Sweet Sixteen

Chapter 2

Changed Plans

Disclaimer:

This story is a work of fiction and should stay that way.

The views of the characters do not reflect the views of the author.

Merely his fantasies.

That said, any feedback or comments may be directed to:

pleasemasterstop@gmail.com

Happy Reading

 Yeah, Rachel really threw me for a loop, and it was hard to get my head on right around her, but the amazing part was I really didn’t want to. I was enjoying someone who was playing along, who was having fun with me, and knew it was all for sex, she changed me, and changed my plans for good. I extended my trip, which was a strict no-no, longer exposure puts me at greater risk of being caught... and that was the last thing either of us wanted. But I couldn’t get enough of her. Sixteen year old pussy is hard for any man to resist, and a girl like Rachel, who knew what I was about, and knew what I had done to get her, and didn’t care was a treasure that I couldn’t pass up, even if it meant prison.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rachel couldn’t wait for the weekend to be over. Casey had agreed to cover for her for the weekend and she planned to spend the whole time with John. They had met every other day or so for two weeks now, coming up with different scenarios and acting them out. And this weekend was going to be a special one. This was going to be two days of her living a scenario, and she was really looking forward to it, but at the same time, she wanted the time to crawl by, because after this weekend, John was going back home (he still wouldn’t tell her where) and they would be reduced to chat programs again.

And that wasn’t enough for her. She loved the feel of him inside of her, filling her pussy and groping her breasts and she already missed the taste of his cock and the feel of it in her mouth. She blushed a little at the thought. Two weeks ago she had been a virgin, and now she felt like such a slut. He was more than twice her age, and had a life and a job wherever he lived, and yet he was staying here to be with her, to have sex with her, and fulfill her fantasies. And she loved it. She sat now in the last class of the day and waited impatiently for the day to end. She could feel the wind on her sex under her long skirts as she wasn’t wearing underwear. Every time she started thinking about him, she got all wet and sloppy and ruined another pair of panties.

So she had stopped wearing them for now, just until her hormones were under control. And shorts were out of the question, as they would stain just as easily as the panties. She had to keep a low profile and that was just what she did. When the bell rang for the day she dashed to her locker and deposited her books then made a bee-line for the door. She wanted out of there before anything could happen. Once she was out in the open air, she headed for the bus stop, pulling her student ID out and getting on the bus. She rode downtown and headed to the taxi stand. She paid the driver to take her to the designated meeting spot for today and off she went.

John on the other hand, had the day to prepare. Another new hotel room and plenty of time on his hands, and he had things set up. Once he snuck Rachel in, he planned to lay down the scenario and see what she thought. It was going to be a rough one, but if she agreed, and he had no reason to think she wouldn’t, she would be his, and at his mercy for two whole days. And he planned for her to be naked for those two days. He planned for her to be tied to the bed for at least half of one day, and to be in cuffs and a collar for the rest of it. But most of all, he planned to cum in every one of her holes, to bathe her in semen before she was done, and to leave his mark on her for good before he went back to Phoenix and resumed the long distance relationship.

He was done setting things up and got dressed to head out to the meeting site to wait for her. He was in the ratty old car he had bought and had the suitcase in the trunk ready for her. But today there would be a twist. She couldn’t get in it with any clothes on. It was a risky thing, making her strip outside and put on the cuffs and collar, the ball gag and blindfold, and then he would tie her ankles and put a vibrator in her pussy before the trip. But he wanted to see how far she would go. They had a secluded place to change her over, and it wouldn’t take too long. He just wanted to see what level of trust he had achieved with her. And he planned to use that trust to his full advantage. She had managed to shatter his composure that first time, but he had it back, and he was back to being the user, the master in their relationship. And she was the sex object, the pet. She was his sweet candy girl.

He met her on time and she slipped into the seat beside him. He looked over at her and smiled. She wore a long skirt, no panties, a tee with no bra, and sandals. This might be easier than he thought.

“I have a surprise for you, Candygirl. I have a scenario for us to act out. You remember the last time we were together and I said I wanted to have a long running story with you? Well, here it is. I want you to be my slave girl. You’ve been kidnapped from your bed, your clothes cut away, and you’ve been bound and gagged, and stuffed in a suitcase for transport. You could hear through the fabric when they moved you that you have been sold for a quarter million dollars to your new owner, and he has taken you away. We’ll act it out from there. What do you think?”

She smiled hugely. “I love Master/slave play! Let’s do that! You have me all weekend, to break and use as you choose. Load me in the suitcase, and let’s get going.”

“It’s not that simple, Candygirl. You have to be dressed for the part. Look in the glove compartment.”

She opened it and took out what lay within. A ball gag, blind fold, collar, handcuffs, a broad Velcro strap and a remote control vibrator.

“You want me to put these on, right? I can do that.”

“Oh, so very much more than that, Pet. That is all you’ll be wearing before you go into the suitcase. You’ll change right here, and I’ll walk you back and close you into the suitcase. With your feet and hands restrained and that vibrator in you, turned on and controlled by me. Further, this will be more than play. There are no breaks, no safewords, and few rules. I will lay down my three promises though.” And she knew he would keep his promises. He always kept them, every time he made them. “One, I will not mark you permanently. Two, I will always use a condom. And three, you will have the time of your life, Candygirl. We’ll have two one hour breaks every day and one tonight, but other than that you’ll maintain your role at all times.”

She looked like a deer in the headlights, looking out the window of the old car at the little rest area they were parked in. There was no one around to see them, but she was nervous as hell about it. But the very idea of being his toy for two days was turning her on already and she was eager to see how it played out. She started putting on the collar, then stripped her shirt off, kicked out of her sandals and slid her skirt down her legs and off before turning so he could put the ball gag in place and handcuff her hands behind her back. Then they were out of the car and she walked, naked and scared, to the back of the car. He hooked a finger in the ring on her collar and pulled her up into a kiss. It was deep and loving and his free hand cupped and squeezed one breast as he kissed her deeply and powerfully.

After they separated, she breathing heavily and a little shaky on her feet, he opened the trunk and then the suitcase and lifted her up to put her inside. Once she was situated in the case, he blindfolded her, had her spread her legs so he could insert the vibrator into her dripping wet pussy and then used the Velcro straps to bind her ankles and knees together. She was trussed up and ready to deliver. Looking down at her, he had the idea of heading for Phoenix right now, taking her with him and turning their two day Master/slave play into something a bit more permanent. But he resisted. He stood looking down at her then took out the remote for the vibrator, and quickly cranked the speed up to maximum. Even from here he could hear it humming. He smiled as she squirmed and slowly turned to down to a slow, steady hum that would last for hours. Then he zipped up the suitcase and closed the trunk and walked back to the driver seat.

He was back on the road and spent an hour or so just driving around downtown. He would play with the remote at stop lights and smile at what she must be feeling, and finally turned into the drive of his hotel. It was a warm day and he didn’t want her suffocating back there, after all. Putting on the glasses that completed his disguise, he went through the motions of unloading his suitcase and taking it up to his room. When he got there he laid the suitcase on the bed and went to change, letting her rest there for a while, keeping her in the cramped, warm suitcase as he played constantly with the remote control. When he finally unzipped the suitcase and looked in at her, she was shuddering in lust, covered in sweat and squirming, trying to get some movement.

He lifted her out, kicked the suitcase off the bed, and laid her on it. “Well, let me see what I have purchased for myself here. You certainly cost me a pretty penny my little one, and bought sight unseen, as such things usually go. And all wrapped up like a present at that. I think I’ll leave you as you are for the moment, and enjoy the view and perhaps take a few pictures.”

He already knew that she was alright with pictures; he had given a solemn oath not to post a single one anywhere on the internet, and only to keep them for personal use. And that was the plan. He positioned her in various poses and snapped pictures with his digital camera. When he had plenty, he caressed her, delighted when she flinched at his touch. She was so lovely, so soft and vibrant. And covered with sweat like this, her skin was glowing and smooth. Sexier than she had ever been before, in his opinion. He released the Velcro around her legs and ankles, and used rope to tie her legs spread out to the foot board, drawing her out snugly. She put up a token resistance, and he gave her a little sharp slap across her bare ass to punish her. Once he was done there, he repeated the process for her arms, until she was spread-eagle face up on the bed. He ran a hand down her nude body and smiled. The feel of her under his hand was so perfect.

She shivered as he caressed her and then ran his hand over her pubic hair. “Well, this is certainly unacceptable. A good slave shouldn’t have any body hair. Let’s see what we can do about it shall we?”

He retreated to the bathroom and returned with a razor and shave gel. Lathering her up he shaved her carefully, gently, and with careful strokes. He used his thumbs to caress her pussy as he worked and when she was done, and smooth as a babies ass, he spread some crème from a tube over her pubic mound. She knew what it was immediately, and the burning quickly told her she was right. The heat was intense, uncomfortable and not the least bit erotic. She was whimpering in discomfort for the next five minutes, and when he wiped it off, her pussy was smooth, and would stay that way for weeks. It was also very, very sensitive. And a light caress from him excited her to no end.

He smiled as he applied light touches and kisses to her sex, then rubbed an ice chip over the hot, sensitive area. She gasped and squealed into the gag at the sudden change in sensations and bucked her hips involuntarily. He smiled and alternated between his warm tongue and the ice as he played with her freshly shaven slit and caressed her, working her close to an orgasm, taking her to that very ragged edge where she was just at the cusp of going over.

And then he stopped.

She whimpered into the gag, moaning and trying anything to move her body enough to get that last little touch, that last bit of contact that would push her over the edge. But to no avail. She was bound too tightly, and he was making sure she couldn’t get off until he was ready. And it would be hours yet before he was ready. There was still plenty of game left in him, and while he had a raging, throbbing erection, it would be a long time before he made use of it. Master/slave play was all about control, and not sex. A good master, or Dom as they are usually called, doesn’t even have sex on his mind. It is all about controlling his slave, or Sub. And while he wasn’t a professional, he had enough self control now to keep from taking what he really wanted, which was her. He could fuck her any time he wanted, but this was about something more. This was about building control.

And not just over her character, not just in the story. But control over Rachel herself. This was really about domination, and he planned to see to it that he didn’t slip again like he had that first time with her. She had seen through him somehow, and that was unacceptable. If he wanted to insure that she would tell no one about him, about them, and thus keep him and his hobby safe, then he had to have control. He had lost control just once and it had nearly cost him. But he had changed plans and was trying it from a different tack. And it was just a matter of time before she was his.

And she was different from the other three. Far different. While Claire, Amanda, and Amy had all lost interest for him in a year or two, he had a feeling Rachel was a longer term project, something more permanent. And with some more grooming, some more training, he would have her right where he wanted her. As his. It would be two years yet before he could really act on it, before he could take her home for good, but that was not too long to wait. A girl like this came along once in a lifetime. And he could visit often, reaffirm the bond... and he could send her gifts, and other things to bind her to him.

He let her lie on the bed, shivering a bit and still blind to the room, for an hour as he sat on the chair and watched her. She whimpered and pulled at her bonds, struggled and cried, and finally gave up. That was when he touched her again. Not in a sexual way, but a firm hand on her cheek, holding her face still so he could look at it. There were tears on her face, and she was trembling slightly. Really acting the part. A thin line of saliva ran from the corner of her mouth and down to the sheets and she was covered in dried sweat and her body was as tense as a drum. This was the most realistic session they had ever enacted, and he was enjoying this degree of control over her.

“Hmm, lets find out about you, my new pet.” He said, removing the gag and listening to her whimper for a bit. “What’s your name, Pet.”

“I... I’m Alexis. Please let me go, I won’t tell, I promise. I miss my mommy and my brother and I wanna go home.”

The last word was drawn out into a hitching sob and he smiled. She was very good at this; he was looking forward to finding out just how good before he was done. “I can’t do that, Pet. I paid good money to get you. Your stepfather was very eager to have you gone.”

That was a good touch and he smiled at the reaction. She cried out and started sobbing. She could be an actress someday she was so good.

“NOoooooooo...Nononononononono, please tell me that’s not true. Please ohpleaseohpleaseohpleaseoh...” She stopped when he slapped her cheek and started sobbing again.

It hadn’t been a hard hit, just a play slap. He hadn’t ever really hit her yet, but planned to before this weekend was over. He planned to take his hand to her bare ass and make it sting. He hadn’t promised not to hurt her, after all. But he had to be careful with it, no bruises after all, and nothing on the arms, legs, or face. He’d have to restrict his attentions in that way to her ass and tits. But the rest of her was still on the table for anything else. He was creative enough with his bondage to keep from leaving any marks, and she knew better than to struggle too much. Cuts on the wrists and ankles were hard to explain on a sixteen year old girl.

He let her weep for a while and returned to caressing her face, a soothing caress that was designed to relax her, to make her slowly start to trust him.

“Well, I think that you going home is certainly out of the question, meaning that place is no longer home for you, Pet. Leave it, and all in it, behind, your mother knew, how could she not? Her young daughter suddenly gone; her husband reluctant to even try to look for her, and a sudden large influx of cash into their bank account... Two hundred thousand reasons not to care. But don’t worry pet, I’ll take care of you. The name Alexis should be left behind too. I’ll call you pet for now, until I find a better name for you. But you are only to answer to pet, am I understood?”

“What? No! Alexis is my name, why would I leave my name behind, mister? And who are you? Why did you do this to me?” She asked, tossing her head and trying to get the blindfold off, trying to see anything.

He sighed and reached over to remove the blindfold. After her eyes adjusted to the light, she stared at him, fear and hate in her eyes as he smiled at her.

“Who, who are you? Why did you do this?”

He smiled and shook his head. “My name isn’t important, Pet. You can just call me Master. I am your owner, your one and only reason for being. And I plan to keep you for a very long time. You are quite lovely, and from what I can see, your limber little body will make me happy for a long, long time.”

This elicited a sob from her, she started saying no over and over again and shaking his head. He just lifted his hand as if to slap her and she squealed and turned away from him, cringing against the blow. He nodded and laid his hand on her chest between her breasts. Smiling her caressed her skin and hummed a soothing song for her as she settled down and she slowly turned to look at him again.

“Please just let me go, please oh please. I don’t want to stay with you.”

“Where would you go, Pet? Tell me where you’d go and I just may? You can’t go to the police, you promised not to tell anyone, ever. And promises are very important; they should not be made lightly. Once you make one, you are honour bound to keep it forever. So where else is there to go?”

She opened her mouth to say home, and stopped. There was no home, no place for her to go. “I... I don’t know... I just don’t. But please oh please I don’t want to stay here. I don’t want you to hurt me.”

“How have I hurt you, Pet? The little slap I gave you? You were hysterical, and were going to hurt yourself. I just gave you a little something to focus your attention. And it worked, you are no longer hysterical. You are restrained for the same reason. I will shelter you, feed you, clothe you, and all I ask in return is that you provide me with some form of recompense. Sex is a small price to pay for all I offer, Pet.”

“***Stop calling me that!*** My name is Alexis! *Alexis*, not pet.”

He grabbed her then, his hand shooting up from her chest to her neck and he hopped up on the bed to straddle her and he pushed her back into the pillows with the hand on her neck, fingers slowly squeezing to cut off her air as he placed his face an inch from hers. He let her choke for a moment, his weight on her chest coupled with the hand on her neck bringing real fear to her eyes as he watched. Then he let her breathe again, and she was gasping and coughing as he raised his weight up and off of her.

Rachel however, had been a little scared of him ever since he picked her up. Something was different about him and she couldn’t put a finger on it. He had been colder, somehow and more demanding. The very idea of being naked in public... and while she still didn’t like riding in the trunk of the car (What if they got in an accident) She had come to see it as a necessity... after all if anyone saw them together it was over. And she had been really looking forward to this weekend, so his rules hadn’t bothered her. She would have liked a safe word, but she understood why he didn’t use one. First, it detracted from the feel of the session. Second, with the gag, and his choking her, she couldn’t use the word.

She had played along, using the fake tears that got her so much from her parents to add to the realism of the session and he had played along great! But now she was scared as hell. She didn’t mind the slap, she was hoping he would slap her harder next time, but the choking had scared the hell out of her. His eyes were so cold and hard when he had been looking at her. And he had been really choking her. Not playing at all. She had trouble breathing and her throat still hurt even after the coughing stopped. She lay on the bed, feeling suddenly very exposed and very alone as he watched her, and felt herself as tense as a guitar string. Then he was off the bed and still looking a her.

“What is your name?”

“Alexis.” She stated very firmly.

He nodded once and walked over to a briefcase sitting on the dresser. Opening it, he rummaged around inside and returned with something. Sitting on the bed, he took her breast in one hand and held up the item with the other. It was a clamp. The kind he had explained to her was a cloverleaf clamp, designed to be used on the nipple. He looked at her with the clamp in full view and asked again.

“What is your name?”

“Alexis.” She said defiantly.

He opened the clamp and lowered it to her nipple. He didn’t close it slowly, but let it snap closed on her nipple hard. She gasped, but didn’t cry out.

“Alexis, my name is Alexis.”

He clamped the other nipple, and she could see there was a thin chain connecting the two clamps. They had little teeth that bit hard into the tender flesh of her nipples and stung, but they didn’t really hurt. And then his hand went lower, caressing her pussy and he carefully extracted one of her labia with his fingers, pinching it ever so slightly as he looked at her and produced another clamp.

“Alexis... I’m still Alexis.”

He lowered the clamp to her bald pussy and she could feel the cold steel against her flesh as he held it for a moment, and then let it snap closed. This time she really had to work to stifle the scream. A sob hitched her throat and she looked away as real tears, much hotter than the fake ones, rolled down her cheeks. She felt him prepare her other labia and squirmed trying to get away from him. The pain was a lance up into her middle, and his face had been so passive, and so cold as he hurt her... but she remembered that it was just a game, and that he wasn’t really like that. She looked back at him and he was holding another clip, looking at her.

“Alexis.”

The fourth clip closed with a snap on her pussy and she cried out once, the pain sharp and stabbing as she squirmed, trying to get away from the pain, but the clamps were firm on her flesh, and she couldn’t shake them off. He gave her a bit to settle and gently took the chain connecting the ones on her nipples and slowly pulled it taught. As he tugged a little more, the design of the clamps caused them to tighten, and she had to arch her back off of the bed more and more to keep them from squeezing too tightly. He pulled until she couldn’t arch up any more and then just a hair further and held her there. Eventually her strength would give and she would have to relax, causing the clamps to become much, much tighter on her nipples. He held her there for a while and as she started to shake and whimper, at her strengths end, he pulled up hard, once drawing a cry from her before releasing the chain and letting her fall back.

She was shaking all over and covered in sweat as he gently took up the chain attached to the clamps on her labia. Looking her directly in the eyes, he cocked his head to one side.

“M... my... my name is... is... Pet, master.” She said, turning her face away from him and sobbing a little.

He had succeeded in starting to break her and she knew she had to give in eventually. He nodded and carefully removed the clamps from the lips of her pussy and set them aside. He let her sob, coming to terms with what she had become, caressing her chest with his hand, caressing her breasts and inner thighs with careful touches and slow caresses. He had shown her pain and now pleasure, a reward for accepting what she was now. He was careful of his progress, making sure that he took her slowly to the very cusp of pleasure again, before stopping once more, before again denying her what she so desperately sought.

He knew her pussy was tender, a little sore and very sensitive from the Nair he had used to remove the roots of her pubic hair. It left the skin super sensitive and the package recommended they not have any sexual intercourse for at least two days. But he didn’t care about the package. He planned to leave her weak and quivering and remembering him for a long time after he left. She cried when he stopped, and squirmed around, trying to get that last little bit that would push her over the edge, but she still couldn’t get there, he had her too well tied.

“Please oh please master, please let me cum, I want to cum, master.”

“Not yet, pet. You still have lessons to learn. You can never refer to yourself as ‘I’. You are just ‘Pet’ now. Say what you just said again, but properly, this time.”

“Please, master, please let Pet cum, Pet wants to cum master.”

He spent the next two hours like that, she tied to the bed he brought her just to the brink twice more before leaving off, leaving her more and more frustrated and more and more agitated, more frazzled and more desperate to climax. Then he untied her legs, letting her squirm around a bit, but delivering a sharp crack across her ass with his hand when she tried to use her legs to get herself off.

“You will only climax when *I* say you may, pet. Do that again and you’ll spend the night in full restraints as well as the gag and blindfold. Am I understood?”

“Yes master, Pet understands master. But pet wants to cum sooooo badly, master. What can pet do to be allowed to cum?”

“We’ll see soon, Pet. We’ll see soon. But I wish to cum too. Will you let me fuck you, pet?”

“Oh, yes master, Pet knows she is yours master, please fuck pet, master.”

He smiled as he turned from her. She had given permission just as he knew she would. He put on a condom and returned to the bed to kneel between her legs. She spread them willingly and raised her waist up a little from the bed for him, and he simply spread a little blob of lube on the end of the condom and took her by one leg to lift her up higher, then lined his cock up and smeared the cool lube around a little.

When she felt where he was aiming, she started to squirm. He had promised her he would never fuck her ass without her permission, but there was nothing she could do right now, she had promised to stay in her role as a slave girl for the whole weekend. And promises were important, he had made sure she understood that... but why was he breaking one now.

“Oh, master please, not there. Pet has never been fucked there, master, it would hurt me... *pet* so much.” She caught herself quickly, but he still noted the slip. “Please master, fuck my pussy.” Two lapses. He’d have to really punish her for that now.

“You just said I could fuck you, you begged be to fuck you, but you didn’t specify where. You didn’t even ask me where I would fuck you, Pet. So I can fuck you anywhere I want. And I want to fuck your lovely round ass.” With that he applied a bit more pressure, going slowly, letting her have time to adjust to the feel of his cock as it started to press into her sweet, smooth virgin ass. He will have had every one of her holes now, and when he was done he will have pumped his semen into every hole as well. She had swallowed his seed, but he had not filled her pussy with it yet. He would in time, but that time was not now. The risk was too great.

Then with a little pop, the head of his cock was in the tight heat of her ass. He applied a bit more lube and slowly started to stroke back and forth, sinking his cock a little deeper into her tight chute with every movement, and she was sobbing and moaning as he forced entry into her body. He was so large and her tiny hole was so small in comparison. She felt somewhat betrayed and violated as he pushed deeper and deeper into her with every movement. Then his hand started to caress her pussy, and soon her taxed, tight strung sex was humming in pleasure, offsetting the burning, stretching feeling his cock was making in her ass. His hand flicked expertly over her clit and lips, and he circled her opening and slipped into her wet, welcoming heat as his cock pushed deeper and deeper into her ass.

And then she could feel the hot weight of his balls resting against her ass, and knew he was in her completely. He was deeper than he had ever been able to go into her pussy. His cock was long and thick, and he hit bottom in her pussy very quickly, leaving almost two inches of his cock out of her body. But here the whole length of his cock was buried in her ass, and she felt a little less pain from it. He slowly worked back and forth, making short thrusts as he fucked her ass, and soon he was making long, full thrusts into her, with a little help from the lube. A few minutes in she felt the pain, steadily receding, vanish almost completely and a minute more started to enjoy the sensation, actually feeling very, very good as he stroked full length into her ass. He was going faster now, holding both legs with his hands as he rammed into her, and with a grunt, she felt his cock swell as he emptied his load into the condom.

She didn’t even come close to an orgasm, but she could feel pleasure from the act. It wasn’t orgasmic pleasure, but the very feel of all of him buried in her body was some pleasure and after her body had adjusted and the pain diminished, she had felt some pleasure. He let his cock get soft within her before pulling out, but then he quickly slipped something in its place and she felt the cool rubber of a plug in her tender, sore hole. Then he untied her arms, and sat her up to hug her.

“We’ll take our hour tonight here, Candygirl.”

\* \* \* \* \*

They spent the first part of the hour resting, relaxing in each others arms and letting the tension flow out of them. She knew better than to ask questions about the game. All she needed to know was how she would react as each situation arises. She was a bit sore where he had fucked her, and her ass was tender and felt over-full from both the feel of his cock within her and the plug that still rested there. But overall she felt good, the sensations were lovely and she felt more alive than she had before today.

“Are you enjoying, Candygirl?” He asked her as they began to disentangle.

She nodded and sat up, wincing a bit as her weight came to rest on her sore ass. “You didn’t tell me we would be doing anal. I thought you promised not to until I agreed.”

“And I kept that promise. You asked me to fuck you, to let you feel my cock inside of you. And that’s what I did. I didn’t say I *wouldn’t* have anal sex with you. And you didn’t specify that before we started. I made you three promises, do you remember them?”

She nodded again as she stood, stretching a little, enjoying the feel of his eyes on her tender young flesh. “You won’t leave any permanent marks, you would always use a condom, and I would have the time of my life.”

“Have I lied or broken any of those promises to you? Or any promise I have ever made?” He asked her seriously. He knew part of the trick to keeping her happy and quiet about their relationship was to treat her like an adult. He already knew her parents treated her like a baby, she was the youngest of three, with two older brothers who got all of the attention and affection. She had been treated like a doll her whole life.

She shook her head. “No, I guess not. But this is really uncomfortable. Can I take the plug out?”

He shook his head. “Not yet. I am guessing you have a too-full feeling like you really have to go to the bathroom.” She nodded. “We’re going to take care of that soon, then a shower, and then dinner before we get back into character. We might run a bit over the hour tonight but we’ll make up for it tomorrow, promise.” He planned to skip their hour for lunch completely and just continue with the session. They chatted back and forth for a bit and then moved to the bathroom. He took some things out of his bags and had her bend over the sink.

Filling a hot water bottle with warm water, he attached a hose and carefully removed the plug from her tender sphincter. Then, after applying a dollop of lube, he gently pushed the hose into her ass and let the warm water drain into her, filling her bowels for a warm water enema. Mixed in with the water was a stimulant similar to GHB that acted as an aphrodisiac. He had her rinse three times then filed her one more time and replaced the plug before she could void. She would hold the fluid in her body until after the shower, to get the full cleansing and to give the drug she didn’t know was there time to absorb into her blood stream. He planned to make her cum so hard that she would pass out tonight.

After the shower, she voided and he had her rinse herself off one more time before they went out to eat dinner. He had called out for room service when they were in the bathroom and it was ready and waiting. They ate and then cuddled for a bit before he had her return to her place on the bed and he placed the handcuffs back on her and they resumed the session.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rachel felt a little strange. The stuffed, uncomfortable feeling was gone from her ass, and so was the soreness and tenderness. But he had replaced the plug and now that she was back in character there was no way to ask about it. Not that it made a difference. It was part of the session, and she was eager to continue. He came to her then and looked over her slender, naked form.

“Did you enjoy that, pet?” He asked in that unmistakable tone, the tone that said he was in charge and in character. To her it seemed a bit too natural for him, like he had played this role far too often or perhaps that it wasn’t a role at all, like the John she knew was the character and this was the real man. But she pushed those thoughts aside and nodded to him.

“Yes, Master. But pet still wants to leave. Please let pet go. Pet doesn’t know where she’ll go but she’s so scared here.”

“Why are you so scared, Pet? Are you scared of me?”

She shook her head a bit, then stopped and nodded. “Yes, you scare pet. You just want to own her, to keep her yours and use her body.”

“There’s nothing wrong with that, pet. You have a lovely body and it should be appreciated. But that isn’t all I want you for. I will feed you and give you a home, nice clothes and nice things. I’ll send you to school and teach you a great many things and all I ask for in return is for you to use your body and all you learn to please me. And you will learn much about pleasure, and pleasing and being pleased by both men and women. Is that so bad?”

She looked confused for a few moments and tugged at her handcuffs. “Can you let pet up from the bed, at least? She promises not to run, or to try and fight.”

“I certainly hope not, Pet. We’re at my hunting lodge in the middle of nowhere. The nearest other person is an hour away by foot, if you know which way to go through the woods. If you follow the road, on foot it’s four hours. And in the winter like this you wouldn’t make it very far.” He had given her their setting. The hotel was just the stage. Now she knew the hunting cabin was the set. The rest was just their imagination.

As he unlocked the handcuffs, he watched her closely and gave her hand a light little slap when she reached for the plug. “Ah-ah that stays in for now. We’ll remove it later, walk around a bit, I’m sure you are stiff. And look in the box on the table, there is a little gift there for you, when you’re ready for it, that is.”

She walked around the room, pretending to be stiff and awkward before making her way to the table. She had wondered what was in the little wooden box and as it came open her eyes got wide. Inside, laid out neatly, was a collar with matching wrist and ankle cuffs, and a body harness all in shiny black leather and chrome buckles and rings. It was a slave harness. And there were locks on every buckle, so once it was on only the person with the key could let her out of it again. She felt herself getting wet, but couldn’t let her real excitement show. Pet wouldn’t be ready for this yet, and likely wouldn’t know what it was either.

“Wh…whats this, master?” She asked him as she lifted out the collar.

He rose from the bed, as naked as she was, and came over to take the collar from her hands. “Let me show you. Lift your hair out of the way.” She did as she was asked and he placed the collar around her neck and locked it shut. “There you are, my pet. A collar, just for you.

She felt at it with her hands. It was a bit snug, but comfortable, lined with soft leather and fitted just for her. As her fingers found the buckle, she feigned panic. “Oh! Please no. Please take it off. I don’t want this. Pleaseohpleasehplease…”

He grabbed her wrists then and quickly, deftly pulled them together and slipped the handcuffs on again. She pulled weakly at them and he gave her face one of his little fake slaps. The hardest he felt comfortable doing. She acted as if he had given her the full arm, falling to the floor sobbing as he stood over her. He watched for a moment and then took the ankle cuffs from the box and locked them in place, then took a length of rope from his kit and made a few loops and knots around an arm chair as she watched.

When he was done he came for her again. She crawled as quickly as her bound hands allowed into the corner and tried to hide from him. He simply grabbed an ankle and dragged her out into the floor. When she fought him, he grabbed an arm and hoisted her from the floor and carried her over to the table. He gave her ass a good hard slap, a real one, as she struggled, and then two more as she squirmed and fought and she subsided into sobbing as he set her down and bent her over the table. The handcuffs were quickly replaced with the leather wrist cuffs and she found herself bent over the table and her ankles fastened to the legs of the table with Velcro straps and then her wrists pulled out and bound to the table with more of the straps.

She was immobilised and her ass, still stinging from the slaps he had given her was exposed and unprotected.

“Now, we are going to address a few issues. Number one: I am your master, and always in charge. You will obey me, you will pleasure me when I want and anyone else I tell you to as well. Number two: Resistance will be punished. No one knows where you are, or where you have been taken. So no one is going to come and rescue you. No one knows and more importantly, no one cares. Am I understood? You can fight me and be punished, or surrender and be pleasured and pampered as you have never been before. Now, you have slipped three times, you did not call me master and you did not call yourself pet twice. For that we have punishment.”

From his kit he took a whip with a few hundred long rubber lashes on it. “The normal penalty is twenty lashes for each. That however would leave you unable to sit for days. So I will treat you lightly, like the child you are, and give you five each.” With that he proceeded to lash her ass with the whip, giving fifteen strokes quickly, one after the other that had her squealing and wiggling in her bonds. When he was done, he set the whip aside and came up behind her to rub his hands over her red, tender ass. He had given her real strokes of the whip, as hard as he would give if she were old enough to legally be his lover and not have to worry about marks or screaming.

“Now, I know that hurt and that you are scared and alone, but I have nothing but your best interest at heart, Pet. And now I’ll prove it. I will deliver punishment and pain when I need to. But I will also deliver pleasure and reward whenever I can.”

He began removing her bonds, leaving the cuffs and collar on her and let her stand on shaky legs, hands rubbing her tender, red ass. She could feel the heat from her tender flesh and had felt a moment of real panic when he had begun, wondering if she had perhaps gotten in over her head. The whip had stung and hurt like nothing else ever had in her life. But then it was over and his caress was even more intimate and tender than before. And her sensitive skin felt so alive and hot, and surprisingly she was wetter than she had ever been before. He placed her in the chair and pulled her arms up and over her head, tying them back with the rope so they were out of the way. Then he lifted her legs up over the arms of the chair and lifted her so her ass was suspended and tied her ankles back. With the cushioning on the arms of the chair she was rather comfortable.

A few loops of rope around her legs and they were held immobile. And then he was kneeling down before her, one hand caressing her face and neck as the other lightly stroked her inner thighs and bare, bald labia. In moments she was gasping and wiggling as his hands caressed her, bringing waves of pleasure and chasing away all but the memory of the pain. Then his thumb clicked a button on the plug in her ass and it began to vibrate within her, providing a counter-point to the attentions of his hands as he placed both around her pussy and used his thumbs to spread her dripping sex wide open.

As his tongue slid over her hot, wet sex, she gasped and arched her back. Straining against her bonds she moaned out loud and felt waves of intense pleasure build inside her, building towards orgasm. And just as before, he got her to the ragged edge and stopped, leaving her to come down as he rose and walked over to his kit. He took a few things out and returned, standing looking down at her as she was panting and wiggling; trying to give herself the release she had so far been denied.

He knelt before her again and applied a bit of clear gel to each nipple and then to her clitoris and inner labia. Giving it a moment to set, he blew on it gently and smiled as he heard her gasp as the gel heated up. The gel would provide heat and increase the blood flow to the areas where it was applied, granting her greater pleasure. Coupled with the tenderness of her sex from the hair remover and the heightened senses from the drug, it should give her the most powerful orgasm she had ever had before.

He went back to playing with her then, toying with her clit and labia, licking and kissing at her pussy and inner thighs as he felt her pleasure grow and diminish by turns, each rise taking a little less time and each fall taking a little more. When he had her at the very edge of sanity he gave her five straight minutes to relax and come down off of her crest as he carefully rolled on a condom and applied one drop of the drug to the tip. Her breathing was ragged and she was covered in sweat, her pussy dripping juices and her nipples hard and sensitive. He lined his cock up with her pussy and smeared the drug around the rim of her opening. She gasped at the contrast between the cold liquid and the heat of her sex.

His hands came up to caress her nipples as he kissed her neck and jaw, but never the mouth, never the lips. She was arching up to meet him, her dripping wet sex open and inviting and he let her be on that ragged edge for a moment, before thrusting forward with a single long, smooth stroke to fill her. She cried out and pulled hard at her bonds. The little ribs and dots on the condom caressing and massaging all along her canal as he thrust into her. He didn’t slow, but kept his attention on her breasts and neck as he thrust into her rapidly over and over again.

Her first orgasm crested less than a minute later, and was followed very quickly by two more. And as he caressed her and plunged his cock deep into her heat, each thrust carrying him as deep into her as he could go without hurting her he felt her cum no less than six times. Until finally she cried out long and hard, gasping for breath, and collapsing in the restraints unconscious. He smiled at this, caressing her face and neck with his hands and untying her carefully. He hadn’t cum, but he hadn’t planned to. The condom was just in case, and it kept him from getting any of the drugs in his blood stream in addition to being an additional stimulant.

He laid her out on the bed and carefully slipped the harness on her. A strap around each thigh in place of a garter, a pair that crossed between her breasts and kept a metal ring there were connected to a belt that ran around her waist and then down to the garters. And a few more criss-crossed across her belly with several of the chrome rings to keep them in place. There were plenty of places to attach all manner of toys, and he attached the wrist cuffs to rings on her waist, replaced the blindfold and placed a bit in her mouth and the long vibrator dildo filled her slick, tender pussy. He took pictures of her in several different poses, then fastened her ankles together and used a strap around her thighs to add to the bondage and another to connect her ankles to her waist, rendering her completely immobile.

He looked down at her then; she had passed from unconsciousness and into sleep. Then he covered her up and laid down next to her to sleep, and he was again tempted to pack her into his car and head for home. But he resisted temptation. She was beautiful laid out like this, covered in sweat and bare to his touch, to his pleasure and his mercy. Then he lay watching her sleep for a moment before turning off the light to sleep, smiling contentedly as he did.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rachel woke to darkness. She was a bit stiff and sore, but not overly so. What was most distressing was the feeling of captivity. She was held immobile, and for a moment, she lay disoriented and panicked. Then it returned to her. She was with John, in his hotel room, and they were in a session. She was bound hand and foot from head to toe and she could feel that he had toys in both her pussy and ass. A little wiggling revealed the extent of the bondage to her, she was locked in the harness, a bit in her mouth and she was bound almost completely immobile upon the bed. There was no help for it. She lay still and revelled in the memories of their session together.

She had lost all sense of self for a while, giving herself over completely to the role, becoming Pet as she had never tried before. And he had shown her heaven. She had cum so hard that it had knocked her out. It was amazing. Her body was still humming with the memories of it, and she felt completely relaxed in that time. She was laying in the darkness naked and bound, helpless, his property. She felt completely at peace, and she knew in that moment that she loved him.

She had no idea how long she laid like that, in the dark, in the quiet, unable to move. But it was a while before she felt his hands upon her, caressing her body, feeling her warmth and exploring all that her tender flesh had to offer. His hands were alive upon her, caressing her breasts and ass, her legs and arms, her sides and neck. And she was shivering with the delicious feel of it. He turned on the vibrator in her pussy and caressed her clit with his fingers as he caressed her and teased her.

And then his mouth joined in, tasting her everywhere, her arms and legs, her ass and neck, and he lavished attention upon her breasts for a very long time, sucking at the nipples and biting at the flesh, squeezing and caressing until he had her moaning into the bit. Her breasts were small, and likely wouldn't get much past a B cup, if her mother was any indication. But they were so sensitive.

And then he was just gone, his touch suddenly absent leaving her feeling empty and alone, cold despite the warmth of the room. How long she lay this time she didn't know, but it felt like forever. The steady thrumming of the vibrator had her on edge, antsy and more than a little wet as she lay moaning on the sheets. And then it started to change speeds. It would get faster and then slower, the speed moving up and down by turns as she moaned and wiggled in her restraints.

Suddenly her legs were free and she felt him slipping something up her legs, like stockings that he attached to the straps around her thighs. Her arms were released one by one and covered with long gloves that kept her hands fisted and she was made to stand, still blindfolded, as he placed her in different restraints. She felt her weight come up off of the ground, and she was held suspended in the air, spread wide and open. A strap slipped between her thighs, attaching to the belt in the front and back to prevent the vibrator and plug from falling out and then the blindfold was removed.

Rachel was suspended in the middle of the room, with straps that were affixed to a lightweight metal frame he had erected there. She was completely immobilised and at his mercy. He stood before her in a pair of black leather pants and nothing else and with the whip he had used on her yesterday swung idly from one hand.

“The bondage body harness is one of the most useful tools in my possession. This particular harness will be more closely fitted to you at a later date and you will wear it always. It is designed to be worn in public either under clothes or with attachments that will cover... or reveal... whatever I choose. There are a great many accessories that can be attached to the harness and it can be used to restrict you in a great many ways, as you have already learned. The primary reason for this restraint is punishment. But I will have you on display on at least one occasion. This particular style of restraint is designed to allow access to your body in any way I see fit. Adding the sleeves and leggings allows me to immobilise your limbs and place you completely at my mercy. The bit will prevent you from screaming or calling out for assistance. And the addition of the remote control vibrator allows for both punishment and reward.”

At that he takes a remote control from a nearby table and thumbs the dial around, increasing the tempo and speed of the vibrations slowly, and causing the rings that circle the shaft to move and stimulate her canal. With the touch of a button the toy turns off completely, leaving her gasping for breath and moaning into the bit. They spent the next several hours going over different positions and uses of the harness, use of ropes and more than a dozen different toys. Rachel was starved and exhausted by the time he called the hour for the evening. She hadn’t eaten since the night before and he left her hanging in the harness as he ordered room service. She retreated to the shower as he received the food and he joined her to wash off. They were both covered in sweat and fluids and were shivering with exhaustion.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Well, Candygirl, I think that’s enough mood setting. Let’s pretend we fast forward a few months. You’ve been property for half a year, kept sequestered and constantly trained and taught, punished and rewarded by turns. It may be a bit awkward, but I think you’d have adapted at that point.”

She nodded as she ate. “Yeah, I’d have learned to do as I was told that I was only there for sex, and for your pleasure.”

“Well, not entirely. I wouldn’t just keep you for sex. You would learn more than how to provide physical pleasure. You’d be schooled by some top-notch tutors and learn more than just fucking. That’s not a useful slave. A pleasure girl is useful only for physical gratification, while a properly trained slave is useful in a great many ways. To that end, you’ll get clothes to wear over the harness. Just a skirt and shirt, nothing that would restrict my access, but enough so you could go out in public if I wanted you to.”

He described the situation a bit more and smiled inwardly. In their original sessions, she had always referred to her characters in the third person. Never as if it was real. He was setting a good groundwork for real training down the road. But for now, he was enjoying just playing with her like this, and planned to enjoy the feel of her around him once more tonight, and then set her up in the door harness before going to sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

After their rest, he had her pull on a blouse and skirt on over the harness, as well as stockings and shoes, and put her hair up in pigtails. When she was dressed, she looked like a sixteen year old school girl. He couldn’t even tell that she wore the harness under the outfit. But she wore no panties, and no bra. The shirt was loose enough to push up and reveal her breasts and while she wasn’t wearing the cuffs on her wrists or ankles, he still knew how to restrain her almost completely. Her youth and innocence was fully intact. Her skin glowed and he felt an erection growing just looking at her.

He had her walk around the room, seeing how comfortable the harness was under clothes and played with the controls for the vibrator that she still wore under the skirt. After a bit he removed the crotch strap and the vibrator but left the plug. Then he snapped his fingers once and she slipped down to her knees on the floor before him and rested her head on his leg.

“You’ve been a good little pet lately. I haven’t had to punish you for a while, have I?”

“No master, Pet has been good for master. But master can punish pet if he wants. Pet enjoys the masters’ attention.”

He nodded and stroked her hair then had her stand to sit in his lap. “Tell me, Pet. Do you still want to leave here? Does your master still scare you?”

“No, master. Pet loves her master and is glad he took her in, and very glad he takes care of her.”

As she spoke he caressed her legs and up her sides and slipped her shirt out of the waist of her skirt, slipping it up and away from her breasts. She moaned and leaned back spreading her legs and placing her hands over his, he cupped her breasts and squeezed, pulling her back tight against him, kissing at her neck as he roughly caressed her breasts, tweaking her tender little nipples and making her gasp and cry out. One hand slid down over her belly to pull up her skirt and caress the wet, bare lips of her sex. She was turned on full force and practically dripping with fluids as he rubbed over her pussy and brought his other hand up to her throat, pulling her hard back against him as her hands fell limp at her sides.

He rubbed at her sex until his fingers were slick with her juices then brought his fingers up to her mouth. She parted her lips and sucked his fingers. He smiled and gave her neck a little squeeze with the other hand. She stiffened against him and he moved his hand away and down to her pussy as his mouth descended on her neck. She moaned around his fingers and he moved both hands to grasp her behind the knees and lift her as he stood, carrying her over to the bed and setting her down on the mattress. She turned immediately to face him and her hands went to free his cock from his pants as he watched approvingly. In moments she had him free and was stroking over his shaft as she sucked tenderly at the head.

He savoured the hot, wet feel of her mouth on him as she gradually took more and more of his shaft into her mouth, until she had taken as much as she could. She might take him all into her mouth someday but she wasn’t ready for that yet. And then he pushed her back, tossing her onto her back on the bed. Stripping his pants off, he stood looking at her. She lay where she landed, playing her part very well as he looked her over.

“Your master wants to see you play with yourself. Show your master what he wants to see, pet.”

She obeyed immediately, spreading her legs as she pushed her shirt up, revealing her lovely breasts caught in the webbing of the harness. Using her legs to push her ass up off of the bed, one hand immediately went to her pussy and started rubbing and caressing as the other hand caressed her breasts and neck, squeezing and pinching her nipples as he watched, his erection standing out before him. As she got herself closer and closer to a climax, he smiled and told her to stop as he climbed on the bed with her. He took her ankles and pulled her over close to him.

“Since you’ve been so good I’ll let you decide what part of your body to please your master with, pet. Where do you want to feel your master tonight?” He asked her while leaning in to suck hard at a nipple, leaving her gasping as he grasped her wrists and lifted them high, out of the way, and pinning them above her head. She moaned and arched her back, pressing her wet, hot sex against the shaft of his erection, and her firm, soft breast into his mouth, her legs wrapping around him as she sought to feel him within her.

“Oh, everywhere, master. Pet wants to feel you in all of her holes, master. Fuck pet everywhere.” She moaned.

He was only too happy to oblige. Taking advantage of her youthful agility, he grasped her behind the knees and pushed her legs up until she was practically folded in half as he ground his shaft over her wet pussy, then he adjusted his angle until he was lined up and slipped into her in one smooth motion. He only ground deep into her heat three or four times before he stopped, withdrawing and letting go of her. He took a moment to don a condom over his slick, hard shaft before repositioning her and removing the plug. Placing the head of his cock against her sex, he filled her again and started thrusting deep into her over and over in a slow, smooth cadence. He turned her onto her side and then her belly as he moved; his actions smooth and practiced as he gripped her arms and pulled her up and against his chest before laying back and placing her on top of him. One hand snaked around to squeeze and caress her breasts and the other to rub and flick her clit as his mouth sought to kiss every drop of sweat from her body.

She moaned and gasped as he fucked her, revelling in the sensations of him within her, of his hands and the harness against her skin as he moved her, so easily, and changed their positions. Then she was lifting off of him, using a hand to hold his cock in place as she lowered gently to press the head of him against her tender, tight ass. She ground down slowly, pressing harder and harder against him, wanting to feel all of him within her as she had the day before. Gradually, with gentle pressure and patience, he began to slide into her. Soon she was settling down lower and lower on his length as he groaned and pushed up to meet her. Then she felt her ass settle against his lap. He was fully within her, his whole length filling her body as she rode him, leaning back against his chest and grinding up and down, feeling the stretch of his cock within her, moaning at the pleasure that he brought her.

They ground against one another for another half hour, hands groping, mouths seeking each other’s flesh, and soon she climaxed, and he followed soon after. Then they collapsed on the sheets, soaked in sweat and very sated. Then they slept together, still joined where they coupled until he slowly softened and slipped from her body. They cuddled together in each other’s warmth and basked in the afterglow.

The next day came all too son and he taught her more about the harness, showcased several toys and introduced her to a few websites that specialized in toys for different fetishes. And before they knew it, it was time for her to return home, and for him to pack and go back to wherever it was he lived. They would resume their online relationship, of course, but it would be months before he could arrange time for them to be together again.

“Before I take you home, Candygirl, I have some more presents for you. One is this box with the harness and everything else in it. For now I’ll keep it with me, but you’ll see it again sooner than you think. I have a friend coming up to stay here a while, and she’ll introduce herself to you soon enough. She’s a teacher for you, of sorts. And she’ll have this box as well as another toy or two. And she’ll have a house for us to meet at next time we meet. It may be four to six months before I can make it back. But I do plan to return.”

She clutched at him and pressed herself to his chest. “John... I... I think I...”

He stopped her there with a finger to her lips. “Don’t say that Candygirl. Those are dangerous words. Give it a while, and if you still feel that way in two years, you can say it. But talk with Amy, and learn what you can from her. She knows enough about me to keep you sated for a while, and she can teach you plenty about a lot of things.” He knew what she had been about to confess. The words ‘I love you’ got bandied about a lot in his world, people thinking lust was the same as love was common. But he couldn’t let the idea take root.

But Amy would set her straight. Amy had actually said the words to him out loud. Claire and Amanda hadn’t bothered. They had understood better than most. He was after sex. And preferably sex with young women, barely more than girls. He knew the age of consent was sixteen in Massachusetts, but there were loopholes, ones parents worried for their daughters could exploit. And he in role-playing sessions with her since she was fifteen was likely one of them. He would take no chances. No, it was better to play it safe for right now, and take every chance he got to be with her.

He unlocked her from the harness and tucked it away in the box. They took a last shower together and he made love to her one last time in the shower. When they had dressed, he packed his things, slipped her back into the suitcase, and they left the hotel. Once they were safely out of sight, he dropped her off at a bus terminal and she kissed him goodbye before he drove away. He headed for the little house he had purchased a few days ago... under the same alias as the car and the rooms in the hotels, and put his things up. He had been receiving shipments here for a week now, from many of the same websites he had showed Rachel, and he was finally finished setting them up.

He opened his cell, called Amy, and arranged for her to visit him when he returned to Phoenix. Then he crashed out on the huge bed for a good nights sleep, thinking sweet dreams of his little Candygirl.