

A Girl Reborn

He was in a department store when he became aware of the girl.

She was in the company of one of the store employees as the two of them walked toward the back of the store; he figured she'd been caught shoplifting when he heard the store employee tell the girl about the security cameras — which he'd spotted as soon as he entered — in the ceiling. The girl was perhaps five and a half feet tall, attractive face, auburn hair, and a pair of beautiful green eyes. She was dressed in the current Pop-Rock Star look; he could see that she was slender, but not thin, and slightly more buxom than most girls her age — but not dramatically so. After she and the store employee went by, he took a casual look at her and saw that she had a small, obviously firm ass. The skirt she was wearing showed off her trim, muscular legs and her slender waist.

He hung around the door to the store offices, and wasn't surprised to see a police officer show up several minutes later; when the cop reappeared, the girl was with him, hands cuffed behind her back. The store employee followed them, and he decided to take a chance and see if he could find out anything about her. It was only a few moments before he was in the office, where he found the complaint form with the girl's name and address on top of a desk. He quickly copied the information, and left before another employee came in.

Once he got home, it didn't take him long to tap into the various resources he still had available; the training he'd received prior to his "retirement" made it easy for him to access the various online records he needed.

Looking over hard copies of the various data files he'd retrieved, he thought again about what he wanted, and why — and concluded that this girl would be as close to perfect as he could ask for. With the decision made, he began making plans.

Walking home from her friend's house, Becky Stromfeld thought again about how badly her life sucked. Living with her abusive alcoholic father was bad enough; she'd learned how to distract him away from beating her as much as he used to, and she didn't have much to do with him otherwise. Her mom had taken off for San Francisco long ago with one of her friends, after deciding she was a lesbian. Her older sister was living in the Projects near downtown; she had 3 kids by 3 different fathers, and was living on various government programs while hooking to support her drug habit. At 16, she was old enough to get a driver's license, but her old man spent so much of his money on booze that there wasn't anything left for her to get a car — or much of anything else, for that matter. That was why she'd turned to shoplifting to see to her needs. No, what *really* sucked about her life was they lived so far out in the suburbs: with no bus service this far out, she didn't have any choice but to walk the three miles home after her friend's mother had left for her evening shift at a convenience store. So here she was, a little buzzed from the weed she'd been smoking, walking home and hoping she got there before her old man woke up to go to his so-called job as a security guard. His drinking had gotten him fired from everything else; the only work he could get now was some crummy rent-a-cop gig, working the shittiest hours in the worst places because no one else

would do it, and he needed the money too badly.

She was coming up on the big curve when she saw a pickup truck sitting on dirt on the inside of the curve. A washed-out blue, with a faded white topper, it looked like it fit right in with the rest of the neighborhood. Looking closer, though, she saw someone sitting in the cab — apparently looking at some big piece of paper he was holding up. When she got a little closer, she saw that it was one of those big maps like they sold at gas stations; apparently, whoever it was had gotten lost.

She was still a good fifty yards away when the person — a guy, she saw — seemed to notice her. Getting out of his truck, he gave her an embarrassed grin and asked "'Scuse me, miss, but could you help me figure out where the hell I am?"

She veered that direction to help, but thought to keep her distance, too — there wasn't any telling *who* this guy was. When he saw her heading his direction, he turned around and set the map on the hood of the truck, and moved to the side by the truck door. Looking at him closer, she didn't figure he looked all that healthy. Deciding that with the map on the hood of the truck and him standing next to the door, she had plenty of room to run if she had to, she went ahead and walked up to the truck.

When she got closer, the man said "I was trying to get to Lakewood, but I must've missed the turnoff; and now I can't figure out where I am so I can get back."

Looking at him, she asked "You were coming in on Route 12?"

He looked surprised and answered "Yeah, how'd you know?"

"Lots of folks miss the turn. Most don't get this far before asking for help, though."

He gave her a lopsided grin and admitted "Sometimes, I'm a touch more stubborn than is good for me."

She moved next to the truck and looked at the map spread out on the hood. It took her a few seconds to get her bearings, then she pointed to a spot and told him "You're right here."

He moved to stand next to her — but not *too* close — to see where she was pointing. What she didn't see was his arm coming up behind her, with something in his hand.

With a final look to make sure no traffic was coming, he gave the girl a shot with the stun gun. It worked just as he knew it would, and she fell to the ground as though boneless. He quickly dragged her to the back of the truck, where he opened the door to the topper and heaved her in. A set of plastic "riot cuffs" made sure she didn't go anyplace, and a piece of duct tape would ensure her silence. He returned to the front of the truck to retrieve the map and toss it inside the cab of the truck before closing the door and moving to the back of the truck again. There, he quickly got inside the topper, pushing the girl a little farther inside as he did. Reaching into a small box nearby,

he pulled out an elastic headband with a small cable dangling from it. Carefully positioning it on her head, he reached back into the box and pulled out a small electronic device. He plugged the cable from the headband into it, then turned the device on. As soon as he did, he saw the girl's body relax — letting him know that the electronic sleeping device was doing its job. He pressed another button, and the test light let him know that the battery was at full charge; it was new, so it should be good, but he was the kind of person that liked to double-check things like that. Only then did he remove the duct tape from her mouth.

Next, he pulled a small bottle out of the box, and using the eyedropper in the cap, let a couple drops of the contents drip between her lips, which he held open. The GHB he'd made from a recipe off the Internet would make sure she forgot what had happened to her, and ensure she didn't wake up for several hours.

Putting the bottle away, he reached over the girl and dragged over a large travel trunk. Opening it revealed a bewildering array of different displays and controls. He released the latches holding it in place, revealing that there wasn't anything inside the trunk: the panel was entirely self-contained and battery powered so that manipulating the different switches and controls would make the various meters and displays operate — impressive to look at, but completely useless. He quickly got the girl into the trunk, positioning her so that he could put the panel back. He checked to make sure the sleep device was still working and the headband correctly positioned before putting the panel back and securing it — leaving the trunk looking like some high-tech, sophisticated piece of test equipment, and making obvious the need for the small ventilation holes.

With the girl hidden, he was finally able to relax somewhat. After looking around to make sure he wasn't leaving anything obvious or incriminating in sight, he got out and went back to the cab of the truck.

From the time he'd first hit the girl with the stun gun, it hadn't taken him three minutes until he was ready to go. Starting the truck, he carefully checked for any oncoming traffic before pulling out onto the highway, heading for his next stop.

He was less than halfway there when the State Police vehicle came up behind him.

He didn't slow down or speed up; he just kept driving as he had been, even while the cop stayed behind him. He figured the cop was checking to see if his truck was stolen, then to see if there was anything obvious that he could be pulled over for — a burned out light, for example. With nothing else to do, the State cop finally pulled around to pass him, giving him a wave along the way. He just waved back, and kept driving.

When he got to the convenience store, he found a spot at the edge of the parking lot — away from any prying eyes, but not obviously avoiding the light. Inside, he got himself a soda and a snack — then, as an apparent afterthought, paid for a car wash, too.

Pulling up to the car wash building — out of sight of the convenience store clerks, which was why he'd chosen that particular store — he entered the code he'd been given, then pulled in when the system said he should.

As the machinery washed away the water-soluble tempura paint he'd so carefully applied, his truck changed from the drab blue the girl had seen back to the red the factory had applied. Similarly, the topper changed from white to a red that matched the body work. The water also washed away the paint he'd used to modify his license plates to match a vehicle it so closely resembled: the 8 became a 3, and so on. When the spray hit the windows, he quickly removed the horn-framed glasses he'd bought in a thrift store — they only had window glass for lenses — and the tinted contact lenses he was wearing. Next to go was the false mustache he'd had on, along with the medium-length wig he'd been wearing.

The truck that drove out of the car wash bore only a cursory resemblance to the one that had gone in; at that time of day, no one else was in the area to notice.

Resuming his journey home —which was in a different direction — he rolled down the window and began jettisoning his disguise. First, the contact lenses, a good couple of miles apart. The mustache got blown into an empty field, and the glasses found their way down a storm drain. The wig went into the dumpster at the back of a restaurant in one of the towns he went through. Last to go was the stun gun —to the bottom of a fast-moving creek he drove over. With all of that taken care of, he briskly rubbed his fingertips together, thus reducing the liquid latex he'd heavily painted them with - masking his fingerprints - to a thousand and one tiny flecks.

The rest of the drive home was as quiet and peaceful as anyone could ask for.

He pulled into the garage of his home just as the moon was rising, and waited until the garage door had closed behind him before getting out of the truck. Moving to the back, he opened the topper and carefully removed the trunk with the girl inside. Using a hand truck, he transferred it to his basement, where he'd prepared a small "room" for her.

He extracted the girl from the trunk, and carefully checked her vital signs to make sure she hadn't suffered any ill effects from her confinement. That done, he proceeded to undress her — only mildly surprised to see that she had a small tattoo on her shoulder. Well, he knew how to take care of that. What did surprise him, though, was the discovery that she shaved her pubic area — there wasn't a hair to be found. He just smiled to himself; he'd planned on doing some things to shake her up, anyway, and that just gave him another idea. Her breasts were a bit larger than most of her peers: 34-BB, according to the tag on her bra. Their peaks were a dark pink, perhaps as large as a silver dollar, and sporting nipples that were roughly the diameter of a pencil.

He then finished his brief exam of her, finding that she was still a virgin. The medical records he'd accessed said that she was, but he was still surprised to find her hymen intact at her age, and with her history.

Carrying her inside the room he'd prepared, he set her on the table he had ready before he connected her sleeping device to a wall charger, making it unnecessary to worry about batteries. Carefully, he inserted a feeding tube down her throat and got her started on a regimen of "zero residue" foods that would eliminate the need for her to evacuate her bowels. Next was a catheter to keep from having to deal with emptying her bladder.

Over the next several weeks, he carefully and slowly went about using a mild acid solution to remove the tattoo she'd sported. When that was done, a similar treatment to her armpits and legs would save her the time and bother of shaving them. Last was to alter the size and shape of her pubic thatch. With his training, he was always careful to avoid doing anything that would scar her permanently. When he was done, anyone that didn't know better would think that she was just as she'd been born; there wasn't the slightest indication of what he'd done.

With her ready to start the next phase, gave her a couple drops of the GHB to keep her asleep before he shaved her head and then re-shaved her mons; by the time he finished, there wasn't a hair to be found on her — she was smooth as the proverbial baby's ass *everywhere*. He gently removed the feeding tube and catheter, then carefully moved her to the floor of the room before removing the table and other equipment. He put something on her that would help her learn during the next phase, then re-dressed her in the clothes she'd been wearing. He'd washed them with a scent-free detergent, and then run them through the dryer; they were as odorless as he could make them. She wasn't to have **anything** that might give her any idea or clue about what had happened to her. A final check to make sure the only things left in the room were supposed to be there, and he left, securing the door behind him. Now all he had to do was wait.

She wasn't quite sure when she woke up.

The place she was in was so dark and so quiet, the only thing she could hear was her own breathing. At first, she was terrified that she'd gone blind, but when she moved her head to in front of her eyes, she could just *barely* make it out in the gloom. Reaching out, she found that she was lying on something that had a soft feel, but the texture of it escaped her. The process of moving to do that, however, made her realize there was something on her neck; investigating, she discovered that it was some kind of small box on a nylon band. Tracing the band around to the back of her neck, she could feel where it was somehow fastened, but her fingertips couldn't tell her how. She tried pulling it off, but the strap was far too strong, and she gave up after a few tries.

It was several moments later that she realized that there hadn't been anything in the way; reaching up, she discovered that she was bald — not a hair, not even the faintest stubble. She started crying, and reached between her legs, finding that she was as smooth there as she usually kept herself —then checked her armpits, and finally her legs, discovering that whoever or whatever had shaved her head hadn't missed anyplace else, either. Even her *eyebrows* were gone!

She found sitting up left her a bit light-headed; but it soon passed. She couldn't understand what was happening to her, and had what seemed like a million and one questions filling her mind. She tried calling out to see if someone — anyone! — would answer her, but no one did. Only then did she start to become afraid — afraid of what might have happened to her, what was *going* to happen, and most of all, why she was there... wherever "there" was.

The longer she sat there, the more worried and afraid she became; without realizing it, she started crying. It wasn't long before her crying graduated to a full-blown case of gasping, blubbing, and deep, wracking sobs as she came to realize that she was under someone else's total control.

Finally, all the crying and everything else wore her out, and she eventually fell asleep.

He was watching when she woke up, and saw as she discovered that she was completely hairless —and the tears that followed. The microphones concealed in the room let him listen as she tried to get the attention of someone she obviously wanted to question; he wasn't surprised that she'd gone on trying to get a response for as long as she had, since her history showed her to have a rather forceful and dominating personality. But she'd eventually given up, and the low light cameras hidden in the upper corners of the room let him watch as she became more and more fearful, and began to worry about what was happening to her — and more to the point, what **WOULD** happen to her. The near hysteria with which she cried didn't faze him in the slightest, other than to let him know that she had moved closer to the point he needed her to reach.

Looking again at the records he'd gotten — her police file, medical history, even the records of her conversations with her school counselor — he knew that there was still a way to go. But the first step had been taken, and that was what mattered at the moment.

As he watched her fall asleep, he started the next phase of the program.

The girl woke up feeling as though she was in an oven. She had no idea what the actual temperature was, but the fact that she was sweating so freely was a pretty good indication that it was too damn hot. She tried getting someone's attention again so she could tell them how hot it was, but nobody answered; her efforts left her with a slightly sore throat — and, she realized, a considerable thirst.

Holding one hand in front of her, she began exploring her new environment in the hope that there was *some* source of water *somewhere*. It didn't take her long to discover a wall, and she followed it on her hands and knees until she came to a corner. Following the new wall eventually let her find another corner. She kept going until she got to another, then a fourth. Thinking about it, she concluded that she was almost certainly in a square or perhaps rectangular room of some kind. She also realized that other than an occasional seam where the wall covering met, she hadn't found anything like a door, either.

Angry —and frightened —that she hadn't found anything, she decided to try going from the wall she was at to the one "opposite" to see if she could get some idea how big the room was. She'd gotten only a little ways across when she almost literally fell over what felt like a couple of plastic containers.

With no light to see by, she was reduced to using her sense of touch and sound to try and find out what they were: one was fairly heavy, the other quite light. Feeling them carefully, she found that both had what felt like some kind of cover on them; picking up the light container first, she removed the lid and stuck her hand inside —and found absolutely nothing. Putting the lid back on it, she set it aside and picked up the heavy one. It made a faint noise when she did, so she carefully removed it's cover and tentatively stuck her fingers inside and felt them get wet. Sniffing her fingers, she couldn't detect any kind of odor, and tentatively stuck her tongue out to see if the liquid had any

taste. She was happier than she thought she ever could be when she realized that she had a plastic jug of some kind, apparently filled with water. Still weak, she lifted it to her mouth and carefully took a drink; but the size of the container, and her own weakness, still left her with a large wet spot on the front of her blouse. With her thirst slaked, she set the water back on the floor and put the lid on it before getting both jugs situated in front of her. She resumed her quest to try and find out how big her room was, carefully keeping the two plastic jugs in front of her. She finally reached the wall, and deliberately set both containers against it so that she wouldn't accidentally knock the water over and spill it, and so that she could find them easily.

Some time later, she realized that it wasn't anywhere near as hot as it had been when she woke up. In fact, it almost seemed like it was getting... *cold*, even!

Her blouse had long since dried, and she tried a number of different things to see if she couldn't keep warm, but nothing really seemed to work. She couldn't remember what had happened before she woke up that first time, but she knew that the blouse and slacks she was wearing were only suitable for warm weather —like late Spring, or early Fall. That thought left something niggling at the back of her mind, but she couldn't quite seem to get a grasp on it. For the life of her, she simply couldn't quite remember what she'd been doing before she woke up... there... that first time.

She could remember other things without any trouble — her friends, her dad, school, and so on. She could even dimly remember walking home, but couldn't remember where she'd been walking home *from*, or anything else, though.

Though doubtful it would accomplish anything, she still tried getting the attention of someone to let them know she was on the verge of freezing to death. She was right: it didn't do any good. Shivering, she eventually fell asleep again.

He wasn't watching when she woke up the last time, but the video recorders let him see what she'd done, and hear her attempt to get some attention.

It was still too damn cold when she woke up again, shivering. What was worse, though, was that she had to go to the bathroom. She knew there wasn't anything resembling a toilet, any more than there had been a water fountain or faucet — and with that thought, she realized what the other plastic container was for. No, she thought to herself, I am **not** going to piss in a plastic jar!

But as the time passed, the pressure in her bladder grew until she finally gave in to necessity. Feeling ashamed even as she was doing it, she slid her slack and panties down then positioned herself over the empty container. The sound of her urine splashing into made her blush furiously, but the relief she felt at the act was even stronger than her embarrassment. When she was done, she quickly put the lid back on the jug to block out the strong odor of her urine before pulling her panties and slacks back up. When moving her "toilet" back next to the wall — she sure as hell didn't want to knock IT over, either! — she caught herself feeling grateful for the warmth it left in her hands, and immediately felt embarrassed and ashamed again.

Realizing she was thirsty again, she took another drink from her water supply, being much more careful not to spill any on herself because of the cold.

She wanted to sleep again to escape the cold, but simply couldn't manage it — not knowing that she'd slept nearly twelve of the last twenty-four hours. Instead, she was left to sit with her back against the wall, trying as best she could to keep warm while thinking about where she was and why she was there. No matter how hard she tried, though, she simply *couldn't* figure out what was happening to her.

She was so deep in thought about her circumstances that it took a while before she realized that she wasn't cold any more. Grateful, she still couldn't help wondering what was going on, though.

It wasn't until several hours later, and she'd wiped the sweat from her forehead for the umpteenth time, that she realized the temperature had gone way up again — and on the heels of that, it occurred to her that it just *might* be possible that whoever was keeping her in that **damn** room was deliberately fucking with her. With THAT thought, she started to get mad; the more she thought about it, the madder she got until she finally started yelling and screaming and cursing at anyone she thought might be listening. She carried on for so long that when she finally gave up, she was hoarse, and her throat was sore. Taking another drink of her water, she sat back to start thinking about where she was and what she was doing there — again.

Alone, in the dark, and *knowing* that someone was purposely making her life miserable, she started to cry again. But her crying wasn't the wracking sobs of before; rather, it was the quiet tears of utter hopelessness and despair. Without realizing it, she was vocalizing her questions: what had she done? why was she there? what were "they" going to do to her — with her?

He had come down to watch her for a while, and had seen her use her toilet container — along with the expression on her face when she did. He also watched as she got hotter and hotter, and finally realized that what was happening to her was being done *deliberately* — and listened to her tirade about wanting to know who was out there and what they were doing to her. Finally, he watched and listened as she finally broke down with the realization that she was completely at the mercy of some unknown person or force that she simply couldn't comprehend.

That was the response that he'd been waiting for.

Now she would be ready to listen to him.

She had settled into a steady, noiseless crying when she gradually became aware that it seemed to be getting brighter in her room. Closing her eyes, she waited as long as she could before opening them again — and realized that she was right: it *was* getting brighter. She didn't have any trouble making out the two plastic containers next to her; it was only a few moments before she recognized them as the kind of storage bins that she saw her friends' mothers using to keep food in.

Looking around, she saw that she was in fact in a square room — perhaps six feet on a side — with every surface covered in what looked like some kind of fabric or carpet. Looking up to the ceiling where the lights were, she could vaguely make out what looked like some kind of grille, which she supposed was where the air was coming from.

Quietly, tentatively, she said "Hello?", not really expecting an answer, but getting one anyway.

"Greetings", the voice told her. It was distinctly mechanical sounding, not giving her any idea if the speaker was male or female; hell, for all she knew, it could actually belong to a robot of some kind.

"Where am I? What am I doing here?" she asked.

"You are in your new home. You have been given to us so that we can teach you", the voice answered.

"What do you mean given to you? And teach me what?"

"We mean what we say. You were given to us. The life you had before is over. You were someone that other people did not like. You stole things — even from people you called friends. You used drugs even though you knew they were illegal and what they were doing to you. You fought. You cheated. You were lazy. You were cruel to other people, and you lied. You did many things that hurt and betrayed other people. Those people grew tired of your behavior and gave you to us so that we can teach you to not do those things any more."

"What, is this some kind of reform school or something? You can't treat me this way!"

"No, this is not a school like any you have ever heard about before. What you will learn here is nothing like anything you have learned before. You will learn here because you will want to learn. And you will want to learn because it is only by learning what we have to teach that you will get the things that you need and want."

"Why would I want to learn from you, anyway? What do you mean the things I need and want? How are you going to teach me if I don't want to learn?"

"You will want to learn because that is the only way you will be able to leave this place. We will teach you by rewarding you when you do well, and punishing you when you are bad. You have been bad simply because you didn't want to bother being good. We will teach you to change that. Before you leave here, you will *want* to be good, all the time. But before we can begin to teach you, you must learn to obey our instructions. That is why you are wearing the training device."

Involuntarily, she reached up and touched the box on her neck before asking "How are you going to train me?"

"The training device will be used to correct you, but you will learn about that later. First, you must learn to obey."

"Obey what?" she demanded.

Across from her, she saw an opening appear in the wall before the voice told her "Remove your clothing and put it in the locker."

"Fuck you! I'm not getting naked for some perv!"

"You have water and a toilet. You will not receive food until you obey" the voice told her before the opening in the wall closed again.

Shit, she thought to herself, I am getting hungry, now that I think about it. But dammit, I'm not getting naked just because some asshole says to!

He hadn't expected her to do what he told her the first time he said it. She might not even do it the second time. But by the third time... yeah, she'd be hungry enough by then.

Once the idea got into her mind that she was hungry, it seemed that was *all* she could think about. She tried drinking some of her water to see if that would help, but it didn't, really. Besides, she didn't know how long it was going to have to last, and she wasn't inclined to run out before then.

So she was left to sit there, alternately thinking about how hungry she was, and how upset she was about what a crock of shit it was that somebody thought they could just **do** this kind of crap to her.

Without realizing it, she'd fallen asleep, only to be awakened when she heard the voice tell her "Take of your clothing, and put it in the locker."

She looked over and saw that the panel had opened up again. It was still too damn hot, and she was starting to think that getting naked might be worth it when the panel closed and the voice told her "When you obey, you will get what you need."

Well, *fuck*, she thought. So much for that chance!

Once awakened, she found that she couldn't get back to sleep again — which left her nothing to do but toggle between sitting up and laying down as she thought about how hungry she was getting. She drank a little water when she got thirsty, but was still reluctant to drink too much of it. She also got up and tried walking around, just for something to do.

She was starting to wonder if she was *ever* going to get another chance to get something to eat when the voice told her "Put your clothing in the locker", followed by the panel sliding out of the way again. Surprised, it took her a few moments before she stood up and started taking her clothes off. She wasn't quite done when the panel slid closed again; she quickly cried out "Wait! Wait! I'm doing it!", terrified at the idea of waiting for the next chance to get something to eat.

A couple of seconds went by, and she was starting to worry that she'd missed out again, when it opened back up. She quickly shed the rest of her clothes and put them inside — and barely had her hand out of the way when the panel closed again.

A few moments later, it opened up to show that there was some kind of beige candy bar looking thing inside before the voice told her "That is your food for the next period. Take it."

She reached inside and grabbed it before the panel could close again. Taking a bite of it, she realized that it had virtually no flavor at all. As she chewed, the stuff — whatever it was — began expanding to fill her mouth; she swallowed some of it and continued chewing. The next bite she took was smaller, and even though it was still a little too much, she didn't have to swallow some before finishing it.

She'd eaten the entire thing and was licking her fingers when the panel opened and the voice told her "You will put your water and toilet in the locker."

She quickly did as she was told, and the panel slid shut — only to open again a few moments later. The voice told her "Take your water and toilet out."

She did, and was surprised to discover that she had a full container of water, and the toilet jug was apparently empty. As she was setting them on the floor, the panel closed again. A few moments later, the voice told her "As long as you obey, you will be given water and a fresh toilet every period, and food twice per period. If you do not obey, you will not. If you want these things, you must be ready to get them; you will not be given extra time again."

She tried to ask some questions, but the voice didn't come back.

He'd been tempted to let her wait until the next feeding time, but the panic and desperation in her voice made it clear that she wasn't stalling for the sake of being difficult.

He couldn't help but be amused when she'd discovered that the survival ration he'd given her would expand to nearly triple its size when exposed to the moisture of chewing. He could have warned her about it, of course, but he wanted her to learn to be careful with something new; and to pay attention to what was happening around her. So he watched, and waited patiently until she discovered that her apparently empty toilet container actually had a small paper cup and a section of toilet paper inside. She was visibly pleased at the discovery, and carefully set both items aside.

He'd heard her questions, but ignored them in favor of teaching her one thing at a time. He also put the thermostat for her room back to a more comfortable temperature; the cycling of it between extremes had accomplished what it was supposed to.

She went through several cycles of being fed and having her water and toilet changed. It didn't take her long to fall into a pattern of sleeping that had her waking up a short time before her "breakfast" — it was followed by the changing of her water and toilet bottles, so it seemed to be

"breakfast" since it started the "day". She was also able to stay awake the entire time between breakfast and supper. At seemingly random periods, the voice would tell her to do something — stand up, move to a corner, or something equally demanding. She did it without hesitation, knowing that failing to do so would mean missing a meal at a minimum — and what else, she didn't want to think about. Some time after each of the commands from the voice, it would come back and tell her she could go back to what she had been doing — as if whatever she'd been doing before was all that important! But she was smart enough to understand that she *was* learning: learning to do what she was told, something that she hadn't been very good at since about the time she'd hit puberty. It bothered her to realize that she really hadn't been such a good person for a while, but she didn't think she'd been bad enough to justify what was happening to her. There wasn't anything she could do about it, though, so she did as she was told, and waited.

There came a time, though, that the voice had something else to say.

She had finished "breakfast" and was simply waiting when the voice told her "You have learned to obey well enough that you may begin your training. But before that can happen there some things that you must know. First, the training device you wear will be used to punish you when that is necessary. There are different degrees of punishment that you can receive. For a mild punishment to remind you that you have done something you should not, you will receive a level 1."

With that, she suddenly felt an uncomfortable tingling where the box touched her. It wasn't *painful*, exactly, but it certainly wasn't pleasant, either.

Next, the voice told her "For a more severe punishment, you may receive a level 5."

She didn't have time to even **think** about it before she felt as though she had a mild sunburn on her entire body —it *WAS* painful, and she felt herself starting to cry before it suddenly ended.

"If it is thought that you deserve it, you can be punished up to a level 10."

The sensation that followed was mercifully brief —but still left her gasping. It had felt as though her entire body was on fire!

"What the hell did you do that for?" she demanded —and a second later, felt something roughly midway between the first two sensations before the voice told her "You made two errors for which you were punished. First, you are to *always* speak politely to us. Second, you must learn to not use bad language. The punishment you received was at level 3. Each time you make an error that you have been warned about, you will receive the next higher level of punishment. Do you understand?"

"Yes.", she answered. Then a moment later, she asked "What should I call you?"

The voice replied "We are your Masters, so you should address us that way."

Masters, she thought to herself. They said masterS — meaning there's more than one of them.

The voice went on to say "Punishment is not the only way we will teach you. As you learn to do better, you will also receive rewards, so that you are encouraged. Now, listen carefully as well tell you the rules that you must follow."

"Yes... Master", she answered, when she realized that the voice seemed to be waiting for a response from her.

"We watch you, and if you do not obey the rules, we will punish you. The punishment may happen when you disobey, or it may happen later — but it *will* happen. These are the rules that you must follow **at all times**. Rule 1: If you are not instructed to do something specific, you must sit quietly in the place where you are now; you may not sleep. Rule 2: You will be given a paper that will tell you what you must do at different times. You must learn what is on that paper. We will want it returned, so you should learn it as quickly as possible to avoid being punished for not following it. Rule 3: When you wish to speak to one of us, you will always address us as Master. Rule 4: It is not for you to ask us questions; we will tell you what you must learn. If you do not understand something, you may ask us to explain it, but nothing more. Rule 5: When you are in the presence of a Master, you may **not** speak to that Master unless you are spoken to first."

There was a slight pause, but she HAD been paying attention, and knew NOT to ask if that meant she would actually be seeing "Masters".

When the voice spoke again, it said "There will be times when you will be visited by a Master. There will be different things that the Master will instruct you to do. Do them, immediately and without questioning, or you will be punished. Do you understand?"

Without thinking about it, she answered "Sure, no problem."

She barely had time to realize she'd screwed up before she felt a short spell of the sunburn-pain. When it was over, she immediately gasped "Yes, Master!"

"Very good." the voice told her, before continuing "To help you to learn, you will soon start to hear sounds. They will not be loud enough to keep you awake when it is time for you to sleep, but they will play at all times."

It was several seconds before she realized that the voice wasn't going to be back any time soon. It was perhaps a minute later when she realized that there *was* a noise that she could barely hear — it sounded almost like static on a radio, but somehow... different, too. Whatever it was, the volume was low enough that she didn't have any trouble ignoring it. Some time later, a different voice — still mechanical-sounding, but different from THE voice — asked her " You know that you haven't been a very good person. Why is that?"

Good question, she thought to herself.

A bit later, it asked "Don't you feel bad for stealing from people that tried to be nice to you?"

She didn't bother answering.

The next time, it told her "Think about the number of people you've hurt by the way you've acted."

It didn't take her long to realize that the second voice — her "electronic conscience", she decided to call it — was going to keep that nonsense up, tiring as it was. Well, at least it wasn't much louder than the static sound.

He watched and listened as the audio program he'd put together went into effect. What the girl thought was just noise coming out of the speaker was actually a carefully designed sound pattern that had been proven to make people more receptive to instruction. That, coupled with the random sound bites that were being piped in at her would ultimately reduce her to a slightly neurotic, insecure, *pliable* personality that he could then start to build back up again into something more to his tastes.

He was pleased that she'd remembered not to ask him about direct visits by "Masters". There was only himself, but he had worked out a means of convincing her that there were several people that she had to deal with.

He wasn't bothered that she'd failed to keep her mind on track and had to be punished. It was still VERY early in the program, and she'd likely make more mistakes before she finished the current phase.

But she would learn, and she would change. Of that, he had **no** doubts.

By the time supper came around, she was starting to get a little tired of that damn voice that kept telling her things, and asking her those goofy-ass questions. But with that damn box on her neck, she wasn't about to fuss, either.

After she'd finished eating, she was surprised when the panel slid open, revealing a sheet of paper inside. Experience had already taught her not to waste time getting whatever was inside, and she quickly reached in and grabbed it before the panel slid shut again.

Looking at it, she realized that whoever it was that had her, they weren't screwing around: what she was looking at was what amounted to a schedule of what she would be doing, and when. The thing was, it wasn't marked off according to a clock, but simply as periods of time with something called a "(SIGNAL)" — whatever the hell THAT was — between them. Remembering that she didn't know how soon she'd be told to give the paper back, she immediately sat down where she'd been told and went about trying to memorize it.

It was fairly obvious to her that she was in the period marked "Relaxation", which came after "Meal 2" —supper, she figured. Next was "Sleep". Starting at the top, the first period was "Preparation" then "Meal 1", followed by "Grooming". Next was something called "Contemplation", then "Health". Sixth was another Contemplation, with "Training" afterwards. Right before Meal 2 was her "Discussion" period, whatever the hell *that* was.

As schedules went, it really wasn't all that complicated; she had the sequence memorized fairly soon. But she kept studying it, trying to figure out what some of those different periods could mean. Meals 1 and 2 were obvious, as was Sleep. It was the rest of them that kept her looking over the schedule to make sure she had it committed to memory — even if she didn't have the faintest idea of what they *meant*, she was damn well determined that she wasn't going to be "punished" for not knowing what the schedule was, at least.

She was getting a little sleepy when she heard what sounded like someone hitting one of those gong things — only a big one, with a deep tone. The sound only lasted for a couple of seconds, and wasn't particularly loud, anyway.

It was when she felt the box on her neck give her a tingle that she realized that what she'd heard must have been a (SIGNAL) — it took her only a moment to understand that she'd just entered her Sleep period. With that understanding, she knew that the punishment she'd gotten was for apparently not moving to go to sleep. It was a matter of just a few seconds for her to carefully set the paper aside (no telling WHAT they'd do if it got wrinkled!), and stretch out before falling asleep.

He was pleased that she'd figured out what the "reminder" was for so quickly. He knew that she wasn't stupid, only foolish and undisciplined — and both of those were going to be taken care of.

She was almost completely awake when she heard the Signal; it was only a second before she realized its significance, and sat up to prevent any "punishment". She had only been sitting for a little bit when there was another Signal, immediately followed by the panel opening. She got her food — tiresome and flavorless as it was, it was still edible — and used sips of water as she ate to help wash it down. Not long after she finished, there was another Signal. When the panel opened, she was ready to put her water and toilet containers inside. She'd wondered a couple of times if the two were ever mixed up, but since the water was always clean and fresh, she'd decided they weren't. When it opened again, she retrieved the new ones — immediately opening the toilet container to get out the toilet paper she was given, along with the new paper cup she got each day. For whatever reason, she'd started using the time right after breakfast to empty her bowels, and did so again. Even as she was doing it, she had the flash of understanding that Grooming was the time she was being allotted to take care of her toilet. She also wondered if it also meant that at some future point, it would also include actually grooming — such as combing her hair, and so on. Granted, all she had at the moment was a trace of fuzz on her head and between her legs, but the idea didn't lack appeal to her. The lack of hair in her armpits and on her legs did cause her to wonder, but since she'd never liked having to shave either of those areas, she didn't mind the absence.

When she was done, she went back to sitting where she'd been told — keeping the sheet of paper handy so she'd be ready whenever they wanted it back. As she sat, she tried to figure out how to ask a question — several of them, actually — without actually *asking a question*.

She was still sitting when the Signal sounded some time later; since she was where she was supposed to be, she didn't do anything — though she still worried that she'd be punished for

something she hadn't understood. But when nothing happened after a while, she relaxed again — at least, until the next Signal.

After it sounded, she didn't move; as she'd expected — and feared — she received a Level 1 punishment. Her heart in her throat, she said "Master, I don't understand why I was punished. I know I'm in my Health period now, but I don't know what I'm supposed to be doing."

Having said that — the best she could come up with — she waited to see if she would be punished again; and fearing that she would.

She was surprised — and relieved — when the voice told her "You have done well. We did not tell you what you are to do during the different periods to find out if you would remember the rules. You did not question us, and what you say tells us that you have memorized your schedule. During the Health period, you are not allowed to just sit or stand; you are to engage in any activity that keeps your body healthy. You are permitted to do exercises or stretches, or any other physical activity. You may drink when you are thirsty, or use the toilet, but not rest for any extended period of time. More will be explained to you during your Training period. Because you have done well, you will be rewarded later."

Relieved to know what was expected — and intrigued at the idea of a reward of some kind — she quickly stood up and began moving around. When walking around the room became tiresome, she lay down and began doing some of the exercises she remembered from gym classes at school: sit-ups, "bicycle riding", pushups, and anything else that kept her in motion. Not knowing how long the period was, she was careful to pace herself; none the less, she was still sweaty and feeling tired when the next Signal sounded to let her know that she was to take a seat for her Contemplation period. She started to pick up the sheet of paper again, just to make **sure** she had it memorized, but a Level 1 punishment made her understand that there was a difference between Contemplation and studying — and right on the heels of that, between Contemplation and Training.

The Signal had barely faded when the voice told her "This is what you are to do for each period. For Contemplation, you are to sit quietly and think about what you have done and what you have learned. You may drink or relieve yourself, but nothing more. As you have been told, Health is when you are to engage in physical activity. This is a Training period; it is during this time that you will be told things that you are expected to learn. During the Training period, you will listen, but not speak unless it is in response to something that has been asked of you. You are permitted to sit or stand in whatever manner you find comfortable during Training and Discussion periods. It is only during your Discussion period that you are permitted to ask questions — but you must remain polite, and your questions may only be about your training and what is expected of you. Your Relaxation period is yours to do with as you wish — you may sit, stand, exercise, talk, or do anything else that you choose. You will not be punished for asking questions, but you will not receive answers, either. Do you understand what you have been told, and what each period is for?"

"Yes, Master."

"Also, you should know that there will be times when a Training or Discussion period are not completely used. When that happens, you are to use the rest of the Training period for Contemplation. You may use any extra Discussion time as a Relaxation period. Now, to your training. You will be visited by a Master sometime after your next Sleep. Before the Master enters, you will hear a Signal, but with a different sound. When that happens, you are to *immediately* move to the corner of your room that is the farthest from the locker. There, you will kneel down with your head bowed. You are **not** to look at *any* Master unless told to do so. You will respond to the Master, immediately and without question or complaint. If you do not, then the punishment will be higher than simply failing to obey when you are alone. If there is something you do not understand, you must wait for the next Discussion period. You are **never** to question a Master that is in your room. You are never to make any kind of physical gesture toward a Master, nor are you to make any attempt to leave your room. If the Master thinks that you have done EITHER of these things, you will *immediately* receive the highest level of punishment, and you will have to start your training again **from the beginning**. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master"

"Do you have any questions at this time?"

"No, Master"

"Very well."

With the apparent end of her first "Training" period, the girl was considerably relieved to know what was expected of her during the other time periods. The idea of a Relaxation period was something of a joke, since she didn't have anything to do — but she knew that having a period of time where she was free to do as she wished would be no small relief.

Doing as she had been told, she treated the period until the next Signal as a Contemplation period, sitting quietly —unable to prevent the occasional thought of the things she knew she'd done from entering her mind, and making her feel bad.

He was pleased that she was picking up the routine so easily. Granted, it wasn't rocket science, but it was still better than having to punish her for foolish mistakes. He watched her for a while after he'd spoken to her, and was glad to see that she was doing as she was told. She didn't realize she was doing it, but he could see occasional expressions of unhappiness cross her face, letting him know that the audio program he was piping into the room was starting to have an effect.

It would be interesting to see how she behaved the next day, when he went to visit her in person.

When the Signal sounded again, she knew that it was the start of her Discussion period — and there was something she needed to bring to their attention.

She heard the voice tell her "We expect that there are many things that you would like to ask, so

we will tell you some things to save you the time of asking them."

It went on to say "You were given to us because the people that you knew had become weary of your attitude and actions. You were selfish, and sometimes cruel. You lied, you stole, and you cheated —from friends, and even family. You had a bad attitude, and behaved badly toward others. You were rude, profane, and often lazy. You were childish and self-centered. You didn't have any concern for those around you, and you did very little to help other people — but you wanted things from others without wanting to give anything back. You did a great many things to hurt and anger other people, and they did not want to have to deal with your behavior any longer —so they gave you to us. You will stay here until such time as you have learned to change your behavior. How long that will be depends *entirely* on you — if you come to understand how badly you have behaved, and try to improve yourself, it will not take long. If you try to resist the changes that you must make, then you will be here longer. Right now, you are at the beginning of your training; as you progress and become more and more like the person that you **should** be, you will receive more and more rewards for those improvements. If you behave badly enough, you will be returned to the start of an earlier phase in your training. We cannot emphasize this enough: the treatment you receive here depends **entirely** on you. If you learn quickly and behave well, you will be treated well. If you resist and misbehave, you will be treated badly. It is that simple."

Next, the voice told her "We have been doing this work for a VERY long time, and you will not be the last person that we will have to train and educate. Before now, you did not understand and appreciate how much of what you had in your life came from other people. By the time you finish here, you WILL know —and you will be properly grateful. When you have finished your training, you will be released to someone that has agreed to accept you, and help you become a proper member of society. The person that you are given to will treat you in the way that *your* behavior here shows us you need: if you cooperate and behave properly, they will be kind and patient. If you resist and act up, they will not. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master", she answered, before saying "Master, there is something that I have to tell you."

"What do you wish to say?"

"Master, from the way I feel, I'm going to... to be starting my period before long.", she answered. She was a little embarrassed to talk about it to whoever it was, but she sure didn't want to start bleeding all over everything, either!

"In the next day or two, we think."

"Yes, Master", she answered, amazed - and more than a little afraid, truth be told - that they would not only know that she was about to start her period, but *when*.

"You have done well to tell us before it happened. We will improve your reward. Before you came here, how many napkins did you use in a twenty-four hour day?"

She was a little surprised to hear that they already knew she used napkins, but answered "Six, Master."

"And how many days did you need them?"

"Uh, usually four, Master. *Sometimes* five, though.", then added "Uh, Master, I usually wore another one each day for a couple of extra days, just to um, make sure."

"We understand" the voice answered — making her wonder if they did, really.

The next question surprised her: "Have you learned to judge time here? Not by a clock, but generally?"

"I... I think so, Master."

"You are doing well. You do not claim to be sure when you are not. You will not be punished for admitting to uncertainty. It is honesty that you must learn here, and we will not harm you for telling us the truth. Very well; we will provide you with what you need with your next meal so that you will be prepared. Is there anything else you wish us to know?"

"No, Master."

"Then that is all that we have for you. Do you know what to do now?"

"You said that if a Discussion did not go the full time, that I was allowed to use the rest of it as Relaxation, Master."

"It is good that you remember. We are finished; you may continue."

With that, the conversation appeared to end. She was still a little hesitant to do so, but the feelings she had told them about that let her know her period was about to start were a little uncomfortable. She lay down, and tried to get comfortable and relax. She wasn't entirely successful, but it helped.

He'd known that she would need menstrual products, so he'd purchased a box of them and a "belt" (actually an elastic band that would fit around her waist) that she could clip the pads to. He was going to give her seven pads for each day, though — both to make sure she stayed relatively clean, and so that she would think that her "day" in the room was longer than it really was: he had her on a regular twenty-four hour day just like himself and everyone else, but not having *her* know that was just something else to keep her a trifle off-balance.

Other than the specifics that he'd asked for, he was ready to handle the rest of her needs during her menstrual cycle.

He watched as she lay down, figuring that it was a consequence of the onset of her menses.

When the Signal sounded again, she was glad to see that they had kept their promise to provide her with pads — but *seven* of them? Well, it didn't matter — she was glad to see them, as well as

the belt they'd included. She normally didn't use one, but then again, she normally wasn't spending all of her time naked. She figured the small plastic bag they'd also given her was to keep the used ones in.

The pads and belt were set to one side of the locker, with her supper at the other; with her food bar, she was delighted to find what looked like a Hershey's Kiss. She was initially tempted to eat it first, but then decided to save it for "dessert", when she could just let it slowly melt in her mouth and enjoy every moment of it's existence.

After she'd removed her pads and food, the voice told her to put the schedule sheet in the locker, which she quickly did.

After she'd eaten, she lay down on the floor again, using the slowly melting chocolate in her mouth to distract herself from the mild discomfort she was experiencing. None the less, she was still careful to keep her eyes open so that they would know that she wasn't sleeping (and thus punish her). When the Signal for her Sleep period came, she didn't have to do anything but close her eyes and drift off to sleep...

The Signal woke her up the next morning, and she was relieved to discover that the minor cramping that she'd been experiencing had ended — she knew that sometime during the day, the first traces of blood would make themselves known. She was considering what to do when the Signal for her meal sounded; by the time she finished eating, she'd decided on a course of action —so when the Signal for the start of Grooming sounded, she simply went ahead and put on the belt and first of the napkins she'd been provided, figuring to save herself whatever embarrassment she could.

She wasn't entirely comfortable during Health, and avoided being as active as she'd been the day before —but still careful to keep moving. It was during that time that she thought of something, and made a mental note to bring it up during Discussion.

She'd stopped consciously hearing her "conscience", and couldn't understand why she kept thinking about the things she'd done. Each time something came into her mind, she'd spend several seconds trying to deal with it, and it was starting to make her feel bad.

It was halfway through her second Contemplation — so she estimated — when there was a different Signal. She remembered what she'd been told, and rushed to the corner away from where her food and everything were delivered, then knelt down so that she was sitting on her feet like some kind of geisha or something. Without realizing it, though, she was watching to see where a door would appear —and received a punishment before remembering that she was to bow her head. She quickly did so, but was still able to see when a section of the wall opposite from her opened up. Looking carefully, she could see that there was someone dressed in some kind of robe or something —it made them look like one of those hooded monks you saw in old paintings. Behind them, she could only see more of what looked like the same stuff as was inside her room —it wasn't easy to tell for certain, though, because it was darker out there than where she was. The figure she could see stepped into the room, and she almost gasped despite the warning not to make any noise: instead of a face or anything, the figure had some kind of silvery shield or

something. As the figure got closer, she also realized that she couldn't see its feet or hands — the hem of the robe brushed the floor, and the sleeves of the robe were too long. All she could do was get a vague idea of how tall and big the figure was — and it was both.

When it got close, she heard a deep mechanical voice from it tell her "Stand". She immediately did as she was told, careful to keep her head down. The figure told her "Turn and face the wall" in that same creepy, almost robotic, voice. Again, she did it — and felt a gloved hand touch her ass. Between the desire to run away or turn around and slap whoever — or whatever! — it was in the robe, she didn't know *what* to do, and finally settled on doing nothing; the idea of a **MAXIMUM** punishment for either act frightened her. The hand first squeezed one side of her butt, then the other, before the voice told her "Face me."

She did, and was able to control herself when the hand — black and plastic-looking, which scared her since it didn't look particularly human — came up to touch each of her breasts.

He could see that the girl was trembling in fear — which was just the effect he was after.

He'd cut down an old after market car sun shield to get the ventilated plastic he was using to make the "face" that she was seeing. It was reflective enough, and the holes in it were small enough, that she couldn't see through it — and know that he had on a small respirator. Inside it, there was a small microphone that fed a small box in his shirt pocket, which altered his voice before sending it out to the speaker mounted to the back of the grille she was looking at; that allowed him to speak to her, but not only have his voice disguised, but sound much more intimidating.

Similarly, the black latex gloves that covered the long women's dress gloves with their fancy design seams that he was wearing turned his hands into something inhuman. He couldn't feel much, of course, but that wasn't the point at this stage. What **DID** matter was that she was tolerating — barely, he judged — what he was doing: psychologically destroying any sense of "self" or "personal security" she might have.

Reaching a little higher, he put his hand under her chin and tilted her head up to look at her — and saw the terror in her eyes.

Her heart was in her throat when the figure asked her "You fear me?"

Her mouth was dry, and she had to lick her lips before she could answer "Yes, Master."

Several seconds went by before she heard "If you learn and obey, you do not have to fear. Remember that."

That wasn't much consolation to her as she managed to stammer "Y-Y-Yes, M- Master."

The hand left her chin, and she was glad to be able to lower her head and look at the floor again.

She watched and felt as her breast was gently squeezed before the hand returned to the figure's side. Then it told her "Sit" —making her realize that she'd never been so happy to NOT have to look at someone in her *life*.

Several more seconds went by and she was starting to worry that she was going to pee herself, she was so scared, when the figure turned and left. When she saw the door close, she nearly collapsed in relief.

A few moments later, once again in control of herself — after a fashion, anyway — she went back to where she was supposed to be. The rest of her Contemplation was on the apparition that had just visited her.

When Training time came, the voice told her "We have been told that the Master that visited you was pleased. By pleasing a Master in person, you have earned a special reward which will be given to you later."

A *special* reward? The piece of chocolate had been heaven, and that was "just" a reward! She recognized the irony in the fact that she was in a situation where she couldn't imagine what she could get that would be even better than a piece of *chocolate*!

Still, she didn't fail to pay attention when the voice went on "What you will learn here is how you should behave when you are with other people — to be polite, to be friendly, to be honest, and other such things. What you should remember is that when you graduate from here and are given to the person that has agreed to take you — your Mentor — is that it will be up to you to learn how to make *that* person **in particular** happy. You will be given to them on a probationary basis; if they are not happy with you for ANY reason, you will be returned here for additional training before being given to someone else. If that happens, you will certainly be given to someone that will be less tolerant of your errors, and will be more harsh with you."

"You should know that we will maintain contact with the person that you are given to, and we will observe you from time to time. We do that to ensure you are not put into an environment that is not suitable. Your Mentor may not physically damage you, but they are allowed to punish you. If you wish to leave them you may do so — but be warned that if you choose to leave, you will return here for additional training before you are given to another. This is done to encourage you to stay where you are placed, and make the effort to learn how to make your Mentor happy: it is up to you to please your Mentor, not the other way around. While you are here, there will be people that will be interested in having you. When that happens, they will be allowed to visit you in person; you will respond to them just as you would for a Master: you are to kneel in the corner, bow your head, and follow the instructions they give you. Understood?"

"Yes, Master", she replied.

"When you are visited by someone that has expressed an interest in taking you, they will be disguised, so that you do not start thinking that you would prefer one over another. You must want to please one person, not want one person to please."

She understood what she was being told, and the reason for it. She didn't care for it much, but also understood that her opinion of things simply didn't matter. If she'd been given to these people — and she was starting to think she had — then her wants and desires were the *last* thing they'd take into consideration.

The voice continued "You have done well, so far. If you continue as you have, you will be given to someone that will appreciate the work that you do. If you do not, then you will likely find yourself given to someone less... pleasant."

She didn't much like the sound of *that*, but listened as the voice told her "We are not heartless. We do not do the things we do because we enjoy them. We do them because we **must**: to make sure —as best we can —that the people that we receive here do not have to return. Any pain you suffer here is less than what you would cause to others if we were not here to teach you; and it is much less than what you have caused the people you knew before you came here. That is all that we have for you this time. Think about what we have said."

And she *did* think about it —particularly that last part she'd been told. More and more, she was thinking about all the things she'd done —the shoplifting, the stealing from her friends, cheating at school —when she went! —and all the rest of it. And each time one of those thoughts crept into her mind, she felt ashamed of what she'd done, and realized a little more how she had hurt not just herself in doing them, but the ones she'd done them TO. That kind of thinking didn't occupy her mind ALL the time, but it was coming to her more often with each Contemplation period.

Still, when the Discussion period came, she hadn't forgotten about the question that had come to her during Health.

To her surprise, the voice spent quite a while asking her a variety of questions, after informing her that she wouldn't be punished for the answers she gave. She answered each question the best she could, and when prompted, explained the reasoning behind her answers.

She figured they were close to the end of the period when the voice asked her "Is there anything that you would like to know before we finish?"

"Yes, Master."

"Ask."

"Master, while I was exercising during Health, I could not remember enough of the exercises that we did in my physical education classes. Would it be possible for me to be reminded of them, or learn new ones?"

"It is possible. But you have not yet earned the right for such teaching.", she was told.

Damn! she thought to herself. I guess I just get used to doing the same old stuff.

As if reading her mind —something she considered quite possible after her first meeting with a

Master —the voice told her "We have told you that you must keep moving during your Health period. We did not tell you HOW you must move."

With the apparent end of Discussion, she stretched out and waited for her meal — and thinking about what the voice had told her. After a bit, she realized that she'd been told in a left-handed kind of way that she wasn't limited to just doing the exercises and stretches she remembered from school, nor was she expected to perform them only a certain way. That made her realize that even the things she half-remembered were open to her, and the things she hadn't liked doing could be changed around to suit her. She was feeling slightly chipper when the Signal sounded for her Meal.

She was a little disappointed to see that all she was being given was her food bar, and found herself wondering what kind of reward she could be getting that wasn't edible as she filled her belly.

He had to admit that he'd been caught off guard by her question about exercises. He'd seen the boredom on her face, and simply chalked it up to the same tedium he felt when he did such things. That she'd thought to ask about it, though, pleased him.

He continued to watch her after the Discussion period, and saw as she puzzled her way through the comment he'd made. He didn't expect that she had any idea that her emotions and thoughts reflected so clearly on her face, making it easy for him. He'd deliberately left his comment somewhat enigmatic in an attempt to encourage her to work the logic and meaning of it herself — and judging from the pleased expression her face, she had.

He couldn't help smiling to himself at the look on her face when all she received for supper was another survival ration; when she found out what her reward was going to be, it would just make the surprise that much greater...

She heard the Signal for the start of her Relaxation period, and was wondering what she could do when the panel slid open again.

She went over to retrieve the things that were inside — a bucket of water, and a plastic bin with a piece of terry cloth inside it. She started to pull the terry cloth out of the bin, and as she did, she heard something fall on the floor. It took her a few seconds to spot it. She picked it up and discovered that it was a small piece of soap. She'd been isolated in the room long enough by that point that the things she'd just been given simply didn't connect for her.

Bin. Soap. Terry cloth. Water... What?

Terry cloth. Soap. Bin. Water. No, nothing there...

Soap. Terry cloth. Water. Bin. Better, but still not quite...

Water. Terry cloth. Bin. Soap. That wasn't it...

Soap. Bin. Terry cloth. Water. Closer, but still not...

Water. Bin. Soap. Terry cloth... that somehow felt *almost* right...

Soap. Water. Bin. Terry cloth. She thought that was it, but ...

Soap, water, bin. Terry cloth.

Soap, water. Bin. Terry cloth. She could start to feel the excitement of knowing she almost had it...

Soap and water. Bin. Terry cloth.

Soap and water! The bin, and a TOWEL! She was being rewarded with a **bath**!

Tears were streaming down her face as she pulled the terry cloth — it unfolded to reveal that it was a towel — out of the bin, revealing folded plastic underneath. That confused her for a few seconds until she realized that she was meant to use it to keep the water from her bath — *her bath!!* — from wetting the floor.

With a supreme effort, she got her excitement under control and took the plastic out. Unfolding it, she carefully spread it out before moving the bucket and bin to the center of the area it covered. She was tempted to leave the towel where she'd dropped it, but decided that if she was being rewarded with a bath — a BATH! — then she was going to be as neat and clean about it as she could, to show her appreciation — which was tremendous.

She folded the towel again, and set it where it would be easy to reach without risking dripping water on the rest of the floor. After removing the belt and sanitary napkin she was wearing, she moved to where she'd set the water and bin and began washing. She didn't know it, but she only had two gallons of water — but she turned those two gallons of water and the piece of soap into the happiest experience she thought she'd ever had. With no hair to wash, she had more than enough water to wash and rinse her body, starting at her head and working her way down, always careful to make sure as much of the runoff went into the bin as she could. She didn't know how much time she took — it was just over twenty minutes, actually — but she delighted in every moment of it. When she was done, almost ecstatic at the feeling of her clean skin and the fresh scent of the soap, she dried herself off before carefully pouring the used water — her *bathwater* she thought to herself, delighted — into the bucket. Then she used the towel to dry the bin, and finally to soak up the odd bits of water that had escaped despite her efforts to contain them.

She then moved the bucket and bin over by the panel, and set her folded towel inside the bin. She re-folded the sheet of plastic, careful not to damage it, and set it on top of the towel.

She'd barely set the soap on top of the plastic so it wouldn't stick to the towel when the panel opened again. Happily, she put everything inside — not the slightest bit concerned or embarrassed when she realized that they had probably watched her the whole time she was washing. When the

panel slid shut, she put on her belt and a new napkin before she sat down on the floor again. For the rest of the period, she would occasionally take a small sniff of her hand or arm — and smile.

He *had* watched her as she washed, amused at the obvious joy it brought her, and more than a little aroused by the sight of her hands moving on her soap-slickened body.

He'd nearly laughed as he'd watched her slowly making the connection between the things she'd been given; the expression on her face when she'd finally understood had been priceless!

Still, the important thing was that she'd learned that doing what she'd been told, despite whatever else she might have thought and felt, had resulted in something happening that made *her* happy. In a fashion, she'd discovered the link between doing something she didn't like "now" resulting in a later benefit. A few more examples of that, and he figured she'd have the connection made permanently.

The Signal woke her up the next morning, and with her first deep breath, she was reminded of the bath she'd had the night before — the faint scent of the soap was still with her. She couldn't help smiling at the memory, and quickly went about getting ready for the rest of the day.

Breakfast was the usual, and when she was given her water and toilet containers, she also received another seven pads. She'd only used five — six including the fresh one she'd put on after waking up — and wondered what to do about the surplus. She finally settled on telling them about it when it was time for Discussion.

Despite the happiness she felt at having been able to wash — she'd realized that she was glad she hadn't noticed how bad she smelled before — she continued having thoughts about how ill-behaved she'd been creeping into her mind. She tried to shove them back out again, but it didn't do much good. By the time Health period came around, she was definitely feeling sad again.

Remembering what she'd figured out before, she got a little more inventive about the various activities she engaged in. It was still early in her menstrual cycle, though, so she wasn't inclined to get too enthusiastic; but she was still tired — and feeling a little satisfied, to tell the truth — when the Signal came for her to go back to Contemplation.

By the end of that, though, she was starting to feel a bit depressed again, and was looking forward to Training, and then Discussion, which would distract her from the memories that kept coming back.

Her Training period consisted of being told what kinds of things she would be expected to do once she had finished her training; hearing what they were, she quickly realized that she already knew how to do most of them — was used to doing them, in fact.

When Discussion came, the first thing she did was to tell them that she wasn't using as many pads as they were giving her; she was surprised when she was told she should just go ahead and

change them more often, if she wanted.

He knew, of course, that she wasn't using as many of the sanitary napkins as she was given; and he was pleased when she brought it up herself after just the first day of using them.

He could see that she was definitely feeling the effects of the audio program he was feeding into her room; the way her shoulders slumped, the relative listlessness, and so on. He figured that she would be ready for the next stage of things in a week, perhaps a little longer. Then things would *definitely* change for her.

Over the next several days, she found herself getting progressively more depressed as the memories of all the things she'd done to people kept coming back to her — and worse, she couldn't help thinking about what it must have been like for them from **their** perspective. She thought about the way her different friends, and even their families, had tried to help her; and how she'd lied to them, and stolen from them, and *used* them to get things that she wanted but didn't NEED.

The guilt and shame of it all wore heavily on her, steadily eating away at her confidence and self-respect. Even the memory of her bath failed to lift her spirits.

One day, during Discussion, she said "Master, there is something that I have been thinking about, and I feel like I have to tell you about it."

"What is it you would say?"

"I have been thinking about all of the things that I did before I was given to you, and I am ashamed. There were so many people that tried to help me, and I treated them so badly! I stole things, I lied to people, and so much more to so many people. I understand now *why* I was given to you, and I know that they did the right thing. But I did so many bad things, I'm afraid that won't be able to change the way I know I should. Please, Master — can you teach me to be a better person?" —and with that, she felt the tears begin streaming down her face as she sat there, ashamed of what she'd confessed.

Eight days. It had taken her just eight days to go from the near-ecstasy she'd experienced from something as simple as a bath, to where she was now.

The man was pleased. Not at the obvious suffering she was experiencing, but at the fact that now he could begin the next part of her training. He didn't *like* having to bring her to the point where she was now, but knew that it was still necessary if she was to change into someone better able to fit into society — and more to the point, someone that would meet his needs.

He told her "It is good that you have come to accept that you are here because of what you have done. Do you really want to change?" and heard her impassioned answer "Oh, yes, Master!"

"Then you do not need to worry. As long as you want to learn the things that we will teach you here, you will change from what you were."

"Really, Master?" she asked.

The desperation in her voice made him reluctant to do so, but he still set the transmitter for the collar she was wearing to its lowest setting before giving her a brief punishment, and hearing her soft gasp. Then he told her "We told you that you would change; it is not for you to question whether we will actually do it. That is why you were punished. But we also understand that you feel remorse for your previous actions, so the punishment was mild. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master", she replied.

"Do you think the punishment we just gave you was fair, and deserved?" he asked.

"Yes, Master."

He could hear the sincerity in her voice, and told her "If you are able to understand that the punishment was for something *you* did, and accept that it was fair, then you have started to change from the person you were to the kind of person you should be. Now we can begin to teach you *HOW* to be that kind of person."

Even as she'd asked the question, she'd known that she was going to be punished for it — but had been unable to stop herself. That the punishment had been as small and brief as it was had surprised her; the explanation of why it had been so had actually made her think that they *were* being fair: SHE had broken the rules they'd given her, and she'd been punished for it — but they'd understood that she'd done it only because she was so upset, and had only punished her enough to remind her of the rule.

Following that thought, it occurred to her that she had only been punished when she had actually *broken* a rule; otherwise, they hadn't hurt her. Even when they'd wanted her clothes, all they did was refuse to give HER something until she gave THEM something. And they'd even given her **rewards** when she'd done well —like the piece of chocolate after that first Health period, and the bath after she'd done what she was already *supposed* to do when the Master came to see her.

With that, she realized that they already WERE starting to change her from the spoiled brat she'd been when she first got there — and felt no small measure of relief. As terrible as she thought — KNEW —she'd been, and as bad as she felt about it, they were still helping her learn to change. And that knowledge gave her a small, faint hope that things would be different for her.

He was watching her on the monitor, and could see the different thoughts and emotions playing themselves out on her face — and waited patiently until he saw her expression settle into something like satisfaction before he told her "Now that you are ready to pay attention to what we have to tell you, you will find that we are not unkind. As you learn the lessons that we have to

teach you, you will be rewarded. Before, you sought to avoid being punished for being bad; now you will want to do good for the rewards that it will bring you. Do you understand the difference?"

He watched as she considered it for a few seconds before she answered "I think so, Master."

"Explain to us."

"Until I was given to you, I'd steal things from stores and hope that I wasn't caught; since I've been here, I've gotten rewards because I did the things I was supposed to. Then, I was trying not to be seen because I was doing a bad thing, and now I *want* to be seen because I'm trying to do good things. It's like there's a middle, where people aren't watching me because I'm not doing anything. I didn't want people to know what I was doing when I did negative things like lying and stealing, and now I want to do positive things and I don't care if people see because what I'm doing IS good. It's like the whole thing is exactly backwards from the way it was." she answered, after a few seconds.

He told her "That is correct", and he could see the happiness on her face at having gotten it right, just as a child in school would be pleased at a kind word from a teacher. Well, that's what she was, he supposed.

He then said to her "You have done well to tell us that you were bothered by your thoughts, and to have learned the things that you have. We know that this has been difficult for you, so we shall give you a reward for what you have done. Is there anything else that you would speak to us about?"

"No, Master."

"Very well. This will be the end of Discussion." he told her.

While the idea of receiving another reward pleased her, the thing that truly settled her mind was the simple relief of having been able to unburden herself about the shame and regret she felt about all she'd done to people.

Then to be told that she WAS starting to change, and learning to be better... Well, that was enough to keep her happy for the rest of the evening.

When it was time for her Meal, she was surprised to see that there was a small bowl with her food bar — she picked it up and discovered that it was actually *warm*; sniffing it, she discovered that it was beef broth — and felt her mouth begin to water.

Removing her food bar, she stood for a few moments trying to decide whether she wanted to drink the broth first because it smelled so good, or save it for afterwards — and finally settled on drinking it AS she ate the food bar. Sitting down carefully so she didn't spill it, she took a small sip of the broth —delicious! —then took a bite of the bar. Back and forth she went, using a small sip of the broth to wash down each bite of the ever-tasteless food bar. By the time she'd finished the bar, she still had a little of the broth left; not as warm as when she'd gotten it, of course, but still

delightful as she savored the last little bit she'd been able to drain from the bowl.

When the panel slid open, she gladly put the empty bowl in it — grateful for even that simple addition to her diet.

The man watched as she ate her evening meal, certain that she wouldn't detect the small dose of tranquilizer that he'd added to the broth he'd given her. He knew from experience that it was tasteless, and the excuse of rewarding her for "coming clean" about her obviously deepening depression about her previous actions and how they'd affected people was the perfect opportunity to do what he needed to prepare her for the next stage.

He knew from his training that there the truly tasteless tranquilizers were all fairly slow to act, and he waited patiently for it to take effect. There was still a bit over half an hour before her sleep period began when she finally gave in to the slowly increasing desire to sleep. He waited another hour just to make sure before he got up to begin his task.

Opening the door to her room, he went inside and gave her a small injection in one of her cute little ass cheeks. The so-called "truth serum" he gave her was actually just a chemical that affected the higher levels of the mind — essentially making it impossible for her to think well enough to come up with lies. But the secondary effect of it — which was what he was using it for — also made the person it was used on *extremely* receptive to any commands given to them by someone.

As he waited the few minutes he knew the chemical would need before it took effect, he took the opportunity to touch her — softly caressing her ass and gently stroking her breasts, watching as her nipples slowly erected in response to his touch. Enjoying the feel of her skin under his touch, he gave the drug a couple of extra minutes to take effect before he began speaking to her.

Between the tranquilizer and the serum, she was easily as receptive as he'd hoped she'd be. The only thing that slowed him down was the necessity of phrasing his instructions in the simplest terms possible: just as she would be unable to think well enough to invent lies, she was equally unable to think well enough to understand anything but the most basic commands. But by repeating them several times, he was able to get the ideas and instructions implanted in her mind well enough for his needs. It wouldn't be the last time that he'd have to "adjust" her through her subconscious, but this was the time that would make the others relatively easy.

It was nearly an hour and a half before he was satisfied that she had accepted all the programming he'd put into her. Once he was satisfied, though, he finished up by giving her a few commands that would ensure she woke up feeling refreshed. All she would have as a side effect would be a slight headache from the chemicals; and even that would quickly disappear once her body started moving and finished metabolizing them.

With a final soft caress of her cheek, he stood up and left her room, carefully securing the door behind him.

Back at the small "control center" where he had a computer set up to play the video streams from

the four cameras in the room and the concealed microphone, he changed the settings on the small program he'd written to play the audio tracks. When he was done, she had started hearing — unconsciously, at least — a different type of input: instead of the questions and comments designed to break her spirit, she was now receiving instructions that would slowly and progressively build her back up into the personality that he wanted. There was still a long ways to go, but she'd turned the corner, so to speak. Now, instead of the unpleasant task of breaking her down, he was putting her back together again — something he was much happier about.

When she woke up, she knew it was because of the Signal, and she quickly sat up to forestall being punished.

As she waited for her breakfast, she could feel a small headache — but it wasn't anywhere near bad enough to keep her from feeling more rested and refreshed than she'd felt for a *long* time. She could only chalk it up to the relief she felt at what had happened the day before; just knowing that she *was* going to be changing the way she treated other people and lived her life was an immense load off her mind. She even found herself looking forward to what was coming, and silently swore to herself that she **was** going to pay attention so that she **would** change. She discovered that she was actually anxious to get out of there — not because it was such a bad place, but simply so she could start showing whoever she was given to how good she had become. But of course, she still had to learn, first — and she was eager to get started.

Other than the headache, that morning set the pattern for the next few weeks for her: waking up in the morning feeling fresh, and eager to start the day.

During her contemplation periods, her thoughts changed from feeling bad about the recollections of what she'd done to people, to what she could and SHOULD do if or when those kinds of situations came up again. During her Health period, she found herself a little more enthusiastic about what she was doing — thinking to herself that if she was going to be given to someone, she wanted to be as fit and healthy and pleasing to them as she could be — including how she looked.

Her Training and Discussion times quickly became her favorites: she paid close attention to what was said during Training, almost memorizing what she was told. Then, during Discussion, she was eager to question how she could apply the things she was learning.

Along the way, she made some mistakes, and was punished for them — and each time it happened, she took a few moments to remind herself that she'd been punished because SHE had done something wrong. She never "beat herself up" over it, but she didn't grant herself absolution, either; she simply accepted her punishments as deserved, learned from them, and went on.

It was at the end of a Discussion period when she was told "During your next Contemplation, you will be visited by a Master. During the Contemplation after that, there will be a Mentor that wishes to see you. Be ready."

And she **WAS** ready when she heard the signal the next day; she immediately took her position in the corner and waited.

It seemed like several minutes went by, but she continued to wait — she had heard the signal that meant she was going to have a visitor, and she *hadn't* been told she could go back to where she'd been sitting. Finally, the door opened and a Master came in. This one didn't seem to be quite as tall or big as she remembered the other being — but it (he?) still had the silver shield where a face would be, and all the rest. She was nervous as hell, but kept control of herself as the Master walked over to stand in front of her.

The voice was the same, though, when she was told "Stand", and quickly complied.

It reached up and put a hand on her shoulder, and she felt a slight pressure; it took her only a second to realize that it wanted her to go someplace. She moved in response to the gentle pressures on her shoulder until she was standing roughly in the middle of her room. After telling her "Hold there", it went behind her; a few seconds later, she felt it touching the insides of her arms. She lifted them in response, and felt the touch continue until both arms were held straight out from her shoulders. Since the last instruction she'd received had been "hold there", she kept her arms held out — and a few moments later, felt it reaching around her. She started to get nervous, then realized that it had only passed something from one hand to the other; that was soon followed by the feeling of something light and narrow encircling her body right under her arms for a few moments. Then the feeling stopped, only to resume around her bust. A few moments later, it moved again, to her body again, right under her tits — and only then did she realize that she was apparently having her clothing sizes measured.

Even though her shoulders were starting to get tired, she continued to hold her arms out while it continued to take measurements of her. By the fifth one, she was sure that it was for clothing sizes —though **WHY** she was being measured wasn't as clear. Obviously, they were planning on giving her clothes, but she didn't have any expectation that she was anywhere near being ready to be given to a Mentor yet.

When it was done with the measurements of her body, it touched the outsides of her arms briefly and told her "Down". Relieved, she slowly lowered them, letting them simply hang at her sides as they usually did. The Master moved in front of her, and knelt down to take the measurements of her legs —and to her surprise, her feet, as well. When it stood again, it was towering over her, it's face looking down at her. She started to get nervous again before it asked her "You do not fear us?"

Her mouth was dry, but she managed to answer "It is not the Master that I fear."

A couple of seconds went by before it said "Explain"

Hesitantly, she told it "I- I'm not afraid the Master will hurt me. I just don't want to make a mistake and displease the Master."

Several seconds went by before it told her "Explain more."

She had to lick her lips to wet them before she could say "I am punished when I make mistakes, and that is right. But I want to please the Master because it is what I should do, not because I don't want to be punished."

Several more seconds ticked by, and she was starting to get nervous again when it told her "We are pleased at what you have learned. You speak well, and correctly. We shall speak to the others. When we are gone, you will return to what you were doing."

It stood there for a bit longer before turning and going out, closing the door behind it.

Relieved, she went back to sitting where she was supposed to.

She had barely cooled off from the exercise during her Health period when she heard the Visitor signal again. She didn't hesitate to move to the corner, and kneel, looking at the floor as she'd been told to.

When the door opened, she could see that the person wasn't dressed quite the same as a Master: the color of the robe was different, and the sleeves were secured around their wrists, leaving their glove covered hands visible. She could also see that instead of the silvery shield that Masters had, the Mentor had what looked like some kind of stiff black cloth. They came in, and she saw that they had one of those little whips like you saw people riding horses holding. When they got over in front of her, the voice that she heard was obviously disguised, but they still didn't sound *anything* like the Masters.

They stood in front of her for a few moments before the hand with the little whip thingy — she thought it was called a crop, but wasn't sure — came forward far enough to put the little loop at the end of it under her chin. She felt a slight pressure, and lifted her head in response until she was looking up into the "face" of her visitor. After a moment, she heard them say "Oh, yes... a very *pretty* little girlie!". She wasn't sure she liked the sound of that, but kept her silence. The the figure told her "Stand up, girlie — stand up, and let us have a look at you."

When she was standing, she lowered her head again, and waited as the figured moved around behind her. She felt the soft end of the whip tracing down her back, then along the crack of her ass —and then heard a quick swishing sound before she felt the pain of the whip across her butt. A second later, it happened again before she was asked "Like that, girlie? Does a little pain make your blood run hot?"

Struggling to hold back the tears, she managed to answer "I'm sorry, Master, but what you do only hurts."

Even with their voice disguised, she could *hear* the disappointment when they said "Pity."

Then, to her horror, she felt the end of the whip slip between her legs, softly rubbing against the opening of her vagina —she managed not to show it, but she was terrified that whoever it was going to hit her THERE, too. But after a few moments, she felt it leave her privates and slide down the inside of her thigh before going away.

The figure reappeared on the other side of her, and she could see as the end of the whip came up, and the figure used the little loop at the end of it to toy with her nipples. She heard them ask "Perhaps here?", but from the tone, she knew that she wasn't expected to answer — and doubted that she could have, anyway, her fear was so strong. After a bit, the end of the whip left her breast and traced a path down her body, ending at where she had started growing pubic hair again — though her cleft was still visible. There, they rubbed the end of the whip against where her clit was a few times before letting it fall away again.

They moved to stand in front of her again, and asked her "So, girlie — think you would like to come home with us? Have a little *fun*, perhaps?"

Somehow, thankfully, she managed to keep the horror she felt at that idea out of her voice as she evenly answered "That isn't for me to choose, Master."

Again, she could hear the disappointment when the figure said "True. Too bad, really." before telling her "Go ahead and sit down again, girlie."

She couldn't completely stop the soft moan of pain as the act of sitting again fanned the flames of pain from where the whip had been used on her ass. When she was looking at the floor again, she heard the figure say "Such a shame... so pretty..." before turning and leaving. Only when the door was closed and a full five minutes — which she carefully counted off — had gone by did she dare to move back to where she'd been sitting.

When she woke up from her Sleep, she wasn't surprised to discover a pair of distinct welts across her butt, where she'd been struck. She had no idea who the person was that had done that to her; but she was quite certain that she didn't want to be anywhere near them, EVER. The thought that she could conceivably be given to someone like that only served to make her want to do anything and everything she could to avoid that happening.

It was a couple of cycles later and the nearly the end of Discussion when she was told "The Master that measured you has spoken, and it has been decided that you have done well enough to be promoted."

She answered "Thank you, Master", and several seconds went by before the voice asked her "Do you not want to know what a promotion means for you? Or when it will happen?"

"Forgive me, Master. I know that if the Masters think that I've earned any reward, then it will be what they believe is fair. I also trust that if the Masters wish to promote me, then it will happen when the Masters think the time is right. I am content to learn what the Masters teach me, so that I can be good when the Masters think that I am ready to leave here."

She thought that Discussion was over, when the voice told her "Yes, you are learning very well, as the other Master said. We shall see to it that you receive your promotion soon. If you have no questions?"

"None, Master."

"Then Discussion is finished."

There wasn't anything special with her meal, and she didn't notice the faint discoloration of the food bar; she'd long since stopped paying any attention to it other than to eat it.

As was expected, she quietly nodded off ahead of her regular Sleep period.

When he went inside her room, the first thing the man did was to give her the injection of the serum. The second was to treat the welts he'd left on her ass. Despite what she thought — which the expression on her face had made clear — he'd gotten no pleasure or satisfaction from what he'd done. If anything, he regretted striking her as hard as he had; but it was done, and there wasn't any changing what had happened. All he could do now was to treat the wounds so they would heal faster and not cause her as much discomfort.

By the time he was finished, enough time had passed that he knew the serum had taken effect. Again, he was patient as he went through the additional instructions he had for her. She readily accepted them, so it wasn't long before he was able to give her the final commands for her to go back to sleep. When she had, he injected her with another tranquilizer to make sure that she stayed completely unconscious while he worked.

Because he'd planned ahead, it was only a matter of a couple hours work for him to remove the appropriate sections of indoor/outdoor carpet and install the small combined toilet and shower area that he'd bought from a camper/RV store in the next state. The drains for the shower and toilet were already in place, and took only a moment to secure. After the fiberglass toilet/shower combo was in place, it was only another half hour to put up the Plexiglas wall and doorway that would not only contain the shower spray, but give her the illusion of some privacy due to their translucence. In fact, the walls of the shower area would block the view of the camera in the farthest corner, and partially obstruct the two in the near corners — but not the one mounted in the corner over head.

When he was done, he checked to make sure everything was securely fastened, then that he'd removed all traces that anything had happened in the room. On his way out, he moved the couple of sanitary napkins she still had, along with the belt, to give her reason to believe that she'd been physically moved before taking her toilet and water containers with him. There was a small spigot on the shower wall where she would be able to draw water, and he'd left her a medium-sized plastic glass to drink from. Closing the door behind him, he secured it, then disposed of the two containers. Back outside her room, he reversed the panel that blocked her view of the area right outside the room, so that she would see a different color and think she was in a different place. The last thing he had to do was go around to the other side and connect the plumbing fixtures — a matter of just a couple of minutes. He went ahead and hooked up both hot and cold water lines, but left the hot turned off — she still had more to learn, after all.

Finally, he put her food bar in the transfer area and secured the outside panel; the computer program he had running would open the inner panel at the appropriate time — meaning that he wouldn't have to get up early to feed her. One final check of everything, and he headed up to his own bed.

She woke up at the Signal, and sat up with another faint headache. She started to reach for her water to get a drink, but the jug didn't seem to be where she'd left it. It was only when she looked around to see where it was that she realized she wasn't where used to be: in the corner there was... well, it looked like... a *shower*?

Hardly daring to believe it could be true, she got up and went over to it, it was only a moment's examination to locate the door, and when she opened it, she couldn't believe her eyes: not only did it look like a shower — with a small sink underneath the taps — but there seemed to be... a toilet, too!

Not believing anything was going to happen, she reached over and turned the handles under the shower —and was amazed when water came out of the faucet over the small sink. Looking closer, she could see a small handle on the wall, and how the arrow on it was pointed down; it took her a few moments to realize that if she turned it so the arrow pointed up... the shower would work!. She could only stand there for several seconds, wondrous at her good fortune, before she remembered to turn the water off.

She reached for the handle to the toilet, unable to resist hoping that it would work, too — only to have her wildest dreams come true when she heard it flush. Looking around at her incredible good fortune, she spotted what looked like a recessed panel. After a few moments of fiddling with it, she figured out that it slid upwards —and inside the recess it covered there was an entire *roll* of toilet paper.

Looking back over at the sink again, she saw something she'd missed the first time: there was a small recess in the wall, and sitting inside was a plastic glass — easily four times the size of the paper cup that she'd gotten used to drinking from. She couldn't stop the trembling in her hands as she took the glass and carefully put it under the faucet over the sink and turned the water on. When the glass was half full, she turned the water off and drank. It was just water, but she didn't think she'd ever had anything that tasted better!

She was still inside the enclosure when she heard the Signal that it was time to eat — she was so enraptured by what she had that she nearly didn't make it to the locker before the door closed.

Filling her glass —HER GLASS! — again, she sat on the floor and nibbled her way through her food bar, smiling broadly every time she took a sip from her glass to wash down what she'd just eaten.

When it was time for Grooming, she wanted to take a shower **so** badly, but she didn't have any soap or anything to dry herself with. But being able to actually SIT on a toilet to void her bowels and empty her bladder was *almost* as good. When she was done, and flushed it, she couldn't help giggling in happiness at the sound of the running water.

She'd finished her exercises and was walking around the room to cool off from them when the voice told her "At the end of each Health period, you are allowed to clean yourself off with a *brief* shower. If you spend too much time, the water will be shut off. During your Grooming time, you are

permitted to take longer to clean yourself; but again, if you take too long, we will turn off the water. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master. Thank you!"

There was a brief pause before she was told "We prefer to teach by rewarding good behavior, rather than punishing bad. You are doing well so far; continue, and you will be rewarded even more."

With that, the panel opened; when she looked inside, she saw that she'd been given not only a towel, but a bar of soap. With her new treasures in her hands, she practically danced over to take a shower.

The man couldn't help smiling at the sheer joy that she was getting from being able to take a shower —even if it was just a cold one, as she was discovering, but not seeming to mind. The computer had control of a solenoid, and once she turned the water on, she'd only be allowed five minutes to rinse off from her exercise before the water shut off again. She would be limited to fifteen minutes in the mornings.

As he watched, he was glad to see that the treatment he'd given the marks on her butt were already starting to look like they were fading. Certainly, she didn't act as though they were bothering her as much as they had.

She was roughly halfway through her Contemplation when she heard the Signal for a visitor.

Even though she hadn't been told to expect one, she immediately did as she'd been told when the Signal sounded. She was kneeling with her head bowed, and saw the door open. She noticed that the wall behind the figure she saw was a different color; obviously, she'd been moved while she was asleep. She was starting to wonder how they'd done that when the person came into the room, moving to stand a couple feet in front of her.

Though noticeably smaller, this one appeared to be dressed pretty much the same as the first Visitor had been —minus the whip, she was happy to see, and wearing different gloves.

The voice was different, too, when she was told "Okay, sweetcheeks, on your feet."

When she was standing, he (she couldn't *really* tell the gender, but didn't figure women would have much interest in her) told her "That's a good start — but spread your feet more; I wanna be able to reach the good stuff."

That didn't sound real promising to her, but she did as she was told — only to be surprised when he took a step forward and reached down to put his hand between her legs. It was only through a tremendous exercise of self control that all she did was stand there and accept his touch. After a few moments, the hand moved from between her legs, only to go to her breast, which he then

squeezed —almost painfully hard. A minute later, he started moving around her, his hand wandering all over her body, as though he were inspecting a piece of meat. When he was behind her, she heard him say "Okay, sweetcheeks — bend over and spread 'em."

It took her a second to realize what she was expected to do, and summoning her courage she did it: bending over at the waist and using her hands to spread her ass — exposing herself to him completely. She felt his hand on the small of her back for a moment, then it moved down, where she felt one gloved finger prodding at her anus. She heard the cloth rustle, and realized that he had either squatted or bent over so that he could look even closer at her — and with that, she understood that all her visitor was looking at, or for, was a living, breathing sex toy.

After a bit, she heard the rusting again before he said "Okay, stand up again."

When she did, she felt his gloved hand on her ass; he gave one side a few none-too-gentle squeezes, then slapped her ass before saying "Very good — nice and *tight!*"

From the corner of her eye, she could see him starting to move back around in front of her, making her feel all the more like she was just some **thing** that he was looking at, and not a person. When he was almost in front of her again, he reached up and traced the outline of her lips with one gloved finger — she hoped it wasn't the one he'd used to poke at her rectum. His hand fell to his side, and he told her "On your back, honey, and open up, just like for the doctor."

She couldn't help blushing as she moved to lie down, then bending and spreading her legs, much as she'd done for the few visits she'd had to a gynecologist. The figure knelt down, and reached out to spread her vaginal lips, looking at her closely for several moments before standing up again and telling her "On your feet again."

When she was standing, he asked her "What's the biggest cock you've ever had?"

Blushing again, she answered "I- I haven't had any, Master. I'm... I'm a virgin."

She could hear the surprise in his voice, despite the disguising of it, when he asked "No shit? You're a real, live virgin? You've never fucked *anybody?*"

"It's true, Master."

"Oh, I get it — you're a dyke, right? A Lezzie?"

"No, Master. I've never been with a girl, either."

"Well, FUCK *me*. Never been fucked."

She shook her head, and he asked "Ever sucked a guy off? Given one a handjob? Taken it in the ass, maybe?"

Blushing furiously, she shook her head again before answering "Nothing like that, Master"

"Oh, this could be **good**. A cutie pie like you, and a three-hole virgin to boot! Oh, man, the fun I could have with you... mmm, mmm, mmm!"

He seemed to consider something then, and asked "Have you at least gotten *yourself* off? You know, done yourself? Until you came?"

Glad she was looking at the floor, she admitted that she had.

"Okay, you've got it, you just haven't *used* it for anything yet. Well, that won't last long if I get you, sweetcheeks! Go ahead and sit down again. When I'm gone, go back to whatever it was you were doing."

"Yes, Master", she answered, relieved that he would be leaving soon, as she moved to kneel down again. He watched her for a few more moments, then she heard him say "Oh, man — I didn't think I could GET this lucky!" before he turned and left, closing the door behind him.

Once she was sure he was gone, she went back to Contemplation, silently hoping that someone else would be interested in her, too.

The man watched her, waiting to see how she would react to her latest "visitor" — himself, of course, in another of the disguises he had. He'd deliberately done everything he could to embarrass her, and try to make her feel ashamed; judging from the number of times she'd blushed, and the expressions he'd seen on her face, he'd done a pretty good job of it, too. But she'd kept herself under control in the ways it mattered, which actually impressed him a bit: he'd halfway expected her to break down and cry in response to the treatment he'd given her.

He could see that she wasn't happy about what had happened; but she wasn't doing or saying anything about it, either. After a while, he decided she probably wasn't going to do or say anything — unless, perhaps, it was during a Discussion period.

It was a few weeks later, and she was in her morning Contemplation when she heard the Visitor Signal. She quickly took her place, and was waiting in the proper position when the door opened.

She saw that it wasn't a Master coming to see her — the figure outside was wearing the same type of robe as her previous Visitors had been. When he came in, she figured he was probably close to average in height and size. Even with her head bowed, she was able to watch him walk forward until he was standing right in front of her. As she expected, the voice was disguised when he told her "Stand up, please."

He was the first to say "Please" to her, and she was curious to know what else he would do or say as she moved to do as he'd said.

When she was standing, she got the distinct impression he was looking at her face when she heard him ask "Are you being treated well here?"

"Master, I'm sorry, but I'm not sure how to answer your question."

"Okay, let me rephrase it, then. You're not being beaten, or shocked with cattle prods, or abused in some other way?"

"Oh, no, Master! When I've been bad, they've punished me with this" — she gestured to the box on her neck- " but they don't physically hurt me. I've been punished only a few times, and each time it happened, it was explained to me what I did wrong so I'd know not to do it again. I don't think that I've had to be punished twice for the same mistake."

"You're getting enough food? Water?"

"Oh, yes, Master. There's a glass and water tap in the shower area, and I'm fed twice a day."

He started to walk around her, and she could somehow tell that he was looking her over — only she felt like he was doing it differently than the last one had. She wasn't quite sure why, but she got the impression she was being looked at to make sure she was okay; instead of as being something to be played with, and used.

The next thing she was asked was "You're allowed to wash yourself, and exercise every day?"

"I am, Master."

"Tell me when."

"After my morning meal, I shower to get clean. Then after my exercise period, I'm allowed to rinse myself off again."

The visitor walked over to her shower area, and opened the door to look in, then shut it again before saying "I see you have soap, too. Is that what you use to wash your hair, too?"

"Yes, Master."

"Why do you keep calling me Master?"

"When I first arrived, I was told to call everyone Master, Master."

"But I'm not one of the ones that runs this place — they wear a different getup than this."

"Yes, Master —but I have not been told to use any other name to speak to my visitors."

"Other people have been in here to see you? Tell me about them."

Afraid, she answered "I- I don't know if I'm allowed to do that, Master."

"And you don't know that you *aren't* allowed, either, do you?"

"No, Master, that's true."

"Then tell me. I'll tell the ones running this place I told you to, so you don't get in any trouble."

She considered it for a few moments, then finally told him "I have had two other visitors, Master. The first one hit me on my... butt, with a small whip, and wanted to know if it... excited me. I think he was disappointed when I told him that all it did was hurt. The second visitor I had seemed more interested in my body, and my... my sexual parts. He asked me questions about whether I've had sex, and seemed very... interested when I told him that I am a virgin."

Even through the voice disguising, she could hear the surprise when her visitor asked "You're a virgin? How old are you?"

"Yes, Master, I'm a virgin. The last birthday I remember, I turned sixteen."

The next question came as something of a surprise: "What do you want to do when you leave here?"

"I want to do whatever I can to make the person I'm given to happy, Master."

"Why are you here?"

"Master, I was a very bad person before I came here. I drank, and used drugs, and stole from my friends, and from stores. I did a lot of bad things to a lot of people, until I was brought here so I could learn to be better."

"And ARE you learning to be better?"

"That wouldn't be for me to say, Master. All I can do is tell you that I'm trying *very* hard to learn."

She could tell that he was studying her when he asked "Do you think you're pretty?"

"My other two visitors said that I was, Master."

"I asked if YOU think you're pretty."

"No, Master, I don't. I only hope that the one I'm given to will find me attractive enough for them."

He reached out and put his hand under her chin, tilting her head back up before using his thumb to softly stroke her cheek. His last question was "And what is it that would make YOU happy?"

"To know that what I do pleases the one I am given to, Master."

He gave her cheek one more caress before withdrawing his hand and telling her "Go ahead and sit down again, please. When I'm gone, you should go back to whatever you were doing when I got here."

"Yes, Master", she answered, taking a seat again. When she was situated, he turned and left, closing the door behind him.

She got up and went to her sitting place, thinking about the visitor she'd just had. She didn't dare dream of being given to him — it was simply too much to even think about, to be given to someone that seemed as kind and gentle as he had been. All she could do was hope that wherever she went, the person would at least be *like* her last visitor.

At the beginning of Discussion, she was told "We are informed that you told your visitor that others have been to see you."

"That's true, Master."

"Why did you say that?"

"Because I was asked, Master."

"Tell us."

"The one who visited me today asked why I called him Master, and I answered that I had been told to call everyone that, Master. I said that I had not been told to call visitors anything else, and he asked if others had visited me. I've been told to be honest and truthful, so I said that I had. He asked me to tell him about the other visitors, and I told him that I wasn't sure I was allowed to do that. He said that I didn't know I *wasn't* allowed, either, and said that I should tell him about them. I have also been told to do what I am told by Masters, so I did what he told me, and described what had happened with my other visitors."

"And if you have done the wrong thing?"

"Then I will be punished, Master."

"Do you think it would be right for you to be punished for that?"

"That would be for the Master to decide", she replied.

"Did your visitor say that he would take responsibility if he told you to do something you were not supposed to?"

"Yes, Master."

"Why do you not say that what he told you should excuse you from punishment if you were wrong?"

"Because he is a visitor, and not a Master, Master."

"Explain."

"Master, I'm here because I'm still learning. While I'm here, I think that the authority of the Masters is more than the authority of a visitor. I tried to do what I've been told to, but if I made a mistake, then it's for the Master to decide, not the visitor, or me."

He was pleased with what he heard her saying.

Her reasoning of the problem she'd faced was good, and she *had* done what she'd been told — even if it meant she might be punished later. She wasn't using the promise of her visitor — him, in a different disguise — to try and get out of any punishment, either. It had been her call, she'd made it, and she was ready to accept the consequences. All she was doing was telling him what she did, and why she did it — and leaving the decision of the right or wrong of it up to him. She'd pointed out — politely, but correctly — that she hadn't been given instructions to handle the situation, but wasn't using that as an excuse.

When he'd been in the room with her, she had told him what had happened to her before — the facts of it, boiled down to their basics — and given him a fairly reasonable description of the type of character that he'd tried to come across as.

All in all, he figured she'd done as well as she could have been expected to. More important, she wasn't trying to excuse herself from any punishment, or direct it anywhere else — if she made a mistake, she was owning up to it.

She *had* been learning well, too — she'd told her "visitor" that she was trying very hard to learn, and from the Training and Discussion periods, he knew that was true: she *was* trying, and doing fine. She'd never complained about the whip marks or the way she'd been treated by the other character he'd played when he visited her; nor was she saying or doing anything to indicate that even this last visit had any more significance to her than the others. He knew full well from the way she'd reacted that of the three characters he'd played, she'd have been ecstatic to go with the last one, she wasn't indicating any preference for one over another.

He'd particularly been impressed with the answers she'd given when he'd asked what she'd do when she left, and what would make her happy — those told him that the reprogramming of her was coming along *very* well; perhaps even better than he'd hoped.

Then, with a sudden flash of insight, he realized *why* she was doing so well. Despite the fact that she was 16 years old and the life she'd been living, she was still a virgin: so while her *calendar* age was higher, the fact that she was virginal meant that her **emotional** age wasn't as far along. In fact, that she'd been lying and stealing and all the rest, instead of trying to find some kind of job, pointed toward lack of emotional development, too. Apparently, he'd gotten her in a transition stage between "little girl" and "young woman". Even more, he suspected that he'd caught her at the tail end of that transition: she was emotionally mature enough that she didn't respond to the training like a child, but she was still sufficiently undeveloped that her emotional and psychological processes could be molded without much difficulty. He realized that if her home life had been any different, she'd likely have gotten enough discipline to bring her emotional and psychological development up to match her calendar age — if not farther. Damn! To have picked *this* girl, with

her so-called home life, at *this* point in her development...

If that was the case, then it opened up a LOT of possibilities to him. He thought of some things he could do to see if he was right. If he was...

The room had been silent for a couple of minutes when the voice told her "We shall consider what you have said, and what your visitor told us. When we decide what should happen with you, you shall be informed. Until that time, you should continue as you have."

"Yes, Master", she answered. She didn't *want* to be punished, of course; but if she'd done something wrong, she knew they would tell her so she didn't do it again.

With that out of the way, the rest of the Discussion went pretty much as it usually did.

She woke up the next morning with a little bit of a headache, but it was gone by the time she finished eating. When she went to take her morning shower, she was delighted to discover that she had *hot* water available. Setting the temperature as high as she could stand it, she luxuriated under the steaming spray as she washed.

She didn't have any visitors that day, and during her Contemplation times, she found herself thinking about some of the things that her visitors had said.

At the end of Discussion, the voice told her "You will have found that we have rewarded you by letting you have hot water when you wash. You were put into a situation that your training and instruction did not prepare you for, and it was decided that you did as you were instructed. Because you chose correctly in a situation you were not prepared for, we have decided that you should be rewarded instead of punished. There will be additional rewards with your meal."

"Thank you, Master."

"You do not need to thank us. As we have told you, we would prefer to reward the good than punish the bad. You have done well, so you are rewarded. If you have no questions, Discussion is complete."

When it was time for her to eat, she was awed by all the treasures that she was being given.

First, there was a mirror — a small one, to be sure, but still a mirror. And a comb! She knew her hair was getting longer, but she had just been slicking it back after she washed, to keep it out of her face. Now she could actually DO something with it!

Also with her food, there were several sheets of paper stapled together. She took that, and her food bar, before the panel closed again. She got herself a glass of water, and as she started to eat, she looked at the papers — and discovered that they were instructions on how to do some basic yoga stretches. Not knowing if or when she'd have to give them back, she set them aside so

that she didn't accidentally spill water or food on them, and quickly finished her meal.

When she was done, she first tried to figure out what to do about the mirror. It had a couple of small brackets on the back, but she couldn't see anyplace on the walls where she could hook them —until she looked at the walls of the shower. She quickly went over and hung the mirror on one of the shower walls —on the outside, so it wouldn't get wet — and discovered that the brackets on the back of it left it hanging at an angle that was almost perfect. She didn't have any kind of shelf or anything where she could put the comb, so she finally settled on simply tucking it partway behind the mirror. It stayed there, out of the way, but was still easy to remove so she could use it.

With those two items taken care of, she went back to the yoga instructions, and spent the rest of her Relaxation reading them, and trying some of them out. When she did, she could feel that some of her muscles were tight, and understood that the exercises would help get her flexible and limber again.

It was when her Sleep period came that she got her final shock of the day: after the Signal sounded, the lights in her room dimmed! They didn't go *completely* out, but it was easily only half as light in the room. She'd gotten so used to sleeping with all the lights on that she had a little trouble getting to sleep in the relative dimness — but she did finally drift off.

She woke up the next morning before the Signal, and was briefly confused by the dimness — until she remembered everything that had happened the day before. Feeling rested and content, she lay there for a while, happy with the thought of having *hot* water to shower in, and a mirror and comb so she could start taking care of her hair, and the yoga instructions that would give her something more to do during Health.

She'd almost fallen asleep again with those happy thoughts when the Signal sounded, and the lights came on to full brightness.

She didn't have a moment's regret about it, though — she simply got up and started her daily routine, just as she had the day before — and the day before that, and the day before that, and...

During her Contemplation time, she found her thoughts being crowded with the same things as she'd wondered about the day before, and made a note to herself to bring them up during Discussion. When it was time for Health, she did a few exercises to warm up before starting on the yoga stretches —and was glad she did. The instructions had been explicit about not pushing them too hard, but she was still surprised at how little real flexibility she had Still, she went through all the exercises, carefully making sure she followed the instructions. By the time she finished them, she was beginning to have an appreciation for how people could tie themselves up into knots. She finished the period with another bout of exercise, then rinsed herself off. She had dried off, and was walking around the room when she heard the sound for her afternoon Contemplation.

With the resolution to speak to a Master about the thoughts she'd had that morning, she didn't have any trouble keeping her mind free for what she wanted to think about.

The Training period was as she'd come to expect, though she was still careful to pay attention and remember the things that she knew were important.

It was shortly after Discussion started when she said "Master, there is something I've thought of that bothers me."

"What would that be?"

"Master, the first two visitors I had seemed to be very much interested in.. um, sex. And even the last one was surprised to know that I've never... done that. The thing that I started thinking about is: am I expected to have sex with my Mentor?"

"That would depend on who you are given to. One may expect it, another may want it, and a third may not care."

"And that is the thing that troubles me, Master. I don't know anything about sex. I mean, we had sex education classes in school, so I've been told about the different things that can happen, like catching diseases and having babies and such. And I've seen, you know, adult magazines and movies, so I've seen what people *can* do; but I don't know anything about it *myself*. I don't know what I should do, Master. I don't want to disappoint whoever I am given to if they want sex with me, but from the way my visitors have acted, I think that my virginity is somehow important to them."

"We understand the problem you face. We shall consider it, and what should be done. You have done well to bring this to our attention."

"Thank you, Master."

With that, the rest of the Discussion — and her evening — passed as usual.

He was extremely pleased with the way she'd brought up the problem she was having. As he'd watched her during the last couple of days, he could see that something was on her mind, but he could only hope that it was what he wanted it to be. Now he knew that it was.

He'd been reluctant to tranquilize her again, but had gone ahead and implanted some things deeply into her subconscious. Along with the idea that she should concern herself about having sex with whoever she was given to, he'd embedded an even deeper command that would make her susceptible to hypnosis — something that he'd been reluctant to try because it was so dependent on a tacit acceptance by the subject. Hypnosis *probably* would have worked once she'd started accepting the training, but doing it the first time would have been time-consuming. Going at it indirectly as he had greatly simplified the process; as well as making the end result far more certain.

With her ready acceptance of the "suggestion" that she should consider the subject of sex with her Mentor, the more strongly implanted commands about responding to hypnosis *should* be even more effective, he thought to himself — particularly with the audio tracks still being fed into her

room. As the days and weeks had gone by, he'd slowly altered the nature of it from the initial personality restructuring that he'd started with, to gradually increasing the commitment she'd have for the one she was finally "given" to — which would be himself; that was, after all, the whole **point** of the process.

The only difficulty he faced — and it really wasn't all *that* problematic — was initiating the process while she was awake. In his persona as a Master, he had to be as commanding and unapproachable as possible; and — except when he was representing himself — any Visitor or potential Mentor had to be undesirable to her, which excluded those disguises as usable for the purpose.

Taking advantage of the malleability in her personality that he'd discovered made it necessary to change the plan — which was sufficiently flexible, itself, that that wouldn't be a problem. Particularly since the potential benefits so dramatically outweighed the costs.

Several days had gone by, and it was during her morning Contemplation when she heard the tone that told her she had a visitor. She quickly moved to where she was supposed to be, and waited to see who it would be — and more to the point, what they'd be like.

The person that came in was a Visitor, not a Master, as evidenced by the robe they wore. When they were standing in front of her, and she heard them tell her "Stand up", she knew that it was the second Visitor she'd had, come for a second visit. She wasn't as afraid of him as she'd been of the first — cruel — one, but she wasn't happy, either. But she kept her composure and did as she was told. By the time he left, she didn't think there was a square inch of her body that he hadn't either touched, examined in minute detail, or both. He'd even stuck a gloved finger up her butt, which hadn't felt good *at all*!

Then, in the afternoon, she got another Visitor. That one wasn't as interested in her body as the other, but he was **extremely** fussy about what she did, and how she did it: he'd corrected her posture, wanted her to walk a certain way, didn't like her hair style (as if she had a choice!), said her feet were too big, and just generally criticized everything about her.

That evening, during Training, she was told that the decision on who she would be given to would be made soon. She didn't react to that bit of information, but in her mind, she silently dreaded the outcome: the only one she'd been visited by twice was the one that just seemed to want her body.

The next afternoon, she was visited by someone that wanted to know about the different kinds of housework that she'd done — and how she'd done it. Each time she told them something, they made it clear that they had higher expectations of how hard she'd be working, and how clean she'd be expected to keep things. She expected that she'd be doing that kind of work, and was quite willing to try and make whoever she was given to happy — but the expectations of her visitor still seemed a bit extreme.

It was the following afternoon when she had another visitor — and quickly realized that it was

another visit from the one that had asked about her: whether she was being treated well, and not being abused. Again, he was kind and gentle with her, and she eagerly answered all the questions he asked — even if some of them *did* seem a little odd.

When he finally left, her spirits were appreciably higher — until she realized that her chances of being given to him, or even someone **like** him, seemed pretty small. After all, the other visitors she'd had weren't anywhere *near* as nice as he'd been.

Over the course of the next couple of weeks, she had several more visitors — none of whom was particularly appealing, and a few of which left her feeling horrified or depressed at the idea of being given to them.

It was at the beginning of a Training period when she was told "It has been decided who you shall be given to. We shall find out from your new Mentor what they would like done about the concerns you had about having sex. When that is known, you shall be informed, and any additional training will be included."

"Yes, Master. Thank you", she responded.

"From this point on, the training you receive will be concentrated on what your new Mentor will want from you. If you do not wish to be sent back here, you will pay close attention, and learn. Is that understood?"

"Oh, yes, Master!"

"As your training for your Mentor continues, you shall be rewarded for your progress in the ways that your Mentor specifies. You will also be visited by your Mentor; if you are grateful to him for the rewards you receive, it would be to your benefit to tell him so. Do you have any questions?"

"No, Master."

A few seconds went by before the voice asked "Do you not wish to know who you have been given to?"

She considered how to reply before she answered "I would be interested to know, Master — but I will do my best for whoever it is."

"You answer well, so we will tell you. The Mentor that will get you is the third one that visited you. If you do not remember which one that is, he is the one that asked about the other Visitors you have had."

It took her only a second to remember who it was — the kind one!

Her spirits soared when she realized that something she hadn't even dared dream of was actually coming true: she wasn't being given to any of the others that had come in to see her, she was

going to the one that had actually been *nice* to her!

She didn't know it, but the joy and relief she was feeling at learning who she was being given to was patently obvious from the expression on her face, and the way her posture changed at hearing the news. The man was both satisfied and pleased at her response. With the promise of going to someone she'd so clearly preferred, he knew that she would be doubly motivated: receiving positive feedback for doing well was a *far* more effective training technique than punishing bad behavior. At the most basic level, rewarding good encouraged additional positive actions, while disciplining after a failure generally only resulted in people becoming unwilling to act for fear of punishment: he wanted her to be PROactive in learning to please him, instead of REactive and learning how NOT to make him UNhappy. Anyone that had ever housebroken a dog could tell you that praising the animal for peeing outside got you the results you wanted *far* faster than punishing them for peeing in the thousand-and-one places they might try INSIDE.

The other part of it would be that knowing any rewards she got had been *personally* selected for her by her Mentor —the one she was to be given to — would increase her devotion to him.

While he was at it, he also changed the audio track that was being fed into the room: from that point forward, she would be hearing little snippets that would encourage her dedication and devotion to her Mentor; along with further increasing her desire to want to make, and keep, him happy. He'd give it a couple of days before he visited as her new Mentor, so the audio programming had the chance to begin taking effect.

It was three days later when the girl heard the signal that she had a visitor. She couldn't help but hope that it was the one that was to be her Mentor; if she got the chance, she wanted to at least *try* to thank him for taking her.

When the door opened, she could see that whoever it was, they weren't dressed as either a Master OR a Visitor —the person standing outside her door wasn't dressed in the shapeless robes she'd come to expect. Instead, he — and she could see that it *was* a "he" — was wearing ordinary street clothes. With her head bowed the way it was, she couldn't get a real good look at his face; and she could see even less of him once he came inside and stood in front of her. Nor could she recognize the voice when she was told "Stand up, please" — but the phrasing of it as a request told her that it **was** the person that had she'd hoped it was. She could barely contain her delight to do as he said.

When she was standing in front of him, she still wasn't able to see his face — but she could see that he was a bit taller than she was, but otherwise fairly average in build. The hand that reached out and touched her chin was soft, and the pressure it applied to raise her head was gentle. When she was able to look at him, she saw someone that was fairly indistinguishable: dark hair cut short, plain features, brown eyes, a mustache, and white, even teeth. No scars or other visible marks; nor did he seem to have any visible deformities. All in all, if put into a room with a hundred other people, it would be hard to pick him out of the crowd — but she thought he was the most handsome person she'd ever seen, and her heart went out to him even more.

"Do you know who I am?" he asked.

She couldn't hide the happiness in her voice when she answered "You're the one that I'm being given to, Master."

He smiled, making her even happier, as he told her "Yes, I'm going to be the one they call your Mentor. But you don't have to call me Master. My name is Phillip, so you can just call me Phil. Okay?"

"Yes, Master. I mean, Phil." She'd made a mistake, and was worried that she would be punished, or that he would be angry with her, but all he did was tell her "It's okay — I know it'll take a little time for you to get used to calling me something other than 'Master'. Just try to remember while you're here, okay? I'm sure it'll be easier once you're home with me."

Relieved at his patience, and thrilled at hearing him confirm that she'd be going with him, she answered "Yes... Phil."

He smiled at her again, and softly stroked her cheek before asking "They're still treating you right? You're getting enough food and exercise?"

"Yes, Phil"

He nodded in satisfaction with her answer, then grinned and asked "Do you know what you get when you cross an elephant with a rhinoceros?"

Thoroughly confused by the question, she started to get worried that she didn't know the answer. Then, after a few seconds, she realized that he was asking her a riddle — and her heart soared again that he was so kind to her that he was actually trying to *joke* with her before she replied "No, Phil, I don't. What do you get?"

He told her "Elefino!"

As soon as he saw her face go blank after he said the punch line to what he suspected was one of the oldest jokes in the English language, he knew that the hypnotic susceptibility he'd implanted in her was working. The hardest part of using this kind of post-hypnotic control was finding a trigger word or phrase that could be used in public without sounding like just what it was: some kind of contrived control. On the other hand, using something more common risked having the person go into a trance after overhearing someone else say it. The adult use of such a childish joke made it *extremely* unlikely that she'd hear it from anyone else, but was benign enough to be used in public, if necessary.

With her receptive to his commands, he began giving her additional instructions — always being careful to keep them simple, explain them thoroughly, and getting her to repeat them back — until he was sure that she had properly "taken" them.

When he was done, he took a couple of minutes to enjoy himself: using his bare hands to caress her body, feeling how tight her ass was, and how soft/firm her breasts were. He even let his hand wander down to feel the soft luxuriousness of her pubic fleece for a little bit before bringing her back out of the hypnotic state.

She felt a brief moment of confusion before she remembered that he'd just told her that he wanted her to make sure and pay attention to her training, so that she would be finished soon — and she felt no small joy when she remembered that he'd said he wanted to get her home.

When he said that he had to leave, she was disappointed; but the way he softly touched her cheek again before he left kept her happy for the rest of the afternoon.

When the signal came for her Training period sounded, she was surprised — she *knew* Phil's visit hadn't been that long. She finally decided that she'd gotten so wrapped up in Contemplation that she'd lost track of the time. It was the first time she'd ever lost track of time that way, but it was also the first time she'd actually gotten to meet her new Mentor, too.

At the beginning of her Discussion period, she was told "We have spoken with your Mentor, and know what should be done to resolve the concerns you had that your Mentor will want to have sex with you. It has been decided that you should not lose your virginity until after it is known that it won't be necessary for you to return here for additional training. In that way, you will still be desirable to the second Mentor that expressed an interest in you. However, there is nothing to prevent you from providing your Mentor with sexual pleasure in other ways, so you are to learn to provide your Mentor with oral and anal sex."

She realized that while the idea of performing oral sex on her Mentor actually gave her a little bit of a thrill, she was less enthusiastic about the idea of being fucked in the ass. Still, she resolved that if that was something her Mentor wanted, then if she decided she didn't like it, she'd damn well at least learn to tolerate it. More than anything else, she wanted to please him. She could only hope that it wouldn't hurt *too* much, at least not until she got used to it.

The voice went on to tell her "We understand that you do not have any direct knowledge of what to do for your Mentor, so you will receive printed descriptions of how to perform oral sex so that you will have some idea of how to please him. Of course, when you know what your Mentor wants, you will do that instead of what the directions we give you may say."

"Yes, Master, of course."

"You have told us that you have seen adult movies, and have seen the mechanics of sex, so we think that you have some idea of what to expect for anal sex. That is correct?"

"It is, Master", she replied.

"Very well."

After that, the rest of her Discussion period went much as it usually did. When it came time for her meal, she saw that she'd apparently been given the written description of a blowjob along with her food bar.

She waited until she'd disposed of her meal before starting to read them — and found herself starting to get excited all over again at the detailed descriptions of what she should do. She felt a surprisingly strong temptation to masturbate, but that was something she hadn't done since she'd gotten there, and she wasn't inclined to find out if it was something that would be punished. The *last* thing she'd need as she was about to get off was any kind of shock from the collar she still wore!

Even though the resolution of the video cameras in her room wasn't all that great, the man could still tell that her nipples had gotten erect when she'd been told what kind of sex she'd be having with him. From the hypnosis session he'd had with her, he knew that her response was almost certainly due to being told that she'd be using her mouth on him: she'd been far more receptive to the idea of oral sex than she'd been to the idea of having him in her ass. Still, by the time he'd finished with her, she was accepting of the idea, even if not overly willing. Well, by the time he was finished, he was certain that she'd be as agreeable as he'd want her to be.

Then, as he watched her reading what he thought of as the Blowjob Manual, he saw her nipples getting hard again, confirming for him that she would be willing and even enthusiastic about sucking him off. He also saw her hand start for her crotch a couple of times; it took a bit before he realized that she was getting turned on enough that she actually wanted to masturbate. He was amused to discover that the idea of watching her get herself off turned HIM on, and made a mental note to tell her that it was okay —but in a couple of days, when the "pressure" had built up a little, he thought to himself, anticipating the show he'd get.

He was also pleased to see that she was paying as much attention as she was to the papers he'd sent in; there were actually three different sets of "instructions", so that she would have a variety of actions and techniques that she could use.

For the next few days, it seemed that every moment of her Contemplation periods was filled with thoughts of what she could —and would! —do for Phil when given the chance. And those thoughts also kept her almost constantly aroused, to some degree —it was only through the extreme exercise of will and the uncertainty of punishment that kept her hand from between her legs.

She'd also had to give back the instructions for giving oral sex, but by the time that happened, she'd memorized them almost word for word —something else that contributed to her excitement.

So when the signal for a visitor sounded during her morning Contemplation, she was greatly hoping that it was Phil, and eagerly anticipating the opportunity to pleasure him.

When the door opened and she saw it was him, she was unable to prevent the smile that spread

across her face, though she somehow managed to control herself otherwise. When he came in, she heard him ask "Are you smiling because you're glad to see me?"

The happiness in her voice was unmistakable when she answered "Yes, Phil."

As she waited to see what he wanted her to do, she heard him ask her some silly little riddle...

The next thing she knew, she heard him ask "Have you been paying attention to the lessons they've given you?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Is there anything that you want to show me you've learned?"

"If... if it's okay... I'd like to... to make you cum in my mouth", she replied, surprised at her own audacity.

None the less, she was still delighted when she heard him answer "I think that would be okay."

Taking it that she was being given permission to move from where she was, she got to her knees and moved forward so that she was right in front of him. Her hands were trembling as she reached out to his pants; she was barely able to grasp the zipper on the fly, then pull it down to expose his underwear. She heard him say "Relax, and take it easy. You don't have to be afraid", to which she answered "I'm not afraid. I *want* to do it!"

Still, her hands were steady when she reached into his pants and found the opening to his underwear; slipping her hand inside, she was delighted and thrilled when her fingers found his manhood. Carefully slipping it out to where she could see, she couldn't help but gasp in pleasure at the sight of it. Licking her lips, both in anticipation and to wet them for what she was about to do, she leaned forward slightly. Lifting his penis slightly, she felt a thrill run through her body when she finally took him into her mouth and closed her lips around him.

As she started softly sucking on him, and using her tongue to caress the head, she reached into his underwear again and gently extracted his testicles, too. Cupping them, she delighted in the size and feel of them as she slowly rolled them in her hand. Even as she was doing that, though, she could feel him beginning to grow in her mouth; she happily took his entire length between her lips, burying her nose in the soft pubic hair that stuck out from his shorts.

Her attention was almost entirely on his penis, and how it was responding to the things she was doing to it with her mouth and lips and tongue; it wasn't long before her mouth was not only full with his manhood, but overflowing with it — it was only because she was afraid of choking that she finally let some of him slip from between her lips. When she realized that he wasn't growing as much, but still getting harder, she began slowly moving her head back and forth, sliding her lips along the hardening mass of his manhood — and felt him getting even harder in response. Delighted that she was pleasing him, she increased her efforts by doing some of the things that the papers she'd read said to do: letting her teeth drag along his flesh *ever* so lightly, pausing at

different times and with different amounts of his penis in her mouth so she could use her tongue to caress and massage the underside of it, and pulling her mouth completely off of him so that she could use her lips to softly "nibble" up and down the length of him.

Even as she was pleasuring him, she could feel herself getting aroused, too. It seemed as though the longer and harder HE got, the wetter SHE got; unless she was mistaken, she could already faintly detect the aroma of her increasing excitement.

When she realized that he was as hard as he was going to get, she devoted herself to bringing him as much pleasure as she could. At some point or other, she used almost everything she'd read about, trying to discover what he enjoyed the most — and found that he seemed to like *all* of it.

With his balls in her hand, she could feel it when they started to pull up — something the papers she'd read told her meant that he was getting close to having his climax. Knowing that she was able to please him just by using her mouth, she also felt her own arousal increasing at the thought of his impending release. Slightly increasing the suction she was applying, she continued twisting her head back and forth as she slid her lips and tongue up and down his manhood.

It was only a couple of minutes later when she felt his balls draw up suddenly, and knew that he was about to cum. Doing what she'd read would make it even better for him, she slowed her actions slightly; and used her tongue to stimulate the sensitive underside of his penis, right behind the head. She heard his soft groan of release even as the first hot jet of his semen was erupting into her mouth — and triggering her *own* orgasm in the process.

Even as she was feeling wave after wave of pleasure coursing through her body, she was mindful that it was Phil that she was there to please; she eagerly — happily! — swallowed every bit of his cum that sprayed into her mouth as she continued to suck on him in an effort to make his climax as powerful as she could.

Only when he hadn't squirted for several seconds did she change over to using her mouth to clean his softening penis, using her lips to milk the last few drops of his semen out before licking him clean. As for herself, she could feel a small trickle of her own juices slowly winding its way down the inside of one of her thighs, the result of the pleasure and power of her own orgasm.

She was sitting again, her head tilted forward as it was supposed to be when she heard him say "That was very, *very* good." — words that warmed her heart, hearing that she'd been able to bring him that much pleasure.

A few seconds later, she heard him sniff, and immediately knew that he had noticed the scent of HER arousal. Uncertain what he would say or do, she could only wait to find out.

After a few moments, he asked "Did you get excited about what you were doing?"

Hesitantly, she answered "Yes."

"Did you have an orgasm?"

Again, there was a brief delay before she answered "Yes."

Then she heard him say "That's good. I'm glad to know that you can get excited, too, and that you liked doing that for me. Maybe after I get you home, we can find out what else makes you feel good, too."

She simply couldn't believe what she was hearing. Not only wasn't he upset about her getting excited, but he was *glad* about it. And more, he was telling her that not only was it okay for her to have orgasms, but he wanted to **help** her have them! When she'd first considered the possibility that she'd be expected to have sex with whoever she was given to, she'd only hoped that whatever happened to her wouldn't be too painful or unpleasant; to think that Phil was actually doing things that would **HELP** her orgasm was almost more than she could conceive of.

She still had the presence of mind to tell him "Thank you, Phil. I... I would like that."

She heard him say "I'm not saying that it **WILL** happen — only that it *might*. I expect you've been told that you'll be staying a virgin until everybody's sure that it's going to work out; and the stuff I'm thinking of can only happen if you're **NOT** a virgin. Understand?"

Even that warning wasn't enough to dampen her spirits too much as she replied "Yes, sir."

She felt him softly stroke her hair, and almost wriggled in pleasure like a puppy before she caught herself, before he told her "You're doing fine. Keep the way you have, and I don't think it'll be long before I can take you home with me."

Hearing that, she again felt pleased and satisfied that she'd made him happy, and renewed her resolution to do the best she could so that she would be able to go with him as soon as possible.

When he was gone, she went back to her Contemplation, her mind continuously replaying his visit.

Outside her room, the man could only wonder at the enthusiasm she'd demonstrated, along with just how much *could* be learned from a printed explanation of how to do something. The blowjob he'd just gotten was one of —no, **THE** —best he'd ever received. And it was a damn sight better than satisfying himself, as he'd had to do the last several years!

Then, when it was over... being able to smell how excited she'd gotten; unless he missed his guess, the faint glistening he'd seen on the inside of her thigh had been the overflow of juices from what must have been a *very* wet pussy. Sure, he'd implanted the hypnotic command that she'd get excited when she got **HIM** aroused; and yes, he'd also told her that she could only experience a full orgasm when he did —but that both commands would be so damn effective! The smell of her had made him want to stick around and let her get him off again; but she'd done such a good job the first time, he knew that it would take too long before he'd climax again — and that would throw the whole schedule and program off. Well, now he had something to look forward to for his *next* visit...

At the end of Training, the girl was told "You will begin to receive the same kinds of food that your Mentor likes with your next meal. This is being done both so that you can learn what foods you should prepare for him, and as a reward since we are told that you pleased him very much today. Your Mentor has also told us that he would like for you to be able to take pleasure in sexual activity with him, and said that he would like for you to be able to pleasure yourself. We have considered this, and have decided that it will be allowed during Relaxation — but at no other time. Do you understand all that we have told you?"

"I do, Master"

"Your Mentor has also asked by what name he should call you. Since you are no longer the person you were when you first arrived here, we consider it appropriate that you should have a new name. Because you have done well, we have decided that **you** shall be permitted to select your new name. By what name would you have your Mentor know you?"

She'd never given any thought to what she wanted to be called — she was the only one in the room, so any time anyone was talking, it was to her. It was several seconds before she answered "Master, I... I'm not sure what name I would like. Am I allowed some time to think of one?"

"We will give you until your next Discussion period. If you are unable to think of a name for yourself by that time, we will leave it to your Mentor to name you as he wishes."

"Thank you, Master. I'm sure I'll think of something before then."

With that out of the way, it was time for Discussion. Following that, it was time for her meal — when she discovered that she was being given just half of a meal bar, which was supplemented with a paper plate holding a little bit of roast beef and some mashed potatoes and gravy — along with one of those plastic fork/spoon things.

She used the roast beef and potatoes to add flavor to bites of the meal bar; she carefully rationed the size of the bites so that there was a little bit of the additional food still remaining when she was done with the food bar, so that the last thing she tasted was the real food. After she'd eaten, she was ready to return the paper plate and eating utensil when the panel slid open — she'd correctly anticipated that she wasn't allowed or expected to keep them.

When it got toward the end of her Relaxation period, she finally gave in to the temptation to lie down and get herself off. She didn't know if anyone was watching her, and really didn't **care** — the memory of what she'd done to Phil earlier was simply too much to keep her from making it happen. Even though she didn't have any trouble bringing herself to an orgasm, she was mildly disappointed that it wasn't as powerful as the one she'd had when she'd actually been tasting and swallowing Phil's cum.

The man was watching as she'd obviously taken considerable pleasure in the little bit of food that he'd given her along with the fraction of her usual survival ration. He knew from experience that if he simply switched her over from the rations to regular food, it would cause her no small amount of

intestinal distress; phasing the transition, though, would let him get her weaned from the rations with as little discomfort for her as possible.

He wasn't disappointed when she finally gave in to the urge to masturbate. The place where she lay down left him with a fairly decent view as she'd let the fingers of one hand dance on her clitoris while the other hand was kept busy playing with her breasts and nipples. After the way she'd sucked him off earlier, he didn't feel any need to find his own pleasure; but the sight of her was something that he knew he'd want to see live and up close when he could.

He also thought about how willing and enthusiastic she'd been about it, too — and started considering what else he could do to help get her through the rest of the process.

The next morning, the girl found that breakfast consisted of another half of a meal bar, along with some scrambled eggs, a couple pieces of bacon, and half a slice of toast. Again, she used the real food to flavor the bites of food bar.

The surprise came when she went to return the paper plate and plastic spoon: inside the transfer locker, there was an obviously new toothbrush and a small tube of toothpaste. She was delighted with them, and spent a good ten minutes happily brushing her teeth before she took her shower. The minty taste of the toothpaste stayed with her well into her exercise period.

During her Discussion period, she let them know that she'd settled on "Joan" for a new name. When asked by the voice why *that* name, she admitted that she'd always admired Joan of Arc.

Her evening meal was another half of a meal bar, with a small portion of spaghetti, sauce, and small piece of garlic bread to keep it company.

The next morning, she had another half of a food bar and a full-sized bowl of oatmeal — cinnamon and spice flavored, no less. After the meal, she was gifted with a small bottle of combined shampoo and conditioner. Without realizing it, she actually giggled the whole time she was washing her hair.

Later, during Discussion, she was told "Your Mentor wishes you to know that he prefers you remain clean and smelling fresh; that is why you have received the items we have given you. Your Mentor has also told us that he would understand that you could be... concerned about the idea of anal sex. He does not want you to be afraid, so he has provided us with something that we will be giving to you. He wishes us to tell you that you should try using what he is giving you before he visits you again. We would have you know that your Mentor is greatly pleased with you, and the progress that you are making. As long as you continue to advance as you have been, you will be rewarded for doing so well. We do not often do this, but we shall be providing you with some additional things from your Mentor, in anticipation that it will motivate you to complete your training as quickly as possible."

The thought that she would be getting even *more* things from Phil nearly overwhelmed her. She understood the toothbrush and toothpaste — she **had** missed them — and even the shampoo; the

first time he'd visited her as himself, she'd wished she'd been able to wash her hair with something besides ordinary old soap. The food she was getting along with her food bars was delicious, and she could hardly wait until she was able to go home with Phil and start cooking for him: more than anything else in the world, she wanted the chance to do whatever she could to make him happy, and show him how much she appreciated the kindness he showed her. But to be receiving even more from him? She simply couldn't conceive of what he could give her that would make her any more determined to complete her training so she could be with him. It was only by remembering that she was still in a Training session, and needed to pay attention to what she was hearing, that she was able to calm herself.

After her meal —no food bar, just half of a cheeseburger (delicious!) and some french fries — she was given the item she'd been told about.

At first, she didn't know what to make of it: it was roughly cylindrical, perhaps ten inches long, and tapered at one end. Holding it in one hand, she could tell that one end of it was heavier than the other, but it wasn't until she looked at the flat end of it and flipped a small switch she saw there that she knew what she'd been given: a vibrator. Even with it softly buzzing in her hand, it still took her a little more time before she realized that she was supposed to use it in her ass, so that if (when?) Phil wanted to have sex with her there, it wouldn't be as much of a surprise for her — or as painful as she was afraid it would be.

Flipping the switch she'd found back to where it had been, the vibrator stopped its buzzing — but she understood that didn't prevent her from trying the thing out.

Just as she had when she'd been given permission to masturbate, she waited until it was toward the end of her Relaxation period before lying down to try using her new "gift".

The first thing she really noticed about it was that the end of where it tapered was also gently rounded, and slightly flattened. Then she started looking at it a little more closely, and decided that it wasn't *quite* as big around as Phil had been. Realizing that she was putting off using it, she quickly decided to try it and get it over with. Placing the "pointed" end against her anus, she gave it a little push —and discovered that it wasn't the slightest bit painful as it began to spread her nether opening. Still, it was vaguely uncomfortable, and it took her a few moments to realize that the problem was that it was dragging somewhat against the skin of her rectum. She wondered what she could use to slicken things up a bit, and finally settled on depositing a healthy dollop of her own saliva on a couple of fingers, and then smearing it around where it was needed.

When she tried pressing the vibrator against her anus again, it was a relief to find that it didn't drag against her skin any more. She was surprised, though, to discover that the sensation of it spreading her opening as she pushed it in a little ways wasn't as uncomfortable as she'd thought it would be. She wasn't sure if it was because she was starting with something as relatively small as the end of the vibrator, or the fact that she was in control of how much and how fast it was entering her; but what she DID decide was that instead of being painful, it simply felt a little weird... and after a little bit, kind of... nice, actually, which surprised her.

Still, that was only the end of the vibrator; she didn't think that she'd used much more than an inch

or so of its diameter. The real test would be to find out how much of it she *could* take.

Withdrawing the vibrator, she deposited another, larger, glob of saliva to what she'd already smeared on the rosette of her rectum. Placing the tip of the vibrator against her pucker again, she pressed it in —and discovered that with it lubricated, and taking her time about it, she could get almost the entire diameter of it through her opening before it got even *mildly* uncomfortable. She was surprised when she discovered that the sensation of it moving in her back opening was actually starting to... well... turn her on a little — which was something she'd **never** thought could, or would, happen.

Even as she was considering the idea that having something stuck up her ass that way could be exciting, she found that the discomfort she'd been feeling seemed to have gone away. She thought it was because the vibrator had slid out of her a little way, and she went to push it back in again — and discovered that it *hadn't* slid out, as she'd thought. It took her a few moments to realized that her asshole had apparently stretched, instead. Testing that idea, she pushed the vibrator in a little farther, until it was distinctly uncomfortable, but not painful, and held it there. To her surprise, it was only a matter of a couple of minutes before she could feel herself adjusting to it.

That was all she needed to know before she started carefully, and gradually, sliding more and more of the vibrator through her anus — and feeling herself getting more and more aroused as she did.

There finally came a point where she pushed it in even farther, but felt herself stretching only a little more as a full two inches of gleaming plastic slid into her bowels — she'd done it! She'd taken the *whole thing*!

With that knowledge, she felt herself get even more aroused, and couldn't resist letting her hand slip between her thighs and start gently rubbing her clitoris. It didn't take her long to discover that it felt even better when she moved the device, slowly pushing and pulling a couple of inches of it in and out of her most intimate opening, as she continued rubbing her clitoris — and starting to think about what it would feel like if it was actually Phil in her ass, instead of a plastic substitute. It was only a few minutes of the feeling of the vibrator, and visions of Phil's erect penis in her, before she felt herself slide into an orgasm. Just as when she'd masturbated before, it wasn't a particularly powerful experience, but pleasurable for her none the less.

When she'd caught her breath again, she carefully got up — discovering that even though it hadn't been painful, there were still side effects —and went into the shower area to rinse off her new toy. She set it next to where she kept her few other meager possessions, then laid down again — just moments before the Sleep signal sounded and the lights dimmed. Relaxed from the orgasm she'd had, she didn't have any trouble falling asleep.

He had watched her after he'd transferred the vibrator to her, and hadn't been disappointed by the show she'd unknowingly given him.

True, he'd implanted suggestions that would help her get over the nervousness she had about

anal sex, but he'd still been pleasantly surprised at how well she'd responded to them. Though she'd been visibly doubtful at first, she hadn't wasted too much time about actually trying the thing out. As he'd expected, it didn't take her long to discover that taking her time and letting herself get used to having the thing in her ass made it *much* easier; he had to admit that he'd been mildly impressed with how quickly and readily she'd gone about getting herself used to its presence.

Then when she'd gone on to masturbate while using it... well, that was almost too much. He didn't think for a moment that she'd have *any* problems about letting him fuck her in the ass after **that** little show!

The next day, the girl found that she was a trifle sore from her first use of the vibrator, and decided not to try it again that night. It wasn't that the discomfort she was feeling was enough to PREVENT her from using it, but rather that she didn't know if or when Phil would visit again; and she simply didn't want *anything* to get in the way of doing whatever she could to please him — and if he wanted to have sex with her that way, then she didn't want any minor pain she might develop from using the vibrator too much from interfering.

Every day, she was finding herself thinking about him more and more; and particularly about how kind he was, and how much she wanted to make him happy with her, and how happy she would be if she could just BE with him and *do* things for him...

It was during her Relaxation period that she heard the signal for a visitor — the first time that had happened outside of one of her Contemplation sessions. But she didn't let the timing stop her from quickly moving to her assigned spot and kneeling down with her head bowed.

When the door opened, she could see that it was a Master, and that there were some things with him. He came inside, and when he was standing in front of her, she heard him tell her to stand up. She did, of course, and then obeyed his instruction to go and stand facing one corner. Once there, she was told not to move — a command she obeyed, despite the sounds of something happening behind her. After the noise stopped, she was told she could turn around — and saw that she had two new additions to her room: a small set of shelves — currently empty — and a *bed*, complete with a mattress, sheets, and cased pillow.

She could only look from one item to the other and back again, she was so overwhelmed. But her attention immediately went to the Master when she heard him start telling her "You have made excellent progress, and your Mentor is greatly pleased with you. These are the rewards that we said you would receive. Be warned that if you fail to meet the expectations of your Mentor, these items will be removed and you will be required to begin this part of your training again. You are getting close to finishing your training; do not make the mistake of thinking that because you are being rewarded so much for your efforts now that there is nothing left for you to do. Do you understand what we tell you?"

"I understand, Master. All I want to do is finish my training as soon as I can, so I can start to serve my Mentor. *He* is what is important to me, Master, not the rewards that I receive."

The Master looked at her for several moments, and she started to worry that she'd made a mistake by doing more than just answering the question she'd been asked, but then she was told "We think that perhaps it is correct for you to be rewarded. You are learning *very* well.", relieving her concerns. A couple of seconds later, the Master turned and left the room, closing the door behind him.

Her first considered action was to go over and sit on the bed — and discovering that it wasn't so much a bed as a cot, with a thin mattress on it. Still, it was a considerable improvement over sleeping on the floor as she'd been doing for so long. Next, she tried lying down on it, and re-discovered just how comfortable a padded sleeping surface could be; particularly when she had a nice pillow to support her head.

After a couple of minutes of luxuriating on the bed, she got up and went over to look at the shelves she'd been given. It was just an ordinary set of four shelves, open on all sides, held together with four round legs; she couldn't help but wonder what she would be getting, since the idea of shelves implied having something to PUT on them. Well, whatever she finally got, she still had someplace to put the few small treasures she had: her napkins and belt, the printed yoga instructions they'd never asked for, and the vibrator.

As he watched her "test driving" the cot, and then neatly storing her things on the shelves, the man thought about what she'd said about only wanting to finish her training so that she could start serving him. From the way she'd said it, and the expression on her face, he knew that the final segment of the audio track was taking effect on her.

He suspected that as trainable and malleable as she was, he could probably take her out of the programming even then, and finish things up with a few sessions of hypnosis. But he knew that the process he was subjecting her to had already been proven to be effective, and he decided against fixing something that wasn't broken. As much as he wanted to see the end of it, he wanted the results it promised even more. Besides, judging from what he was seeing, and what she'd said, he didn't think it would be much longer — a couple of weeks, tops, he figured.

Smiling to himself despite the memories, he knew he could hold out that long.

The next day went by much as all the previous ones had for the girl — other than her pleased smile whenever she happened to look over at her bed, or the shelves.

That evening, she felt ready to give the vibrator another try — and with the liberal application of her own saliva, quickly regained the progress she'd made the first time she'd used it, and with noticeably less difficulty. She again masturbated to a mild orgasm while sliding the thing back and forth through her anus, and thinking about how much nicer it would be if/when Phil ever had her that way.

When she was done, she was pleased to find that she felt negligible discomfort from what she'd done. She carefully cleaned it off before putting it away on one of the shelves. She was just a step

or two away from the bed when the Sleep signal sounded; she quickly climbed in and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, the only consequence of what she'd done the night before was a satisfaction with the pleasure she'd felt.

It was during her afternoon Contemplation when the visitor signal sounded; she was in her designated spot and dutifully looking at the floor with her head bowed well ahead of the time the door opened — letting her see that it was Phil, much to her delight.

He was barely through the door when she heard him telling her it was okay to get up; she did, and when he was standing in front of her he told her "Once you see it's me, you have my permission to stand up whenever you want. Part of the reason that I chose you instead of someone else is because I don't want to have to tell you every little thing. Understand?"

She couldn't help feeling honored and somehow *special* at hearing that he'd chosen **her** over anyone else that he had seen; and that only increased her devotion to him, and her desire to make him happy, before she answered "Yes, Phil."

He gave her a smile, and said "I see you got the things I told them I wanted you to have — the bed, and the shelves, I mean."

Happy that he was smiling, she told him "Thank you. The bed is *very* comfortable, and the shelves give me someplace where I can put things, so I can keep things neat. I also got the toothpaste and shampoo, too — and they were even more special to me."

He looked at her in curiosity, and asked "Why would toothpaste and shampoo be so special?"

She didn't hesitate to answer "Because with them, I know that I won't displease you with my breath, and I can try to keep my hair looking nice for you. I am happy to be able to sleep on the bed, and to have the shelves so I have someplace to put things. But what's *important* to me is that I make you happy, and the toothpaste and shampoo help me do that."

She saw something in his eyes, but wasn't quite sure what it was. Hesitantly, she asked "H- Have I displeased you, Master?"

Only then did he smile before he softly answered "No, dear — quite the opposite: you have pleased me very much."

The first thing she really heard was that she'd pleased him, and she was relieved and happy to hear it. Then she realized that he'd called her "dear" — and felt an almost overwhelming pleasure and joy that he would speak to her with affection. In fact, she was so touched by it that it was all she could do not to start crying — she spent several seconds blinking away the tears that threatened to erupt.

She saw him watching her, and knew that he was waiting — obviously patiently — for her to get

herself under control again; that he *was* waiting — for her! — without getting upset only added to the problem she was having. Finally, though, she did manage to blink back the tears; when her eyes were clear again, she watched him look around the room, then at the shelves, before turning back to her and saying "I see that you also got the other thing I sent for you. Have you used it yet?"

It took her only a second to realize that he was talking about the vibrator; she was utterly without embarrassment or nervousness when she answered "Yes, sir — I got it three sleep periods ago, and I've used it twice since then."

"Tell me about it."

"The first time, I wasn't sure that I could do it; but I thought that if that was something that you might want, then I was going to learn. It was a little bit uncomfortable at first, but then I used some of my spit to make it easier. After I got most of it in me, it started to feel good. It took longer for me to get the rest of it in because I had to stretch myself... there. But once I did that, I could fit even the biggest part of it inside. It was making me feel excited, and I... touched myself until I had a climax with it in me. After that, I was a *little* bit sore, so I didn't use it the next day. Then I used it again last night, the same way I did the first time — except that I didn't feel sore *at all* afterwards."

She saw that he was looking at her closely, and started to get nervous again before he asked "You said that you touched yourself the first night? You mean you masturbated?"

"Yes, sir", she answered.

"You said that you had a climax, too. Did you masturbate again, last night? To an orgasm?"

"Yes, Phil."

She watched him watching HER for a few seconds before he asked "And you're not embarrassed to tell me that you masturbated yourself to an orgasm two different times with a vibrator up your ass. Why?"

"No, Phil, I'm not embarrassed. It was something you gave me, and the Masters told me that you wanted me to use it so that I wouldn't be so worried if you wanted to have sex with me that way. If that's something you want to do, then all I want to do is whatever it takes to make you happy with me. The Masters also told me that I was allowed to touch myself, so when using the vibrator started to feel good, I did it. Was I wrong to let myself climax?" she responded.

"No, you didn't do anything wrong; I'm just surprised, is all." she heard him say — then a moment later, he asked "What were you thinking about? When you were touching yourself, I mean?"

Again, she didn't hesitate to answer "I was thinking about you, Master. I was imagining that it was you having sex with me that way, instead of it being the vibrator."

She could see the surprise on his face, but since he didn't seem angry or upset, she just waited to

see what he wanted to say or do next.

It wasn't until he asked "Is that something you would like me to do? To fuck you in the ass?" that she bowed her head; looking at the floor, she answered "It... it was exciting for me to think about, Master; and having the vibrator in... in my ass felt good to me. If... if you wanted to have sex with me that way, I- I think that yes, I would like it."

He was silent for some time, causing her to worry that she'd upset him, before he asked her "You said that you used your spit to wet the vibrator so you could use it in your butt?"

She silently nodded in affirmation before he told her "If you suck on me and get me hard, you can leave a lot of your saliva on my cock, and we can use that for lubrication — if you would like me to fuck your ass today. Otherwise, I'll bring something with me the next time I come to see you; a few days, probably."

She only had to consider it for a second before she quietly went to her knees in front of him as her answer; after that, it was only a few seconds before she had his pants unzipped and his penis and balls exposed. Eagerly, she took him into her mouth, and began sucking and licking him to erection as the thought of having his cock in her ass got her own juices flowing — literally.

When he was completely erect, she heard him say "Get on the bed — on your hands and knees."

Giving him one long, last stroke with her lips, she let him slip from her mouth so she could stand and go over to her bed. She could feel his presence behind her, and let him guide her to the foot of the bed and slightly angled toward the side. When he moved around in front of her, she understood why — with his erection waving in front of her, she didn't have any trouble taking into her mouth again, and using her tongue to thoroughly coat it with her saliva. When she was done, she opened her mouth as far as she could so that he could pull his penis out and not disturb the coating she'd deposited on it.

As he moved behind her again, she put another glob on her fingers and spread it across her rectum before moving her hand back to the bed to help support her torso. Behind her, she felt him move close, followed by the touch of his glistening cock against her opening. She felt one of his hands on her hip, and somehow knew that he was using the other to hold himself in place as he began to press himself against her anus.

As she felt the pressure building, she consciously willed herself to relax — and after a few seconds, felt him beginning to slip through her nether opening. He was larger than the vibrator had been, true enough — but the thought of having him actually inside her helped her relax herself even more; another few seconds, and she felt the head of his cock slip inside — and nearly orgasmed in response.

He was holding himself still for some reason that she didn't understand — until she realized that he was waiting to see if she was ready for him to continue. That he would be so gentle and considerate of her touched her deeply; but what she wanted right then was to feel his hard cock filling her ass. She let him know that she was ready — even eager — for him to go on by pressing

herself back, and felt him slide a little deeper into her til-then virgin ass.

His other hand went to her waist, and she could feel how strong his grip was as he held her steady while he pushed his hard, *wonderful* manhood farther and farther into her. It didn't seem to take hardly any time at all before she could feel a few wisps of his pubic hair tickling the area between her ass cheeks; knowing that he was completely inside her forced a soft, deep moan of arousal from between her lips before she felt him slowly sliding himself back out of her.

The next time he pushed himself into her, it was a little faster and a little harder; she had to grab handfuls of the sheets and bite her lip to keep from crying out with the pleasure of it. He was stretching her well past the point she'd gotten with the vibrator — and that only added to the excitement and delight she felt, knowing that she was giving herself to her Master in a most special and *personal* way.

Over the next several minutes, the speed and power of Phil's thrusts into her steadily increased; and her arousal increased right along with them. Too, as he slid in and out of her, she felt him reach around and take her breasts in his hands, and start pulling and pinching her nipples, which only excited her that much more.

At first, she'd been able to feel his balls swinging forward and bumping against the opening of her vagina, and as their coupling continued, that contact slowly moved higher and higher. She felt him slow his strokes, then realized that she hadn't felt his balls bumping against her for a while; it took her only a moment to realize that he was getting close to climaxing. The thought of him spraying her insides with his man juice brought her to the ragged edge of an orgasm, but no farther: she was left to softly moan her arousal and whimper for relief until he almost slammed himself into her a couple of times before burying himself far inside her ass. She felt a sudden warmth in her bowels, and realized that he was doing just what she wanted him to: cumming in her ass. That was all she needed to trip over into her own release: only by tightly clenching her teeth and lips was she able to stifle a scream of pleasure as she felt the first powerful spasm of an orgasm overwhelm her.

She was still feeling minor after shocks from the incredible orgasm she'd had when she felt Phil slowly pull his shrunken penis from her somewhat abused rectum. Through an extraordinary effort, she managed to raise up and tell him "Please, Master — let me clean you!" before hurrying to grab her towel and wet one end of it so she could use it to clean his incredible, *wonderful* penis. She knew that her anus had been stretched enough that it wouldn't close completely, and she could feel some of his cum start to leak out of her bowels — but that was completely secondary to taking care of **him**. Only when she was satisfied that he was as clean as he'd been when he came into the room, and she'd put his penis and balls back in his pants and zipped them up again, did she consider what to do about her own condition — and finally settled on using some toilet paper to form a kind of plug to slow or stop any additional leakage while she used another piece to soak up what had already escaped. She could see that he was watching her, but once she was satisfied that she wasn't doing anything that bothered him, she didn't concern herself about his presence. When she was done, she looked at him and smiled broadly before telling him "Thank you, Master. I'm **so** happy to know that I was able to please you, and to feel good while I was doing it."

"I'm glad you were able to enjoy it, too, Joan — it sure felt *damn* good for me. But why are you calling me Master again?"

She bowed her head and hesitantly answered "I- I like to think of you as my Master, Phil. I know you said I could call you by your name, but I'm here to serve you in any way that I can — and when I call you Master, it makes me feel like I AM serving you, and that makes me happy. I'm sorry if I've disobeyed you, and have to be punished" before raising her head again.

He shook his head and replied "No, you haven't disobeyed me — I said that you *could* call me Phil, not that you HAD to. And I'm certainly not going to punish you; which reminds me of something."

She could see that he was thinking about something, and waited patiently until he finally told her "I *really* can't have you calling me 'Master' when there are other people around; they'll likely talk about us, or make trouble. But if it makes you happy to call me Master, then I guess I can live with it. So how about this: you can call me Master when it's just the two of us, but if we're out in public or there are other people around, you call me Phil. Can you remember to do that?"

Delighted that he was willing to let her continue calling him "Master", she quickly replied "Oh, yes, Master — easily!"

He smiled at her, and said "Good." before asking "How much time do you have left in this period?"

She considered it for a moment before answering "I think it's a little over halfway through my Contemplation, Master."

His smile faded a little, and he told her "As much as I'd like to stay here for a little longer, I still have some things I have to take care of. I just wanted to stop in and see how you were doing; I didn't have any idea that we'd find other things to keep us busy.", the last part with a grin that made her smile. He went on to say "I can tell you're doing really well with what they're teaching you, and I want you to know that I'm *very* happy with how quickly you're progressing."

She couldn't help feeling pleased, and smiling at the compliment from him. She was overwhelmed with joy when he stood up and leaned forward to gently caress her cheek before he told her "I have to go now, Joan, but I'll see you again before long, okay?"

She was barely able to find her voice long enough to answer "Yes, Master" before he turned and left, closing the door behind him.

With time left for her Contemplation, she went to sit down in her assigned place and discovered that her Master had stretched her a bit more than she'd thought: her anus was distinctly sore from what they'd done. But knowing that she'd made him happy, and the pleasure she'd gotten from it made the discomfort a small price to pay.

Back in the chair at his "control center", he considered what had just happened. He really *hadn't* expected her to be as willing to have him in her ass as soon, and as readily, as she had. Whatever

he'd done or said to get through the reluctance she'd had about anal sex, he'd sure as hell done a damn fine job of it!

He'd also been surprised when she'd told him that she actually *liked* calling him "Master"; his thinking had been that letting her drop that term once she had someone specific to devote herself to would make her happy by feeling that she was being granted a special privilege; apparently, the audio program he was feeding into the room was working a WHOLE lot better than he'd thought.

The thing that had convinced him she was about as ready for the end of the program as she could be was when she'd jumped up — after what had obviously been one HELL of an orgasm for her — and insisted on cleaning *his* dick off while his cum was running out of her ass and down her leg. Only after she'd cleaned him up and put his package back in his pants had she thought of what to do about herself; and she hadn't shown the slightest hesitation about taking care of things once she was satisfied he was just watching her — no modesty, no embarrassment, nothing. Her asshole had his cum dripping out of it; she'd stopped the flow and wiped up what was already out — no muss, no fuss.

Nor had he missed how happy and pleased she looked whenever he gave her almost any kind of compliment, or did anything that even vaguely suggested that he cared about her. The way she was right at that moment, she was a little *too* devoted to, and dependent on, him — but he knew that once she was out of the artificial environment of the training program, it wouldn't be difficult to settle her down a bit. And at that point, he figured she'd be about as perfect for his needs and wants as he could have hoped for.

When she woke up the next morning, the girl found that she had two somewhat opposing problems: first, she could still feel a distinct discomfort from the fucking she'd gotten the day before. Second, she had a little bit of a headache. Several minutes went by before she finally realized that the "punishment box" she'd gotten so used to was missing.

At first, she simply couldn't believe that it was actually *gone* — several minutes went by with her repeatedly reaching up and checking her neck as though she simply couldn't believe that it wasn't there. The next thing she did was to carefully check her room to see if it had fallen off somehow, afraid that it would be found lying on the floor and she would be punished for either removing it, or damaging it somehow. But no matter how hard she looked, or how many times she searched, it wasn't to be found anywhere in the room.

Its unexplained absence troubled her for the rest of the day, until the beginning of Training when she was told "You have discovered that we have removed your punishment device. It was suggested by your Mentor that you have proven that you are obeying the rules that we set for you, and we agreed. We have watched you today, and we could see that you were looking for it after you found that you were not wearing it. We believe that our actions have distressed you without cause. When you made an error, we punished you. Now it is we that have made an error, but we are not able to punish ourselves, so we have decided that you should receive an extra reward. Because the situation is unique, we have decided that the reward should be, too: we ask you what reward you would like to have."

Stunned at the idea that she would be *asked* what she would like as compensation for the worry they'd caused her, she couldn't think of anything in particular that she really *wanted*; she finally just answered "Master, I do not ask for a reward; all I want is to serve the one I've been given to."

There were several minutes of silence before the voice answered "We shall consider what you have said. There shall be no Training or Discussion before your meal. You may use the time as Relaxation, if you wish."

Even as he was watching the girl discover that he'd removed the punishment collar that morning, he realized that he'd neglected to tell her ahead of time. Then, to his dismay, he'd watched as she'd repeatedly searched the room; even as she was doing it, he knew what was going through her mind —and what the collar's unexplained absence was doing to her. He'd checked on her several times during the day, and each time he did, he could see that she was greatly troubled.

Of course, he could have simply told her what had happened at any time; but he'd put so much time and thought and everything else into the routine that he had her living that he simply couldn't bring himself to break it.

It wasn't until time for her Training period that he felt it was appropriate to talk to her. He'd thought he could salvage the situation by having a Master accept the blame for what had happened and offering her the chance to name her own reward — but she'd thrown *that* idea right out the window by saying that all she wanted was to serve the one she was to be given to.

That simple statement from her had quite simply left him dumbfounded. Try as he might, he simply couldn't think of anything to say or do in response. He'd finally had to call off the rest of the evening, just so he could have time to think about what to do next.

As he sat there watching her, his mind was busy with all the planning and time and effort and trouble that he'd gone through to try and *grow* her out of what she'd been and into some one else —to try and give her a rebirth, of sorts. Now he could see all of it turning to crap right in front of him —and when everything was so damn close to the end, too!

He was watching her as he tried to think of what to do, and was surprised to realize that she was simply sitting on the floor, waiting for meal time in utter equanimity. Her collar was gone? That didn't matter to her. The Masters had made a mistake, and caused her to fret all day? Now that it had been explained, it wasn't anything that she needed to worry about any more. No Training or Discussion periods? That was fine with her. All she wanted was the chance to serve her Master.

All she wanted was the chance to serve her Master.

All she wanted was the *chance* to serve her Master.

All she wanted was the chance to serve her Master.

Damn! There it was, sitting RIGHT IN FRONT of him, and he hadn't seen it! She'd *told* him the

solution to the whole damn problem!

Okay, sure, it meant that the rest of the program was gone — but the program had only been a means to an end; and the **end** was sitting in there, waiting patiently for whatever happened next...

When the girl woke up, she immediately knew she wasn't where she'd gone to sleep.

That didn't mean that she could remember where that had been, however. For some reason, she simply couldn't remember where it was, or what it had looked like — other than wherever it had been, it wasn't THIS place.

Sitting up, she looked around, and saw someone sitting in a chair in the corner — and immediately thought she recognized who it was.

She couldn't keep the joy out of her voice as she asked "Master?", wanting — no, *needing* — the confirmation.

The figure turned to look at her, and she was sure — it was **him**; it was her *Master*!

He stood up and started to walk over to her; she quickly moved to the edge of the bed and stood up, her head bowed as she looked at the floor. She heard him say "It's good to see you're awake, Joan. I was starting to think you were going to sleep the whole day away!"

Her first thought was that she'd disappointed him, then she caught the tone in his voice and understood that he wasn't upset with her; he was just *teasing* her, and he wouldn't be doing that if he wasn't happy with her.

He took her hands in his and asked "Are you feeling okay?"

She really didn't understand why he was asking, but she didn't have any hesitation about answering "I'm FINE, Master!", pleased that he cared enough to be concerned about her.

She saw his hand come up, and when she felt him touching her chin, let him tilt her head up so that he could look at her — and making HER happy that she could look at HIM.

She saw him looking at her closely, but she somehow knew that he was just making sure for himself that she was as well as she'd told him. She waited patiently, and when he finally spoke again, he told her "It's over, Joan. You've finished your training, and they've let me have you. Now you get to go home with me."

Hearing that filled her with such happiness and joy that she thought her heart would burst: she was finally going to get to serve her Master!

"But before you can really go *anyplace*, I'm going to have to go out and get you some clothes; if you went outside the way you are now, you'd probably start a riot."

She looked down at herself, and saw that she *was* naked; she'd gotten so used to not having any clothes TO wear that her own nakedness had stopped being of any concern to her. Hearing that her Master was going to have to leave, at least for a little while, made her feel a bit sad — but the thought that once he returned she'd be able to go places with him cheered her up again. She was perfectly willing to go wherever he told her to, naked or clothed; the idea that HE might get into trouble if *she* was naked horrified her, however.

He softly stroked her cheek for a few moments before telling her "I'm going to go ahead and get you some things to wear. I don't know how long I'll be gone, but I promise that I'll be back here before..." — he looked at a clock on one of the night stands — "Four o'clock. If you want to take a shower about three, we can go get something to eat later. Would you like that?"

She didn't bother trying to hide the smile on her face when she answered "Yes, Master — I'd like that very much!"

He picked up a laptop computer and tucked it into a carrying case before he turned back to her and said "While I'm gone, you shouldn't answer the door, or phone, okay?"

She nodded her understanding as she told him "Yes, Master."

He came over and gave her a small kiss on the cheek, told her that she had a toothbrush and everything in the bathroom, then left. When he was gone, she moved to sit back down on the bed she'd woken up on — content to simply wait for him to get back. She couldn't help smiling and reaching up to touch the spot he'd kissed her, then sighed her contentment.

Once outside, the man went to his truck — still it's factory color, but with the license plates again modified — and drove around the block that the motel was sitting on. He ended up parking at the edge of the lot for a large convenience store that was just a couple of buildings down from the motel. Plugging the adapter for his laptop into the cigarette lighter socket, he turned the machine on. Once it had gone through the bootup process, he rapidly connected the wireless video receiver system to the USB port, and started the video monitoring program that he'd downloaded. It wasn't a minute later that he was able to see the room where he'd left the girl: he'd neatly hidden the wireless camera amid a small pile of clothing that he'd set on the dresser at one end of the room.

He realized that he might be acting paranoid, but he'd neglected to cover his ass once before, and he was still paying the price for it. That was why he'd registered at the motel with a fake (but damn good) ID, disguised his license plates again, and was using the wireless video camera to watch the girl: despite everything he thought and believed, it **was** still **possible** that she was faking the dedication she was showing toward him. With the camera, he was able to watch what she did while he was supposedly out shopping: if she was going to do anything like call the cops or make any other kind of trouble, it was a fair certainty that she'd do it then, instead of later. He'd long since bought some clothing for her, so when he returned, he'd have something to show for his absence. He didn't *have* to go through the trouble of pretending to go out shopping, but if she was involved in any kind of deception, the belief that he'd be returning would — should! — be enough to convince her to use this opportunity to betray him.

The camera was positioned so that he had a good view of almost the entire room, and its clarity and resolution made it easy for him to watch as she reached up and touched her cheek. After she'd done that a few times, he realized that she was touching the spot where he'd kissed her before he left — and that the broad smile on her face was undoubtedly an indication of how happy she was he'd done it. Still, after all he'd done, he wasn't inclined to trust her **completely** yet.

So he waited, and watched. And watched some more.

Other than reaching up to touch her cheek a few more times, she didn't seem to move a muscle — until the clock ticked over to three o'clock. It wasn't five seconds later before she was in the bathroom, her actions making it clear that she was getting ready to take a shower, just as he'd suggested. When she was done, he watched her dry off, then spend a few moments styling her hair with her comb before she went back to sit on the bed again. A half hour later, he decided that the changes he'd made to her had genuinely taken effect. After putting away the stuff for the wireless video receiver, he drove back to the motel — making sure to take in the packages with her clothing in them. She might be his "slave" and totally dedicated to him, but she was still female, and he was looking forward to seeing her response to what he'd gotten her.

When she heard the key in the lock, the girl stood up and waited to see who it was. She fully expected that it was her Master, but he'd told her not to answer the door, so it might be somebody else...

Then the door opened, and it *was* him.

She watched as he set several large packages on the other bed before he came over to where she was standing. He gave her another kiss on the cheek — and played with her butt — before he told her "I'm sorry I took so long, but I was having a hard time figuring out what to get you."

After she'd cast several covetous glances toward the packages he'd set down, he laughed and told her "Go ahead and open them — it's all your stuff, anyway!"

Her Master was back, and that made her happy again — but he'd said he was getting her some clothes, too, and she just *couldn't help* wanting to see them. The two of them went over to the other bed, and as she reached for one of the bags, he pushed another one off to the side and told her "Save this one for last..."

The first bag she looked in contained some blouses and a couple of skirts; when she held them up against herself, she could tell that they were going to be a little bit loose — but they were pretty, and they were a gift from her Master, and that was *all* that mattered to her.

As she reached for the second bag, he told her "I hope the fit on this stuff is close enough; all I had to work from was the measurements they took of you, and that was some time ago."

She turned to him and said "I think I'm a little bit skinnier than I was, Master, but I'm sure everything will be fine." before returning to the second package she'd opened. Inside it, she found

a couple of dresses — simple colors that she could tell would complement her hair and eyes. Holding them up against herself, she saw that while they weren't exactly "revealing", they'd leave little doubt that she was female, either.

The third bag had two pairs of shoes — a pair of black pumps and a pair of white sandals. Either pair would go reasonably well with any of the clothing she'd seen so far.

The fourth package opened up to reveal that it contained such things as panties — in several different colors, but all minimal — a few pairs of pantyhose in various shades, and a small — but fairly complete — makeup assortment. When she pulled that last item out, he told her "I think you look pretty without makeup, but I thought you might like to have that, anyway." That he would think of something like that touched her, and she leaned over to where he was sitting on the edge of the bed and hesitantly kissed him on the cheek before telling him "Thank you, Master. That was very kind."

Then it was time for her to open the last package — and when she did, her breath left her. Inside were just two things — but both of them beautiful. On top was a white silk blouse, and when she carefully unfolded it and held it up, she could see that its simple styling gave it an elegance that she'd seldom seen in real life. She carefully set it aside so she could lift out the other item: a black skirt, knee-length, that was started opaque at the waist and progressed to nearly transparent at the bottom. She judged that it would leave an "interesting" amount of her legs showing for anyone that was interested in looking at them. She set it below the blouse, and saw what they would look like when they were worn together — and could only hope that she would look as good in them as her Master obviously thought she would.

She turned to look at him again, and he told her "I brought a suitcase that you can put all that in when we leave. I, uh, I didn't get you any bras. I mean, I know what size you wear, but I think your tits are firm enough that you don't really *need* one — a bra, I mean. But if you want some, we can get them; that's no problem."

She smiled at him, pleased with the compliment on her breasts, and answered "If you don't think I need a bra, Master, then I won't wear one. If you want, I don't have to wear panties, either — except when I'm having my period, of course."

He smiled back, and replied "I think I'd like that — knowing you're naked underneath whatever you're wearing."

"Thank you for all the nice clothes, Master. They're all very nice, and I like them a lot. Is there anything you would like me to wear when we go out to eat?"

"I think you'd look real pretty in that yellow dress, Joan."

She'd liked the pale yellow dress, too, and turned to pull it from on top of the other one. She started to unzip the back of it when he told her "Unless you're hungry, we've got a little while before it's time for supper."

She set the dress back down and turned to face him before she said "No, Master, I'm not hungry yet. If you think we have the time, I- I would like to please you."

"Please me how?"

"With my mouth, Master."

She heard him clear his throat before he replied "Uh, yeah, I think I'd like that."

She went over to where he was sitting and knelt down in front of him before reaching for the zipper on his pants. She quickly discovered, however, that it was all but impossible to unzip a pair of pants that were being sat in.

Realizing the problem, he told her "Why don't I just get naked and lay down on the bed? Then you can be little more comfortable, too."

She just nodded her agreement, not trusting herself to say anything because of the excitement she felt at the chance to be naked with her Master.

She watched as he quickly took off his shirt, then his shoes and socks, and finally his pants and undershorts. When he was naked, she could see that his penis has started to get longer and thicker. It took her a moment to realize that he was already starting to respond to the thought of what she wanted to do for him — and felt pleased that he liked what she did so much that he'd start to get hard even BEFORE she actually had him in her mouth.

As he moved to lie down on the bed, she stood up, so that by the time he was settled she was ready to join him. She first moved to between his legs, but when he told her "Get on top of me, with your knees on either side of my head...", she did as he said. Taking his penis in her hand, she lowered her head and took the head of it between her lips before she felt his head raise up between her legs — then the feeling of what could only be his tongue slipping between her vaginal lips and slide across her opening.

The thought of using her mouth on him had gotten her excited, and she knew that she was already wet inside; when she felt his tongue begin lapping at her opening, she found herself getting even more aroused.

He'd been able to smell that she was aroused almost as soon as he'd agreed to let her suck him off — as if he'd turn *that* experience down!

When she'd gotten onto the bed with him, he'd been tempted to just go ahead and let her give him a blowjob and be done with it. But then he'd gotten a look between her legs and decided to find out if she tasted as good as she looked. Now that he was getting the chance, he was delighted to find out that she did!

The taste of her was fresh and clean; her woman's oils were light, slightly musky, and somehow

sweet, too. As he continued tonguing her, he gradually expanded the range of his efforts until he could feel her clitoris making an appearance out from under its hood. Slowly, bit by bit, he shifted his attentions from licking up as much of her oils as he could pull from her to trying to bring her clitoris out to where he could give it his full attention.

It took only a couple of minutes before he could tell that her clitoris was fully erect and exposed; he pulled his head back to have a look at her, and found the sight of her small, then vaginal lips framing her glistening opening incredibly erotic. Gently pulling her labia apart, he had a good enough view inside her to see that she was, in fact, a virgin: her intact hymen was visible. He took the opportunity to give it a quick look, and decided that it actually looked fairly thin and delicate — he didn't figure that its loss would pain her much, if at all, when the time came.

At the top of her cleft, he could see her engorged clitoris. The size of a large pea, he quickly began fluttering the tip of his tongue across it, and heard her soft moan of pleasure in response. When his tongue began to tire, he fastened his mouth over it, and began a soft rhythmic sucking of it. That prompted her to press her pelvis down against his face — which wasn't a bad thing, he decided.

After a bit, his nose told him that she'd produced another batch of her delicious oils, so he put his tongue back to work licking them up...

She was having more than a little trouble keeping her mind on pleasing her Master — because her Master seemed determined to please *her*.

When she'd first felt his tongue slipping between her vaginal lips she'd been a little apprehensive: nobody had ever done anything like that to her before, and she was worried that he would think that she smelled bad or didn't like something else about her. But he'd continued licking her opening, and she gradually accepted that he *enjoyed* what he was doing; and truth be told, she was enjoying the hell out of it, too.

She'd gotten him completely hard and was happily using her lips and tongue when she felt him begin paying attention to her clitoris — and when he'd started sucking on it, she couldn't HELP stopping what she was doing so she could try and press as much of herself as she could into his mouth. She finally got her wits back enough that she was able to start bobbing her head up and down to slide her lips along his shaft — but he'd gone back to licking her again, and the distraction THAT caused kept her from moving very fast.

Through a massive exercise of willpower, she managed to get her attention back on what *she* was doing again; but that focus only lasted until he started probing at the entrance to her vagina with his tongue, as though he were trying to fuck her with it. The idea of him fucking her — even if it was just with his tongue — quickly got her more aroused than she thought she could be, and she began pressing back in response to his efforts in encouragement as she felt herself getting wetter and wetter.

She could feel herself getting closer and closer to an orgasm when his tongue softened again so that he could go back to lapping up the abundant juices she knew she was producing. It felt damn

good to her, but not *quite* as good as what he'd been doing; she used that relative respite to refocus on her original goal: to get him to cum in her mouth.

She had his balls gently cupped in her hand, and was softly stroking his scrotum when she noticed that they were starting to pull up toward his body. More than a little relieved that he was getting close — what he was doing with his lips and tongue were making it difficult for her to keep her attention on trying to get him off — she slightly increased the suction she was applying to him, and started using her tongue to stimulate the underside of his penis, right behind the head.

She could *feel* his balls draw up in response — but she also felt him start doing all kinds of WONDERFUL things to her clitoris with his tongue, causing her to again pause what she was doing as she delighted in the sensations he was creating between her thighs.

It was a struggle, but she managed to get her attention back on the hard cock she still had in her mouth; with a renewed determination, she began sucking and licking on it even as she felt her arousal getting closer and closer to its peak.

In her hand, she felt her Master's balls pull even closer to his body, and with a frenzied bobbing of her head, finally managed to bring him to climax: with a sudden, final, tightening of his balls, he began filling her mouth with his hot cum — which was all *she* needed to push her over the edge, too. Even before she'd had time to fully taste his cum, she was hit with a tidal wave of pleasure that seemed to radiate from where his tongue was pressing against her clitoris to envelope her entire body. She nearly screamed her pleasure around the pulsating penis that was washing her tonsils with his salty seed. It was easily the most powerful orgasm she'd ever experienced.

Each time his cock jetted another spurt of his cum in her mouth, she felt another wave of pleasure course through her body; each time that happened, his tongue would move to lap up the juices she knew must be flowing out of her — which would only prompt her to rub her tongue against the underside of his erect cock, and earn her another taste of his jism.

But there was a limit to how much pleasure either of them could withstand. After what seemed like both an eternity and too soon, she felt herself experiencing fewer and fewer spasms of pleasure as her Master's penis slowly began to soften between her lips.

Using her lips to milk the last few drops of semen from his penis, she let him slip from her mouth so she could hold his limp cock in her hand and lick it clean. When she was done, she carefully moved off of him, then turned around so she could lay next to him. She was delighted when he reached out to put an arm around her and guide her close; she felt an incredible contentment to be tucked into his side, and pleased by the affection he was showing her.

Several minutes later, she heard him say "That was *really* great, Joan — thank you."

She smiled into his shoulder as she answered "I was happy to do it, Master. And what you did for me was *wonderful*!"

She could hear the smile in his voice when he replied "I'm glad you enjoyed it; I *like* doing that, and

you tasted delicious!" — making her blush.

A little while later, he told her "It's getting late enough that I think we can go out and get some supper, if you want. We should probably clean up again, though."

She realized that she WAS hungry by then, and responded "I'd like that, Master" in response to the first part, then a few moments later "Master? Can... can I wash you, please?"

He gave her a small hug, thrilling her, before he answered "Yeah, I think I'd like that — if I get to wash you!"

She felt honored that her Master would want to do that for her, and readily agreed. A minute later, both of them were in the shower, where she was delighted to be able to service him that way — and then feel his hands on her body as he did the same for her. When they'd dried off, and she'd combed her hair again, she slipped into the dress he'd said he would like her to wear — not bothering to put anything on underneath it.

Supper was at one in a chain of steak houses, and she savored every bite of her meal — and felt proud to be with her Master when she saw that other men were looking at the two of them. While they ate, her Master cautioned her about a few things - including displaying too much affection when they were out in public: she could hold his hand, or even kiss his cheek, but nothing more. When they were done eating, they went to a shopping mall, where her Master got a few things for each of them.

It was getting late by the time they got back to the motel, and her Master didn't bother removing the packages from their shopping trip from his truck. Instead, the two of them just went inside; when he started to unbutton his shirt, she hurried over so that she could do it — that was what she was there for, after all: to serve him. When she'd removed his shirt and carefully set it aside, she went on to remove his shoes and socks, then his pants. When he was down to wearing just his undershorts, she hesitated, and he told her "I sleep naked." — and she knelt down to slip his briefs off, too. There was a moment when she wanted to lean forward and take him into her mouth again, but he turned to pull the covers down before she could act on it.

She quickly slipped off her dress and neatly laid it on a chair before moving things from the other bed so she would have someplace to sleep; in her heart, she was hoping and praying that she would be allowed to share *his* bed. She had finished clearing the bed and was reaching for the bed covers when she heard him ask "Would you rather sleep with ME?"

Turning to him and seeing that he was lying on his side, her heart was in her throat when she answered "If it would be okay..."

He threw the covers back a little and gestured to the spot in front of him when he told her "Come on, then."

She didn't waste a moment to do just that — sliding under the covers and moving to lie on her side in front of him. He pulled the covers back over both of them, then put his arm around her and

gently pulled her back so that she was spooning in front of him. A moment later, he moved his hand over her breast, holding it as he wriggled himself a little closer. She could feel his flaccid penis resting along the cleft of her ass cheeks, and was enthralled by the thought of being able to sleep with him.

She felt so happy, so *loved*, at being able to share his bed that he fell asleep well before she could.

He got her home the next day, and over the several weeks that followed he managed to gently and carefully get her adapted into his lifestyle. She didn't have any problem remembering the details he provided about her identity, or the story he'd concocted about how they'd met. She didn't know that he had a way into a couple of government databases, and that anyone checking on her would find that she had a perfectly serviceable identity.

The biggest problem —if it could be called that —was her attitude that she should be doing anything and everything for him. He suspected that she'd even wipe his ass for him if he so much as *hinted* he'd like her to. Instead, however, he got her used to the idea that he was perfectly willing to do things for himself every now and then — that it wasn't a dissatisfaction or displeasure with HER when he got up to get his own cup of coffee or make himself a sandwich. In return, she got considerable pleasure from having him laying on the couch with his head on her lap as he read a book, or laying with HER head on HIS lap — almost invariably with him resting his hand on her belly or cupping her breast —when they watched television. She got used to wearing clothing again, but seldom wore panties.

Each night, she gratefully shared his bed. The two of them had sex fairly often, and at random times and places; he'd gotten some lubricant, and she enjoyed having him fucking her ass a number of times.

He also introduced her to nearly all of his friends along the way, so she was able to answer the phone along with the other services she happily performed for him. She was *meticulous* about calling him "Master" only when the two of them were alone, and had complete privacy.

He was out on an errand one day when the phone rang. She answered it as he'd suggested she should —only instead of the voice of one of his friends, she heard a Master say; "Joan, we told you that you would have a chance to tell us if you are content with the one that you have been given to. If you are unhappy, or you are not being treated well, you may return to us for additional training. What would you tell us?"

She didn't have any hesitation about answering "I'm treated well, and I'm very happy and content here, Master. If it's okay, I'd like to stay here."

"Your master has said that he is pleased with you, also. Very well, then — if you are content with where you are, then we shall not contact you again as long as your master is content with you."

With that, the line went dead —but she wasn't thinking about that as she set the phone back on

it's hook: they'd told her that her Master was pleased with her! That simple statement was enough to keep her happy until her Master got home an hour or so later.

When he came in, he found her in the kitchen — apparently contemplating what to fix for supper — and asked "Any phone calls while I was gone?" just as he usually did; she simply told him "There was a call from That Place, Master. They wanted to know if I wanted to stay here, and I told them that I did, if it was okay."

Since he'd gotten her home, he'd managed to get her to talk about her experiences — as his captive, but she didn't know that — and concluded that she remembered virtually nothing about it; at least, not in any detail. She could remember what the food was like, and what her schedule had been, but couldn't remember something as simple as what the Masters had looked like. Not knowing how else to refer to it, she'd taken to simply calling it That Place.

He looked at her and asked "That's it? They just asked if you wanted to leave, and you said no?"

"That's correct, Master."

He smiled at her and said "I'm glad to hear that. I told them that I was happy with you, but I wasn't sure if you would want to stay with me, or not."

She bowed her head and answered "Master, I would stay as long as I can serve you."

He set aside the small bag he had in his hand, and came over to where she was. Putting his arms around her, he hugged her and then gave her a small kiss — on the lips, the first time he'd ever done it. She felt her heart swell with pride and affection, and tentatively put her arms around him and hugged him back.

When he was done hugging her, he pulled back slightly and asked "Is there anything you want to do to celebrate staying with me?"

She bowed her head again, and hesitantly answered "Yes, Master. I- I want you... to fuck me."

"In the ass? Or..."

"No, Master — I mean *really* fuck me. I- I want you to have my virginity."

He hugged her again before asking "I'd like that, Joan. When?"

She looked up at him and answered "Now, Master, if we can."

He just grinned and asked "Did you want to go someplace in particular, like the bedroom, or would anyplace be okay?"

"Anyplace would be fine, Master... I... I've wanted you to do me that way for a long time..." she answered, a trifle nervously.

He lowered his head and kissed her — something that she *a/ways* enjoyed. She kissed him back, and felt his hands move around to her hips — and then up to her breasts. Through the light material of her blouse, she felt him begin rubbing his thumbs across her nipples, making them dent her blouse even more. Lower down, she could feel his penis pressing against her mons, and she began rubbing her pelvis against his. After only a minute or so of that, his hands moved to cup her breasts and begin squeezing them gently.

Her breath was coming faster and faster, but her lips never left his; her hands moved down his back to his butt so she could hold him in place as she rubbed herself against him even more. A couple of minutes later, his hands left her breasts so he could begin unbuttoning her blouse; as each button came undone, he would softly kiss and suck on the newly exposed skin. It wasn't much longer before the blouse was completely open — and it remained on her body only a few moments beyond that point.

With the upper half of her body exposed to his kissing, soft bites, and gentle sucking, his hands moved down to her ass — and began sliding her skirt up so that it started bunching around her waist. When he'd pulled enough of it up, she felt his hands move to her ass, where he began squeezing and caressing her as his lips fastened on one of her nipples.

Even as he was playing with her ass and sucking on her tits, she was continuing to press herself against him; she could feel his penis slowly getting larger and harder. With what his hands and mouth were doing, and the knowledge that he'd soon be fucking her for the first time, she could feel — and even smell — herself becoming more and more aroused. But it wasn't so much HER excitement that interested her as it was **his**: she wanted him hard and *in* her!

She started bending her knees so that her body began to get lower and lower; he tried to stay with her for a little bit, but finally let his hands slide free of her ass cheeks and her left nipple pull from between his lips. With nothing holding her back, she continued downward until she was kneeling on the floor in front of him. It was only a matter of a few seconds before she had his pants unfastened and his cock and balls extracted from his shorts — and his penis in her mouth. Less than a minute went by before she had him fully erect; he reached down and grasped her by the upper arms and pulled her up again. When she was standing, he reached down and cupped her ass in his hands — then lifted her off the floor and carried her the short distance to the dining area before setting her down on the table. He squatted down, and she happily spread her legs for him: she knew what he wanted to do.

His tongue quickly moved to begin licking up the overflow of her juices before moving upwards and softly twirling her clitoris. Only a couple of minutes went by before she knew she was as aroused as she'd ever been, her hips arching in response to his considerable oral talents. He knew what she *really* wanted, though, and pulled his mouth away from her undulating pelvis to stand up again. She watched as he unfastened his belt, then his pants, then slid those and his undershorts down — leaving his erect penis waving in the air, shiny with her saliva.

Moving forward a bit, he reached down and took hold of his manhood, then slid it up and down between her vaginal lips, wetting it with her abundant oils. Then he positioned the head of it against her opening, and lifted his head to look at her. Their eyes locked, and she gave him a

small nod that she was ready. He started to press forward, and both of them looked down to watch as he began to slide into her. Almost immediately, he ran into the obstruction of her maidenhead; he looked up at her again, and again she nodded for him to continue.

He slid himself the short distance in and out of her a few times, then suddenly pressed himself forward —far and hard enough to push his way through her hymen. She felt the pain of it tearing —but it wasn't much, and it didn't last long; it was soon overwhelmed by the incredible pleasure she felt at having his seemingly massive cock starting to fill her aching pussy.

She watched as he backed out of her a little —far enough that she could see the traces of blood from her extinct cherry —then back in, getting nearly half his length into her before he had to stop again. His next effort ended only when he was completely inside her; the feeling was better than she'd ever dreamed it could be, and she nearly climaxed just from that!

He found himself somewhat amazed that she'd been able to take him so quickly and so easily. Even though he thought her hymen would be fairly easy to get through, he'd still thought she'd have *some* pain from it, anyway. But other than a brief grimace, the only thing she'd exhibited was an eagerness to have him inside.

He'd deliberately tried to stimulate her as much as possible when he'd used his mouth on her; he figured that the wetter she was, the easier it would be for both of them — and her wetness was the only thing that had made it possible. She was *incredibly* tight inside, and if it hadn't been for the lubrication of her arousal, he wasn't sure he'd have been able to make it without getting the lube they used when he fucked her in the ass. Now, with his cock buried balls-deep in her, he had to hold himself still so that the twitching and flexing of her vagina didn't push him over the edge: between how incredibly tight she was, and the feeling of the head of his penis pressing against the deepest part of her, it wouldn't take much right then to make it happen. But as he held himself steady, he was able to get control of himself and pull away from the edge; after just a few minutes, he figured he was ready to give her the fucking she'd asked him for.

She'd been grateful when he held still inside her.

As wonderful as it felt to finally have him inside her that way, still it was her *first* time — and she'd welcomed the chance to try and relax, and let herself stretch to fit him. She thought she could feel every muscle and vein on his cock, she was so full!

But her desire to feel him fucking her was powerful, so when he finally started moving in her, she was *more* than ready.

The first time he slid himself out of her until only the head of his penis was in her, she couldn't stifle a low groan of disappointment —or the even louder moan of pleasure when he pressed himself back in again, his pubic bone bumping against her clitoris. A couple more iterations of that, and she could feel that her juices were thoroughly smeared along his entire length: he was sliding into her more and more easily, and the sound of his manhood slipping into her all-but-dripping vagina

filled the air with a liquid rhythm that she found incredibly erotic.

As her vagina stretched to accommodate him, he was able to increase the speed of his actions; the way she lifted her hips in welcome made it clear to him that he wasn't hurting her — far from it, in fact. It wasn't but a couple of minutes before she felt herself having an orgasm, crying out her release. Even as wave after wave of pleasure radiated out from the core of her womanhood, he continued pistoning in and out of her, further intensifying her pleasure.

When she got her breathing back under control, her arousal hadn't diminished; each thrust of his massive prick into her sopping pussy only ratcheted her higher and higher as she felt herself approaching an even higher peak.

That she'd cum so soon after he started fucking her initially amazed him. One of the commands that he'd implanted in her had been that she would be easily aroused, and that she'd find it easy to climax —after all, he liked the feeling when women orgasmed with his cock in them. But he really hadn't expected that she'd cum so fast the first time he fucked her — particularly so soon after she'd had her cherry broken!

The feeling of her tight, wet pussy clenching at him as she'd orgasmed had felt terrific — and judging from the sounds she was making, she was getting ready to do it again, even harder. Damn, he'd been lucky to pick her!

Her Master was rhythmically filling and emptying her; each time his cock slid home, he was bumping against her clitoris and sending sparks of pleasure into the tinder of her desire — and it wasn't much longer before one of those sparks caught, igniting an inferno of ecstasy in the form of what was an incredibly powerful orgasm for her — she could hear herself practically screaming as the first spasm of pleasure overwhelmed her.

And **still** he kept thrusting into her!

The end of her second climax left her gasping for air, and weak from the effects of such a powerful release —but he was still fucking her, and she could feel herself responding to his efforts.

Over the next few minutes, the speed and force of his thrusts steadily increased, pushing her own pleasure and desires higher. She was rapidly approaching what she could tell would be — by far! — the most intense orgasm of her life when she felt him slow down and almost *pound* himself into her a couple of times before trying to stuff every millimeter of his wonderful cock into her pussy. She thought she was going to miss out on that orgasm, and was ready to accept that idea after the two she'd already had. But then she felt him begin spraying his cum in her; the sudden heat and additional wetness of it was enough to not just push her over the edge of release, but **THROW** her over — she *did* scream, long and loud, with the power of the orgasm she started having as he continued to fill her not only with his manhood, but his cum, as well.

He'd managed to put off cumming through two of her climaxes, but when her hot, tight vagina began clenching and squeezing him a third time, he couldn't put it off any longer.

With a couple of slow, hard thrusts into her, he tried to see how much of his body he could force into her before the first hot jet of his semen erupted from the end of his dick.

He thought he was going to lose an eardrum when she suddenly screamed — and heard the scream cut off as her pussy clamped down on him, only to begin a fluttering sensation that motivated his cock and balls to an even greater effort at filling her with his cum.

Looking down at her, he could see that her arousal had caused a blush on her skin that extended all the way down to INCLUDE her breasts; until then, the farthest he'd seen any woman blush that way had been down to the tops of her breasts — and even THAT had only happened after her fifth orgasm. This one, though...

With the end of her climax, the girl could only lie back and gasp as she tried to draw in the oxygen her body was demanding in payment for the pleasure she'd just gotten from it. Every muscle in her body had heeded the call of that orgasm, and she didn't have the strength to try to speak — to thank him, as best she could, for an experience that had gone far, *far* beyond what she'd hoped and prayed it would.

She could tell that he wasn't as hard as he'd been when he'd been fucking her, but she also knew that he hadn't shrunk much, either; she didn't know that the sensations she was continuing to feel in her vagina were stimulating him enough to dramatically slow the process.

Finally, though, the twitching in her pussy slowed and tapered off enough that his penis finally pulled free of her —causing her to feel a slight draft in a part of her body that had never had such an experience before. He lowered his head and gave her a soft, tender kiss on the lips before he said "Thank you, dear. That was very special to me."

She'd gotten herself together enough that she was able to answer "Thank YOU, Master — it was **so** much better than I thought it could be. You made me feel so *good*!", knowing that he could see the joy he'd brought her, and the gratitude she felt.

He kissed her lips again before he told her "I'm glad; you made me feel pretty damn good, too!" — the kiss he gave her, and his words, filling her heart with happiness and affection.

With another tender kiss, he stood and took a step back, making room so she could get her feet on the floor and stand, too. When she looked at him, she saw that his his penis and lower belly were coated with the sticky remains of their combined juices — as well as a few flecks of her virginal blood. Telling him "Master, if you want to clean up with a shower, I'd like to wash you..."

He smiled and answered "I'd like that, dear", then reached down for his undershorts.

She quickly told him "Oh, no, Master! You shouldn't do that — you might ruin them!" and quickly

squatted down to remove his shoes and socks before sliding his pants and undershorts down to where he could step out of them. When she stood again, she thought for a moment, then reached out to unbutton, then remove, his shirt, too, before taking off her skirt. Holding their clothing in one hand, she reached out and took him by the hand to lead him to the shower — her concern about the cum running down her leg limited to making sure she didn't let it get on anything else.

Once in the shower, she was glad to be able to soap up a washcloth and clean him — *all* of him. He didn't know it, but she always enjoyed washing him like that; being able to touch him that way, and perform such as simple act for him satisfied her desire to serve him in a way that few other things did. When she was done, she was delighted when he wanted to do the same thing for her; that he would be willing to do something like that for her always made her feel honored and treasured.

When they were done, both of them got dressed. She told him she was going to get supper ready, and was pleasantly surprised when he pulled her into a kiss before patting her on the butt before letting her go.

The next morning, she woke up a bit sore — but not enough to interfere with her duties. Besides, it was a reminder to her of the pleasure she'd had the day before — and every twinge brought her a happy sigh of recollection.

A few months later, a clerk in an office of an unknown government intelligence agency had a look at a report that he'd gotten. He was new on the job, and turned to his officemate — who'd been there approximately forever, it seemed — to ask what the story was after showing him the report.

"Oh, yeah, I remember him", the fellow replied. "Phil Towers. He was in Germany when the Wall came down. It happened right after I started here; I was as green as you are."

The youngster asked "What happened?"

"He was one of ours in Germany; a real up-and-comer — just a couple years with us, and he was our top guy there. Man, he had some kind of talent for finding people and flipping them so they'd work for us! It was like he could get into their minds and say or do the *perfect* thing. Anyway, when the Wall came down, he was supposed to meet with somebody that claimed to have the top-level documents from the Stasi — the East German secret police. Turned out to be a trick, and the Sovs got ahold of him. He wasn't 'covered', so there wasn't a damn thing we could do for him. There was some kind of flap about that, believe me! We were worried that they'd break him and get the rest of our people, along with all the folks HE was running. Listen, kid, there's *nobody* that can't be broken; that James Bond shit is just movies, y'now? So we **knew** they were going to get to him, sooner or later — except that with him, it was a hell of a lot later than anybody expected. He never was able to tell us how he did it, but he hung in there long enough for us to get our people out and reassigned; and we got damn near all of HIS agents, too, before he finally gave it up. Trust me on this: there were a LOT of *damn* grateful people when we finally got him back. But by him holding out the way he had, the Soviets had enough time to really do a number on him — we couldn't use him for *anything*. They finally decided to give him a Medical, and put him out to pasture — AFTER

they bumped him up a couple of levels so the Medical pay would be a little higher than what his regular pay had been. The Sovs had burned his mind real bad - if anyone got too aggressive with him, he'd just fold up, kind of. Like I said, there was a lot of people that *owed* him for what he'd done. Since then, we kind of keep an eye on him, just to make sure he's still okay. When these things" —he affectionately slapped his computer monitor — "came out, he got pretty interested in them, and we got another agency to give him access to some of the government systems. He doesn't seem to use them much, but hey, it doesn't cost anything, so we just keep it open to him. Anyway, what you've got there is just the report from our last checkup on him — looks like he's got himself a girlfriend, which is new, but good for him. Nothing to get worried or excited about; just log it in, and remember him."

The senior clerk handed the paper back, and the younger dutifully entered it into the system — suitably impressed by the story the old fart had told him.

Purely by coincidence, that afternoon there was another conversation in a different part of the country.

The new man assigned to the Missing Persons squad asked his boss "Detective Dickens? Is there anything I should know about this case?", handing over a thin file folder.

The detective opened it up and looked at it for a few moments before replying "No, not really. She was a kid the uniforms used to have to pick up every so often for shoplifting or some other thing — smoking dope, drinking, that kind of crap. She was gone for a week before her old man climbed out of his bottle long enough to report it. Nobody saw anything happen to her; she just disappeared after leaving one of her friends' homes. We figure she skipped to someplace else. Hell, the way she was going, she's probably got a pimp and a habit by now, and hooking on Times Square or in L.A. or something. It's a dead case, nothing to worry about."

After getting the file back, the new guy put it back in the files, and went on to something that might be more productive.

That night, an older man and young girl held each other in bed, each of them sighing in contentment before they fell asleep.