is the only way to go. TK helped her figure that out.

Dedication

For Oscar's new friend, I hope you one day find the answers you're searching for.

Chapter One

“How do you screen your members?” TK Holing stretched his long legs out in front of him and lifted the longneck beer bottle to his mouth. He darted his gaze to a sub that had been trying to get his attention ever since he’d walked into the bar.

TK was used to attracting female attention. At six feet four, he towered above many men. His cocoa-colored skin came from his white mother and black father. From his father he’d received his height, and from his mother, dark green eyes that usually made females swoon. His shaved head was his own idea, something that wasn’t too hard to maintain, since his hair grew so slowly. He didn’t want to give the sub false hope, so he just nodded and looked away quickly. He had other ideas for the evening.

The man sitting with him was speaking, but TK continued to scan the room.

“Tygers has a public area, as I’m sure you do at M’s Playhouse. To make it to the members’ area, a visitor, whether Dominant or submissive, has to be invited by a member. Once they apply for membership, they have a six-month probationary period. After that, they can become full members.”

TK turned his attention back to Ty Kessler, the owner of Tygers. “Six months, huh? Ours is only three. Maybe I should think about increasing the time, and get to know someone just a little better.”

“Well, probationary periods are an interesting thing, if you ask me. The prospective member is on their best behavior for that time, of course, but I find that in six months you can get to know a person fairly well, and see if they would be an undesirable addition.”

TK nodded and let his gaze wander the room again. Tygers was set up in an old warehouse type building, unlike his own establishment, M’s Playhouse in Miami, which was in an old plantation home. The rooms were large in both places, but at Tygers there was a greater sense of openness, much like the Southwest where the place was located.

“The hulking sub working the door belongs to you?”

“He does.” Ty’s smile broadened. “He’s been mine for many years. I’m in the process of looking for a female sub. I like to have both. I have someone in mind; I just haven’t made a move yet. I’m feeling her out, trying to make sure she’s open to the idea, because I like my females to switch, so they can top Chess while I watch. Some subs aren’t too keen on the idea.”

“It’s not Helena, is it?” TK fixed his gaze on Ty, relieved when the other man laughed.

“No. I knew you were here for something more than seeing your protégé collar a new sub. But I have to warn you, she won’t be here tonight. Neither will her sister, or her Doms.”

“You sure?” TK frowned and looked around the room again.

“I’m sure. Oscar, Walker, and Harper have a dinner to go to. Since she got back from Florida, Helena has been staying at a friend’s cabin in Chama, about three hours from here.”

“She’s been gone for six weeks? Staying by herself, or with a Dom?”

“By herself. Oscar told me she stayed home for about two weeks and then left. She’s shown no signs of coming back to town.”

TK took another pull from his beer to hide his frown. “They’re not worried about her?”

“They are, but she’s a grown woman, and, as Oscar says, you can’t drag her back home. The only way to get her out of there, probably, would be for Diego Fuentes, the cabin’s owner, to evict her. He’s not going to do that.”

“Maybe he should. Is he a Dom?”

“Yes, but his subbie, Sorcha, has talked him into letting Helena stay as long as she likes. Personally, I think it’s doing a disservice to her. She needs to be around people.”

A commotion on the other side of the room caught Ty’s attention.

“I’ll be right back.” He walked toward the bar and TK watched him go, his mind centered on Helena, the little sub whose head barely hit the middle of his chest. He remembered she had the brightest green eyes that he’d ever seen, even with the wariness that had been hidden there when he’d met her. An image of her popped into his mind: dyed blonde hair, barely five feet tall, curvy with large breasts and hips. He remembered her beauty, too, her small nose and pouty lips. Just the thought of her made him hard.

When Helena had been found at M’s Playhouse, she’d been about to be auctioned off to the highest bidder against her will. It was incidents like that that made TK think Ty’s six-month probationary period was a good idea. Of course Benjamin Guest -- the man who had claimed to own Helena -- had used threats against her friends and family to get her to do his bidding. He wasn’t a Dom at all, but a man who got off on the misery of others.

TK longed to see him get his comeuppance, but Helena had refused to prosecute, saying it would cost too much -- not moneywise, but emotionally. TK had stood by her wishes at the time, but now he wished he’d pressed her a little harder. Maybe if Guest had been punished, Helena would not be having such a hard time dealing with what had happened to her.

Staying by yourself for weeks on end couldn’t be healthy, but TK knew there wasn’t much he could do about it. He wasn’t Helena’s Dom. He was just the man who owned the property where she’d been found after her disappearance.

“I’m back.” Ty sat down. “We have a strict limit on what people can drink, two drink maximum, and some want to go over that limit.”

TK made a noise of assent, then cleared his throat. “Tell me about Helena.”

“What would you like to know?”

“Everything.”

Ty nodded with a smile. “She’s a pistol; that’s for sure. Or at least she used to be.”

“Tell me about her before the incident with Guest.”

Ty thought for a minute before speaking. "Helena's a pain slut, plus she's willing to try anything. I told her lots of times that she needed to slow down, stop going off with people that she didn't know. But she always said she was having fun, she loved it, and she wasn't going to stop."

"What about her Dom?"

"She never had one, except for her husband. I didn't know her when she was married. But, Harper tells me after he died was when she went really crazy."

"What about her sister? Has she always been wild?"

"Harper? No, they're as different as night and day. In fact, you could have knocked me over with a feather when Walker and Oscar collared her. Helena tried to get her into the lifestyle, but Harper didn't care for it, until she met her two men."

"Sometimes that's what it takes."

Ty nodded, then pushed back in his chair. "That's what Helena needs, really, a firm hand. Right now she's brooding, afraid to come back into the world. Someone needs to go up there and give her a good talking to."

TK gave him a sly look. "What are you suggesting?"

"How well did you get along with her in Florida?"

"I only saw her for two days, but we formed a bond. I would have loved to top her, but it wasn't the right time."

"Now is."

"Well, except she's what, three hours away? And I'm only here for one night."

"You have a rental car, and plane reservations can be changed. Here's the guest of honor." Ty stood to greet Andy and his sub, Sissy. TK gave him a hearty hug, then greeted Sissy with a kiss. When the two had left to talk with a woman at the front of the room, Ty clapped TK on the shoulder.

"You did a good job mentoring him before he moved out here," Ty said. "He's a good Dom."

"I agree," TK said. "I was honored when he asked me to come and take part in the collaring ceremony. It's gratifying to see someone you taught use those teachings so well."

Before long, the ceremony was in full swing. TK stood at the front, holding Sissy's collar while Andy bound her to a St. Andrew's Cross, flogged her breasts and pussy before slowly bringing her to orgasm, telling her all along how she belonged to him, in every sense of the word.

As Andy took the collar from TK and fastened it around Sissy's neck and snapped the lock into place, TK could think of nothing but Helena, sitting alone in a cabin, scarred by a man who had no business practicing BDSM. He wanted to sit down and talk with her, wanted to see where her mind was at, and whether she was recovering, or just hiding out.

And hell, who was he kidding, he wanted to top her. He wanted to watch passion grow in her eyes, wanted to watch her beg him for punishment, and then beg him to fuck her. He wanted to flog her,

watching her squirm under the touch. He wanted to get her on all fours, mount her, and stuff her pussy full of his cock; then he would make her beg some more before filling her pretty little ass too.

His cock twitched at the idea and he shifted his weight, trying to give it room inside his suddenly tight pants. He knew he could go and find the pretty little brunette who'd been giving him the eye all night long. She would ease the ache in his loins; he had no doubt of that. But she couldn't knock out the image of Helena that he'd carried since she'd been discovered at the Playhouse.

When the ceremony was over, he congratulated Andy and Sissy, and talked with them for a while before going in search of Ty. He found him talking to his sub, Chess.

"So," TK said. "How far is it up to Chama again?"

"Three hours," Ty said, reaching into his pocket. He handed TK a sheet of paper. "Here are the directions. There'll be a red SUV parked outside the cabin. That's how you'll know you've got the right place. If you left now, you'd be there around two or three. But if I were you, I'd wait until morning. We won't call and tell her you're coming, unless you want us to."

"No. Let's make it a surprise. If all works out well, I'll take her back to Florida with me for a while. We'll do some soul searching, and see if we can't get her over this bump in the road."

"Helena's always been wild," Ty said. "She likes the excitement of sex. But somewhere along the way she's lost sight of what BDSM should mean and why she was attracted to it. Maybe you can help her rediscover it again."

* * * * *

Helena stretched, then sighed loudly. Sunlight seeped in through the open window and she squinted, then put her arm over her eyes. The clean smell of mountain air drifted inside and she buried herself under the covers, wondering what time it was. Then, she decided it really didn't matter. She didn't have any plans for the day. She would get up when she wanted to, read another book, and then go to bed. Sometime in between those things she would find time to eat. She might even give herself an orgasm.

She knew she should call Harper back, but she didn't have the energy to face her baby sister's pleas that she come back to Albuquerque. The store was in Harper's capable hands, and Helena wanted nothing more than to hide from society and never have to face another human being again.

She'd been in this cabin for four weeks now, with breaks to go into town for food and more books. She'd glanced at newspaper and magazine headlines as she'd waited in the grocery store lines, but other than that, the only contact she'd had were brief conversations with Harper. Lately, she'd even been refusing those.

The idea of staying here forever was tempting, even though she knew it wasn't a possibility. Sooner or later she would have to face people again, would have to go back to her real life.

But what part of her real life was left? Harper's two Doms, Oscar and Walker, now lived in the house she and her baby sister owned together. The idea of sharing the space with them didn't appeal to her. She would need to find a place of her own, which was fine with her. She'd told Harper to take the house. She could easily buy another one, since her late husband had left her more than a little bit of money, and her lingerie store, Sapphire's on the Square, was very successful.

What would she do, though, once she was back in Albuquerque? She could work at the store, sure, but going back to Tygers was impossible. Despite her physical cravings for sex, her mind couldn't wrap itself around the idea of being topped again. It was too frightening, after what had happened.

She pulled a pillow over her head in an effort to block out the image of Guest's eyes as he told her she would follow his instructions, or her sister would pay for Helena's defiance. Of course using the pillow didn't work, because Guest wasn't there. His face was burned into her brain. How had she gotten herself into that situation in the first place? She knew how, but she didn't want to admit it. She'd been reckless for years, allowing herself to play with anyone who asked, and it had finally caught up with her. Now she was paying the price.

When she thought about the things she'd done over the years, Helena knew she was lucky that her bad experience with Guest had been her first. Ty had warned her once about going off with Doms or Dommies that she didn't know. She'd ignored him. Now, she wished she hadn't.

A knock at the door made her body tense. She snuggled down into the bed, determined to ignore the unwelcome visitor. She knew it would be Oscar's friend, Jack, coming to check on her one more time. She had no desire to talk to him this morning. The pounding came again and she groaned. Jack was determined this morning. The last two times he'd been a good boy and left when she'd ignored him.

"Helena, open up!" The voice was deep, and it wasn't Jack's. Helena sat up, her heart beating wildly. She had a shotgun in the house, and a cell phone to call the sheriff, if needed. But the voice hadn't sounded angry or scary, just determined.

She pushed back the covers and stood, pulling on jeans before wrapping her upper body in a thick robe. At the front door she pushed open the curtain and peered out the window, her eyes widening at the man standing on the deck.

"Hey, shorty, let me in."

"TK." She undid the locks and opened the door. "What are you doing here?"

"Starving. I brought breakfast. Bagels with cream cheese and some fruit. This won't hold me, though, so we'll need bacon and eggs too. I hope you've made coffee already." He held up two bags of food.

"No. I --"

"Well, then let's get cracking. It would be a shame to waste this beautiful day."

Despite his words, he still stood on the other side of the door. He was dressed casually, in jeans and a Harley T-shirt. She stared up, her shock at finding him on her doorstep racing through her veins.

"May I come in? Or are you going to leave me standing out here on the deck?"

"What? Oh, yes, come in."

He dominated the room as he stepped inside, and she remembered why he'd struck her so when she'd met him. Despite the shock she'd been feeling at the time, she remembered his size, and the kindness he'd shown her as he'd winked and flirted with her, stroking her hair and cheek when she'd started to cry while Harper had been talking with Oscar and Walker.

In the two days they'd stayed in Florida before coming home to Albuquerque, he'd been very attentive, and had never once made a pass at her, or tried to top her. The five of them had talked quite a bit, and when she'd finally decided not to press charges against Guest, he'd driven them to the airport and given her a hug good-bye, telling her to keep in touch, something she hadn't done.

"Did they call you? About me?"

"No. I was in Albuquerque for a collaring and I asked about you. They said you'd become a hermit. I came up here to crack your shell."

Warmth suffused her body and she smiled tentatively. "Thanks, but I'm not sure that's a good idea."

"I think it's a great idea. So point me toward the kitchen. Then, we'll eat and talk."

Helena thought this was one of those times she should say not just no, but hell no. Her traitorous body was already reacting to the man standing in front of her. Her nipples tingled and her clit throbbed. She should tell him to leave, before she ended up doing something she would regret. After all, she didn't know this Dom any more than she'd known Guest.

But she knew that wasn't really true. When she'd been rescued from Guest at M's Playhouse, TK had been gentle and caring, wanting nothing more than to make sure she was all right.

"Helena? The kitchen?" Even now his voice was kind, yet insistent. She knew that he would leave if she asked, though he would put up a fight first.

She paused for a moment more, her mind wavering, then pointed to the right. "It's in there. I'll go and get dressed."

"I'd rather see you undressed, but I'll settle for dressed, for now." Her nipples tightened at the sound of his voice and she turned away from him, afraid that even through the robe he would notice.

In the bedroom, she exchanged her robe for a bra and T-shirt. The smell of bacon frying reached her nose and she sniffed in appreciation. She knew she hadn't been eating too well since she'd been here, and the idea of bacon and eggs with bagels was very appealing.

She found TK at the stove, looking as if he owned the place.

"Wanna eat outside? It's really nice this morning." He kept his face turned to the stove.

"Sure."

"Then set us up out there."

Helena did as he asked, putting a full coffee carafe, cups, and condiments on the table along with plates and silverware. A few deer wandered by just as TK carried out a platter of food.

By the time she sat down, he had already loaded his plate, and her own, with food.

"I can't eat this much."

“Try. You look pretty skinny.” She took a bite of bagel, then spread the portion that was left with cream cheese, rolling her eyes in pleasure at the first bite.

“Delicious. It’s been a long time.”

“Too long, obviously. Why are you hiding out up here?” He continued to eat and drink, but his gaze focused on her.

“I’m just...vacationing.”

“For four weeks? By yourself? Sounds more to me like you’re feeling sorry for yourself and hiding from the world.”

Helena was shocked that he’d assessed the situation so perfectly. Still, it hurt to have it thrown in her face.

She pushed her plate away. “How dare you? You don’t even know me.”

“Sure I do; I’ve seen people like you. Putting yourselves in situations that are bad, and then getting mad when something terrible happens.”

Tears formed in her eyes. “Are you saying it’s my fault, that Guest did nothing wrong?”

“No, that’s not what I’m saying. Guest is an asshole who doesn’t deserve to breathe. What I’m saying is you know, deep down, that you put yourself in that situation, and now you’re punishing yourself for it. You need to stop doing that, Helena. It’s not going to change things. Deal with it and move on.”

TK had finished eating all the food on his plate. He took another bagel and slathered it with cream cheese, biting off a huge portion.

“I don’t believe you. Making it out to be my fault.”

“I don’t have to do that, Helena. You’re doing it all by yourself. Admit it.”

She turned her head away from him, the threatening tears now falling freely.

“Cry all you want, but you know it’s true. You need to forgive yourself and go forward. You can’t change what happened, but you can learn from it, and not allow it to happen again.”

When she didn’t answer, he continued to talk. “How many times have you questioned your judgment since this happened?”

“All the time.”

“Tell me how long you’d known Guest before you basically gave yourself up to his control.”

“A few days. He was so nice, at first, and he gave me what I like.”

“And what’s that?” TK’s voice was soft now.

“Pain.” She managed to grin at him, then wiped at her tears. “I’m a nasty little girl.”

"I like that idea." He put his hand over hers and gently caressed her with his thumb. "That's nothing to be ashamed of. Tell me why you went with him."

"No."

"Helena, tell me. Did you feel some sort of bond with him, or was it just physical? Were you attracted to him, or attracted to the danger that he presented? Think about it for a few minutes, and then tell me."

"You're not my Dom." She tried to put strength behind her voice. "I don't have to tell you anything."

"You're right; I'm not. But I am concerned, even though I've known you for such a little amount of time. Your family and friends are worried too."

"They might be concerned, but you blame me. You just said so."

"No, that's not what I said. What I said was you used bad judgment. You treat BDSM like it's a game, and it's not. Just like with anything in life, there are good points and bad points. Guess is the latter, and when you treat it like a game, you get burned by people like him who take advantage of people like you; people who have lost sight of what BDSM is all about, or who didn't know in the first place. People who forget there are rules to be followed."

Helena turned her attention to the deer, which stood near the woods, watching them. She moved to the edge of the deck, staring at the trees. The silence dragged on, and she refused to look at him.

"You never did answer my question. Why did you go with him?"

"Because I thought it would be fun. I knew he played harder than some people, and I liked that."

"Is that why you're blaming yourself?"

"Yes. I should have seen him for what he was."

He came and stood next to her.

"You know, I'm sure every person who's ever been duped by a con man says the same thing. I should have known better."

"I'm sure you're right. But you're also right when you say I should have never put myself in that situation."

TK rubbed his hands together to dislodge any crumbs that were left. Then he went back to the table and picked up his coffee cup.

"Ugh. Cold." He threw the brew over the deck and poured a new cup. "You know what I think you need, Helena? I think you need to be retaught what BDSM means, and why you're in it. Because if it's just for the pain, you can get that without BDSM. The lifestyle is so much more than that."

"I suppose you're willing to reeducate me?"

“I am. But you’d have to come to Florida with me. I have a business to run, you know.”

Helena watched the deer, which had decided they were bored with the humans and were now ambling off into the woods.

“I don’t know. Truthfully, I don’t know you any better than I knew Guest.”

“I’d be upset by that remark if you weren’t right. What you do know is that I’m an experienced Dom who owns my own club and is respected in the community -- or at least I hope you know that. Ask your friend Ty to call other club owners. I’m sure we know a lot of the same people. They’ll give me good references.”

“I could do that.” She clasped her hands in front of her, her stomach somersaulting inside her body.

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll go into town and look around. You’ll have the afternoon to make phone calls and get some information. I’ll be back by six. That gives you about seven hours to make a decision. And I promise you that if you come with me and you want to go home at any time, then you can. You have my word.”

Chapter Two

Ty was only too happy to help Helena find out more about TK. By four that afternoon, he’d called back to say he’d contacted six people he thought would know the club owner, and five of them did. All five said he was an upstanding Dom who could be trusted in every way.

“And I know these people, Helena. I trust their word. If they’ve lied to me, I’ll see they pay for it, mark my words.”

He proceeded to tell her everything he’d learned. TK Holing was thirty-four years old, and had inherited M’s Playhouse from a man named Richard Johnston, who had passed away three years before. TK was the sole owner, and, according to Ty, was well-off even before working with the Playhouse. His parents were writers, who coauthored mystery novels under the name Lola Stevens. He’d played college football, but had never gone pro because of a knee injury. He’d been married once and was divorced, with no children.

She’d thanked Ty for his report and for his sincerity, and by five she’d made her decision. Part of what TK had said made sense. She wasn’t to blame for what had happened, but she had exercised poor judgment. And, if she could learn from examining herself and figuring out why she practiced BDSM, then nothing but good could come from it. Right now, all she was doing was sitting around feeling sorry for herself. It was time for the pity party to stop and the reeducation to begin.

By the time TK arrived at six, she’d already packed most of her things. Not that she’d brought that much with her. She was happier than she’d been in weeks and was actually excited about going to Florida, although she was extremely nervous about submitting to TK, despite what Ty had told her. She hadn’t been with anyone since Guest, and she hoped she didn’t freak out at the first contact with the striking man.

She opened the door before he knocked and ushered him inside. “Did you get bored in town?”

“Well, there’s not much there, true. But I found some things to do, and I took a ride in the mountains. Absolutely gorgeous.” He turned to her. “So, what’s the verdict?”

“Ty says you’re good to go.”

“And what do you say?” He took a step toward her and she was reminded of the difference in their sizes. He was a good foot and a half taller than she was, and that thought alone made her nerves jump. She fought down her panic, realizing that she needed this before she turned into a hermit for life.

“Yes. I’ll go with you.”

“You’ll submit to me? Submit to my teachings, both physical and mental?”

“Yes.” She felt as if she’d spit the word out, and she knew he’d noticed.

“You don’t sound so sure.”

“I’m just nervous. It’s been so long, and well, it was so bad.”

He stroked her cheek. “Then we need to calm you down. How about an orgasm?”

Helena shivered as he continued to caress her. “I’m not sure I’m ready for that.”

“I’m not talking about fucking you just yet. But I can watch while you give yourself one, under my command. Do you have toys here?”

She thought about lying to him, but he probably already knew the truth. After all, she’d already told him she was a nasty little girl. “Yes.”

“What do you have?” The provocative lilt in his voice made her chuckle.

“I’ve got a vibrator.”

“And?”

“Um, some clamps.”

“Clamps for what?”

A feeling she’d thought long gone crept into Helena’s stomach, and she actually blushed. She hadn’t been embarrassed to talk in front of a Dom in years.

“Tell me.”

“My nipples.”

“And what else?”

“My clit.”

“I like to hear that.” He gently stroked her shoulders. “Are you pierced?”

“Yes.”

“Show me.” He walked around her and sat down on the couch, crossing one leg over the other and stretching his arms out on the back of the sofa.

“Show you the toys?” She turned to him.

“Not yet. Take off your clothes. I want to see your piercings, first.”

Helena wasn't embarrassed about her body. She was short and had overly large breasts, true; however, her other curves matched, and nobody had ever complained. She took her clothes off quickly, then stood with her hands at her side.

“Come closer.” She moved to within five feet of him, stopping when he held up his hand. “Good. Now, hands behind your back, legs spread, shoulders back, eyes down.”

She did as he asked, the temperature in her body rising. Her already hard nipples began to tingle again, and her clit throbbed under the weight of the ball at the end of her hood piercing.

“Very nice. Massage your breasts for me.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“You can call me Milord.”

“Yes, Milord.” The warmth inside her spread, yet the panic was still there. Despite the thorough report from Ty, she barely knew this man. What if he turned out to be like Guest?

“TK, I...” An image of Guest passed before her eyes, and his voice echoed in her ears. “*Bitch, you'll do what I say.*” “I can't. I'm sorry.”

“Shush, it's all right. Just stay calm.” He stayed in the same position, his body relaxed.

“I don't know if I can do this.” She hugged her arms around herself, shielding her body from his sight. “Maybe this isn't a good idea.”

“I won't touch you tonight. We'll masturbate together. Two very intimate acts performed as one. You can do it. Go and get the vibrator, and just the vibrator. We'll save the rest for another time.”

The fact that he hadn't moved toward her, or raised his voice, calmed her somewhat.

“You're going to be all right, Helena. Go and get the vibrator, and a few towels.”

“Yes, Milord.” She hurried from the room. In the bedroom, she put her head against the wall, trying to calm her breathing. He wasn't asking for sex, which made her feel better. But she still felt vulnerable opening herself up to TK. He was the first man to see her naked since Guest, and part of her kept expecting him to fly off the handle and hit her.

Stop being a baby, Helena! She straightened up, took her vibrator out of her already packed suitcase, and then went to the bathroom to retrieve some towels. When she came out, TK sat in exactly the same position, his body relaxed.

“Sit down at the end, facing me. Spread your legs and put one on the back of the couch.”

She laughed softly. “My legs aren’t long enough to do that.”

“Then lie down flatter. It’ll give me a good view of your pussy. Spread a towel under you first so we don’t leave a wet spot on your friend’s couch.”

“There’s no telling what all this couch has seen. Diego’s quite the Dom himself.”

His chuckle was deep, and when she was in position, the chuckle turned into a deep murmur of approval.

“Very nice. And you’ve kept yourself shaved like a good sub. Spread your lips so I can see your clit.”

Cool air tickled her wet folds as she followed his instructions.

“What a plump little offering. I like it. I’m going to have to get you a slave ring, though. Fit it tight around your clit.”

Helena bucked her hips as he examined her, her fingers straying to her clit.

“Not yet. I’m still looking.” She squirmed under his appraisal. The minutes seemed to drag on. When he finally told her to turn on the vibrator, she touched it to her clit.

“I didn’t say to start; I just said to turn it on. Take it away.”

“TK.”

“Excuse me?” He used the same moderated tone of voice as he had earlier.

“I mean, Milord.”

“Better. You know, Helena, it just occurred to me that, since you’re a pain slut, I’m going to have to be creative in my disciplines. Withholding spankings, or thinking of something I know you don’t like. Just a little FYI for you to chew on for when you forget titles, or don’t behave.

“You may masturbate now, but you can’t come until after I have, and since I haven’t started, you’d better pace yourself.”

She touched the vibrator against her clit, the little nub jumping under the pressure. If she’d been alone, she would have come immediately. She lifted it from her clit, then pressed it down again.

“I can’t wait.”

“You can and you will. I like watching you. Talk to me. Tell me how it feels.”

“Good.” She moved it down her folds, pausing at her entrance.

“You can do better than that. Really talk to me, or stop now, without an orgasm. Tell me all the nasty things you want me to do to you.”

She pushed the vibrator inside, moving it back and forth. Images of submitting to TK flittered through her mind, setting her nerve endings on fire. Mixed in with those images, though, were horrible things she'd done on demand from Guest.

"I...Milord. I can't."

Helena pulled the vibrator out from her pussy, moving her fingers to turn it off.

"No, keep going." He stood and unzipped his jeans. "You play and I'll talk."

He took out his cock and stroked it. Helena's eyes widened. His cock was long and thick and he grasped it in his fist and pumped it several times.

"You like that?"

"Yes, Milord." She put the vibrator back on her clit, her eyes fastened on his cock. All images of Guest fled as she licked her lips in anticipation of tasting TK, of feeling him slide between her lips.

"You can have it, but not tonight. Later, much later, I'm going to fuck that sweet mouth, that delicious pussy, and stick my hard dick up your tight ass."

His words sent shock waves through her body. "I wanna come. Please."

"Not yet. I'm not done. You know what else I'm going to do?"

"What?" She tossed her head from side to side, trying to concentrate on anything but the orgasm that threatened to burst forth at any second.

"I'm going to make you tell me every naughty thing you've ever done, and then we'll recreate it, TK fashion. I'm going to wipe all those bad memories away and replace them with me, with my lips, with my hands, with my dick."

"Milord, please!" She bucked her hips and moved the vibrator off her clit. The pressure was almost unbearable, and she wasn't sure how much longer she could hold back.

He stood, standing above her, his hand jerking his cock. "Put it back on there, now."

She shook her head, her spine tingling when he said, "Now, Helena. Come for me, now."

The tip of the toy had barely touched her clit when she came, just as the first streams of TK's cum hit her breasts.

"Yes, yes, Milord. Oh." She pressed the toy down harder and came again, screaming out as the last of his warmth sprayed her.

She lay on the couch, her chest heaving. When he ran his finger through his cum, then lifted the finger to her mouth, she looked up at him.

"Taste." The command was gentle, and she opened her mouth and sucked his finger inside, savoring the salty taste.

“Good girl.” He knelt down, stroking her hair with one hand as he coated his finger with more, and offered it to her. “You’re going to be fine, Helena. Put yourself in my hands, in my care. Let me show you the true relationship between a Master and sub.”

“Thank you.” Her body was still on fire and his gentle touch didn’t cool her, but seemed to fan the flames.

“You’re welcome, shorty.”

“Excuse me?” She lifted herself up on her elbows.

“Yeah, I like it. Shorty. Much more fun than Helena, so just get used to it. Of course, shorty’s been a bad girl already. You weren’t given permission for a second orgasm, and you know what that means.”

“Punishment.”

“That’s right. Thinking up a way to punish you without pain is going to be fun for both of us.”

He stood, took a towel, and walked toward the back end of the cabin. Helena knew she should be angry at her new name, but somehow she wasn’t. Just like she didn’t feel frightened after having just played with him.

Only time would tell, though, if that feeling would stick or would give way to her old feelings of fear.

Chapter Three

“You’re a million miles away,” TK said, settling into a seat in the Dallas-Ft. Worth terminal.

“You’ve barely said two words to me since we left Albuquerque.”

“That’s not true. Four maybe.”

He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. “Are you having second thoughts?”

“No, just a little nervous is all.” Helena sighed. Nervous was an understatement. Harper had been thrilled to see her, and even more thrilled when Helena had told her she was going to Florida to stay with TK for a while, saying it would be good for her.

That morning, she’d boarded a plane with TK, and now they sat in Dallas, waiting for the plane that would carry them the last two and a half hours to Miami.

“I have a gift for you. Two of them, actually.”

“Really? I like presents.” She gave him her best seductive smile. “What are they?”

“One was easy to get through security, the other a little more difficult. I’m giving you the easy one first.” He reached into his duffle bag and pulled out a sack, which he handed to her.

She opened it to find a large blank spiral notebook. "I can honestly say no man has ever given me a notebook before."

"Good. You're going to use it to write your feelings and your experiences in. The feelings will be easy. Anything you want to jot down. Those are for your eyes only, I won't read them, or force you to share them with me."

"That sounds good." She flipped through the pages. "And the experiences?"

"Each morning I'll ask you to remember something specific you've experienced through BDSM. You'll write it down, and share it with me that evening after I get off work. Then, we'll play out a scene that I've devised around the same situation. The day after that, I want you to write down the differences, and we'll discuss them."

"Sounds like a lot of writing."

"We'll hit some highlights, things that I think you need to remember and work on." He squeezed her hand. "If you thought you'd be sitting around all day while I worked, you're sorely mistaken."

She snapped her fingers and frowned. "Damn, and here I thought this would be a fun vacation."

He reached back into the bag and pulled out a pair of socks, which he passed to her.

"Socks? You brought me socks?" She examined the white cotton material, rolled together as if they were a tube. "They're heavy."

"Peek inside."

She peeled back the material, then let out a cry of surprise. She leaned closer to him. "An anal plug?"

"Yup. There's just enough lube in this little tube here to meet regulations. Go into the bathroom and put the plug in."

She took the tube from his hand and put that and the socks in her purse before standing. She gave him a shy smile before she left. The bathroom was crowded, but she didn't have to wait in line. She selected a stall on the end.

After locking the door, she unwrapped the plug. It was not overly large, about five inches with a wide base and tapered head. It would insert easily enough, and be comfortable to wear, for the most part. She wasn't sure about wearing it for more than two hours on a plane, though.

Still, she'd given herself to TK, and she would follow his directions. She stepped out of her panties, setting them on a small shelf before lubing up the toy. She put a small amount of the lube on her fingers, and had just reached behind her when her cell phone rang.

She glanced at the display, not surprised to see TK's name appear, since he'd programmed his number into her phone that morning. She hurriedly put the earpiece in, then connected to him.

"Yes?"

"How's it going, shorty?"

“Not yet.”

“I want to listen. Put it in now.”

Helena spread the lube on her anus, then placed the toy at the opening. Her breathing accelerated and she knew he could hear her wispy breaths.

“That’s it, baby. Slide it in.” She groaned slightly as it moved past her first muscle. She loved anal play, and knew this meant TK did too.

“Is it in?”

“Not quite.”

“Are you wet?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Glad you remembered that this time. You’ve been a little lax.” She gave a loud sigh. “Push it up there, baby.”

“Yes, Milord.” She made soft noises as she worked the plug inside her. It was small, but it had been a long time since she’d taken anything in her anus. The feeling sent shockwaves of desire through her, and she whispered his name as she worked.

“I need you to fuck me, Milord. Oh, please.”

“Good. That’s it, do it for me. Don’t touch your pussy. Is it all in?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Fuck yourself with it gently, but stay quiet.”

Helena moved the plug in and out of her, loving the pull on her tight muscles, reveling in the fullness, and the fact that TK listened as she moved the plug in and out of her ass. Pressure built in her clit, and need spread through her body.

“Milord, may I come?”

“You may not. Put your panties back on and come back to me.” There was a moment’s pause. “And don’t forget my socks.”

When she was dressed, she stepped out of the stall, loving the feeling of wearing the plug. Her anus throbbed around the intrusion, and she knew it would be an interesting flight to her new home. A woman at the next washbasin nodded at her, studying her with great intent. Helena wondered what she’d heard. How loud had her sighs of pleasure been?

The woman wouldn’t make eye contact with her, so Helena figured she knew something had been going on. Helena washed her hands and left, heading straight for TK, who sat calmly watching the news.

“The woman in the stall next to me is probably telling security I was up to something.” He laughed, then ran his hand up her thigh, stopping just below the end of her skirt. His touch was sensuous, and when he gently squeezed her thigh, she felt it all the way to her clit.

“How’s it feel?”

“Full. Good.”

“Who are you wearing the plug for, shorty?”

“You, Milord.”

“That’s right. It makes me hard to know you’re ass is full because I want it that way. I love knowing you did it because I wanted you to. And I really loved hearing you enjoy it so much. Tell me how it makes you feel.”

“I told you, full.”

“You need to watch your tone; it’s very disrespectful.” He gazed into her eyes and she tried not to look away.

“I’m sorry, Milord. I feel full.”

“Better. But I didn’t mean physically, I meant mentally.” He tapped his forehead. “Tell me what’s going on in your brain.”

“I’m not really sure.” She wanted to tell him no one had ever asked her that question before. And now that she thought about it, it bothered her greatly that no one had ever asked, not even her late husband. He’d always wondered about the physical part, not the mental part. “It makes me feel obedient and submissive. And, it makes me feel warm all over, knowing it’s made you happy.”

“As it should. That shows your submissive soul is still there. I’m very happy to hear that.”

“Me too.”

They announced boarding for their flight, and TK stood, offering Helena his hand. “Let’s hurry and get on the plane before security comes looking for the crazy anal plug lady.”

Warmth spread across Helena’s face and chest, and she knew she was probably beet red. She took his hand and they boarded the plane, taking their seats in first class, with TK at the window and her sitting next to him.

Once they were buckled in, he leaned over and kissed her cheek. “I’m going to sleep. But I want you to write. Your topic today is your first BDSM experience, who it was with, what you did, and how it made you feel. When we get home, I’ll get you settled in; then I have work to do, to catch up from being gone. Tonight, we’ll discuss your first time, and then we’ll do a first time scene together.”

“Thank you, Milord.”

“You’re welcome. It will be a little different for you, since you’re so experienced, but I want you to put yourself back at the front of your BDSM life. Writing about it will help.”

“Yes, Milord. You’re right.”

He squeezed her thigh again. “Squirm around on that plug a little.”

She bounced a little in her chair, inhaling sharply as the plug moved inside her.

“Very good, shorty. Do it several times during the flight, so you don’t forget it’s there, and why you’re wearing it.” TK sat back in his seat and closed his eyes. By the time the plane took off he was fast asleep.

Helena stared down at the notebook in her lap. Remembering things wasn’t going to be hard, really. Writing about them might be a little more difficult. She pulled down the tray and opened the notebook, then closed her eyes to focus on something that happened ages ago.

Chapter Four

M’s Playhouse looked different than Helena remembered. The large plantation-style home was set far from the roadway with the ocean hitting the back of the property.

Now, as the car rounded through the parking lot and entered a lane marked private, she licked her lips and tried to stay calm. This was, after all, the place where she’d been rescued from her hell. She should be happy to be here. Still, the sight of the huge building brought back bad memories that she’d prefer would stay buried.

He skirted around the private cabanas and parked in a garage not far from the main house.

“Ready?”

“Yes. Where will I be staying?”

“My private quarters take up the third floor. You’ll be staying with me.”

“Such a huge space comes with being the boss, huh?”

“Something like that.” He stared at her. “Aren’t you forgetting something?”

“I’m sorry, Milord.”

He shook his head, and she knew she’d messed up. It wasn’t that hard to remember to address a Master by the title they wanted. She wasn’t sure why she was forgetting it.

“Leave your luggage. I’ll send someone out for it later.”

“Yes, Milord.”

She followed him toward the house, where he used a card to unlock a gate in front of a sign that said private. He led her up two flights of stairs, stopping at the top to use the same card to unlock the door.

"I'll get you a card," he said. "You can come and go as you please, unless I say otherwise."

"Thank you."

"You're welcome." His frown deepened, and then they moved into the house. Helena stopped and stared, her mouth open. It was as if they'd entered another dimension, that of an ancient castle. The first thing she noticed was the stone walls. One wall contained a fireplace big enough for someone to stand in.

The other held manacles that hung from the ceiling, and a pair that rested against the floor. Hanging from hooks were various crops and floggers. Her stomach clenched at the sight of them. How she loved to be flogged, but she was so nervous after her experiences with Guest. She worried that pleasure would be taken away from her. She knew she would find out at TK's hands, in time.

Helena turned her gaze to the circular grouping of wood and leather furniture near the fireplace. She stepped toward it, smiling at the animal skin rugs that lay about.

"All fake," he said. "In case you were worried."

"A little, maybe." She gave him a shy smile. "It's so medieval."

"Yes, hence why you should call me Milord."

"I'm sorry, of course. I keep forgetting."

"I've noticed that." He pointed up and at the ceiling and her gaze followed his hand. In the center of the furniture grouping were chains, retracted into the wall right now. A person could be bound to them in the center of the furniture.

She imagined herself bound as TK whipped her while others watched. Again, she closed her eyes and fought back bad memories.

"Let me show you the bedroom."

She followed him inside, her eyes widening again. The wall facing the ocean was a blanket of windows. A huge four-poster bed sat in front of it, raised on a dais. Curtains for each corner hung from the ceiling. Another wall held the manacles and whipping devices.

"I have a more private dungeon that I'll show you another time. In the meantime, this is where you'll sleep, with me. There is a small trundle bed under the main bed. We'll see how things work before we decide which you will use."

"Thank you." The silence grew and then she said, "I mean, thank you, Milord."

"The bathroom has a large shower and tub, and there is a hot tub on the deck. I would have left it inside, but it took away from the ambience I was trying to convey."

"I can imagine, Milord."

"And now, to address your lack of respect." He turned to her. "I am your Lord and Master now, am I not?"

“Yes, Milord.”

“Then why do you keep forgetting my proper address?”

“Nerves, Milord?”

“Is that a question, or an answer?”

“I’m nervous, Milord.”

His nod was curt. “Understandable, but still not something I can accept. Take off your clothes, shorty. All of them.”

It didn’t take her long. She was comforted by the fact he hadn’t raised his voice, despite being upset with her. When she was naked, she stepped before him and bowed her head.

“How’s that plug feel?”

“It’s getting uncomfortable, Milord.”

“I can imagine. I’m going to play on that discomfort. I’ve counted at least ten times that you’ve forgotten my proper address. So your punishment will last ten minutes, one minute for each time.”

“Yes, Milord.” Helena’s excitement pushed away her nerves. She’d missed this, missed it so much.

“Go into the bathroom and remove the plug. Wash it carefully with the items in the top drawer, then place it on a towel to dry and come back to me in the main room.”

“Yes, Milord.” She hurried about her chore, making sure to clean the plug properly. When she was done, she glanced in the mirror. There was a flush on her cheeks that she hadn’t seen in ages. Excitement flowed through her at the idea of being punished.

In the short time she’d been with him, Guest had never explained things, or punished her as a Dom would a sub. Usually he just slapped her, sometimes even going so far as to slam a fist into her stomach.

“That’s over now,” she said to the image in the mirror. “Don’t think about it anymore, unless it’s at Milord’s direction.”

She found him in the living room, seated on the sofa. Sitting next to him was a large stainless steel plug, and a closed plastic box.

“A very nice plug,” he said, picking it up. “I like this one because the head is so wide, like a big firm strawberry. It’s made of stainless steel and weighs about a pound, so it will be uncomfortable to keep it inside you while your body is stretched between the chains. Plus, I’ve had the plug modified, with a little link in the base so I can add weight if I want to. And I do.”

He pressed a button on a remote and the chains lowered from the ceiling. “Arms above your head. And spread your legs as wide as you can and still be standing.”

Her breasts pushed higher as he bound her wrists with the cuffs hanging from the chains.

"I don't usually use this type of punishment on a new subbie. I go for flogging, but since I know you enjoy it so much, I wanted something that would make you a little more uncomfortable."

There was a knock at the door, and Helena tensed when TK said, "Come."

The door opened and a large, dark-haired man walked in. He bowed slightly. "Sir TK. Welcome home."

"Thank you, Sir Donovan. You remember Helena from a few months ago?"

"Of course. Hello."

"Sir Donovan."

"Helena is being punished for being disrespectful. I wonder if you might help me bind her legs."

"With pleasure." Donovan crossed the room. When he was beside Helena, he bent down to remove tiles from the floor on either side of Helena's splayed legs. He attached leg cuffs, then tightened the chains until she was totally bound.

"Very nice," TK said. "Who am I, Helena?"

"You are my Lord and Master."

"That's right. Don't forget it again." The even tone of his voice made her shiver.

"Forgive me, Milord."

"Ten minutes." He opened the case on the sofa to reveal a set of teardrop weights. He tested a few before selecting one. Then he stepped behind her and bent down. The lube was cold, and when he pushed the large plug into her, she groaned loudly. It made her feel much fuller than the smaller plastic one, and the weight of it made her want to push it out. Her moans increased with the weight.

"Only one pound more," he said. "If it slips out, however, I will add more, and we will start the time over. If I were you, I would concentrate on keeping my buttocks clenched, and not letting the plug drop out. If you're doing it right, by the end of ten minutes you should be very uncomfortable."

He patted her behind and sat on the sofa, watching her intently for a few seconds before turning to Sir Donovan.

"Please, sit and tell me what's been happening while I was gone."

Sir Donovan sat, and Helena tried to tune them out as she focused on keeping the weight inside her ass. Her muscles were already sore from wearing a plug for more than three hours, and even now they were protesting the intrusion, trying to push it out.

She clenched her muscles, then shut her eyes and bit her lip in concentration. The men were joking about something, but she knew TK watched her, to make sure she did as instructed. The discomfort was almost unbearable now, and she had no idea how long she'd been standing there. The plug felt as if it weighed five pounds, and her anal muscles screamed in protest.

"Milord." She whispered the word, then hoped he hadn't heard her.

“Yes, shorty?”

“Please, Milord. I’m sorry.”

“Just a little while longer. You’re doing so well. Don’t mess up now.”

The plug slipped, and she clenched harder, working it back up inside her.

“Good girl. That’s good.” He sat forward. “Tell me how you feel, mentally.”

“I’m truly sorry for my disrespect. I want to please you, really I do.”

He turned to Sir Donovan. “Time?”

“About a minute and a half more.”

Helena wasn’t sure she would make it that long. Her anus throbbed now, the pain radiating through her body. The part of her that liked pain, though, loved every minute the plug was inside her. Her clit throbbed with need and she knew her pussy glistened with moisture.

TK didn’t mention it, though. He watched her as Sir Donovan glanced back and forth between her and the watch. When he finally called time, she gave TK a pleading look. He walked behind her and pulled out the plug, patting her bottom.

“Good girl. Now, who am I?”

“My Lord and Master.”

He kissed her shoulder, then turned to Sir Donovan. “Inform the staff that Helena will be staying with me, but she is not to be touched without my express permission.”

“Very well, Sir TK.” Donovan stood.

“Please have slave Celia come and measure her for robes.” TK turned to Helena. “In our rooms, you will be naked, unless you are given express permission from me to wear clothing. I will pick out a training collar for you, and any jewelry I require. When you are in the club, you will wear only what I choose. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Milord.”

He stepped in front of her and cupped her pussy. “Someone wants to come, don’t you?”

“Yes, Milord.” For a few minutes, she thought he would deny her. Then he released one of her hands from the cuff and stepped back.

“Then come.” Helena locked her gaze on his face as her fingers parted her wet folds. She stroked her clit, pushing her bar down into the soft skin. “Milord, oh!” Her body jerked against the chains as intense pleasure rolled through her. He stepped closer and cradled her head against his chest as she rode out the pleasure, her body jerking with aftershocks.

“May I come again?”

“I think not.” He kissed her forehead, then put one arm around her waist as he released her other hand. She slumped against him, pleasure still coursing through her.

Without being asked, Sir Donovan released her legs. TK caressed her behind. “Go and wash up. Then hurry back.”

* * * * *

When she was gone, Donovan turned to TK. “Very nice. I’m jealous.”

“If my instincts are right, she’s never had any kind of formal training.”

“Surely not. She seems very adept.”

“At rougher sex, yes. But she’s missing the training that gives a sub purpose, makes her understand what she’s feeling, and what her Master is feeling. I’ll find out soon enough whether she’s really suited for this lifestyle. I plan some intense training with her, and as such may spend a lot of time up here.”

“You can count on me, TK. I’ll make sure things are taken care of downstairs.”

“Thank you for that. Which reminds me, did you install the chains on my bed, as I asked?”

“Of course. And don’t worry about spending too much time up here. Just let me watch you top her once in a while, and I’ll be happy.”

“I might let you play with us a time or two, depending on how things go. Something tells me she’d enjoy it, very much.” He clapped his friend on the shoulder. “It’s not the physical side I’m worried about, it’s the psychological one.”

Chapter Five

The notebook pages were mostly empty. Helena stared at them, wondering exactly what TK would say when he came back from downstairs and asked what she’d written about. Her topic was her first BDSM experience. And she had less than half a page. Even to her, that was pretty sorry.

When he’d left soon after her punishment, he’d told her he’d be back right after midnight, and he expected her to have her first assignment completed. She glanced at the half page again. Maybe she could elaborate a little bit. Add something to make it seem better. But what would she add?

He’d asked for feelings, and she’d added those in. She’d had two orgasms that night. That was a great memory, if you asked her. She tapped the pencil against the paper, then sighed and set them both down on the coffee table. The furniture in this room made her feel small.

She hugged her legs to her chest and looked around, trying to think of something else she could add. It had been a fairly straightforward experience. She and Shawn wanted to try bondage, so they had. He’d tied her to the bed, then teased her for almost half an hour, not allowing her to come, keeping just enough pressure on her body to drive her crazy.

When she had come, she'd come very hard. She did remember that. Well, if TK didn't like what she'd written, there was nothing she could do about it. He'd asked for her first BDSM experience and she'd given it to him.

Thinking about it brought Shawn's face out of her memory and she smiled. They'd been so great together. When he'd died it had almost killed her. Only Harper's support had kept her from falling apart. Thinking of her baby sister happily ensconced in her home with Oscar and Walker made Helena laugh. Harper was the ultimate control freak. For her to have two Doms, when Helena had none, made no sense.

But I do have a Dom. A very handsome one who played me to a T this afternoon, even if it was punishment. But he's not really my Dom. He's just trying to help push me back from the outer rims of humanity.

The door opened and the man in question walked in. He wore a pair of jeans and a loose white linen top that complimented his beautiful skin and muscles.

"Hello, shorty. Have a good night?"

"Yes, Milord. And you?"

"Normal. Still going on, but I wanted to come and see how you were coming along with your assignment."

She picked up the notebook. "Shall I read it to you, Milord?"

"No." He sat down in one of the huge chairs. "Kneel before me, and then give me the book."

She did as he asked, settling back on her knees when he started to read.

"Up straight, legs spread, hands behind you back, and head down." His words were demanding. "When I tell you to kneel in front of me, I don't mean sit as if you're at a campfire. You will stay at attention until I say otherwise."

"I'm sorry, Milord." She obeyed his orders, spreading her legs so that she was on display for him.

"Respect for your Master is paramount. I thought you understood that."

"I do, Milord. It's just been a while."

The room grew quiet while he studied her. "You might think that, Helena. But I think it's much more than that. Now, stay silent while I read."

She knew it wouldn't take him long to finish the half page. She wanted to look up so that she could see the expression on his face, but she also wanted to obey his commands, so she stayed in position. The silence extended and her nerves grew tauter. When he finally spoke she felt a profound sense of relief.

"It sounds as if you enjoyed it."

"I did, Milord."

“How did he tie you?”

“To the bed, Milord.”

“Details, shorty, I want details.”

She lifted her gaze to his. “Details, Milord?”

“How did he tie you, and with what did he tie you?”

“He tied me spread-eagled with scarves, Milord.”

His nod was almost imperceptible. “And what did he tease you with? His hands? A feather? A scarf?”

“His hands, Milord.”

“And you had two orgasms?”

“Yes, Milord.” Helena’s feelings of unease were stronger now, and she kept her gaze trained on him.

“Who did your training, Helena? Your husband?”

Helena thought about lying to him, but knew it would do no good. He’d keep probing at her until he got the truth. “No one, Milord.”

“No Dom has ever trained you?”

“No, Milord. I read a few books after Shawn died. I wanted to keep experiencing the type of sex life we had together.”

“When Ty asked who trained you, what did you tell him?”

“My husband, Milord.”

TK nodded. “Well, I’m going to train you now. BDSM is more than just rough sex. It’s more than tying someone to the bed and teasing them to orgasm, although that sounds like a great deal of fun.”

She grinned at him, loving the look of pleasure that lit up his face. “BDSM is best when the people involved have a bond. And that bond is created through trust, communication, and shared feelings.”

Warmth suffused her belly.

“Stand up, but stay in your attention position.”

Helena stood, her legs spread, head bowed, and arms behind her back.

“Very good. Listen to me carefully, Helena, because I will not repeat myself. When I enter or leave a room, you will kneel before me and kiss my cock. When you wake, the first thing you will do is kiss my cock, and before you go to sleep, it is the last thing you will do. Likewise, anytime I dismiss you from a room you will kiss my cock. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“This will remind you of your servitude.”

“Yes, Milord.”

“As your Master, I promise to care for you, both physically and mentally. I promise to be open to you, and to listen to your concerns. I will respect you, Helena, as I hope you will respect me. I trust you to open yourself to me, and I will guide you to the best of my abilities. Now, tell me what you expect of me.”

“Excuse me, Milord?”

“What do you expect of me, as your Master?”

“To dominate me, Milord.” She frowned when he said nothing. “Is that the wrong answer?”

“Not wrong, no, but lacking in thought. I want to go beyond sex with you, Helena. Let me into your psyche. That will build a bond between us. Tell me why you think Harper bonded so well with Walker and Oscar.”

“They made her come, Milord.”

“So, she couldn’t orgasm?”

“That’s right, Milord.”

“And she has with them?”

“Yes, Milord.”

He relaxed into the chair. “Why do you think that is?”

“Because they hit the right buttons for her, Milord.”

“Maybe. But maybe it was just that they bonded, mentally. They took the time to relax her, to make her feel comfortable with them.”

Helena nodded but didn’t answer.

“I’m going to leave you some books to read over tomorrow. Then, I’m going to ask you again about what you want from me as a Master.” He stood. “Until then, I have a training collar for you. Have you worn a collar before?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“For a scene, or longer?”

“For longer.” She cleared her throat in discomfort. “Guest made me wear one, Milord.”

“Did he ask you to accept it from him?”

She shook her head in confusion. “No, Milord. He gave me no choice.”

“There is always a choice, shorty, otherwise it’s abuse, and that is unacceptable.” He stood and crossed to her. “This one will be locked around your neck, and I will have the only key. When it is time to bathe, I will take it off, then reattach it afterward. Another sign of your servitude.”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Good. The items for your collaring are on the dresser in my bedroom. Go and get them.”

“Yes, Milord.” She started to walk, then remembered his words from earlier. She dropped to her knees and placed her lips on the outline of his cock, kissing it gently. She could tell he was hard, and she hoped he would let her play with him tonight.

“Very good, shorty.” He gently stroked her hair. She stood and hurried to the bedroom. It wasn’t hard to find the collar. It was a large, black leather object with a D-ring hanging from the front. There were smaller D-rings on the sides. Lying next to it was a leather leash and a lock and key. She picked up the items and headed toward the main room, her heart pounding. Her pussy was drenched with anticipation, but she had no idea if they would have sex or not.

It’s not just about sex, Helena. Remember that. Tell yourself that.

It was hard to remember that, though, when it had been about sex for so long, about her love for the harder side of lovemaking. Once in the other room she knelt and placed her lips against the outline of TK’s cock.

He murmured his approval, then held out his hand. “Give me the collar.” She watched as he turned it over in his hands, as if studying the construction.

“This collar is a symbol of my ownership of you. It’s a training collar. If we decide to make things permanent at some point, it will be replaced. Now, kiss it to show me you accept it, and my ownership of your body.”

The leather was cool under her lips, yet the kiss heated her insides as nothing had ever done before. Her pussy, already wet and needy, tightened in anticipation. TK held it in front of her face for a few moments, then knelt behind her and fastened it around her neck. When the lock clicked into place, panic raced through her body.

Her fingers clawed at the leather, which wasn’t tight, and she pulled on the ring. “Do we have to lock it?”

“Yes.” His hands were on her shoulders now. She could feel his hot breath on her shoulder as he spoke. “Take a deep breath. You’re going to be all right.”

When she dropped her hand back down to her side, he stood and walked back around to the front. “You’re sub Helena now. Only I will call you shorty.”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Give me the leash.” Once he’d attached it to the ring, he tugged on it. “I’m going to have to train you to leash commands. One tug means stop. Two means go. Three tugs means for you to get into

position on your knees or to stand if you're already kneeling, and four means just that, for you to get on all fours, shoulders down, legs spread, ass high in the air, and pointed toward me. And, if you are on your knees when I tug twice you will follow me on your hands and knees. Understood?"

"Yes, Milord." He tugged three times on the leash and she stood.

"Very nice." He trailed the leather across her nipples, which tingled and hardened more. "Such hard little nipples. And I smell a wet pussy. Does my shorty want to come?"

"Yes, Milord."

"Let's see if you can earn that privilege, or if you go to bed without." He tugged three times and she went down on her knees. Then he turned and tugged twice before walking toward the sofa. She followed him on all fours, her excitement going up yet another notch.

She imagined being outside her body, watching them, her hulking Master holding her leash as she crawled behind him. Her pussy clenched and she wanted to beg him to stop right there, to fuck her hard. She bit back her words, though, and concentrated on doing as he'd said.

When he sat down he tugged once and she stopped. "Very nice." He ran his free hand over his hard cock. She could see the outline of it in his pants. "I'm going to have to have Sir Donovan build a step for you, so that when you're on your knees you're at the proper height to suck my cock."

"I'd like that, Milord."

"Yes, you will." He teased her nipple with the leash again. "How are you feeling? Better?"

"Yes, Milord."

"Good. Shorty, if at any time you feel anxiety, you have to let me know. I won't say it again, and it's your responsibility to do so."

"Yes, Milord."

Touch me! I can't stand it anymore. Please! Fuck me, let me suck you. Do something.

TK sat back in his chair, wrapping her leash around his hand. He tugged three times and she stood. The tension on the leash kept her from standing upright, though, so she bent slightly, her head very near his chest. Her gaze focused on his hand, which stroked his cock.

He kept her in that position for a few minutes before loosening the tension. "Very good. Stand up straight."

His gaze raked over her again; then he licked his lips. "Spread your outer pussy lips, but don't touch the soft insides. Just keep them spread so I can see."

Helena's hands trembled as she followed his command. When he leaned forward to examine her, and she felt his hot breath on her soft lips, she almost came.

"Milord, please, touch me, or let me touch myself." When he sat back in his chair she whimpered softly.

“Close your lips. A properly trained submissive would never have done that, Helena. She would allow her Master to look his fill, and never would have begged to be touched. Part of her job is following his commands, and pleasing him.”

“I understand, Milord.” He tugged three times and she dropped to her knees.

“Take my zipper down with your mouth.”

She leaned toward him, wanting to run her tongue over his cock, even through his pants. When she put her hands on the chair arms to brace herself, he smacked her breast softly with the leather.

“Hands behind your back.” He leaned back in the deep-seated chair, his legs spread wide. Helena lowered her face to his crotch, her upper body moving rapidly with excitement.

“Take a deep breath. Relax and do as I told you.”

Helena curved her tongue to a point in an effort to move the zipper tab away from the teeth of the zipper. She nudged it, trying in vain to send it upward. It took several tries before it lifted and she could move fast enough to get her teeth around the slider before it dropped back down.

The sound of the metal coming undone filled the room as she pulled gently, afraid to pull hard in case she would lose her grip. Her chin scraped over his hard cock and his low moan filled her with contentment. This felt so wonderful, so right.

When the zipper was down, she leaned back. “Like that, Milord?”

“Just like that.” His hands went into his pants, taking out his cock. “Do you want me?”

“Yes, Milord.” *So very badly* .

He started to stroke himself, his cock growing thicker. Helena licked her lips and watched his movements. She wanted to suck him into her mouth, swirl her tongue around the head of his cock, and swallow him deep. She wanted to lick his shaft and lap at his balls.

His movements quickened, his hand running up and down his shaft, straying at times to cup the head and squeeze. She heard a whimper. It took a few seconds to realize the sound had come from her throat. She was determined this time, though, not to ask for him. A good sub wouldn't ask, and she wanted to be a good sub.

When he grasped her hair in his hand and moved her head back she thought she'd died and gone to heaven. He beat his cock against her mouth, the slaps hard and glorious. She closed her eyes and reveled in the sensation.

“Open your mouth and stick out your tongue, but don't suck or lick. Just stay still.” He pounded her tongue with his hardness, her hair still wrapped in one hand. She felt as if she were the nail, and his cock the hammer. Never had anything felt so delicious, so perfectly wonderful.

“Swallow.” The first jets of his cum hit the back of her mouth. She kept it open and used her throat muscles to take his gift, swallowing as fast as she could. He sighed in contentment and let go of her hair.

“Lick me clean.” She licked up the remainder of his cum, loving the salty taste of his maleness.
“Good girl. Now climb up on my lap and lay down on your back.”

She felt small as she settled herself onto him, his now flaccid cock resting against her side.

“Would my shorty like to come?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Masturbate for me. Play with your nipples and pussy at will, but don’t come until I give you permission.”

“As you command, Milord.”

“I like that. Very nice, shorty.” She pulled on her nipples, twisting them until the sharp pain turned into sweet pleasure. Her fingers strayed to her lips, parting them so she could stroke her clit, faster and faster and then slowing down when she was afraid she would lose control, and come without his authorization.

“So beautiful,” he said. “I need to remember to ask Sir Kean about the slave ring for your hood piercing. Remind me in the morning.”

“Yes, Milord.” She wanted to beg for his consent to come but kept her words to herself, her hands stroking through her wetness as he watched her. His gaze made her hotter, made her pussy clench tighter in need.

She wiggled on his lap and felt his cock stir. Would he get hard again? She hoped so, but she doubted it. Even if he did, he was taking things slowly, and she doubted he would penetrate her tonight.

Finally, when she was rocking back and forth on his lap, her desire to climax evident by her movements, he put his hand on her stomach and whispered, “Now.”

It was as if someone had set off a grenade inside her body. Sharp snaps of pleasure hit her nerve endings as she came.

“Milord!”

“That’s it, ride it out. Good little shorty.” She collapsed on his lap, his hand still caressing her belly.

She looked up to find his gaze trained on hers. “Who do you belong to?”

“You, Milord.”

“Good. Now, let’s put you to bed. I have work to do downstairs, and then I’ll be back, but we won’t play again until tomorrow.”

“As you command, Milord.”

He pulled on her leash, lifting her until their faces were inches apart. “Words for you to live by, little one. Now, get up so we can get you settled.”

Chapter Six

The rattling of a chain woke Helena. She clasped the sheet, trying to remember where she was. A man slept next to her, his body warm and large, his soft snores comforting. And then she remembered. TK. She was in Florida with him, sleeping in his bed, with her right ankle encased in a leg manacle attached to a chain on his bed.

Her mind went back to last night, when he'd attached the cuff to her. He must have seen the terrified look on her face. "Don't panic. It's not locked, so you can take it off at anytime. Plus, there's plenty of length on the chain to make it to the bathroom and back if you need to. Just remember to wind the length back under the bed so it's not sitting out for someone to step on."

Her hand flew to the collar around her neck. That one was locked. After she'd kissed TK's cock and he'd left last night, she'd tried to find a comfortable position, but the leather was a constant reminder she now belonged to him, even if it was a training collar. For his part, TK had been up and down several times during the night. She wasn't sure why. Each time he'd risen, though, she'd wondered where he was going, and what he was doing.

She moved her leg to rise and the chain rattled again. She sat up, ready to make a quick trip to the restroom.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" TK's voice was heavy with sleep.

She leaned over and kissed his cock, which hardened instantly. "Forgive me, Milord. I thought you were asleep."

"It doesn't matter if I'm sleeping, it's your duty." He pumped his cock. "Hurry back."

"Yes, Milord." She hurried about her needs, then washed her hands and returned. TK lay in the middle of the bed, his hand stroking slowly over his now fully engorged cock.

"Suck me. Be my early morning slut."

Helena's senses soared as she took him into her mouth. She clasped her hands behind her back as he grasped the back of her neck and guided her mouth. She loved to suck cock, and TK's was long and full, throbbing as she gently scraped her teeth over the veins and bit gently on the spot where the head met his shaft.

"Oh, fuck, that feels good; you are a nasty little girl. I like it."

She flicked her tongue over the vein there, then bit him again, just enough to cause friction.

"Fuck! Damn, I like that." He pushed her head farther down and she sucked harder.

His words of praise made her tingle with delight, and her already excited pussy begged for attention, her clit throbbing against the ball from her hood piercing. She wanted to touch herself, but didn't dare without her Master's permission.

"If you were wearing your leash, I would tug four times. Tell me what you'd do, shorty."

“Down on all fours, legs spread, ass in the air.”

“Straddle my chest in that position.” She moved over him, her legs spread wide to get around his wide chest. “Suck me again, and continue with some of that delicious nibbling.”

Helena loved, and hated, that she was so open to him. Being on display had never bothered her before, but now it seemed so intimate. She hadn’t woken up next to a man since she’d been married to Shawn. She was the “love them and leave them” type of girl. And Guest had never had her share his bed, telling her subs slept on the floor where they belonged.

TK rattled the chain on her leg. “What is this?”

She lifted her mouth off his cock long enough to reply. “Your chain, Milord.” She sucked him down again.

“And what does it mean?”

There was a loud popping noise as she pulled her mouth from his cock. “That I belong to you, Milord.” She sucked him in again, groaning as two fingers entered her wet channel.

“Nice and tight, just like I like it.” He moved slowly at first, then began to fuck her harder, adding a third finger. “Keep up with me. Suck my cock to the rhythm of my fingers in your tight little pussy. You remember that chain, Helena. As long as you sleep in my bed, you’ll wear it to show you belong to me.”

It was hard to concentrate on her mouth when she was so close to orgasm. She nipped and licked at his cock as he throbbed in her mouth. When her hand cupped his balls, he groaned loudly, and when one of her fingers gently rubbed the area behind his balls that led to his anus he came, flooding her mouth as his fingers continued to pump in and out of her wetness.

“Swallow it all. Don’t miss a drop.” He continued to pump her, the sensations turning her insides to jelly. She wanted -- no needed -- to come.

She drank from him greedily, licking up every last luscious drop. When his cock dropped from her mouth, he pinched her clit, pushing the ball into the hardened nub.

“Come.” Helena exploded, her body shaking as she pushed back on his fingers.

“Very nice.” TK slapped her ass. “I’ve always been a morning man. Nothing like a round of pure sex.”

He slapped her ass again. “Stand at the end of the bed.”

Her gaze darted out to the ocean beyond the windows. “It’s beautiful.”

“Isn’t it? A glorious sight to wake up to.” He lifted up on his elbows. “And the ocean’s not so bad either.”

She lowered her gaze. “Thank you, Milord.”

“You have several appointments today, shorty. They will be coming to you. Sir Kean will measure your bar for a slave ring. Slave Celia will measure you for clothing, that I have already chosen, and

slave Jessica will be down to see if you're allergic to anything. Sir Jackson will be down to examine you medically. It's standard procedure for a new houseguest."

"All these people live here?" Confusion rippled through her. At Tygers, she knew Ty and Chess lived on site, but no one else.

"Yes, they do. We're our own little community, you might say. We have about twenty people who either live in the house or in some of the cottages nearer the ocean. They're employed here in some fashion or other. The slaves wait on others, of course, and the Doms perform other services, like a jeweler or a doctor."

"It's like a medieval village."

"I thought we already went over that. But yes, you're right. We have a caste system; not necessarily from youngest to oldest, but based on who has more experience in the BDSM community. Each Dom that has expertise in a certain area works a certain room in the house; for instance, the whipping room, where Sir Donovan reigns supreme."

Helena's eyes widened and TK laughed. "Would you like to visit him?"

"Very much, Milord."

"We'll see. It will be a treat for you, if you behave."

"As you command, Milord."

She knew he was trying to hide a smile. "We try and eat one meal a day together, to keep a sense of community about us. The lunch meal is at two. We will attend."

"Will I be naked, Milord?"

"Possibly. It depends on how I feel when I come to get you."

"Do I get to feel you and decide, Milord?"

He shook his head at her and then chuckled. "You're going to be a handful. Watch your mouth, shorty. Remember, for you, whippings are a treat, not a punishment."

"I'll behave, Milord. But may I ask a question?"

"Of course. Remember what I said about communication."

"It's paramount, Milord." When he lifted his eyebrows, she continued. "Why are they slaves, and I'm a sub?"

"Slaves are submissives, whether male or female, who have given themselves, all aspects of their lives, to their Master or Mistress. You are not a slave, Helena, nor do I think you ever will be."

"Is that good, or bad, Milord?"

"It can be either. You're a strong woman, who has lived life on her own for a long time. You're going to be a great sub, but not a slave."

Helena's nipples tingled with the compliment. There was a knock on the door, and TK ordered, "Come."

Sir Donovan came in, followed by a short, dark-haired woman.

"Sir TK, I hope we're not too early," he said. "Slave Celia is anxious to get busy on the clothes you selected for your new sub."

"Perfect." TK stood. Helena watched him with admiration as he strode toward the desk, naked. "Slave Celia, my new sub will bathe first, and then she will meet you in the outer chamber."

"As you wish, Sir TK." The woman bowed and left; then TK came up to Helena. He unlocked the collar and took it off.

"Go and shower, then return for your collar."

"Yes, Milord." She went to her knees and kissed his cock, remembering the feel of it in her mouth. Then she hurried into the bathroom. For the first time in months she was eager to start the day, looking forward to what that day would bring, and the things that would happen.

* * * * *

I kept a diary when I was younger, for a very short period of time. When I realized that there was a possibility of someone finding it, I stopped. If you want the truth, even though Sir TK tells me to do this, I still feel a little strange about writing down such personal things.

But, when you think about it, I shouldn't feel strange. I've been naked in a room full of people before. I've done things most women wouldn't dream about doing. And I loved it, until very recently.

Oh, who am I kidding, I still love it. Now, I just fear that fun part will turn into something I hate, something that will bring great pain and humiliation. Pain that turns into pleasure is one thing. I don't like the other type of pain, where I'm whipped while someone is laughing and enjoying themselves way too much. I think...

Helena put the pen down at the knock on the door. She closed the book and carried it quickly into the bedroom before hurrying to open the door and admit the woman on the other side.

Slave Celia smiled shyly then held up a tape measure. "We need to get started. All I need are your measurements."

"Do I at least get to pick colors? I know a little bit about fashion. I own my own lingerie shop."

Slave Celia looked shocked, and then she shook her head as she asked Helena to hold out her arms, then proceeded to measure her. "Sir TK has already selected the designs, fabrics, and colors. I have to have the first one ready by tomorrow night, so I have things to do."

"What's tomorrow night?"

The younger woman smiled. "Thank you for your time, sub Helena. It was nice to meet you." She bowed and left. Helena wondered if all the women here were as closemouthed as she was.

When she was gone, Helena sat down at the desk in TK's bedroom. After she'd finished showering, she'd kissed his cock; then he'd refastened her collar. This time, the sound of the lock didn't make Helena jump; the sound was soft, almost comforting.

Her assignment for the day was not to write about her experiences, but to list what she expected from TK as her Master. He'd left her several books to look through, to give her an idea.

"I hope you can think of more things for your list than you could the first night," TK said as she'd knelt before him and kissed his cock before he left. She thought about her answer the first night, of how she expected him to dominate her. Thought about his answer to promise to care for her in all ways, to respect her, and to help guide her through all things. His answer had been perfect. Hers had been sorely lacking.

She had just opened the first book when there was a knock on the door. It opened without her telling the person to enter, and a striking man about fifty came inside.

"Hello, I'm Sir Jackson."

Helena wasn't sure if she was supposed to bow, or get down on one knee, or what, so she just stayed seated and inclined her head. "Sir Jackson."

"This is just a formality, really. But I like to keep records on all our guests. I have some forms here I'd like you to fill out. Right now I'll just take your blood pressure and temperature and do a cursory exam, to see if all's well on the surface."

Helena wasn't sure if she should be flattered or upset that he was checking her out. She told herself it was something all guests went through, and her Master had ordered it. She stood and walked to him.

"Forms? Sometimes when I do that I make up wrong answers, just for fun." She smiled and loved watching as he fought back a laugh, then cleared his throat to put on a serious face.

"Let's just do our job, shall we?" He took her pressure and temperature, then did a professional exam of her body. Helena had wondered if he'd want to do a complete exam, but he hadn't. He'd stayed on the surface, and when he was done he nodded in approval. "I see nothing wrong. Please give the completed forms to my wife, slave Jessica. She wanted to come down and meet you before lunch, but she's rather busy with a delivery. She'll speak with you after we eat."

When he was gone, Helena filled out the forms, remembering all the times she'd been sick and Harper had held her hand, all the times her sister had been there for her, from having her tonsils out to the extraction of wisdom teeth. It made her miss her, and she made a mental note to remember to ask TK if she could call her that afternoon. Once the forms were filled out, she sat down and picked up a book to read. It didn't take long for the door to open again. She put the book down in frustration and stood, turning to find TK watching her.

"Getting much work done?"

"No. I've had a rather busy morning."

“I see, and has it messed with your memory?”

“What?” She shook her head in confusion, and then her mouth fell open. “Oh, Milord.” She crossed and dropped to her knees, placing her lips on his crotch.

“I’m sorry, Milord.”

“As am I. This, plus your smart mouth this morning, brings on a punishment.”

“A flogging tonight, Milord?”

“Don’t sound so excited, because the answer is no.”

“As you command, Milord.” She tried not to look too disappointed. “I’m sorry for overstepping, Milord.”

“Much better, but it doesn’t change the fact you’re going to be punished. You have to learn to mind your mouth and remember your place.”

An image of Guest flashed through Helena’s mind. She tried to push it aside, and failed. He was pushing her to her knees, his hand tight in her hair. *“Learn your place bitch, at my feet. I own you for the rest of your life.”*

“I can’t, no.” She clawed at the collar around her neck. “Take it off. Please.”

“Helena. Come back here, to me. Relax, just relax.” TK’s voice was soft, yet commanding. He didn’t move toward her, and she fought to get her breath under control.

“I’m sorry, Milord. I promised myself I wouldn’t do that.”

“Helena, I won’t hurt you. Punish you yes, but you have to trust me to know what I’m doing. You have to know that it will have its desired effect, and that you will benefit from it. Do you trust me?”

“Yes, Milord. I just…” She looked at the wall.

“You just what? Tell me, it’s the only way for you to work through it.”

“I thought of Guest, and how he said I had to learn my place.”

“Ah.” TK sat down on the sofa. “The phrases have two totally different meanings. Guest meant to dominate you, true, but only for his own pleasure. A loving Master knows how to mete out punishments that bring the Dom and sub closer, and teach her a lesson at the same time.”

She clasped her hands in front of her. “I’m sorry, Milord. I panicked.”

“It’s all right, shorty. I’m not going to get angry with you for it. I am disappointed at your smart mouth this morning, and your forgetfulness when I came into the room. That’s what you’re being punished for.”

“Thank you, Milord.”

“Go into the bedroom and bend over the bed, legs spread.”

“Yes, Milord.” She knelt down in front of him and kissed his cock. He stroked her hair and she placed her forehead against his crotch.

“We’ll drive them all away. Don’t worry.”

She blinked away tears.

“You have to let me help you, shorty. If you don’t let me inside what you’re feeling, then it will stay bottled up, and that will lead to more troubles. Let me inside.”

“Does that mean you want to fuck me, Milord?” She batted her eyes at him, and hoped he would laugh. He shook his head, and a small smile appeared.

“You don’t always have to have a smart mouth, shorty. It masks what you’re truly feeling, I know, but I want to know you in all ways. Now, do as you’re told.”

“As you command, Milord.”

Chapter Seven

Helena squirmed in her chair, trying, and failing, to take her mind off the toy vibrating inside her.

Toy, ha! Right now I’d call it an instrument of torture. Of course, that’s what he’s using it for, right? Torture.

The dining room was full, and everyone had been happy to greet their boss’s newest submissive. She’d met so many people that it was hard to put names with faces. Still, she remembered a few, and would try to do better as the days went by.

TK allowed her to wear a sheer robe of red, which she knew hid very little. Of course she was also wearing her leash. Still, the other women in the dining room were dressed, two of them in street clothes. The two in street clothes also had on collars, but no leashes.

The toy buzzed again and she swallowed a low moan. Her clit was on fire, and as part of her punishment she would not be allowed an orgasm until after midnight tonight. He’d made it clear to her if he found out she’d come without his permission, the next punishment would be much worse. But she wasn’t sure how that would happen.

“Shorty.” She turned to him.

“Yes, Milord.”

“Sir Kean is speaking to you.” She wanted to tell him that, if he wasn’t pressing the remote on the vibrator every few seconds, she might be able to concentrate on what was being said around her.

“Forgive me, Milord, and you too, Sir Kean.”

The blond who looked to be in his late thirties, nodded. “Sir TK has suggested, and I agree, that I examine your piercing, and measure you for your slave ring.”

Sir Kean. The jeweler. Helena smiled, even as sweat broke out on her palms. Would the embarrassment never stop? If he examined her after lunch, he would find her pussy soaking from the toy. It went off again as if it knew what she was thinking. Or the person with the remote knew what she was thinking.

“Of course, Sir Kean.”

“Excellent. It will help me decide if a regular slave ring will fit, or if I need to craft something specifically for you. Who did your piercings?”

“A woman named Destiney, in Albuquerque, Sir Kean.”

“I met her at a convention last year in Los Angeles. I saw pictures of her work and thought it was excellent. Do you just have the nipples and clit hood?”

“Yes, Sir.” The vibrator came on again and she swallowed a loud groan. She was close to orgasm. Every movement of the instrument of torture, for that’s how she thought of it now, moved her nearer to what she was trying to avoid, a mind-blowing orgasm in front of a room full of near strangers.

Of course it wouldn’t be the first time she’d come in front of people she didn’t know. But she’d been ordered not to, upon threat of further punishment.

When the vibrator turned on, and stayed on, she leaned toward TK. “Milord, I beg you, have mercy.”

“Mercy? Why would I do that?”

“Because, if you don’t I might explode, Milord.”

“I would advise against that, shorty, and you would do well to remember this is punishment.”

“Yes, Milord.” Her clit spasmed under the pressure and she bit her lip, willing herself to calm down.

“Just a little while longer. I’ll turn it off after lunch.”

You’re too kind. I just hope it’s not too late by then. “Thank you, Milord.” This punishment was torture, pure and simple. She’d take a whipping over this any day.

“Something tells me you won’t be showing any disrespect in the near future. Am I right?”

“Yes, Milord.” The vibrator hummed inside her, and when TK turned his attention to Sir Kean again, she thought about letting loose. Then she thought about TK, and how he trusted her to do as she’d agreed to do, which was to follow his teachings, including his punishment.

She fought the urge to come, taking a long sip of water to try and focus on something else, anything else. Getting through this would prove something to herself. Prove that she could follow through on something that wasn’t only physical. She had to do this, not only for him, but for herself.

Pleasing him would be perfect; more perfect, however, would be proving to herself she could follow his instructions. TK made her feel warm inside, and she wanted to do this for the both of them. The

vibrator went off again and she took another drink. When she felt TK's hand on her thigh, she thought she would scream.

She turned toward him, but he was still talking with Sir Kean, his head turned away from her. His hand inched inside the sheer robe and patted her thigh. The message was unmistakable. Spread them.

His fingers found her pussy, gently teasing her wet folds. When she looked across the room, it was obvious to her several of the onlookers knew what was happening. Their boss was feeling up his new sub at the lunch table.

Oddly enough, it didn't make her mad, or make her want to run. It made her feel accepted. She'd seen this sort of bond between friends at Tygers. Although she was part of the group, she always felt as if she were on the fringe. She wondered whether or not she would feel that way here, if she lived here permanently as part of TK's life.

Of course he hadn't proposed that, had he? She was here for him to help her over the huge speed bump that she couldn't seem to get over on her own. That was it. The collar he had on her wasn't permanent, but a training collar. When he thought she'd learned what she needed to, or that he'd served his purpose in her life, he would set her loose. The idea saddened her. She liked TK, and she certainly loved the things he did to her body. She shivered at the memory of this morning's pleasure.

A pinch on her inner thigh made her jump. She turned her gaze to the man in question, who looked at her with his eyebrows lifted in question.

"Did you just have an orgasm?"

"No, I didn't, Milord." But she thought she'd figured out a way to concentrate on more than just what was racing through her body. Think about things that didn't deal with sex.

"I was a little worried there. You were so quiet and trembling."

She smirked at him. "I'm trembling because I have a vibrator inside me that keeps going on and off, Milord."

"Delicious, isn't it?"

"Yes, Milord. It's sweet punishment."

His laugh was more of a snort. "You might change your mind about that later this afternoon, when your clit is aching and I still haven't allowed you to come."

Lunch was over and people were starting to leave. Some stopped by their table to introduce themselves to their boss's new submissive. Helena wondered yet again how she would remember all their names, or put the names and faces together.

A curvy woman around fifty came up and put her arm around Helena's shoulder. "I'm slave Jessica," she said with a huge smile. "Do I need to be aware of any special needs you have foodwise? Allergies? Diabetes?"

“No. I’ll eat anything. Well, except caviar. Yuck.” She stuck out her tongue to show her distaste and the other woman laughed.

“Milord and Master, Sir Jackson, told me you were a handful, and I see he’s right. We’re very happy you’re here.”

Helena opened her mouth to say it was only temporary, but stopped when the vibrator went off, and TK put his hand firmly on her back.

“We’re all very happy. Especially me.” Her body tingled at his words, and the vibrator’s hum turned lower. “And we’re late. Sir Kean would like to examine her and then she has work to do.”

Slave Jessica nodded at her dismissal. TK stood and patted the now empty table. “Up here.”

Helena’s eyes widened. “Milord?”

“Lie up here, for Sir Kean to examine you. It won’t take long.”

She looked at the table and at the people milling about. Taking part of a scene in public had never bothered her, but she wasn’t too sure about an exam by a jewelry maker, in a room they’d just eaten lunch in.

Helena knew she’d hesitated too long when TK crossed his arms over his chest. “I’m waiting.”

“But the table, Milord.” She tried to keep her voice low. She knew it was only an excuse, and she knew that he wouldn’t listen to her. The look he gave her made her cringe. Instead of waiting for a reprimand and more punishment, she lay down, scooting so that her butt was at the end of the table. At Sir Kean’s instructions she put one leg on either side.

When he parted her lips and gently traced her hood piecing she thought she would die of embarrassment. People were watching, she knew. It amazed her that she felt this way. She’d never once in her adult life been ashamed to be naked, or to play out a scene in public. But, then again, that was BG, before Guest.

She was thankful Sir Kean didn’t mention her wetness, or the fact that the vibrator still hummed inside her. She knew he could probably feel her folds moving with the toy’s tremors. When he and TK moved off to talk, she wanted to stand and talk with them. After all, it was her piercing they were discussing. She should have some say in it, shouldn’t she?

She willed herself to stay in place. Right now her body -- and that included her piercings -- belonged to TK. She had to have faith in him to do what was right.

Her thoughts brought back into focus what her assignment was for the day: writing a list of things that she expected to see in TK as her Master. She’d just figured out her first one, she knew. She had to have faith in him, faith that he would keep his promise and care for her, and not do anything that would permanently damage her.

Now, as she waited to be dismissed, she couldn’t wait to get back to the rooms and figure out what else to write down.

Chapter Eight

A good Master is dominant yet loving. He knows what his submissive wants and needs and is willing to provide it for her. He pushes, yet recognizes her limits. He's explained to her that BDSM with him will be safe, sane, and above all, consensual. He knows that respect must be earned, and is not automatic. He knows that trust is important, for without trust there can be no bond. And he knows that communication is important. You can't know someone unless you communicate with them.

TK paused at the doorway to his private rooms. Helena had taken her punishment this afternoon just like he'd thought she would, with a little bit of sulking, and eventual acceptance. She had wanted to come, but he'd been firm, telling her that changing his mind about a punishment wasn't allowed. He knew, too, that she hadn't satisfied herself that afternoon, not because he'd spied on her, but because he trusted her, and he knew she was starting to trust him.

Things were working out as he'd hoped they would. Hopefully by the end of the week he would be able to approach her about making their arrangement more permanent. He hadn't had a collared sub in years, and waking up to Helena's bright smile and talented tongue every morning would be a pleasure.

He opened the door to find her sitting on the couch, the notebook by her side.

"Were you busy today?" Helena dropped to her knees and kissed his cock. This little sign of obedience always thrilled him and made him hard.

"Hello, Milord. And yes, I was."

"Good. You have lots of things for me to read then."

She swallowed hard. "Well, maybe not lots of things. I wrote down a few sentences, after reading the books you gave me. Shall I read them to you now, Milord?"

Her head leaned against his thigh and he stroked her. It still amazed him that she was so much smaller than he was. "Tell me what's wrong, first."

"I've been doing it wrong."

"What have you been doing wrong?" He knew what she was going to say, of course, but the idea that she'd figured it out so quickly thrilled him to no end. He'd really thought it would take longer.

"BDSM, Milord. I always looked at it as rough sex that was fun. I've read books, but it never really soaked in until now. By the time I started playing at Tygers, they all thought I was very experienced, and never really questioned me."

"Don't be sad about it."

"But I am, Milord. It's the reason for what happened. I rushed into it early in life, liked it, and never bothered to do any research, never bothered to think out reasons. It just felt good."

"Stand up." He helped her to her feet, then kissed her forehead. "Read me your list."

She retrieved the notebook from the couch, then stood next to him. “From my Master, I expect someone who can take care of me, both physically and mentally, someone I can trust with my body, and my mind. I expect patience from him as I learn how to please him. I want someone who respects me, and who communicates and will be honest with me.”

“A good list. My intention was not to make you sad, however.”

“Well, I took a good long look this afternoon at what I’ve done in my life. I was a little wild, to say the least.”

“Yes, I would say so.” He moved to the chair and sat down, indicating she should kneel before him.

“I can blame what happened with Guest on that. I was always looking for the next thing, the next way to make me come harder. I think it was because I was never happy, mentally, with what I was doing. Physically I’m a little slut, as we both know. But mentally, I was always searching for something I never quite got.”

Before he could say he’d thought she’d found it with him, she continued talking. “You know what bothers me the most? It spilled over into Harper’s life. I tried to give her advice about sex, since she had such bad luck with it. I hooked her up with one of my Dom friends, who loved to flog me. She hated it and I hurt her because of it. I hurt the one person who was always a constant in my life.”

The tears he saw on her face made his stomach roil. He knew this experience would be emotional, but he didn’t like to see her cry. “I think Harper knew that and she pulled back. I think she’s very happy with what she’s found in life.”

“I hope so.” She wiped away a tear. “May I call her?”

“In the morning, yes. Is there anything else on your list?”

“No, Milord. Should there be?”

“Helena, don’t question what you’ve done today. You’ve taken a giant step in the right direction, and that’s a wonderful thing. Don’t look down on yourself as a failure, or think that everything you did in the past was wrong. Think of it all as a learning experience. Some of it was good, wasn’t it?”

“Yes. A lot of it was good.” Her laugh was soft, and it made his cock harden. Her mouth was so beautiful, and so talented.

“I’m very glad to hear that. With me you have a clean slate, a chance to start over, and to learn a new way to look at things. Go and get your leash. I think you deserve a reward.”

“Yes, Milord.” When she was gone, he took a deep breath. His cock strained against his pants, and knew he had to have her tonight. It would strengthen the bond they were forging, and make her, and him, stronger. And he knew just the place to take her. He took the phone from his pocket and pressed the Call button to put his plans into motion.

* * * * *

Helena tried to keep up with TK's pace, but her short legs were already working overtime. They'd hurried through the main part of the house. He hadn't allowed her to dress, and it thrilled her to be naked, and on his leash.

They were near what she knew was the back door when a man with blond hair stopped them. His hair was tied in a ponytail and hung to his waist. He was TK's size, with huge hands, and a few heavy scars on his forearms that made her want to ask what they were from.

When he looked at her, she lowered her gaze.

"Helena, this is Sir Ulrich, an aptly named man for work in a BDSM club, if you ask me. He is our bondage Master."

"Hello, Sir Ulrich."

"Helena." He handed TK a bag. "Is there anything else, Sir TK?"

"Not until tomorrow. I would like you there around eight, before the rush starts."

"Very well." He actually winked at her before he left, and butterflies took off in her belly. What was happening tomorrow night? For that matter, what was happening tonight? She'd really thought TK would take her while they were upstairs. She thought the time was right, but maybe he didn't. She wasn't sure.

"What's tomorrow night, Milord, if I might ask?"

"You may ask, but I won't necessarily answer. You'll like Sir Ulrich. In addition to being our bondage Master, he likes to play with knives and swords. He likes to be a naughty boy."

"The scars."

"Exactly. From his training days, I believe." He pulled twice on her leash and she hurried to keep up.

The full moon cast a huge light across the yard as they exited the back door. In the distance, Helena could see the cabanas, specifically the one where Guest had been about to auction her off for a whipping before TK's security guards burst in and rescued her.

She looked away from the cabana and looked in the direction TK headed, toward the beach. She loved the beach and all it entailed, sand and surf. But when they got near the sand, he veered off the right, walking through a copse of trees. When he stopped them, they were in a small clearing, where a table made of black marble sat in the middle. It sat on a large base, centered in the middle, with five steps leading up to it.

"Up you go, Helena."

"Yes, Milord." A huge part of her wanted to run, but then she remembered her list, and all she'd read that afternoon. She climbed the steps to the table, which seemed more like an altar, and grabbed an edge to pull her body up. The marble was cold, and when she was flat on her back, TK took her leash and attached it to something behind her so that her head was pulled back slightly, the angle just uncomfortable enough to keep her on edge.

“You’ve just given me a very precious gift, Helena.” He stroked her forehead.

“I did?”

“Yes, you gave me your trust. When you saw the cabanas, you wanted to run, I could tell. But you didn’t. You stayed with me. You trusted me enough to stay. Now, you must trust me to bring us both exquisite pleasure.”

“I do, Milord.”

His lips were gentle against hers, and then he was gone. She heard him open the bag he’d brought, and then he bound her arms and legs to the table, wrapping lengths of soft cord around her and then attaching them to hooks in the table.

Adrenaline flowed through her veins. This was unlike anything she’d ever done before. She felt like a virgin sacrifice to the gods of old, and it thrilled her to no end.

“What does my shorty like? Tell me.” He was standing at her head, his hands softly massaging her temples.

“You, Milord.”

“Good to hear, but tell me what else you like, what you crave.”

“Pain, Milord.”

“How long has it been since you’ve had pain, Helena, pain that you liked?”

“A very long time, Milord.”

“I’m going to be rough with you tonight. If, at anytime you want to stop, you will use the safe word of your choosing. Tell me what you select.”

Helena thought about her life, about the one thing that was constant for her, the one person she had to make amends with soon. “Sister, Milord.”

“Very well.” He continued to stroke her. “We’ll start with a little clit whipping and go from there.”

She wanted to scream out her pleasure at the sound of his words. He went back to the bag and then crossed to side of the table. He spread her outer lips easily.

“Someone’s a wet little slut.”

“Yes, Milord.”

He slapped her pussy a few times, just hard enough for her clit to quiver.

“Just a little warm up. It’s important to make sure a submissive is warmed up before the actual scene starts.”

“Yes, Milord.” Her chest rose and fell with excitement. The strikes were just hard enough for her to enjoy, but not tough enough to make her come. She gasped when he held up a clothespin, then

attached it to the skin just above her hood piercing. The tension was exquisite, and she lifted her hips, bucking them quickly.

“Yes, Milord, yes.”

“Do you like that?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Well, let’s try this then.” He took a second one and placed it around her clit, the lips grazing over the sensitive nub. Her hip movements increased and he slapped her thigh.

“Hold still. I didn’t give you permission to move. Until I say otherwise, you will lie there and take what I give you.”

“As you command, Milord.” The throbbing pain was intense, and Helena loved every second of it. When she heard the sound of leather flying through the air, and felt it strike on the top clothespin, she tensed. The wood moved, rattling the sensitive skin it held captive. The pain spread through her body and TK struck again, the tip of the leather dancing across the bottom clip this time. Her body cried out in protest at the pain, then screamed in pleasure. The next strikes came fast, landing on the clips, and sometimes on her soft skin.

Her orgasm built quickly, the pain pushing it up into her body.

“Milord!”

“Yes?” He sounded almost bored and she cried out again. “I’m going to come.” She pulled against her cuffs as he continued to whip the now overly stimulated area.

“Then come. Now.” The strikes came quicker, harder. When the soft leather hit her clit, Helena came, screaming at the top of her lungs.

“More, oh Milord, more.”

“Come again, slut. Show me how much you like it.” He continued to whip the area as she came again, fighting against her bonds this time, struggling hard to get away. It took her a few minutes to realize he’d taken the clothespins off and now stroked her forehead.

“Come back to me.” His touch was gentle. “Are you all right?”

“Yes, Milord.” Her chest heaved as aftershocks rocked her body. The pain that radiated through her clit as the blood flowed back to the area made them sweeter, and sharper.

“I’ve never seen a sub come so hard from a clit whipping.” His smirk made her laugh, then groan in pleasure as his hands moved to her breasts. “I thought you were going to hurt yourself there for a minute.”

He rubbed a nipple between each thumb and forefinger before pinching hard. She whimpered and he pinched harder, the pain radiating down to her clit. The nub, still aching from its whipping, tightened in as if to protect itself.

“No more, please, Milord. Please. I want you to fuck me.”

“Really? Well, later, I will. Right now I want to torture you, watch you squirm, watch you come again.” He walked to the bag again. This time when he came back he blindfolded her.

“Milord?” Panic infused her body. She tried to tell herself that he wasn’t Guest, that he wouldn’t hurt her, not in a way she didn’t like. Still, being bound, and blindfolded, was almost too much.

“Milord, no.”

“Yes. Stay calm.”

“No, please. Too much, I beg you, TK, take it off.” She pulled on her arms, the cuffs chafing against her wrist.

“Helena, shush, it’s all right.”

“No. No!” She jerked on her bonds harder. Instead of TK’s voice she could hear Guest.

“I don’t give a fuck what you want, bitch. You’re here for my pleasure. You gave yourself to me and I’m what matters, not you.”

“Sister, sister, sister.” She thrashed against the table, the marble hard against her.

“Shush, shush, it’s coming off.” The blindfold was removed. His hand cradled her head. “Lie still or you’re going to hurt yourself. Stay calm while I undo your ties.”

Tears streamed down her face as he undid her bindings. When she was free she sat up and he gathered her in his arms.

“It’s all right, Helena; you’re safe. It’s all right.” He held her close as she cried into his chest. She wanted the world to open up and swallow her whole. But even as the thought occurred to her, she knew it wasn’t true. She wanted TK to hold her for the rest of his life, to keep her safe in the comfort of his arms, and never let her go.

* * * * *

“I’d like to cut the bastard’s balls off.” TK slugged down the jigger of scotch he held in his hand.

“I’ll help you shove them down his throat.” Donovan refilled TK’s glass, then got a drink for himself. They both turned to Jackson as he came out of the bedroom.

“Well?”

“I gave her a mild sedative, just to help her sleep. She’s going to have some nasty bruises on her wrists and ankles. Have her come see me in the morning and I’ll take another look at them.”

“Thanks, Doc.”

“You’re welcome.” He sat down and poured himself a glass of scotch.

“She would have had bruises anyway. We were playing fairly rough. I really thought she was ready for it. Makes me the idiot, doesn’t it?”

“Don’t be so hard on yourself,” Jackson replied. “You never know how people are going to react, or what’s going to set off bad memories. What did it this time?”

“The blindfold.”

“Has she told you what he did to her?” Donovan reached to refill his glass.

“No, and stupid me, I never asked. This is my fault.”

“You said that before,” Jackson replied. “Listen, just be patient with her in the morning. She’s going to feel pretty bad, mentally. Physically she should be fine, unless the bruising is worse than I thought it would be.”

TK nodded, then downed another shot.

“I’ll go downstairs and make sure things are closed up tight for the night,” Donovan said.

“And I’ll have slave Jessica send breakfast up in the morning.” Jackson stood. “Stop beating yourself up over this. The only person who needs beating in this situation is Benjamin Guest. And whatever you do, treat her normally. She’s worried you’re upset with her. Show her that you’re not.”

TK nodded, then looked toward the fireplace while they left. He wasn’t sure where he should go now, or what he should do. He should at least wait to go to bed until he was sure Helena was sleeping. He wanted to break things, throw all the glasses against the wall, and send the entire contents of the liquor cabinet crashing to the floor.

Anger surged through his veins. He should have known better. He’d thought she was ready, but he hadn’t been sure about it. He’d broken her trust and put her in harm’s way. He felt lower than a snake in the grass.

He took another shot of scotch before realizing that getting drunk was going to get him nothing but hungover. He thought about the fear in Helena’s voice as she yelled her safe word not once, but three times. He could still feel her sobbing in his arms whispering his name and muttering “I’m sorry” into his chest.

When she’d settled down just a little, he’d gathered her into his arms and carried her up the back steps. Then he’d called down and asked Donovan to have someone collect his toy kit from the clearing, and he’d sent for Doc.

He had to do something to push Guest from her mind. Obviously the writings weren’t working. But then again they’d only done one, really. And that hadn’t involved Guest at all. Maybe he needed to have her write down her experiences with the man, work them through that way.

That’s not going to work, he told himself. Something had to, though. The little minx had worked her way into his heart, and he wanted to keep her there forever. He smiled as he remembered her thrashing around in pleasure while he whipped her pussy. She’d loved that. She’d trusted him enough to let him bind her to the table.

It was the damned blindfold that had set her off. Deciding that he wasn’t doing himself, or Helena, any good, he got up and checked the front and back doors before quietly entering the bedroom.

Her small form lay on her side of the bed, curled up into a ball and making her look even smaller. He wanted to wrap himself over her body like a shield, protecting her from everything. He went to the bathroom and brushed his teeth, splashing water on his face before stripping and taking a quick shower.

Feeling somewhat refreshed, he dried off then walked to the bed, climbing in between the cool sheets. He turned on his side, facing her. Her eyes were closed and her breathing was even. He watched her for a few minutes, wanting to reach out and touch her but not wanting to wake her.

“I’ll leave in the morning.” Her words, heavy with drowsiness, hit his heart like a boxer’s punch. He worked to catch his breath.

“Do you want to leave?” The words tumbled out of his mouth and he watched as she opened her eyes, her lids droopy.

“No, but I don’t blame you for not wanting me.”

“I do want you, Helena. If you want to go, you can. I promised you, I’d never keep you against your will, and I meant it.”

Helena put her hand on his, her touch soft. He could tell she was having trouble keeping her eyes open.

“Are you sure you want me to stay, after the spectacle I made?”

“You’re still wearing my collar, aren’t you? I didn’t take it off, or unlock it. I gave it to you, and you accepted it.”

“Do you remember what you told me?” Her speech was slightly slurred now.

“Which time, shorty?”

“That as long as I slept in your bed, I’d be wearing your chains?”

He gave her a light grin, then got up and crossed the bed, taking the cuff from the floor and attaching it to her ankle. When he made it back to the top of the bed, she was fast asleep. He crawled in next to her, taking her small hand in his hand, holding it tight. He watched her as she slept, her breathing even and calm. Somehow he had to find a way into her mind and heart, and prove to her that he cared for her and would never hurt her. It was a long time before he fell asleep.

Chapter Nine

He woke to her mouth on his cock, sucking him in deep, her hands playing with his balls.

“Helena, oh baby.”

“Milord.” She lifted her mouth from him long enough to smile at him, even if it was a tentative one.
“Good morning.”

“Oh, shorty.” He arched up into her mouth as she nibbled on him the exact same way she’d done yesterday. His balls tightened in need and he thought he would empty himself before things really got started. He hated to pull himself back, afraid she would take it as a rejection.

“Easy baby, I don’t want to come just yet.” She pulled her mouth from him and began to lick his balls, her tongue like silk on the soft sacs.

“I take it you decided to stay.” He sat up on one elbow and stroked her hair. “I can’t tell you how happy that makes me.”

“Thank you, Milord.”

Their gazes locked for a few minutes before he lay back down. “Get a condom out of the stand next to me. Dress my dick, and then mount me.”

“As you command, Milord.” She hurried about her task, and when her hands moved beside him on their way to the nightstand, he cringed at the marks on her wrists.

“I’m so sorry.” He took her hand and kissed her wrist, snaking his tongue over the welts.

“It’s not your fault.” He thought she would pull away from him, but she didn’t. He kissed every mark, and then he took her other hand and did the same. When he looked back at her there were huge tears running down her face.

He put his hand behind her neck pulling her close. He claimed her lips, the kiss soft and sensual. When she moaned he licked her lower lip, sliding inside her when she opened for him.

“Helena.”

“Milord.”

He rolled them over gently, taking the condom and ripping the package, praying he didn’t damage the product inside. When it was in place, he hovered over her, almost afraid to take her, afraid he would crush her under his weight.

“Fuck me.” The need in her eyes tightened his balls more, and he lowered himself onto her, bracing his body on his knees as he placed his cock at her soft opening and pressed inside. She clutched him with her thighs, lifting upward to allow him better access.

Her wetness swallowed him, and his cock pulsed as her soft insides clutched him.

“Oh, fuck.” He moved gently at first, until she bucked into him, urging him to pick up the pace. He took her at her word, fucking her in long, even strokes, sliding across her slippery flesh and reveling in the feeling of lying between her legs, now clutched tightly around his body.

They rocked together until he felt her stiffen under him. “Milord, please!”

“Yes.” Her pussy tightened around him as she came, her arms wrapping around him tightly. He kissed her lips as he felt a second wave of pleasure sweep over her, tightening her channel further.

It was more than he could stand. A few hard thrusts was all it took. He emptied into her as he clutched her to his chest, his lips claiming hers and not letting go.

When he finally lifted himself up, he leaned on one elbow and stroked her cheek.

“I want to hear everything. I want to hear what he made you do, and I want to know what frightens you. I want to wipe it all away, and I can’t do that unless you let me in, totally.”

She nodded, then whispered, “Yes, Milord.”

* * * * *

He’d had slave Jessica deliver food, and Helena felt as if she were back home with her sister. They’d do this sometimes, sit in bed on a lazy morning and eat, talking about whatever came to mind.

This time, though, the talk would be harsh, and it wasn’t something she was looking forward to.

“How specific do you want me to be?”

“You don’t have to give me nasty details,” he said. “But I want to know what happened, and how it has affected you. Specifically the blindfold.”

They had the food spread on a blanket in between them. It had been late when they’d woken so they had lunch food: sandwiches and chips with some fruit. She took a sandwich and picked off a piece of bread. TK sat propped against the pillows. She sat at the end of the bed, a pillow cushioning her back against the wooden frame. Her ankle was still encased in the cuff and attached to the chain.

“When I first met Guest he was charming. He knew that I liked the rough stuff because I’ve never made a secret of it. His whippings were hard, but he never broke the skin, and it gave me what I wanted.”

She ate the pinch of bread, then took another one. “When he asked me to stay with him, he made it sound like things would be perfect. But once we’d left the resort he changed. He went from charming and dominant to mean and sadistic. When I complained, he told me I was the slave and had no rights, and I was to shut my mouth.

“Well, you know me. I told him he could shut his own mouth, that I’d never been treated as badly as he was treating me.” She swallowed hard. “That’s when he slapped me, and he held me down on the floor, his hands around my throat. He told me that if I left him, he’d hunt down Harper. If he couldn’t get me to obey, he’d get her to.”

Tears were falling now and she wiped them away. “I realized what a huge mess I was in, but I couldn’t let it spill over to Harper. I loved her too much for that. So I stayed and I tried to behave, although I smarted off quite a bit. When I did, he would punish me by blindfolding me and letting his friends take turns. They would whip me and fuck me. One of them had this...”

Helena cleared her throat and shook her head. “Anyway, I don’t think there was that many of them, only three. I realized that not many people really liked Guest, not once they got to know him.”

She glanced at him from under lowered lashes. “Don’t worry; I’ve been tested for disease, twice.”

“I’m not worried, not about that.”

“When you put the blindfold on last night I could hear Guest’s voice in my ear. I panicked. I’m so sorry I didn’t trust you.”

“Don’t blame yourself. I should have gotten more information from you before I played out a harsh scene with you.”

“Are you kidding? I loved the whipping.” She lowered her gaze and tightened her lips together.

“Really? I never would have guessed.” They both laughed, but they were nervous laughs, not the relaxed laughs they’d shared since she’d arrived.

“Are you sure you want me to stay? I would understand if you didn’t.”

“I’m very sure.”

“Thank you, Milord.” Her stomach grumbled, partly from hunger and partly from nerves. “So, we go back to writing and learning about me.”

“Wrong.” He lifted his brows. “You’re not going to hide up here by yourself anymore. During the day I want you to write, yes, about your feelings about what happened. But it’s for your eyes only, not for mine or anyone else’s. I’m going to work a lot of the night, and then at nine, you’re going downstairs.”

“In other words, you’re not going to baby me.”

“That’s right. You sat in Chama for months, and then I brought you here and you did it for a few more days. That was wrong of me. Now it’s time to push you back into the world of the living.”

“Are you putting me to work?”

“In ways you never imagined. And you’re going to love it.”

* * * * *

Now that I know no one but me will see this, it’s much easier to write. Sir TK told me the best thing I could do for myself was talk about my feelings. Right now I am a mess, wanting what TK has to offer on the physical side, yet so frightened on the mental side that I totally lost it and acted like an idiot.

He’s not angry with me, and I’m not sure why. If I were him, would I be angry? Yes. He tells me I’ve given him a huge gift by trusting him when we went by the cabanas. Then, I dump that trust on the ground, behaving like a frightened child, screaming my safe word as if I were facing the devil himself.

Milord TK wants me to write down my feelings, so that’s exactly what I’ll do. How do I feel about last night? Like an idiot. And I am angry with myself. Angry that I let bad memories distort, and possibly have a ruinous effect, on something that could turn out to be the best thing that’s happened to me since Shawn.

Shawn, my Shawn, how I miss you. It was you, you remember, who told me not to be ashamed of what I liked. I would think of you when Guest touched me, did you know that? It helped me get through it, and I love you for it.

But I suppose talking about you isn't exactly what Milord TK had in mind. He wants feelings about what happened last night, and about the reason for them. Guest. When I talked myself out of prosecuting him, I really thought I could forget it. But how can someone forget a vile man who doesn't deserve to walk the face of the earth? Karma will catch up to him, sooner or later.

And last night, the pain of it rocked inside me. I loved every touch Milord TK gave me, and yet when the blindfold came out, the fear of the unknown took over. Once my eyes were covered, all I could see was Guest, telling me all the ways I would serve him as his whore. Funny, if Milord TK were to say it to me, I would love it.

I have to ask myself what the difference is. Trust? Respect? Communication? I'm not sure which, but when he held me as I cried, I thought I had lost him. I thought he only felt sorry for me, sorry that he'd brought me here, and holding me was just a way to get me to stop crying. After all, who wants a submissive that falls apart?

Apparently, though, I underestimated him. I didn't give him enough credit for being the man that he is. To repay him, I need to push aside the man who tried -- that's right, just tried -- to take hold of me. As of this moment, he has no hold on me. I am stronger than that. If bad memories rear their head again, I will think of last night, of the way Milord TK held me, and told me things would be fine. Those are the memories I need to focus on now.

Chapter Ten

"I was always told I was too short to be a model, Sir Ulrich." Helena glanced at TK, who stood in the doorway of the bondage room, his arms crossed over his chest and a huge smile on his face. When he'd said he was putting her to work he wasn't kidding. Of course this was for the best, she knew. To get her in front of people, to stop her from hiding.

"Nonsense," Ulrich said. "You'll be perfect. I'm demonstrating two different types of bondage tonight. Decorative, and useful. We'll do the decorative first, so that you can wear my creations for the useful demonstration."

"What are you going to make, in the way of rope clothing?"

"You'll be as surprised as those who show up for the class." She noticed that his eyes were a sea green. "Don't worry. I know you're TK's woman, so I'm not going to play with you, unless he gives me permission."

She was going to respond, but people started to show up. He went to greet them, talking with a Dom and two subs, and then a Mistress and her sub. His words echoed in her ears as he worked the room, his charm evident. TK's woman. He thought there was more between the two of them than there really was. She didn't want to tell him differently, but sooner or later the staff would figure out that she wasn't his.

The room was pretty much full when Sir Ulrich called the class to order. "Tonight, I'll show you how to make rope clothing for your female subs, or for your male ones if you so desire."

A tittering of laughter greeted his words. "After that, I'll demonstrate how best to tie a sub for maximum pleasure, for whatever you have in mind." The laughter increased, and Sir Ulrich turned to her.

"My new assistant, sub Helena, will serve as my model tonight." Her hands shook just a little as she walked over to Sir Ulrich, who motioned her to his side. "Now, the first item I'll demonstrate is something I've combined from two different techniques. I'll make a pair of rope panties hooked to a rope corset."

"Sub Helena, if you will, stand in the center of the room and take your robe off for us."

Helena knew this was what TK wanted, for her to feel safe and do the things that would help her build up her confidence again, help her push away bad memories. Being naked in a room full of people wouldn't bother her. And it would help her build trust.

She stepped to the center and dropped her robe. Sir Ulrich looked her over. "Humph. I think we need something for her to stand on so I don't have to sit."

The laughter took over as he motioned to a man at the door. Soon, two male subs came in carrying a three-step platform. Sir Ulrich helped Helena into the center and then started to work. He held up the soft rope to demonstrate different knots, then began to weave them together, talking the whole time. Helena was amazed as she watched him. His large hands moved swiftly over the rope, and after about ten minutes he asked her to step into her new panties.

They featured two strings on the side, a small decorative patch in the front, and nothing but a single string in the back.

"Practical and decorative," Sir Ulrich said. "You can have your sub wear these for all your fun plans."

It took him little time to wrap her in a corset, keeping it low on her waist. He tugged and pulled gently on ropes as he reinforced to his crowd that they needed to make sure ropes were tight, but not too tight.

"You also want to make sure you keep the ropes a uniform space apart, so that it looks nice, and is comfortable."

He adjusted ropes as he talked and Helena looked over the crowd. She saw TK standing at the back, watching intently. He nodded in appreciation and she felt warmth spread across her chest and neck, creeping up to her face.

"Are those nipples hard for me, or for the big guy?" Sir Ulrich had his back to the crowd, and there was a huge smile on his face. He was attaching the corset to the panties. "Wait, don't answer that, it'll hurt my ego."

Helena laughed, then held out her arms so the crowd could come and examine Sir Ulrich's handiwork. He answered questions while Helena locked gaze with TK, who still stood in the doorway, leaning against the jamb. When he ran his hand over his crotch, she felt wetness form in her pussy. If she wasn't careful, this could be a little embarrassing.

When Sir Ulrich stepped up to continue his demonstration, he gave her another one of his devilish smiles. "Don't get your wetness on my panties."

“Aren’t they mine now, Sir Ulrich?”

“Don’t get cheeky with me, sub Helena. I might have to ask your Master about a public punishment.”

“And he just might give one, Sir Ulrich.”

He chuckled, then turned back to the crowd, his gaze focusing on TK. She watched them nod at each other. “I’m going to bind sub Helena’s arms behind her back, at the request of her Master, our illustrious host, Sir TK.”

What? Helena glanced at TK. He’d asked Sir Ulrich to bind her arms behind her back?

“I’m going to wrap her arms in sleeves, then tie them together. It’s a practical bondage technique that will keep your submissive bound for both of your pleasure and doesn’t cost a fortune.”

He wrapped and talked as Helena stood, her arms stretched behind her back. She wasn’t hearing much of what he was saying, though. All she kept thinking about was her Master, and how quickly this would be over so she could go to him.

Before long her arms were bound in place, and the crowd examined her, asking Sir Ulrich questions as she patiently waited. Well, maybe not so patiently. Her body was on fire for TK, wanting him more than she’d wanted him this morning when he’d been so wonderful to her after her breakdown.

TK watched her until Sir Ulrich demonstrated how easy it was to release a sub from the arm cage. Then, he nodded and left the room. She served as a model for another session, her mind wandering to where TK was, and what he was doing.

She didn’t see him until around two that morning. Sir Ulrich had just finished binding her arms in the cage behind her back when TK appeared. He helped her down to her knees, where she kissed his cock in greeting. Then he’d helped her to stand. He’d attached a leash to her collar and led her back upstairs. Things were still in full play downstairs and she wondered what he had planned for them.

“Did you like playing with the ropes?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“You look delicious, all wrapped up like that.” They were standing in the living room. Her shoulders were a little uncomfortable from being pulled back much of the evening, but she stood still as TK circled her.

“I want to fuck you while you’re all tied up, and since we have a no penetration rule in the main part of the house, I couldn’t do that there.” He stepped in front of her and tugged gently on her leash, lifting her gaze to his own. “Do you want me to fuck you, Helena?”

“Yes, Milord.”

“Good. Now, be the Helena I’ve heard so much about. Beg me.”

Helena's nerves tingled as he stared at her, taking a step closer until their bodies were almost touching. "I've heard so much about Helena, the wild woman. I've seen bits and pieces of her. I want to see the rest tonight. Beg me."

"I want you inside me, Milord. Please take me."

"Beg me."

"Please, I want you hard and hot in me. Make me your willing slave."

She heard the drop of the chain from the ceiling. When he attached it to the ropes around her arms, she closed her eyes, half in fear and half in pleasure. She wasn't afraid of what he would do, she was afraid she would freak out halfway through the scene. She had to control her emotions, her fears. That meant concentrating only on TK.

"Now, let's hear it again." He stripped and sat down on the couch, stretching his legs out in front of him and throwing his arms out. His hard cock jutted out from between his legs, and she licked her lips at the sight of him. "Because I'm not convinced you want me."

"Fuck me, Milord."

"What?"

"Fuck me, take me hard, Milord."

"Pitiful. Be nasty for me."

"I want your cock, hot in my pussy, hard in my ass, pumping my mouth. I want you everywhere, Milord."

TK sniffed like he was bored. "Perhaps I should go find a sub downstairs, let her suck me while you watch. You sound like you're ordering pizza, not a good fucking from the man who owns you."

"I'm so wet for you, I'm dripping, Milord. All night long while Sir Ulrich bound me all I could think of was you, wanting you, needing you."

"Go on."

"Fuck me. Stick your dick in me, hard, pound me, Milord." Her voice grew stronger with each word, and for a second she thought she saw approval flash on his face.

"Where?"

"Everywhere, Milord. Stick your cock in my pussy, your dick in my ass. Shove it down my throat."

He was beside her in seconds, running his hands down her bound arms. "What part of you aches to swallow my dick the most?"

"My ass." The words tumbled out quickly. When he didn't answer she stirred, kept in place by the chain. "Please fuck my ass, please."

More silence.

“Milord, claim me, fuck my asshole, make it yours, make me yours.” Each word was like gasoline on a fire. She wiggled to try to entice him as she groaned out.

“Fuck me, please!”

“Who are you?” His voice was right next to her ear.

“I’m your willing submissive, Milord.” The words made her tingle. “Please take me for your pleasure.”

When he left the room she tried not to panic. He was back minutes later, his hands on her bare ass, moving aside the rope that rested between her cheeks. He parted her orbs and lightly touched her anus. The cool cream made her shiver.

“Is this what you want me to take?”

“Yes, Milord.” She pushed back into his finger.

“I want you to make noise the whole time: moans, groans, words. I don’t care what it is as long as you’re making noise. I don’t want you to stop until I’m done fucking this sweet asshole.”

“As you command, Milord.”

“That’s right, shorty.” She shivered. It was the first time he’d called her that all day, and somehow it reinforced the fact that she belonged to him. It was his name for her, and only his. His finger pushed inside her and she groaned.

“Louder.”

“Milord, take me, make me yours.” He inserted another finger and she started to moan loudly, doing her best impression of a porn star. The fullness was fantastic, the feeling made more intense by her bonds.

He made her wait so long that Helena thought she would go crazy. When he finally placed the tip of his cock at her anus she whimpered. “Please, fuck me, Milord. Take me.”

The first push was gentle, just parting her enough to swallow the head of his cock. She jiggled her legs and tried to press back, but he kept his hands on her hips, holding her still.

After a few moments she let out a cry of distress. “Fuck me! Damn it, Milord, take me!”

“Louder!” He pressed inside, his cock widening her tight entrance, the burn seeping into her core.

“Fuck my ass, do it, fuck it!”

“That’s it, tell me how you want it.”

“Hard and deep, long and full, fuck it hard, Milord.” He was all the way in now, his pelvis resting on her buttocks. Her anus burned with the intrusion, and she loved every minute of it.

She whimpered and mewled, begging him to fuck her hard. He drove into her with a force that lifted her onto her toes. Her arms ached from their position, and her body hummed for him.

She begged and cried for more as he fucked her, telling him she'd never had such a magnificent dick up her ass, that she would crave him for the rest of her life. She wanted to feel his cum buried deep inside her, hot and wet.

The sound of their flesh slapping together competed with her sounds. Each noise she made seemed to make him fuck her harder. His hands ground into her hips as he kept her in place, pounding himself into her ass. Each thrust made her rope panties and corset dig into her, the feeling pleasantly painful to her.

When she felt him stiffen, she yelled out for his cum. "Give it to me, Master, make me complete! Drive it deep inside me."

"Fuck me." TK's voice was ragged with exertion, and Helena tried to relax under him. "You've got a tight little ass, shorty. It felt like coming home." He released the chain, his arm under her to catch her before she could fall. He was still buried deep inside her.

It took three easy tugs for him to release the ropes around her arm. She let them drop as he held her against him.

"Thank you, Milord, for fucking my ass."

"You're welcome, shorty." She felt his cock slip from her ass and then he lifted her as if she were nothing, carrying her at his side, her face still turned toward the floor. He crossed into the bedroom and placed her on the bed. "On all fours, spread those cheeks so I see that just-fucked asshole."

When she was spread, his fingers teased her rosette. "Very nice. Play with that pussy, come while you're in the most submissive position there is. Come for your Master."

Helena pushed aside her rope panties, her hands sinking into her wetness. She knew it wouldn't take long, but she didn't want to rush it. She stroked her clit, then moved her fingers around it, applying pressure and then releasing it, building up to what she knew would be a fantastic climax.

"That's it, nasty girl. You know how to make yourself come hard. Do it now." Helena pinched her clit at his command and she soared, her body trembling as he continued to examine her.

When she finally collapsed on the bed he stroked her thigh. "Thank you, Milord."

"Thank you, shorty. Now let's bathe and go to sleep. You've exhausted me. I hope I can get it up for my morning blowjob."

She turned an evil grin on him. "I'll make sure of it, Milord. I promise you."

Chapter Eleven

I've served as Sir Ulrich's model for three nights now, his ropes binding me in various positions for the people who attend his demonstrations. Each night I feel a little more like myself. At various

times I look up and find Milord TK watching, a note of pride on his handsome face. It makes me warm inside, in more ways than one.

He has not brought up the incident in the clearing again, and I hope that it is forgotten. Each night after M's Playhouse closes, he puts me on my leash and takes me on "rounds" with him, checking cabanas to make sure they are empty, or if they are not that the person inside is a trusted member who has permission to stay after the club has closed. Twice we have come close to the clearing, but have not passed through the trees into it.

The first night, when we neared the cabana where Guest had held me, panic welled inside me. My wonderful Master sensed it. He stopped, stepped up next to me, leaning over to whisper in my ear that memories could only hurt me if I let them.

"You are mine now," he said. "Aren't you?"

"Yes, Milord, I am yours. And he is gone."

And in that moment it was almost as if Guest were gone. Almost as if he'd been physically standing there, and then disappeared. All I could see in my mind, and in front of me, was Milord TK, his strong hands holding my leash.

The leash binds me to him in a way that is hard to describe. It reminds me that I belong to him, that he has taken over control of me, and cares for me. It reminds me to let him lead me, to help me in all things.

I have to wonder, though, how long it will last. Not the losing memory part, but the time with Milord TK. When he'd proposed that I come with him it hadn't been a permanent thing. Giving him up will be painful, and I hope it doesn't happen anytime soon.

Helena closed the notebook as the door opened. TK came inside and she crossed to him, kissing his cock in greeting.

"Hello, pet. How are you today?" He stroked her head and she smiled up at him. He'd been gone when she'd awoken this morning. She'd seen him briefly at lunch, and then he'd disappeared again until now.

"Fine, Milord, and you?"

"It's been a busy day. I had quite a few things to take care of. I've hoped you've amused yourself, without actually *amusing* yourself."

"Well, I thought about playing with my pussy, but I was afraid you'd catch me." She glanced up at him, loving the look of feral domination that came over his face.

"Sometimes just the thought of it can get you punished. Do you need punishing, Helena?" It was the first mention of punishment since "the incident," and it alternately thrilled and frightened her. Here was the chance to test her resolve to keep Guest from her mind.

"Will you blindfold me?"

“No.” She saw weariness cross his face.

“You can, you know. I can handle it, Milord.”

“Not yet. First I want you to put on the outfit that slave Celia brought up this afternoon.”

Helena blinked. She’d been so busy with her writing she’d forgotten about the box the other woman had brought up that morning.

“I put it in the bedroom and didn’t open it, Milord.”

“Very good, because I want to watch you put it on.” He sat down in his chair and drummed his fingers on the arms. “Go and get it.”

She was back quickly, setting the box on the couch and opening it slowly. She undid the tissue paper inside, her eyes widening at what lay inside. “Oh, Milord.”

“Do you like it?”

“Very much so, Milord.”

“Good. Put it on.”

She lifted it out of the box, her hands shaking. It was a leather harness, in a deep purple color. She studied it carefully before stepping into it and snapping the straps into place; they went around her breasts, over her stomach, and around her thighs. Her buttocks were bare, and for the most part so was the rest of her body. Yet she felt as if she were encased in silk, the leather caressing her as if it were TK’s own fingers.

“So beautiful, Milord. She’s quite an artist.”

“Yes, she is. Take out the rest.”

“There’s more, Milord?”

She moved aside tissue paper to find a bustle, made out of satin material. There was also a pair of purple leather gloves, which would reach above her elbows.

“Put on the gloves, then bring the bustle to me and I’ll attach it.” Her body screamed for his touch as he snapped the bustle into place. She wanted more than the fleeting feel of his fingers against her skin. She wanted him inside her, now. But she waited, unlike the Helena of the past who would have screamed to be fucked.

“Thank you, Milord.”

“You look beautiful, shorty. And now, I have a treat for you.”

“Another one, Milord?”

“Yes, and it’s waiting for you downstairs.” He put his hands on her hips and moved her so that she turned toward him. “How are you feeling?”

“Fine, Milord.”

“I’ve planned a public scene, a whipping at Sir Donovan’s hands. Are you ready for it?”

“Yes, Milord.” She knew this was a test, to see how she would do. Being a bondage model put her on display, but it was not a scene. This would require her to show Sir TK she was working toward their shared goal of healing. “I won’t let you down, Milord.”

“What about yourself, shorty? This isn’t just for me; this is for you, too.”

“I’m ready for it, Milord.” She ran her hands down her thighs. “More than ready.”

“You may always use your safe word. I’ve told Sir Donovan what it is.”

“Thank you, Milord. But that won’t be necessary.” *At least I hope it won’t* .

* * * * *

Harper asked me one time why I liked to be hurt, to feel pain. I tried to explain it to her, but it was difficult to do. Someone who doesn’t enjoy pain would see great agony at being at the other end of a flogger, or cat. I find great joy in it. The intense stimulation roars through my body like a freight train, igniting nerve endings until I think I might go crazy from need.

Truthfully, it’s not just the physical experience, although that is intense and extremely satisfying. It is also being close to the person who is flogging you. There is a trust there; although I don’t think I really understood that until now. You trust that person to bring you pleasure, and not overstep their bounds and cause you permanent damage.

If Harper were here right now, reading over my shoulder as I wrote, she would be shaking her head, saying you can feel trust with the people you are with, in her case Walker and Oscar, but what about when the person you are with gives you to someone else to flog. Before I would have said it was just the physical pleasure I got from it. But now it’s different. I trust Milord TK to watch over me and care for me, and in that respect, he would not allow someone to flog me who would hurt me.

The things I have learned are amazing. Guest never “warmed me up” before a scene. Instead, when he was in the mood to hurt me, that is exactly what he did, either doing the work himself or giving me to someone else who would hurt me. It was never pleasant-pain, never anything that I enjoyed. And always with the damned blindfold on.

Milord TK would never do that. I know now that there is so much more to flogging, and BDSM, than the physical side. I’m grateful to Milord for teaching me that.

He led her to the whipping room, where Sir Donovan was demonstrating the use of a single tail, telling the crowd the whip was for only for the most experienced Doms/Dommes. The sound of the whip cracked through the air, and Helena shivered.

Sir Donovan nodded when he saw TK, and Helena’s stomach rolled just a bit. She loved to be whipped, but this was the first time it had happened in public in quite some time.

"I have a little demonstration for you. Sub Helena has graciously consented to be my model for this." He walked to the back of the room and took her leash from TK. "Now, I'm not going to tie her, because I want her to be able to move so I can show you various things. But, I will ask her to take hold of the ropes hanging from the ceiling."

Helena stepped in between the ropes and clasped them, one in each hand. Her arms were now spread, and she knew to spread her legs. Slave Celia came and took off the bustle.

"The first thing, as you should know by now, is to warm up your submissive." Sir Donovan's voice was full of authority. "Never, ever, whip a slave without a warm up period. This gets them into the right frame of mind, physically and mentally. I like to warm up with a little flogging."

"This flogger is made of deerskin," Sir Donovan said as he traced the tendrils gently over Helena's breasts. "It has a nice bite to it and is easy to use."

Helena clasped the ropes tighter as the flogging increased in intensity. The tendrils smacked her breasts and stomach, moving down to her pussy and thighs. Her body tingled in delight and she moaned softly.

"That's it, sub Helena. Let our audience know you're enjoying your flogging."

"Yes, Sir Donovan." She moaned loudly, rocking into the strikes. Her body was on fire, and her mind lulled by the pain. She loved it, and she felt safe here, safe knowing that neither Milord TK, nor Sir Donovan, would do anything to harm her.

When Sir Donovan moved around to her back she bit her lower lip, and her gaze found TK, who stood at the back of the room, nodding his approval. The sight only fueled her enjoyment more. As the cords landed on her buttocks and upper thighs she thought she might come on the spot. She knew she was dripping wet.

When it seemed like the flogger had touched every part of her body he stopped and had her turn so that her back was to the audience.

"I'm going to give our cooperative sub three lashes with a single tail. I've made this one myself, from deerskin, and it's about three feet long. You want to make sure you stay in the area of her buttocks. I stand to the side, because direct hits could break the skin, and that's not something we want to happen."

The whip rose and fell three times, each strike making Helena jump. Her clit tingled with need as the pain spread through her. She barely heard Sir Donovan admonish his group one more time on how important it was to receive full training before using a single tail whip.

TK was in front of her now, stroking her cheek.

"How do you feel, shorty?"

"Milord, I need to come."

"That's what I wanted to hear. Just a few more minutes, and I'll allow it. We'll go upstairs and you can properly thank Sir Donovan for your pleasure. Are you ready for that?"

“Yes, Milord. Thank you, Milord.” She turned to watch Sir Donovan give his whip to a young Dom she hadn’t yet met; then he came over to join them.

“Thank you, Sir Donovan.”

“It was my pleasure.” He gave TK a questioning look and she knew they’d agreed upon something earlier, and that something depended on how she felt. When TK nodded, she felt her body soar even higher. She knew TK was going to share her with his friend, and she felt none of the qualms or nervousness that she’d felt when friends of Guest’s had come over. This one would be a pleasure.

TK took her leash, which hung to the floor, and wrapped it in his fist. He tugged twice and she followed them up the two flights of stairs to TK’s private rooms. Once inside, Sir Donovan went directly to the couch and sat down where he stroked himself through the leather of his pants.

“Kneel in front of him,” TK said. “Kiss his cock as you do mine, to thank him for your pleasure.”

Small tendrils of fear tried to push their way forward, but Helena held them back, knowing that TK would do nothing to harm her. She knelt in front of Sir Donovan and kissed his cock. She could see him straining to be loose, hardening even more as her lips touched his crotch.

“I’m going to flog you while you suck him,” TK said. “And then, I’m going to bury my cock in your sweet ass.”

“Thank you, Milord.” TK walked to the wall to select a flogger while Sir Donovan took his cock from his pants. She licked her lips as he unfolded before her eyes, his cock long and hard.

“Wait for permission,” TK said. “And, before we start, a little extra pain for my sweet shorty, who’s been such a good girl today. Up on your feet.”

She stood, moaning in a mixture of pain and pleasure as TK attached small weights to her nipple rings, then put a clit clamp around her engorged flesh.

“Now, suck him. But be careful of your teeth.”

TK’s command felt like a caress. “Yes, Milord.” She knelt and took Sir Donovan’s cock in her mouth just as the flogger hit her behind. The movement sent the weights jiggling, adding to the sensations already roaring through her body like a freight train. TK’s lashes were harder than Sir Donovan’s, and the pain more intense on top of the flogging and three whip strikes she’d taken earlier in the evening.

She sucked Sir Donovan’s cock hard, timing her movements to when she thought the cords would fly across her buttocks and thighs. Sir Donovan wound his fingers into her hair and pushed her down harder as TK continued his assault. The weights and clamps were sweet torture, and she wanted to beg to be allowed to come, but Sir Donovan kept her mouth firmly attached to his cock.

When her body started to shake, she felt TK kneel down behind her. She heard the rip of a condom package as Sir Donovan continued to guide her head on his cock, his hardness throbbing inside her. She nibbled and licked on him in the same way she did her Master. From his soft groans she knew he was enjoying it as much as she was.

TK’s fingers dipped into her pussy. She felt him spread wetness back to her anus, coating the little rosette to ease his entry. His thumb pressed against her, then pushed inside her opening. She

moaned around Sir Donovan's cock. TK fucked her with his thumb before replacing it with first one, then two fingers, the sweet pressure of his digits invading her body like nectar. Not being able to beg was torture in and of itself, and when TK pushed his cock into her ass she thought she would come right then and there.

His thrust was quick and even, and it didn't take long before he was buried deep inside her.

"So tight. So beautiful, my shorty. My Helena." He grasped her hips and started to fuck her in hard, quick jabs. Her body responded by clenching around him.

Donovan's "fuck," came seconds before his cock exploded, flooding Helena's mouth as one of TK's hands moved from her hips to her head.

"Drink him down," TK said. "And when you've sucked him empty and licked him clean, I want you to come Helena, and come hard."

After she'd taken the last of his cum into her, Helena lifted her head and rocked herself back into TK's cock. The small movement was all it took. He pounded himself into her ass as the pain she felt from the weights and from her floggings turned into exquisite pleasure that roared through her body.

"Master!" She clasped Sir Donovan's thighs as she came, her body throbbing as TK continued to hammer his cock into her ass.

"Again!" TK's voice sounded deeper than she'd ever heard. Donovan's fingers moved to her clit and pulled on the clamp, and the pain shot through her. Helena came again as the whip master slapped his other hand against the upper part of her ass repeatedly.

She felt TK stiffen behind her, then thrust harder as he came. She knew she would be sore tomorrow, both from the whippings and from the hard fucking she'd just received, but she didn't care. She'd done as her Master wanted, and not once had her mind drifted to anywhere but the two men who now stroked her back, their words of praise like sweet balm to her lash marks.

"Helena?"

"Yes, Milord?"

"I'm very proud of you, and I hope you enjoyed yourself."

"Just a little," she said with a giggle. "I think you've learned to read me very well."

"I think I have," he said, reaching around and taking the weights from her rings. "And it's a book I'd love to read again and again."

Chapter Twelve

Helena stared out the window at the cabanas that lined the beach area. It was the middle of the afternoon, and workers milled about, but no guests were around. TK was in his office, doing paperwork.

Her eyes focused on cabana four, where Guest had been about to auction her off for a night of “pleasure,” to whichever Dom or Domme paid him the most money. She shivered as she remembered his threats before the incident began.

“Make a sound and your baby sister’s mine. Understand?”

She’d nodded, and then when the security guards had come inside she’d bolted, praying whoever owned this place would be like Ty; a good person who would help her out of the situation she was in.

Warmth filled her at the thought, but she still shivered as she stared at the cabana. There was only one way she could face it. She turned and walked to the office, knocking and waiting for TK’s loud “come,” before she opened the door. She crossed the room and knelt down, kissing his cock as he stroked her hair.

“Good afternoon, shorty.”

“Good afternoon, Milord. May I dress and go for a walk?”

“By yourself, or should I get your leash?” His hand was still on her head, gently petting her.

“By myself, if Milord allows it.” She watched indecision cross his face. Finally he nodded.

“You may wear the green robe, the sheer one. Make sure you buckle a belt around it, and come to see me for approval before you leave.”

“Yes, Milord.” She kissed his cock, then hurried to the bedroom, dressing quickly. The only belt he’d allowed her was made of links, steel ones that were heavy. She fastened it tightly around the robe, which was already short, the action drawing the material up so that it hit her right at the apex of her thighs. She picked up her notebook, then returned to the office and did her duty to him, then stood and looked down. “May I go, Milord?”

“Not yet.” He held up a thin gold chain, attaching one end to the D-ring on her collar before running it through the belt, then between her legs. “Turn.” She did as he asked, then he pulled it tightly so the chain snuggled into her lips, rubbing against her clit piercing. He attached the other end of the chain to the D-ring on the back of her collar, letting the excess chain trail down her back.

“Turn back to me, shorty.” When she faced him again he attached her leash to her collar. “The chain will rub your clit while you walk, and remind you, as does the leash hanging from your collar, of the fact that I own you.”

“Thank you, Milord.” She knelt and lingered over the kiss between his thighs, keeping her lips pressed against his cock, which swelled slightly. She kept her head buried there, loving the feeling of his hand on her head before she said, “I need the key to cabana four, if it pleases you, Milord.”

There was a moment’s silence; then he opened a drawer as he kept her pressed to his crotch with one hand. He handed her a ring with one key. “It opens them all. Come back to me when you’re ready.”

She kissed him again, then murmured good-bye before hurrying from the room. She went down the three flights of stairs, her eyes trained on the steps and not on the beautiful scenery that surrounded her. At the bottom of the stairs she stopped and focused on cabana four.

It looked so innocuous, but then again it wasn't the building's fault, she thought, just as it wasn't the fault of those who had attended the auction. They believed her to be willing, a submissive doing the bidding of her Master because it brought her joy, not because he'd threatened to do her, and her sister, bodily harm.

She crossed the lawn slowly, nodding at the people who greeted her. At the doorway she lifted the key in a trembling hand, then stopped and knocked, wondering for the first time if someone would be in there. Her stomach churned with nerves as she waited. When no one answered she put the key in the lock, turned it, and then pushed open the door.

The smell of jasmine hit her nose, as it had the first time she'd entered the room. She knew TK ordered the staff to keep the cabanas clean and fresh, and that they were to be used only by trusted guests. It made her wonder how Guest had gotten into it. She'd never asked TK, and he'd never told her.

She'd expected to see Guest's evil face when she stepped into the room. Instead, she found only open space, overstuffed furniture, and a wall with chains and other bondage items: a few cats and crops, and various clamps.

The St. Andrew's Cross Guest had been about to bind her to before TK's guards came in sat against one wall. Her hand went to the leash hanging from her collar and TK's words echoed in her ears. "This will remind you that you belong to me."

She crossed to the couch, sat down and opened the notebook, then started to write.

I hate you, and I want to blame you for everything that happened to me. But, the truth is, I can't blame you, not totally. I have to accept part of the blame myself. Milord taught me that. He has made me realize the true relationship that can exist between a Master and his sub.

He has helped me redeem myself, and I am indebted to him for that, although I know he wouldn't see it that way.

I came here today to finally forgive myself for what happened, to let go of it once and for all. Am I truly rid of you? I hope so.

Every day I feel a little bit stronger. I know that TK would never do anything to hurt me, and, as a matter of fact, would fight like a warrior to protect me. Each night I serve him makes me feel more like a complete person. Waking up chained to his bed is the most wonderful feeling in the world.

He is inventive and strong, and gives me just enough pain to make my body quake with desire. Still, there are lingering feelings of fear, like the other day when I came up from serving as the model for one of Sir Donovan's demonstration floggings to find a blindfold on my pillow.

Despite everything we've done and built, the sight still made me cringe. I left it there, and when TK came in he read me perfectly, something you never would have done. The subtle hint let me know that one day he would train me to it again, that it was something I had to get over. However, I wasn't ready for it just yet. Once again, I must say that I hate you for that. I don't have to accept it, I can work my way past it.

Milord and I talked about it, as he is so adept at doing. He let me know that I would have to learn to overcome that one fear, that until I did, there would be a small hole in the trust we had built between us. It is something he is willing to work with me on, and I love him for it.

If I could wish for one thing it would be to see you once more so I could tell you what I have learned, things you will probably never know. A Master cares for his submissive; he cherishes her and knows that submission is a gift, one that should never be abused.

Since you're not here, I send my wish out into the air. I have found a far better place to be, and there is no room for you there anymore. No room for your evilness, or the bad memories that come with it. The last time I was here, I ran from you, fear forcing my legs to go faster than they've ever gone.

This time I will walk from here with my head held high, the marks of my Master's ownership on my body, and settled on my psyche in such a way that I feel safer than I ever have in my life.

There is only one other thing I have to do, and that is to call my baby sister and apologize for leading her astray, for showing her a side of BDSM that I had embraced, but now know to be totally false.

This will be the last time I'm afraid of the memory of you. And I can thank Milord for that.

Helena closed the notebook, then sat back and let her gaze roam the room again. Her hands no longer trembled, and her stomach no longer lurched with fear at being in this place. The past was gone, and she would no longer allow herself to be held captive by it.

She exited the cabana slowly, locking the door behind her, and climbed the stairs to the third floor of the house. She went to the bedroom first, putting her notebook on the dresser and picking up the blindfold that lay on the stand in the corner.

TK was in his office, working. She crossed to him and greeted him, then handed him the blindfold. His gaze lifted from the piece of satin to her face, and then he nodded.

"Take off everything except the belt and chain."

It took her a few minutes to work the robe out from under the chains. When she'd done as he asked, she clasped her hands behind her back and bowed her head.

"I went to --"

"I know. I knew you had to go at some point." He stood and moved behind her, pressing himself against her as he held the blindfold near her chest. She took a deep breath as he lifted it to her face, wrapped it around her eyes gently, and tied it snugly.

She swallowed a moment's panic when it was fastened and they stood there together, their bodies touching. When he moved away she wanted to cry out for him to come back. Instead, she bit her lip.

TK stepped in front of her, took her hands, and led her around the desk, giving instructions on when to turn and when to stop. Then he gently lowered her down on his huge desk, her head at one end, her feet at the other.

“Who do you belong to, shorty?”

“You, Milord.”

“Good. I have work to do, and I think you make a fantastic desk ornament. You will remain silent for your Master, won’t you?”

“Yes, Milord.”

He tweaked her nipples; then she heard him move away and settle into his chair, the leather creaking under his weight. After that she heard the rustle of papers, the click of the keyboard, and the occasional ring of the phone and the conversation that ensued.

She wasn’t sure how long she lay there, naked except for the collar, leash, chains, and blindfold. Every once in a while TK would stroke her thigh, or pinch a nipple. The first time she inhaled sharply, fear starting to build before she fought it down.

Trust was paramount here. She trusted him no matter what, even if she couldn’t see what was happening. When there was a knock at the door, her tension grew. She heard TK’s voice mixed with that of Sir Donovan’s, but she stayed in place, lulling her mind with memories of TK’s hands, and of his sweet care of her.

Sir Donovan came and left, and then Sir Jackson came and left. Still, Helena stayed in place, awaiting her Master’s bidding. Finally he rubbed her thigh and ordered her to sit up. Her body protested after what had surely been hours of inactivity. He undid the blindfold, then tipped her face up to gaze down on her.

“Very well done, my shorty. I think my desk ornament needs to work again tomorrow, after lunch.”

“As you command, Milord.”

His grin made her toes curl. “You served me well today with your trust. It pleases me greatly.” He tipped her face up to him then leaned over and claimed her lips, pressing down hard as she pressed up into him. He cupped her cheek as his tongue probed for entrance. She licked him before moaning as he flicked in and out of her mouth before finally claiming her lips again in a kiss that made her insides turn to mush. Then he gently kissed the tip of her nose, and then gathered her leash in his hand and led her from the apartment to the main floor, where Sir Donovan was waiting for his assistant.

Chapter Thirteen

Helena had been with TK for seven weeks before she had the courage to call her sister. She felt the need to apologize to her weighing heavy on her heart, but she wasn’t quite sure what she was going to say.

Hi sweetie, I just wanted to apologize for dragging you into my pretend BDSM life. I realize now that I was just playing. TK has shown me what a real Dom/sub relationship is like. And indeed he had. He showed her great love and care in everything, and most of all, she understood, he respected her. That was something she’d never thought to have, truthfully. She knew now that she’d given herself too quickly to others in the past, never forging a bond with them to take her to a higher level.

“There’s nothing wrong with playing,” TK had said one night as he bound her wrists to the ankle cuffs she wore. “In fact, it’s a great thing. But you have to do it with respect for yourself, and know the person you’re submitting to respects you. You moved from Dom to Dom, looking for something, but not quite sure what you were looking for.”

“I should have stopped to ask questions,” she’d replied. “I screwed up.”

“It’s in the past. Write about it, then bury it and let it go.” Then he’d blindfold her and put her on a table, her legs splayed open with a spreader. He and Sir Donovan sat and played chess while she was on display. He’d used the blindfold often for things like this, but he’d never touched her sexually while she was sightless. She knew he was working up to it, though.

Their routine was fairly well set. During the day she’d sit at her desk and pour out her feelings about her life, about things that had happened, both good and bad. She no longer railed against Guest, called him foul names, or drew little knives piercing his heart. Instead she wrote of her pleasure about submitting to TK, and how he made her feel inside. She wrote of their nights in front of the fire, when he would sit in the chair, with her kneeling in front of him, his feet resting on her buttocks which he would jiggle every once in a while. Sometimes he would mount her, and other times he would not, saying it just gave him pleasure to see her on her knees before him.

Once he’d used her as a table in the lunchroom, putting his plate on her and eating from her body as she lay there, staying as still as possible. They’d go on long walks, her trailing behind him while he held her leash, and he’d watch while Sir Ulrich bound her or Sir Donovan flogged her, always nodding his approval.

All these memories went into her book, but they were written along with the bad memories, and Helena hated that. She’d thought about asking for a new book, but decided just to fill up the one she had.

She was so lost in her thoughts that it took her a minute to realize someone was saying hello.

“Walker?”

“Helena, hey darling. How are things in Florida?”

“Warm and humid. And at home?”

“Warm and dry. Just a minute, I’ll get Slick for you. She’s upstairs wondering what she should wear to a party we’ve been invited to at Lake and Lucy’s house. It’s for Diego and Sorchia, and something big is happening. We’re thinking marriage, but no one will confirm it. We’re all very curious.” He moved the phone away from his mouth and called for Harper.

Homesickness welled inside her as Helena waited. She could hear the love in his voice as he talked about her sister. It made her feel warm inside to know that her sister had found not one, but two men who loved her, and whom she loved. And, Helena was just as interested in what would be announced about Diego tonight. He was a good man, and he deserved someone to love. She didn’t know Sorchia, but Harper had told her she was sweet.

Thinking about the two getting married, as Dom and sub, made her wonder exactly where her relationship with TK was going. His domination of her made her body tingle more than it ever had.

She'd worked each night, mostly as Sir Ulrich's model in the bondage room. Sometimes TK would come in to watch, and when he did, it always made her heart swell with pride.

He'd told her he was proud of her, and that she should be proud of herself for coming out of her shell. She was just thrilled that he'd given her the chance after her disastrous performance in the clearing. She hoped the last week had made it up to him somehow. She was thankful for his caring nature, and for his ability to take her -- all of her -- and not berate her for her shortcomings.

If she'd been in Guest's clutches that night he would have beaten her to a pulp.

"Helena!" Harper's yell broke her musings.

"Hey, baby sister."

"How come you haven't called before now? I was worried sick. Of course Walker and Oscar wouldn't let me call, telling me to let things play out, that you were fine. But still, I worried."

"I'm sorry; I've been a little busy. I'm learning a lot."

"Really? Would you like to share?"

"Not right now. But I do have something I'd like to say." Helena took a deep breath. "I wanted to say I was sorry."

"About what?"

"About..." She cleared her throat. "About your night with the asshole."

Harper laughed. "You're worried about that? Sweetie, I'm fine, don't think about it."

"It was wrong of me, though. For all I know, it could have been the real start of your, um, problem."

Harper's laugh was low. "Helena, it started before then, and you know it. Why are you so worried about this?"

"Because I made some bad decisions in my life, and they spilled over onto you. I felt horrible about it and wanted to say something, now." She'd written almost seven pages of how she felt about what she'd done to Harper, how she'd possibly soured her on men, and how thankful she was for Oscar and Walker, who had rescued her.

"Are you crying? Helena, is everything all right?"

"It's fine. I'm just -- it's been a very emotional time. You mean so much to me. It's important to me to apologize to you."

"As long as you're all right, then I understand, I think. I accept your apology, but I don't want you thinking about it anymore. Promise me."

"I promise." As long as her baby sister was happy, then life was good.

"Is he treating you well?"

“Like a queen, Harper. He ties me up and fucks me, and when I freak out he holds me and lets me cry.”

There was a long silence. “I miss you so much. I want to sit, just the two of us, and talk.”

“I know. Maybe when -- I get home.” Her voice broke on the words. She wondered how long TK would want to keep her here. It was a double-edged sword she was finding hard to deal with. Part of her wanted to go home, to the life she’d always known, and part of her never wanted to leave TK, leave M’s Playhouse and the people she’d met there.

“Call me in the morning, around eight our time. If I don’t get dressed now, Oscar might take the flogger to me. Of course that might not be a bad thing.”

The sisters giggled and Helena looked up as TK came into the room. She crossed to him and dropped to her knees, kissing his cock.

“I have to go too. I’ll talk to ya tomorrow. I love you.”

“I love you, too, Helena.” The phone went dead and she clicked it off.

“How are things at home?”

“She was confused by my apology, Milord, but she took it. And I feel better for it.”

“Good.” There was an uncomfortable silence. “She give you all the news?”

“Yeah, a friend of ours is obviously announcing his engagement tonight. There’s a party of Tygers’ people.”

“Are you sorry you won’t be there?”

“No, and yes. I’m conflicted, Milord.”

“Well, I think this is a good time for us to talk, then.” Dread filled her heart and she nodded. This was where he told her that maybe it was time for her to go home. During the past few weeks she’d not once freaked, or shied away from anything. She’d taken several public floggings from Sir Donovan and not panicked. And she loved being chained to TK’s bed every night, and sleeping next to his warm, hard body. She especially loved giving him an early morning blowjob as he groaned under her.

But it wasn’t just the physical side. She loved it when he came in from work and would sit in his chair, or at his desk, and have her kneel beside him. He would stroke her hair and ask her about her day, ask her about her feelings. They’d talk about anything she brought up, and he didn’t shy away from asking questions, or berate her for not feeling as he thought she should.

Instead, he’d nod, then ask why she thought that way. Not once did he ever try to change her feelings, or tell her she had to believe as he did.

Some nights, after he’d chain her to his bed, he would hold her close, and ask her about her writings, about how they were coming along, and how they made her feel. He didn’t once ask to look at them, telling her they were her own feelings, and he wouldn’t intrude. But he wanted to make sure she was doing as he asked, that she was digging herself out of the hole she was in.

Helena knew she was doing just that. She was attached to him now, almost like she'd been attached to Shawn. The idea frightened her, because losing Shawn had sent her world into a nosedive. Would losing Milord TK do the same thing? She was scared that it would, and she was afraid it was going to all come crashing down now.

"Tell me what you want, Helena. Do you want to stay here, or go home?"

Her eyes widened. "You want me to choose? I thought you would."

"I told you, Helena, there's always a choice for a sub. Tell me what you want to do." When she didn't answer immediately she thought she saw pain flash over his face and quickly disappear.

"We've never talked about it before, and I didn't know how you felt. I want to stay with you. I feel there is so much you can teach me, and I...I need you."

"I need you too, shorty. You've grown on me, in a very good way. There are still some things we need to work out, though, before we have a collaring ceremony."

She tried to hide her disappointment, even though she knew he was right. When he spoke again, she felt as if he'd taken her in his arms.

"That doesn't mean we won't have a claiming ceremony, just the two of us, tonight, in the clearing."

Her pleasure turned to dread. "The clearing? Can't we do it here?"

"No, in the clearing. I want you to wear the red rope dress slave Celia made for you. Be ready at nine, and bring your notebook."

"Why?"

"Because it represents some things we need to discuss, things we need to get straight between us."

* * * * *

She thought about his words all day long as she wrote in her book, wondering what he wanted to do with it. She didn't want him to read her notebook, for she'd written things she'd never told anyone, things that were intensely private. But it had helped her in her quest to understand herself, and understand why she did things.

Too focused on the physical side of things, and not giving a thought to the mental side. She wasn't sure if that came from losing her husband so early in life, or having a mother who never thought of anything but herself.

At eight she took a bath, slathering her body in lotion before looking at the red rope dress. It was a halter dress, with the halter attached to a corset. The bra was built with three ropes, so that her breasts could be made available at her Master's request. Two cupped each breast, and one ran near her nipples. The skirt was lengths of rope that hung past her knees, easily moved aside, or brought up to bind her wrists at TK's discretion.

When she was dressed, she went to the table and ran her finger along her notebook, wondering again what he had in mind for it. He appeared at nine on the dot, and after she'd kissed his cock in greeting, he attached her leash.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes, Milord."

He led her out the door and through the house. Her nerves were on edge, and grew edgier as they neared the clearing. She reminded herself that she could trust TK.

She was determined to let the "new her" reign. She pushed her fears down and continued to follow him. When they reached the clearing, she frowned at what she saw. Sitting on the table was a metal bowl that looked to be about ten inches wide, and just as deep.

TK stopped in front of the table, then tugged three times on her leash. She dropped to her knees.

"Do you remember when you came here, and I asked you what you wanted in a Master?"

"Yes, I remember. My answer is much better now, Milord."

"What is that answer?"

"I want someone to care for me, to respect me and love me, and to guide me through my submission to him, taking us both to a higher level. And I want someone that I respect and can love, Milord."

"Do you think I have those traits, shorty?"

"Yes, Milord." She wanted to lean against him, to touch him and feel his body close to hers.

"And I, as the man that claims you as his sub, promise to care for you in all things, respect you, and be that guiding light that will help us both find our way. You still wear my training collar, but I want to add this to it."

He fished in his pocket and offered her a box. "Open it."

"Milord." She felt as if she had no breath left in her body. Inside the box were four items. Two nipple rings and a slave ring for her hood piercing, all of them with small charms that had the initials TK on them. There was also a slim silver chain with the same charm hanging from it.

"I claim you, Helena. If you accept that claim, then I will mark you as mine by this jewelry. There are new rings for your nipples and your clit, and the chain to hang from your training collar, so all know that you belong to me, that I own you."

"Yes, Milord, please."

"Hands behind your back." He lifted her as if she were a feather, putting her on the table. After he'd replaced the bars in her nipples with the rings, he had her spread her legs wide. Her pussy was soaked, and when he changed her jewelry to his slave ring she thought she would come. She held back as his fingers touched her delicate skin.

Within seconds he was standing before her again, attaching the silver chain to her slave collar.

“You’re mine now, completely. When your training is complete, we’ll change this collar out to a permanent one.”

“Thank you, Milord.”

“Thank you, Helena. And now, as you begin the new part of your life, we have to bury the old. We’re going to burn the notebook, and every bad memory it contains.”

“What about the good ones that I wrote about, Milord? The ones about Shawn, and you?”

“Those you keep in your heart. But the bad ones, throw them on the fire with the paper and just let them fly away. There is no room in your heart for *meand* the bad memories. And, since you’ve chosen me, they have to go.”

“I agree, Milord.”

“Put them in the pit and never think of them again.” She placed the notebook in the bowl. TK poured on a small amount of fluid, then moved her away before tossing in a match. As the fire lit, he bound her hands behind her with the ropes from her dress; then he took her to the far edge of the table, bending her over and entering her quickly.

“Milord, yes.”

“Who do you belong to, Helena?”

“To you, Milord. Only to you.”

“That’s right. You’re mine.”

She watched the flames build as he thrust in and out of her. Her old life went up in smoke before her eyes as her new one claimed her totally, accepting her without question or fault.

“TK,” she whispered, “thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome, shorty.” He placed his lips on her ear. “Will you come for me?”

“As many times as you want, Milord.”

“And will you scream for me?”

“As you command, Milord. I’ll scream for everyone to hear.”

“Then do it now.” He pinched her clit and she soared, knowing she’d finally found a place to call home, and a man to call Master who would care for her forever.

THE END

Melinda Barron

Melinda Barron loves to explore Egyptian tombs and temples, discover Mayan ruins, play in castles towers, and explore new cities and countries. She generally does it all from the comfort of her home by opening a book.

Melinda is the fourth of five children born to an Army officer and his wife. A longtime newspaper journalist, Melinda has loved to read and write from an early age. Now she lives in the Texas Panhandle with two cats, Amelia and Pippin, and enough books to, according to her brother, open her own library. In addition to reading and writing Melinda enjoys travel, cross-stitching, watching movies and spending time with her friends and family.