



QUANTUM MECHANIC'S SUBATOMIC GARAGE:

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GALEN CUVIER

BOOK 1: BREAKDOWN

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Chapter 1.

Galen pounded his fist on the steering wheel in frustration. He was on the last leg of a multi-city trip heading toward Savannah when, for the third time in less than a week, the car he'd been assigned had suddenly and inexplicably died. *Piece of crap!!!*

Opening the door, he got out of the late-model lemon provided by his employer, and assessed the situation. There aren't many towns within easy reach of Interstate 16. In the distance, he could just see an exit ramp. Unfortunately, it was back in the direction from which he'd just come. He got his cell phone out and discovered that he had no signal (of course!). In resignation, he picked up his coat, locked up the car, and started the long trek to the exit.

It was hot. Still, he was able to cover the distance in about half an hour, but when he arrived, the news wasn't good. According to the signs, the nearest town of any size was Statesboro, about twenty-five miles off of the Interstate. Galen looked at the phone again: Still no signal. *Cheap bastards could have at least bought a decent calling plan!*

He started walking toward the town. Another half-hour or so of sweaty walking brought him to a place where the solid wall of trees lining the highway opened up into a roadside clearing. An unpaved road, little more than a jeep trail, really, left the highway and wound off toward a squat building at the rear of the clearing. An inconspicuous, hand-made sign, scrawled with the words "Mary's Game Room," pointed to the building.

Checking the utility poles, Galen thought that "Mary" might have a telephone, so he changed course to approach the "Game Room." As he got closer, he observed that there were quite a few motorcycles, and no small number of muscle cars, parked near the building. Empty cans and bottles, littered the erstwhile parking lot, while loud music and raucous laughter seeping through the doors. *Redneck bar! Oh well...*

Thick, stale cigarette smoke burned his eyes as he entered the building. It took some time to adjust to the low light inside, but then he moved easily to the bar. *Odd that the barkeep isn't wearing a shirt. That **has** to violate some health code! He's so pale, he must never see the sun, and I guess the customers don't mind the red-tipped hair spikes...*

The bartender turned around and Galen waved him over. As he approached, Galen observed that, other than the top of his head, all visible parts of his body were totally hairless. *That's odd...*

"What can I do for you, dearie?" the bartender leered at him.

Oh fuck! I've stumbled into a queer joint! Regaining his composure, Galen considered his situation. *At least it's cooler in here than out there, and maybe I can call for help, and get a cold one while I wait.*

"Does this place have a phone I could use? And how about a cold beer?" he asked.

"No pay phone here, sweetheart," the bartender smirked, "and I'm not supposed to let anyone use the house phone, but if it's an emergency, I could make an exception for a local call..."

"It's an emergency for me," Galen interrupted, testily, "my car's broken down on the interstate, and I've just walked about two miles in this insufferable heat, looking for help! The fucking cell-phone doesn't even work!" He stopped to regain control. "Look, the call I need to make is an 800 number. If you'll let me use the phone, I'll even pay you for it."

"Okay, okay, sweet cheeks, don't get your panties, in a wad," the bartender tried to soothe him, "As long as it doesn't come out of my paycheck, you can call Timbuktu! I'll get you the phone..."

"I'm sorry," Galen offered, "it's just been a very trying day."

"Sokay," replied the bartender, "By the way, my name's Jerry. What's yours?"

"Galen," he replied, "I appreciate the help. And how about that beer?"

"Oh Gal, we don't sell spirits here, just mixers and setups," Jerry told him, "This is a 'dry' county. Everyone has to bring their own bottle or whatever. We just provide a place for them to meet, dance, play the games, an so on..."

"It's Galen," he said firmly. He hated the nicknames people tried to hang on him, especially that one. "So there's no way I can buy a cold one in here?"

"Well, it's illegal for the club to sell spirits," Jerry observed, "but I have some of my private stock of beer here - twelve ounce cans - and there's no harm in a person letting a friend have something at cost..."

"How much for a can?" Galen asked. His thirst had grown almost unbearable.

"Five dollars," Jerry replied.

Galen looked at him thoughtfully. "At cost, huh?"

"Yeah. Stuff is hard to get, and costly in a dry county," Jerry said with a straight face.

"Oh what the hell," Galen laughed, "it'll be worth it today. Set me up!" He threw a fiver on the bar.

Jerry grinned and pulled a cold one out from under the bar. He popped the top and handed Galen the can, then swept the money off the bar. "Being the humanitarian I am, if you don't need a glass, I won't even charge you the setup fee!"

"You're a saint among men," Galen observed with a grim smile, "and I'll be fine, drinking from the can."

Jerry brought an old dial-type phone out of hiding then, and set it on the bar in front of Galen. "Remember, no toll calls..." he reminded.

"Thanks," Galen responded, and taking the phone, he dialed his employer's toll-free number. After he had identified himself and his reason for the call, the receptionist connected him with the operations manager. He had a quiet but intense exchange of ideas with that manager, during which he extracted a commitment that the company would foot the bill for a tow to the nearest auto repair facility, a hotel room, and a rental car. After giving directions to his location, he hung up and picked up his beer.

Jerry, noticing that he had finished, wandered down the bar to retrieve the phone. Batting his eyes, he ventured, "You know, Galen, I get off at five, and I'm currently unattached..."

Galen smiled and replied, "Sorry Jerry, I'm not that kind of guy. Besides, in a place like this, why would you be lonely?"

Jerry barked, a bitter laugh. "You haven't been very observant. Look around and you'll figure it out." He leaned back against a counter, and waved a bar towel toward the tables.

Galen spun about on the stool, to see what Jerry meant. His eyes were now acclimated to the smoky twilight in the room, and could see more detail than he could have earlier. At first glance, it still looked like a typical backwoods redneck bar, but the longer he looked, the more apparent the differences became. *They're all women!*

He spun back around, and saw Jerry's mischievous grin, and before he could say anything, Jerry put his forefinger to his lips in the universal signal to *hush!*

Jerry approached him closely, smiling, and very quietly said "Yeah, it's a *dyke* bar! You and I have the only swinging dicks in here. I'm safe, because the bulls know I'm no competition, but if I were you, I'd not draw attention to myself..."

Galen sat back on the stool and thought for a moment, and swilled down the remainder of his beer. "Thanks," he said, and he put another five on the bar. "Set me up again, please."

Jerry gave him another beer, and asked, "So, what are your plans?"

"I need to stay here long enough for the tow service to find me, so that they can retrieve my car, then I guess I'll leave quietly."

"Here's some advice," Jerry offered. "If you face the bar and stay quiet, you probably won't provoke a confrontation. Sit here for about another fifteen minutes. It shouldn't take the tow truck much longer than that to get here. Then, you walk up to the road to finish your wait."

"I'll take that advice," Galen replied, sipping his beer. Jerry went back to patrolling further down the bar.

Galen wasn't too worried. He'd been in rough places many times before, and mostly he'd found that if he minded his own business, everyone left him alone. He was counting on that tendency to keep him out of trouble now. It almost worked, too.

He finished his beer right about the time that Jerry had indicated the tow truck would arrive, and was about to leave the bar. Just as he made to get off the barstool, however, there was a commotion at the door, and a tall, solid-looking dyke strode in pulling on a leash. Glancing at the dyke, he noted that, despite her mannish demeanor, she was an attractive woman, with a full head of shiny black hair. It was very obvious, however, that any effort spent trying to interest her in a man would be wasted, so, after noting her more pleasant attributes, he directed his attention back to his empty beer can.

His mistake was in glancing at the mirror behind the bar. Just as he did, the other end of the leash came into view, attached to a leather collar, and with it the most wonderful example of female flesh he'd ever seen. Lovely face, perfect figure, and beautiful, silky blond hair to her waist, as scantily clad as any lingerie model he'd ever seen. He reflexively turned so that he could gaze directly at her, and in doing so, he came to the dyke's attention.

"Keep your eyes to yourself, bitch!" she growled, shaking a fist at him. He turned back to the bar, but it was too late. The dyke stopped and looked harder at him. She came closer, and finally figured out what was wrong.

"It's a fucking *DICK!*" she shouted at the top of her lungs." *What the hell are you doing here?*" Without waiting for a reply, she grabbed a handful of his hair, and slammed him face-first into the hard surface of the bar. Stunned, he fell off the barstool. Laying on the floor with his nose bleeding, his vision cleared just in time to see a boot heel headed straight for his face.

The time for temperance and diplomacy was past. It was crystal-clear that if he failed to act in his own defense, this dyke was going to kill him. As his mind speeded up in response to the situation, his opponent's actions appeared to slow down. He reached up to grab the descending boot, not to stop it or slow it down, but to redirect the kinetic energy it carried. Unconcerned with the consequences to the boot's owner, he deflected the path of the boot, pulling it even faster, but not in the direction it had intended to go. Then he twisted it, *hard!*

The changes in the dyke's facial expression were almost comical, as they cycled from a cruel sneer, through open-mouthed surprise, then finally, extreme pain as her ankle and her knee joints were hyper-extended. She hit the floor and bounced, her head striking the solid mahogany of the bar cabinet. As she went down, she let go of the leash, and her paramour simply stopped moving.

All talking in the bar stopped, and several of the larger dykes made as if to become participants in the little drama. By this time, however, Galen was on his feet. He quickly retrieved a hidden pistol, then checked the door. Seeing that no one else was about to enter the building, he fired a single round into the floor to get everyone's attention. That had the effect of halting all forward motion on the part of the dykes.

"None of you were involved in starting this. You don't need to be involved in finishing it. Just go back to what you were doing before it started, and pretend it didn't happen," he said.

After a short standoff, the dykes decided to follow his advice. There was some grumbling to the effect of "Fucking *DICK!*!" and "We oughta kick his ass!" but there was just as much "Shit. I never liked the bitch anyway!" and "About time she got her comeuppance!" as people went back to their tables and dances.

Just as he began to hope for a peaceful exit, a large woman, large in *every* direction, came barreling through a heretofore-unnoticed door, brandishing a shotgun, pointing right at him.

"Drop the gun," she demanded.

Galen grabbed his fallen opponent, shoving her between him and the barrel of the shotgun.

"Fuck off," he told the woman with the shotgun, "Shoot me and you'll shoot your barkeep and several patrons as well. Now *YOU* drop it before *I* drop *YOU!*"

The large woman was Mary, owner of the "Game Room." She really didn't want to get a reputation for running a place where people got killed, but she wasn't ready to back down just yet, not from some *male creep* threatening her clients. "Jerry, what the hell happened here?" she demanded, with a venomous glance at him.

Jerry swallowed hard, and replied "This guy came in to use the phone. His car broke down on the interstate, and he needed to call for help. He's waiting for a tow truck. PeeJay," he continued, pointing at the black-haired dyke, "waltzed in here, dragging her new toy," he gestured disdainfully at the blonde, "and decided she didn't like his looks. She tried to kill him, but it didn't work."

"He *shot* her?" Mary asked, incredulous.

"No, silly," Jerry lisped, "your other *gentle patrons* seemed to feel they needed to expand the scope of the conflict. He simply fired a warning shot to get their attention, and convinced them it wasn't a good idea."

"Oh," Mary responded. After some thought she decided that her place had seen enough excitement for the day, so she said to Galen "all right, just get out of here and never come back."

As he made to comply, she stopped him, pointing to his former opponent. "And don't leave that here. I don't ever want to see her in here again either."

"What am I supposed to do with her?" he demanded. "I don't even know her!"

"I don't give a flying fuck what you do with her, as long as you don't do it here!" Mary shouted. "Now get yourself and your mess, " pointing to both the injured dyke and her paramour, " out of here, and never come back! Now, before I decide to load your asses with buckshot anyway!" She drew back the hammer of the shotgun.

"Okay, okay. Just hold your horses," Galen replied. He detached the leash from the blonde's collar, and used it to bind the fallen dyke's hands behind her, then threw her limp form over his shoulder. On his way out, he took the blonde by the hand, and led her through the door.

Chapter 2.

As he strode out into the blinding sunlight, Galen had no idea what to do next. PeeJay was getting heavy, and the as-yet nameless blonde, while not putting up any resistance, was also not helping him any. About this time he noticed that the blonde's hands were bound together by what amounted to leather handcuffs, and that her skimpy costume, which had been provocative enough in the semi-darkness of the bar, proved to be pretty much *not there* in full daylight. *Oh shit! We're gonna get arrested!*

When he could tear his eyes away from her body, he looked into her eyes, and was irretrievably lost. Her bright, clear emerald irises drew him in like a moth to the flame, and it was quite awhile before he regained enough composure to speak.

"How did you get here?" he queried. She didn't answer, but lifted her cuffed hands in the direction of a vintage Buick, in poor condition. He sighed, and started to carry PeeJay to the car. The blonde didn't move, and when he realized she wasn't right behind, he looked back in askance. "Come along, now," he said, "we don't want to upset Mary anymore." For a moment it appeared that she was confused, unable to decide whether she should follow him, but the moment passed and she made haste to accompany him to the car.

Arriving at the car, he placed the unconscious PeeJay on the back seat and considered what to do next. She'd received a pretty solid whack to her skull, on her way to the floor, and she might have been seriously injured. Before doing anything else, he had to be sure she didn't need medical attention. Examining her closely, he could see that, although she wasn't bleeding, the bone was already swelling to form a "knot", and the skin in the area of impact was already showing signs of bruising.

"Can you get me a flashlight?" he asked, looking at the blonde. She nodded, and again held up her bound hands. "Oh yeah," he muttered, and after a short search of PeeJay's pockets, he found the keys, removed the cuffs, and handed the keys to the blonde. *I can't just keep on thinking of her as 'the blonde.'* She entered the car, and then withdrew a small flashlight from the glove box. *Just what the doctor ordered!*

In the relative shade of the car's roof, he checked PeeJay's eyes for dilation. He would have to wait until she was fully conscious to check her tracking, and if that didn't happen soon, he'd have to find a hospital. Satisfied, for the moment, that he'd done everything he could reasonably do for her, he turned back to the blonde. She still hadn't spoken. He thought he knew why, but he had to find out for sure.

"Why won't you speak to me?" he asked. She looked confused for a moment, then reluctantly pointed to the unconscious PeeJay.

"She won't let you talk?" he interpreted, and the blonde nodded.

"Do you *want* to talk?" he asked, and she nodded her head vigorously. *Okay, this is a bondage relationship, and judging from the costumes, a bit anachronistic as well. Let's see...*

"Is trial by combat valid in your lifestyle?" he queried, and once again she nodded.

"Consider this" he continued, "Isn't it true that your Mistress attacked me unprovoked, and in defending myself, I bested her in single combat? " Again the blonde agreed with a nod.

"Under the rules of conquest, then, she, and all that she possessed, is now mine, correct?" he continued. Another nod.

"So, since you were her slave, now you are mine." The light began to dawn, and fear began to creep into her eyes.

"Don't worry," he assured her, "I'm not going to hurt you, but you must realize that you are no longer hers to command. You are mine, and my first command is that you shall speak to me when it is appropriate to do so, and in a manner which is appropriate to our new relationship, until I tell you otherwise."

Hesitantly, she responded, "Yes Master." *Hmmm... he thought, that won't do, especially not in public.*

"Our interaction will be somewhat different from what you are used to," he informed her. "The words 'Master' and 'Mistress' shall never again cross your lips. Do you understand?"

The blonde, frowned, then shook her head, asking fearfully "But Mm... how should I address you then?"

"My name is Galen, and that is what you are to call me in public," he instructed, "or you may, if the situation seems appropriate, make use of any terms of endearment that are in common use. In private, you are to call me, and me alone, 'Sir'. Do you understand now?"

"Yes Sir," she responded, relieved, "Is there anything else you wish me to do?" *Her voice is like music!*

"Now, lovely as you are," he observed, "I don't want to have to explain your attire, or lack of it, to any law enforcement officials we might happen to meet. Do you have anything handy to cover yourself?"

"Yes Sir, I wore a beach cover-up on the way over here. It's in the trunk of the car"

"Get it then and put it on. By the way, what is your name?"

Startled, she looked at him and responded, pointing at PeeJay, "*She* called me 'Peaches,' but I never liked it. You can call me whatever you like, of course."

He considered that for a moment before asking, "What was the name you were given at birth?"

Tears welled up in her eyes before she softly answered, "Angel."

Fixing her with a grin he spoke, "It fits. Angel it shall be."

Grateful, for having her birth name returned, she flew into his arms and hugged him tightly around the neck. His body's response to this kind of attention was predictable, but there wasn't time to gratify those impulses.

"Later Angel," he told her, while gently disentangled himself. "We have to get going. Get dressed." Reluctantly she complied.

By this time, PeeJay was beginning to stir, and Galen wasn't in any mood to deal with the verbal abuse he knew would be coming, after she awoke. On examining her closer, he found she was wearing a halter-top under the leather biker jacket. Before she could fully awake, he untied and removed the halter, and put it to use as a gag.

Not wanting her to get the wrong idea, i.e., that he might have been sexually abusing her, he started to zip the jacket closed, but at that precise moment she awoke. Finding her hands bound and her mouth gagged, she expressed her extreme displeasure by trying to kick him. Her attempts to injure him, although inconvenient, were totally ineffectual, as he was practically sitting on her legs. It was a small matter to move from "practically," to actually doing so, and the change in her facial expression told of her additional discomfort.

"You've been a bad girl," he told her, reaching for her belt buckle. As her obvious fright grew, he continued "This kicking and squirming won't do. I'm going to have to immobilize you until I can decide how to dispose of you."

On hearing that, PeeJay fainted... probably as a reaction to the unfortunate choice of words. It did make it easier, however, to bind her legs and move her to

the Buick's large trunk, where there wouldn't be any curious looks about her captive state. Under the circumstances, it seemed a fairly satisfactory turn of events for Galen.

Looking down at her former Mistress, Angel grinned wickedly, and muttered "Bitch!" just before slamming the trunk closed.

"Angel, can you drive?" Galen asked. She nodded, and he continued "Okay, let's move the car into a shady patch up near the highway." Just as they were preparing to park, he saw the tow truck approaching from the direction of Statesboro. He got out and met the truck.

"Are you Mr. Cuvier?" asked the driver. Galen nodded and replied, "Yes. My car is still on the interstate, about a mile toward Savannah from the exit. Do you need me, or do I just give you the keys?"

"Either way," responded the driver. "I'll deliver it to this address." He held out a business card. "You can come with me now to get anything you need from the car, or you can get it from the garage, in about forty-five minutes."

After some consideration, Galen took the card and replied, "Thanks, I think it would be more convenient to meet the car at the garage." He handed the driver the keys and waved as he left.

Turning back to Angel, he said, "As much as I like the idea, we can't leave PeeJay in the trunk much longer. This heat could kill her. Where do you girls live?"

She gave him a serious look, and said "Sir, I live wherever you tell me to live. So does *she*, though she may not know it yet," indicating the trunk with a nod. "But we still pay rent on an apartment, in Statesboro," she concluded.

"Will we be able to get her into the apartment, unobserved?" he ventured.

Looking at his watch she nodded, "Yes Sir, there shouldn't be anyone moving around our building for another couple of hours."

"Okay, then, Angel, lets go home!" She grinned at him and threw car into gear.

On arriving at the parking area at the rear of the apartment building, Galen told Angel, "I want to scout things out, and I want you to wait here for me. Do you have the apartment key?" She turned off the auto ignition and handed him the key ring, pointing to the apartment key.

He removed the apartment key from the ring and handed back the ring, telling her, "Angel, restart the car, and keep it running until I tell you otherwise. Be ready to fly if necessary." She acknowledged and complied with his instructions, as he exited the car and made his way to the second floor apartment.

It was an older building, with only two floors. *Much* older than anything he'd seen for a long time. The first floor was mostly empty storefront space, boarded up, because all of the "mom and pop" shops had gone out of business. It was just another small-town tribute to Wally World. Occupancy of the second-floor apartments was better, because many people needed affordable places to live, even if it had to be in otherwise-abandoned commercial buildings.

The girls' apartment was an end unit, so there was only one next-door neighbor, and all of the units were separated by masonry firewalls. It was a pretty good setup if you didn't want nosey neighbors getting involved in a family squabble.

Galen went down the hall, knocking on each apartment door as he went. No one answered. Satisfied that all of the tenants were away for the day, he returned to the car. The parking lot appeared to be empty of other cars for the moment, and there was no visible activity in or around the other buildings in the area.

Looking at Angel, he drew his finger across his neck, giving the universal signal for 'kill'. She understood, and after turning off the ignition, got out of the car. Together they walked around to the rear of the car. Angel opened the trunk, and he lifted out a fully conscious PeeJay. She didn't show any inclination to fight again, right away, but the look on her face was pure venom.

Galen threw her across his shoulder again, and with Angel closing the trunk and opening doors, he carried his living burden into the apartment. Setting her gently on the sofa, he tried to arrange her for as much comfort as possible, without removing her bindings. He then moved a dining chair into position in front of her, carefully placing it so that she could not effectually kick at him, then he sat down, facing her. The hatred in her eyes burned bright, but he had more important issues to deal with.

Addressing her, he spoke. "PeeJay, you took quite a rap on the skull. I don't think you've suffered any serious damage, but I want to make sure of it. If I can't be sure, I'll have to abandon you at the local hospital. Do you understand?" She grudgingly nodded.

He held up a forefinger and said, "I want you to try to follow my finger with your eyes. Will you cooperate?" Again she gave a grudging nod. He moved his finger around in an intricate pattern, attempting to discover any difficulty she might have tracking it. There was none. Taking her head in his hands, he then slowly and

gently moved her head to its limits, asking her to rap the floor with her heels if the motion caused her any pain. It didn't.

As he continued his examination, Angel watched with interest. "Sir, are you some kind of doctor?" she asked.

"No, but for awhile I was part of a volunteer rescue squad, and I was trained as an EMT."

"Cool! When you beat me up, at least you can fix me up," she commented. He turned toward her in shock.

"Angel, why would I ever beat you up? I might not ever even spank you!"

She met his gaze in surprise, "I'm sorry Sir! It's ... it's just that every Mm... uh Dom that I've ever served has beaten me, at one time or another." She then looked at PeeJay, and observed, "and it sure didn't look like you had any problems with hitting a woman..."

Seriously, he explained, "I really do have issues with that, however, PeeJay isn't a woman."

Angle looked at him curiously. "Why? Because she's a lesbian?"

"No," he replied. "I don't mind women who prefer the love of other women. Women who pretend to be men are another matter entirely, especially when they claim and count upon the considerations that our society affords women."

"What do you mean," Angel asked.

"That," he said, pointing to PeeJay, "is an abomination. She is blessed with a beautiful body, soft, clear skin, and a wonderfully full head of gorgeous black hair. Her genetics establish her sex, but not her gender. She chooses to hide her wonderful, *natural* attributes under a mantle of barbarism that she believes makes her the equal of any man. She ignores her femininity, except to use it as a shield when faced with physically stronger opposition, and she has forgotten that her true, *feminine* nature provides an opportunity to become a greater force for change than the *faux* man she tries to be."

He strode over to the window overlooking the street below, then turned back toward the women. "I would bet that PeeJay has had very little experience interacting with civilized men, and she probably believes that she has to act like the few assholes she's allowed to get close to her, in order to be treated acceptably. I'm not going to waste my time trying to cure her of that condition; it's one that has taken her entire lifetime to acquire. It's not my problem, and I have other things to do. I can tell you this, though; how you behave toward other

people is a *choice*. I know a number of wonderful women with whom a man has no chance for a love relationship, because they only love other women. A few of these wonderful women are captains of industry, and a few are dommes. A few are both. None of them are bitches, nor do they pretend to be men."

Angel seemed to be digesting his words, and PeeJay appeared to be in shock, so he stopped for a moment to collect his thoughts.

"Honestly though, all that is just my personal philosophy, and has little bearing on my reaction to PeeJay. The simple fact is, she attacked me physically and viciously, without provocation. In that moment, from my viewpoint, she gave up any legitimate claim to womanhood, and became my mortal enemy. I do not offer quarter to enemies, at least not while they are trying to kill me."

Angel nodded her understanding, and approached him. "How may I serve you, Sir?"

"Angel, you don't have to serve me, or anyone else," he paused as he saw the fear in her eyes. "Is this something *you* need?"

"Yes Sir," she replied, ashamedly, "I do. You won me in single combat, and I need to hear and obey your commands in order to feel your acceptance of me as your prize, and to know my own worth." *Fuck!* he thought, *this is getting complicated...* He put one arm around her (tiny) waist, and with the other hand, lifted her chin and drew her into a kiss.

It started out innocently enough, just a friendly pucker and kiss. It didn't stay that way long, though. First, he felt her tongue, seeking entrance through his lips, and he automatically gave way. Going with the moment, he began exploring her mouth with his own tongue. *Damn, she tastes good!* Their embrace became tighter, and their body temperatures climbed as their tongues danced to a passionate melody, unheard by anyone else. The kiss seemed to go on forever, breaking only when both of them were forced to, because of oxygen deprivation.

They sank to the floor, oblivious to the fact that PeeJay remained - literally - a captive audience. Angel fumbled for a moment before she succeeded in loosing his trousers, then she pushed them below his knees. Her need was too great to spend time trying to get them off him completely. She abandoned the beach cover-up, and he was delighted to re-discover that under the slave-girl outfit, she wore *nothing at all!* She laid back and opened her legs in an invitation he was unable to refuse. As he slid into her (very wet!) channel, they both groaned in pleasure, and as they became joined in coital bliss, each sought to re-forge the kiss that started it all. They succeeded beyond their wildest expectations. Moving in tandem, they climbed higher and higher peaks of passion, until finally they were standing together on the cliff-edge of orgasm. Their bodies agreed it was

time, and together they leapt over that cliff, each experiencing a soul-shattering climax.

They came down slowly, cuddling, and murmuring their feelings and pleasure in each other. Reluctantly, Galen broke his embrace, and Angel allowed it. He rose and helped her to her feet, then drew her again into his arms. They shared one more kiss of nearly violent intensity, then still holding hands, they stepped apart and stood face to face, as each gazed into the others eyes. It was truly overwhelming, and in that moment they each knew that, no matter what else the future held, they had shared love's embrace at least this one time, and created a memory that neither would ever forget.

Chapter 3.

"Sir," Angel ventured softly, "may I call you Master when we're being intimate?" Her eyes were filled with so much love and hope that he couldn't say no. He acquiesced with a nod, and drew her back into his embrace.

Across the room on the sofa, PeeJay had watched the proceedings with more than casual interest, but she had been bound for some time now. She was thirsty, and had begun to lose feeling in some of her extremities. More irritating than that, however, was the fact that she was getting horny from watching her captor and her former slave getting it on right in front of her! Remembering what he'd said previously, about signaling discomfort, she began stamping her bound heels on the floor. That broke the mood for the lovers, and Galen glanced over at her.

Moving toward her he asked "Do you need something?" She nodded her head vigorously.

"Hang on," he said, and motioned for Angel to follow him into the nearest bedroom.

Out of sight he quietly asked her to show him their bondage toys. She recovered a large box from the closet, and he began to rifle through it, selecting a ball gag, and a sturdy pair of cuffs similar to the ones she had been wearing earlier. He handed the ball gag to her, and returned to the living area, where he stood before PeeJay with the cuffs.

"You understand that I can't trust you to behave?" he queried.

When she acknowledged this, he said "I'm prepared to try and make you a little more comfortable, if you're willing to cooperate. If not, you can stay like you are. What do you say?" She again nodded vigorously.

"If you are lying or even if you just change your mind, I promise it'll cause you major pain. Do you fully understand?" Again she acknowledged him.

He walked around behind the sofa, and reached behind her back to fasten the cuffs on one wrist. He spoke again, "I'm going to loose your hands now. When I tell you, move them slowly and hold them raised over your head. If you move too quickly, or in the wrong direction, I'm not going to be concerned with whether you get a concussion this time."

He untied the leash that bound her hands, and watched her closely as she began to move in compliance with his instructions.

"Angel, when she is in position, fasten the cuffs on the other wrist." Behind PeeJay, Angel moved quickly to obey, and soon PeeJay was able to relax somewhat, although her hands were again bound. Galen examined the cuffs, and adjusted the fit to prevent failure.

Satisfied he addressed PeeJay again. "I'm willing to remove the gag, providing I have your word that you'll keep the volume down." She signaled her agreement once again. With a look, he signaled Angel to keep the ball gag handy, and he removed the makeshift gag.

PeeJay was still angry about her capture, but saw no practical way to escape. Admittedly, her captor hadn't shown any harmful intent so far, though he could have done anything he wished. Not wishing to antagonize him, she concentrated on relieving her physical discomfort.

"Water," she croaked. Galen nodded, and took up Angel's station while she retrieved a glass, and brought her former Mistress a drink.

PeeJay gratefully accepted the glass and drained it dry. At that point she realized she had *another* pressing need... "Gotta pee!" she whined.

Fuck! How'm I gonna handle this? Galen asked himself. He thought for a minute, and then came up with a plan. He picked up the leash and walked around behind the couch again. Looping the leash around PeeJay's throat, he said to Angel, "Go loose her legs and help her out of her pants."

Angel gave him a glance that told him she thought he was crazy, but she proceeded to follow orders anyway.

PeeJay, for her part, was acutely aware that if she tried anything, the leash circling her neck could guarantee a blood deficit for her brain, so she behaved. Presently, she found herself bare-bottomed, and being frog-marched into the bathroom.

Galen didn't like invading anyone's privacy, but he didn't feel he could trust her at all, even to go to the bathroom, so he stood watch as she did her business and cleaned up afterwards. She blushed a lot, but there was no help for it.

When she was done, he marched her back out to the living area, and instructed Angel to help her don her panties again. He decided that the leather trousers were unnecessary at the moment. They'd only be in the way if she needed to go again, and not having them might help dissuade her from attempting to escape... or at least slow her down.

Besides, she looks good wearing just her panties!

Looking at his watch, he realized that his car should have been delivered by now. It was getting close to closing time, on a Friday afternoon, and if past experience with small-town mechanics was any indicator, he needed to retrieve his things right away, or he wouldn't be able to do so before Monday! This presented him with yet another quandary: how to deal with his prisoner, while trying to retrieve his possessions from the car.

He went exploring, looking at every feature of the apartment, in the closets, under the beds, in the cabinets, and so forth, but he kept coming back to the bed. It finally dawned on him that the bed had solid iron rings set in both the headboard and footboard! PeeJay was deeply into the bdsm lifestyle, and her toys would provide everything he needed to prevent her escape! He walked back into the living area, and told Angel to retrieve the second pair of cuffs from the car. When she returned, he took them from her, and walked over to PeeJay, who looked up at him in fright.

"What are you going to do to me?" she whined.

"Not much," he replied, "but I don't want to have to worry about what you might be up to, while I'm busy. Now, do you want to walk, or be carried like a sack of potatoes?"

"I'll walk," she grumbled, and following his directions, she went into the bedroom. Once there, he had her sit on the bed, and he fastened the second pair of cuffs to her ankles, running the linkage through the iron rings attached to the footboard of the bed frame. With her legs suitably immobilized, he removed one of the cuffs confining her hands, and ran its linkage through the ring in the headboard before re-fastening it. Examining his handiwork, he was satisfied that PeeJay was going nowhere, until someone set her free.

"Why are you doing this to me?" she cried, "I've been good... I haven't tried to fight you at all, since we got here... how long are you gonna keep me like this?"

"Whoa! So many questions! Too many I think," he responded. He retrieved the ball gag from the living area, and put it to its intended use.

Effectively silenced, PeeJay began to cry, quietly. *What're they gonna do to me?* She liked playing bondage games when *she* was in charge, and she had always been a cruel Mistress, but she'd never been on the *receiving* end of that kind of treatment. It frightened her on many levels, and she knew that she had given her captor no reason to be kind to her.

She was so involved in feeling sorry for herself, she failed to notice when Galen and Angel left the room. When she realized they were gone, she had no idea how long she'd been alone. She listened carefully to try and catch the small

sounds people make when they move around in a home, and couldn't hear anything. *Did they actually leave the apartment? Am I alone here, now?*

Somehow that thought was more frightening to her than the prospect of physical abuse.

Angel drove again, taking Galen to the garage where the tow truck left his car. He needed his briefcase, toolkit, and suitcase, in order to be able to continue as planned. His employer would arrange to have the company car picked up after it was repaired, and he could return the rental car when he got to Atlanta. Thinking about *that* gave him heartburn.

While he knew what he wanted to do with the next few hours, and he knew what he *had* to do on Monday, he had no clue how he was going to connect those plans together. He had a new *slave*, for Pete's sake! He couldn't just abandon her; she would likely fall back into her former Mistress' clutches, and that would not be an acceptable outcome. *Well, no time to think about it now, we're already here.*

He decided to skip the hotel, and use the time he had over the weekend to get to know Angel better, and to try to figure out what to do with both her and PeeJay. His self-guided tour of their apartment exposed the fact that males rarely, if ever, spent any time there, so he needed to purchase a number of items usually stocked in hotel bathrooms. After he identified himself to the garage owner, he was allowed to retrieve his things, and then he and Angel went shopping.

Quite a bit of time passed before they returned to the apartment. Upon arrival there, his nose told him that something wasn't right. He followed it into the bedroom, where he found PeeJay sobbing, and her ass laying in a mess of her own making. On seeing this, Angel began to turn a little green, so he directed her to open the apartment windows, while he set about cleaning up the worst of the mess.

By the time Angel returned, he'd managed to collect and dispose of the majority of the body waste. "I'm going to take PeeJay into the bathroom to finish cleaning her up," he told her. While we're in there, see what you can do about making the bed fit to use, please? Angel gulped, "Of course, Sir. It'll be ready when you're done." She set about that task as he released PeeJay from her fetters and half guided, half carried her into the bathroom.

Once in the bathroom, he set her down on the commode, and used a significant amount of the available toilet paper to clean her up. Her body was still shaking, wracked with sobs, and she seemed not to notice him, or what he was

doing. He started the shower and adjusted the temperature. At that point he realized that PeeJay was in no condition to even bathe herself, and if he tried to help, his business suit was likely to get very wet. He thought about asking Angel to help her, but Angel wasn't really big enough to handle PeeJay, and if she had been, her past treatment might tempt her to cause the larger woman injury. Galen shrugged and took the only course of action that seemed reasonable. He stripped out of his suit and hung it up, then naked, he helped PeeJay into the shower and very gently began to bathe her.

In the shower, cleanup went fairly quickly, helped along by the fact that the shower head was a hand-held unit, allowing him to direct the flow of water for most effective cleaning. He soaped and rinsed her thoroughly, paying attention to all the nooks and crannies that might be soiled, then he washed her hair, lathering twice. PeeJay's sobs quieted and she seemed to feel a little better by the time he was done, but when he shut off the flow of water, she made no move to get out of the tub. He stepped around her to get out and retrieve several towels, then extended his hand to help her out of the tub. She gave him an odd look, but accepted his help, and stepped gingerly out onto the tiled bathroom floor, and accepted the towel he offered. He proceeded to dry his body, but noticed that she made no move to do the same for herself. She seemed to still be subdued, in a withdrawn mental state. He took the towel from her and gently dried her body, then sat her on the commode and dried her hair with another towel.

When he was done, she appeared to have been sent through a car wash. Her hair, though clean, was a tangled mess. He found some spray conditioner, and set about brushing out her tangles. That also went quickly, and soon she was looking much better. He took her hand and guided her back into the bedroom, which, mercifully, smelled a great deal better. Angel was just finishing dressing the bed in fresh linens as they entered the room.

"How can it be safe to put clean sheets on that bed so quickly?" he asked.

"It's no mystery, Sir," she replied, brightly. "PeeJay has always enjoyed bedtime play that involved oils and other lubricants. The only way to be spontaneous about that, is to keep rubber sheets on the bed at all times, underneath the linen ones. All I had to do was strip the bed, clean and dry the rubber, and put on the clean sheets. I threw the soiled sheets out." Following the last statement, she turned to look at him and wrinkled her nose. Galen grinned his approval at her show of initiative.

When she noticed that Galen and PeeJay were still naked from the shower, and a series of several emotions flashed across her face. Galen was sure he saw jealousy there, in among the confusion, anger, and surprise, so he gathered her into his free arm and said, "We all have to talk," then he led both women into the

living area. "Angel," he said, "under the circumstances, don't you think you're a little overdressed?"

"If you say so, Sir," she responded unhappily, as she began to disrobe.

Galen had both of the women sit on the sofa, and pointing to PeeJay, asked Angel, "Do you have any idea what's going on with her?"

She sniffed, "Yes Sir. You've broken her."

Her choice of words disturbed him. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

She shrugged, and said, "She's broken, in the way horses are broken by wranglers. When a Domme gets taken down and humiliated the way you took her, it sometimes causes a permanent shift in her self-image."

"Go on," he urged.

"Well" she continued, "for most people who get involved in this lifestyle, it's just a game. They do it awhile, for play, then they go on to something else. They may come back every so often to play the game, but it's just for fun, a temporary diversion." She looked over at PeeJay. "For some though, like PeeJay and me, it's real. I'm a true submissive, and now I see that she is too. PeeJay played at being a Domme, probably out of fear about what would happen if anyone realized her true nature. She convinced herself, and for a long time she fooled everyone else, too, including me! Today, you exposed her, and I'm glad," she finished.

"So you're telling me..." he began.

"That I'm not the only slave you acquired today," she finished for him, with a significant glance toward PeeJay. He looked at her, then at PeeJay, then back at her.

"What do I do now?" he asked.

Angel grinned, "You have to collar her. You have to affirm to her that you have taken possession, and tell her what her new purpose in life is to be! There aren't many who would challenge you over her. She's pretty much convinced all the guys around here that she can't be handled, and the dykes won't be interested in her any more."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"Just that, once a girl has shown interest in a guy," she replied, "say, by giving him her body, most real dykes are just not interested any more."

"Oh," he responded.

He walked toward PeeJay and lifted her chin so as to look in her eyes. "Is this all true?" he asked. She nodded her head, then looked away, her eyes tearing up again. He turned her face back toward him again, and said, "All right, if you are to be mine, I can't go on calling you PeeJay. I assume that the name derives from some initials that you actually have claim to." She nodded reluctantly. "What do the initials PJ stand for, then?" he demanded. She mumbled something he couldn't hear. "What?" he asked.

"PAMELA JUSTINE!" she shouted, then quickly turned away again.

He grinned, and then turned her back toward him. "Do you really believe that, under the circumstances, it's appropriate for you to shout at me?" he asked. Fearfully, she shook her head. "I'll come up with an appropriate punishment later," he said, and continued, "but I think that both of those are very pretty names. Did you know that Pamela means 'honey'?" She again shook her head. "I don't think that I'm ready to call you 'honey' yet, so I think I'll go with Justine. That is you will answer to, from now on," he said.

She bowed her head, and quietly answered, "Yes Master."

On hearing that, he cast a look at Angel. She was grinning from ear to ear, and shaking her head.

"You have to let her do this, at least for now," she said.

He sighed. "All right for now, Justine," he looked sternly at Angel, then spoke again to Justine. "You are only to address me as Master in private. In public, you will address me as Galen, or use any appropriate common term of endearment." He scowled at Angel, and she continued to grin.

Turning back to his new slave, he said, "Justine, come to me, and show me that you are worth keeping!"

She bounded to her feet and ran to him, threw her arms about his body, and begged, "Master, how may I serve you?"

He lifted her chin, looked into her electric blue eyes, and said, "Kiss me." She complied immediately, her tongue searching out his. Her kiss was different from Angel's, but in its own way, just as exciting. He felt himself become aroused, and shortly thereafter, she felt it too. He began to caress her body, his hand eventually finding its way between her legs. It was very wet there, but she was very tight. It had been some time, if ever, since any man had been there.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked. She shook her head and muttered something. "What?" he asked.

She turned her head away and said, "I gave my virginity to my only high school boyfriend, on our second date. We broke up the summer before he left for college. I haven't had a man in there since then."

Galen pushed her gently to the floor. He began by kissing her repeatedly on her mouth, her breasts, and her inner thighs. Working himself into position, he licked her slit from bottom to top, and played his lips gently over her mound for awhile. When he judged that she was sufficiently aroused, he began to work earnestly on her clit. Her tight stomach started to spasm, and soon she was arching her back in an attempt to achieve firmer contact with his mouth. At that point, he latched onto her clit and began to suck and tongue it rapidly. Her first orgasm hit her like a freight train. She clamped her legs around his head and bucked so hard he feared it would result in whiplash. He kept up through several climaxes, until she begged him to stop, because her clit had become too sensitive to continue. When he did stop, he climbed up her body, and took her mouth with his.

He expected that her orgasms had loosened her a bit, so he decided it was time to proceed further. He drew up and looked her in the eyes.

"Put it in," he said. She looked worried, but she tried anyway. It was still a tight fit, even after all the orgasms.

"Does it hurt," he asked. She shook her head.

"Do it!" she hissed. He pushed in a little, pulled out a little, repeating the pattern until he was buried to the hilt in her body. They rested and kissed for a short time, then he began to move again, in long strokes this time. He could feel her sheath contract on him each time he moved. He knew he wasn't going to last long. Fortunately, neither could she. After only a few strokes, the climax train hit her again, and once again Galen felt as if he were riding a bucking bronco. He was a bit more comfortable this time though, because of the change in position, and it wasn't long before he let loose as well. When she felt his penis spasm, she came yet again, after which she fainted.

Chapter 4.

This is a first! Galen observed, grimly, as Justine lay unmoving on the floor. *I've never had a lover pass out before.* A glance at Angel revealed a grin that almost split her face. "What's so funny?" he growled.

"You!" she popped off, then went on, "You act so worried! She's going to be okay... she just hasn't had sex with a guy for a very long time. It's different enough to be something of a shock, especially if you mistakenly thought you were a dyke."

"Well, help me get her to the bed," he commanded. As they moved to do that, he looked at Angel intently, and asked, "Did you know this would happen? I'm remembering your remarks as we left Mary's Game Room. Especially the one about where you girls live."

"No Sir," she replied. "At the time I was only thinking that she'd have to leave town, and you are her only possible ticket out. When you took her down at the club, it effectively ruined her reputation as a toughie. The others smell blood now, and they won't ever let her forget that she was bested by a *man!* That's unforgivable in that social circle. You can avoid confronting men, and no one holds it against you, but if you get into a fight for real, you'd better win. No one expects you to fight at all if you're a 'bottom', like me."

"What's a 'bottom'?" he queried.

"That's just another term for being a submissive," she explained. "A 'top' is the dominant in the relationship. You're the 'top' in your relationships with me and P... uh... Justine. The lifestyle has what amounts to it's own language, and of course some folks get into it more than others."

They tucked Justine in, left her sleeping, and returned to the living area. As they relaxed together on the sofa, Galen began thinking out loud. "As idyllic as I find the current arrangements, I have to go back to work on Monday, and that presents me with some hard choices. The easiest thing for me, would be to set you free." Looking at Angel, he knew that wouldn't fly, but he had to know why. "What do you not like about that idea?"

"Sir," she began sadly, "I know you'll do what you think you must do, but I must tell you now that neither Justine nor I would be free for very long." She hung her head.

"Why not?" he countered. "If I choose for you to be free, why shouldn't you *stay* free?"

"Sir," she answered, "everyone in this town knows I'm a bottom. 'PeeJay' led me around on that leash too long for it to be otherwise. The guy she got me from still lives here, too, and I'm sure he's spread it far and wide that I can be dominated. Without a strong Master to protect us, we're free for the taking, and the only people who would be willing to defend us are those who would want to own us."

"That sounds to me as if you have a pretty severe case of low self-esteem."

"No sir, I actually think quite well of myself. I'm very good at being a submissive. I've always been able to please my 'top,' and not just with sex. I'm also very loyal when I feel appreciated, although until today, that hasn't happened for awhile. I'm just not a fighter. No sub is. If you try to free us, it will have the same effect as abandonment. Justine will have a harder time of it, because she has no experience being a submissive. She will likely suffer a lot of beatings. It is said that some doms have even killed subs who failed to please them. If you don't want us, then we would be better off if you made a gift of us to someone. Hopefully someone who would be as kind as you are."

"Look," he said, "I understand that you have strong feelings about this, and I'm not going to ignore them, but I think we need to bring Justine into the conversation before I make any final decisions. Are you okay with that?" Angel glumly nodded her acceptance.

"On another subject," he continued, "you mentioned that 'PeeJay' had obtained you from a guy who lives around here. How did that happen?"

Angel smiled wanly, and said "My former Master is an amateur gambler. He has a liking for poker, and he usually plays well. Not long ago, he got into a game with several players who were better, or at least luckier, than he was. 'PeeJay' was one of those. He lost nearly everything he brought to the game, but on the last hand, he thought his luck had finally turned. "

She grimaced. "He begged everyone at the table for a stake. Nobody was interested until he offered me as collateral. I think the other guys were interested, but they were all married, and probably fearful of the reaction their wives would have." She paused, and sighed.

"Anyway, for whatever reason, only 'PeeJay' showed serious interest at that point, and her interest in me wasn't as collateral. My Master really didn't want to use me as a stake, but she didn't offer him any other choice. It was put up or shut up time, and he felt he had a winning hand. He didn't." Angel shrugged, and finished, "So here I am."

Galen sat quietly for awhile, staring into space. He'd heard about "the lifestyle" before, but never in much detail. He had difficulty imagining the mindset that

allowed a person to feel that it was right to be owned. He'd always thought that the "doms" in those relationships were simply forcing the subs into slavery. Angel's words contradicted everything he'd ever thought he knew about dominance and submission.

He still intended to talk with Justine, but he already knew he couldn't leave the girls behind. His main problem was that he didn't yet have a workable plan for dealing with the reality that he was now a "dom," and that he was now responsible for the well-being of two slaves.

Justine awoke shortly after having been tucked in, and though she couldn't make out any words, she could hear the quiet murmur of conversation coming through her bedroom door. Still shaky and disoriented from her recent coupling with Galen, she moved cautiously to the door, where she overheard nearly the entire conversation between Angel and Galen.

Her emotions ran the full gamut as she listened. She felt the truth of Angel's description of her change in status with the local community, and fear when it seemed that Galen might free his new slaves, in order to go on with his life. She felt shame, when it seemed that Galen might disapprove of submissive behavior, and gratitude when Angel refrained from describing just how cruel she'd been as a Mistress. Finally, she felt elation, when it seemed that Galen might keep her, and showed his sensitivity to her feelings about their new relationship.

She timidly approached him, where he sat with Angel, and asked, "Master may a girl speak?"

She surprised Galen with her sudden appearance, and unnerved him with her meek demeanor. "Yes, of course!" he replied, somewhat abruptly.

"Master, everything Angel has said is true. We have no future if not as your slaves," she told him fearfully. "I wish only to serve you, in whatever way you need me. Please don't leave us!" Then she hung her head, and began to softly cry.

Galen couldn't stand it. He got up and took her into his arms, and kissing her repeated about her face and neck, promised that he would never abandon his girls. When she composed herself, he sat her on the sofa, and took his place between the two.

"It seems that we have some planning to do," he started. "I can't stay here. I have a well-paying job in Atlanta, that I have to get back to. What do you ladies do, when you're not being slaves?"

Angel spoke up, "I work for a local accountant, keeping books for several of the medical professionals in the area." She smiled at Galen, and went on, "I'm pretty sure that I could find similar work in the Atlanta area. I do need to give two week's notice, though."

Galen nodded, and looked at Justine. "What about you?" he asked.

"My current job isn't anything to brag about," she laughed, bitterly, hanging her head. "I'm a commercial artist. I even have a college degree in it, but there isn't much of a market around here for those kinds of skills. I have to pay rent and buy groceries, though, so I take what work I can find. For the past several months, I've been dancing for tips at a strip club."

"I've heard that that's tough work," Galen observed. "From what I've been told, most girls who do that eventually get pressured into doing tricks. How have you been avoiding it?"

"Well they don't come right out and tell you that it's part of the job, when you sign up," she replied. "They wait awhile, 'til you get used to the money - which is good - then they start with the *suggestions*. First, it's usually the boss, requesting a *favor*, to help him please a particularly important customer. They don't ask you to have sex with them, just that you dance a little closer to this one or that one, after you're naked, or nearly so. Then it's 'I bet he would tip you *real good* if you *accidentally* rubbed a tit against him.' or 'how about just *one* little lap dance?' It sounds reasonable. You're dancing *naked*, after all. What further harm could it do?"

"Then it starts happening more frequently, and pretty soon, it's not the boss, asking every now and then, but the bartender, or the bouncer, or the deejay, and they're steering you from one customer to the next. Soon you're doing it for everybody, and they're suggesting that you should treat some customers even better, allowing them to touch you, or take even more liberties, and then it's 'What're you saving it for? Everyone thinks you're doing it already, so it can't hurt your reputation. You might as well make the big bucks that go along with it!.' " She paused a moment before going on.

"Many, probably most, of the girls cave in at this point. If you don't, they get tricky. They start letting you have drinks while you're working - which is *strictly* against the rules! - but nobody cares. If that doesn't loosen you up enough, I've heard that those drinks sometimes get laced with other things, guaranteed to do the job. Some say that they deliberately arrange for the girls to get hooked on drugs, so that they'll do *anything* to get them." She looked straight at Galen, and said, "I haven't put out, although the pressure is on. I've had to make my point, violently, several times in the last few days, and the boss doesn't like it. At the club, I don't eat anything at all, and I *never* drink anything that I didn't personally

break the safety seal on. If I put it down, I don't pick it up again. I told you the truth... until today, I've not had sex with a man since high school.

"Even before you came along, I'd already concluded that I needed to move on, and find another job, in another town. If you want me, I'm yours. I work for tips, so I don't even need to give notice." When she finished speaking she hung her head again.

Galen looked at her grimly, then said, "Justine, I don't want you to go back to that club, ever again. If you did, they might hurt you. Then I'd have to destroy them." Surprised, she lifted her face to look at him, and saw murder in his eyes, but his face softened as he beheld her, and he held out his arms in invitation. She moved quickly into his embrace, and said, "Thank you, Master," then she curled up in his lap and sighed happily.

Angel was pouting a little, and Galen sensed that she felt a little left out at this point, so freeing up one arm, he drew her into the cuddle. After a little of this, Galen began to feel a familiar emptiness, and realized that he hadn't eaten since breakfast. "Anybody besides me interested in pizza and beer?" he queried. Both women seemed to feel that having pizza delivered was a grand idea.

"I've got a six-pack in the 'fridge," Justine offered. "If we need more than that, though, we'll have to drive to the next county."

"I guess we'll have to do with that, then," he said, "I'm bushed, and I don't want to drive for hours, just for beer. I'm buying, so who's gonna call for the pizza?"

"I'll do it, Sir," Angel grinned, "What kind of pizza would Sir like?"

"Pepperoni, green peppers, mushrooms, and extra cheese!" he exhorted.

Justine began to disentangle herself, and said "I'll set the table while you call."

Galen found himself with empty arms and an empty lap. He grinned and thought, *So much for having a pair of adoring sex-bomb slaves!* He found the remote and began channel surfing. Not finding much to watch, he turned off the tube, and started wandering around the apartment, curious about what the women were up to. Angel had finished placing their order, and disappeared. As he approached the kitchen area, Justine finished preparing the table.

Turning to see him standing there, she asked "Will Master be requiring his slaves to answer the door in the nude?" He hadn't thought about that.

"I think not," he replied. "How soon will the food arrive?"

"About another twenty minutes," she answered. "At least that's what they told Angel."

"You go ahead and put something on. Make it sexy, but not too revealing. I want everyone to know you are beautiful, but not just how beautiful." She gave him a smile, and said "Yes Master," then she disappeared into the bedroom.

He continued his wandering, until he found Angel in the bathroom. It looked as if she were taking a pill. "Angel, are you on some kind of medication?"

"Well Sir, the answer is both yes and no," she answered merrily. "This is a prescription medication, but I'm not taking it for any kind of illness or injury. It's a birth-control pill."

"I hadn't thought of that," he admitted, "I guess if you're a slave, and have to meet your... er... dom's sexual demands, you probably *really* don't want to get pregnant."

"Not accidentally, at least," she agreed giggling.

He suddenly had a very scary thought. "Does Justine take the pill as well?" he asked. The happy grin fell from Angel's face as she remembered that Galen and Justine had had unprotected sex. "I don't think so," she admitted. Galen quickly found Justine and explained his concern to her.

"No Master, I'm not on the pill," she declared tearfully. "I'm also right at the peak of my fertility cycle."

"So you could already be pregnant," he observed. "Okay. No beer or any other alcohol for you, until you decide how to deal with this."

"No, Master," she replied, looking at him sadly.

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"It's not my decision. If I were still 'PeeJay,' it would be my decision. On the other hand, if I were still 'PeeJay,' I wouldn't be at risk for pregnancy. You are my Master, you are my lover. If I am pregnant, it is with your child. If someone needs to decide anything, it is you." Galen sat on the bed in shock. *This situation just keeps getting more complicated!*

Taking a deep breath, he sighed, "All right, this is my decision." By this time Angel had entered the room, and both women had their attention fixed on him. "We will not borrow trouble," he said. Looking at Justine, he went on, "We will not have unprotected sex until you've either been diagnosed as pregnant, or are taking the pill. I have to finish my service calls, so that won't be much of a

problem for a couple of weeks, and by then we may know more about your condition."

Looking at Angel, he continued, "Justine is going to be scared and lonely, and probably not acting very responsibly, in terms of taking care of herself, while I'm gone. I'm putting you in charge in my absence, and you are to make decisions that insure both her well-being and yours." Both women were surprised at that, but both of them nodded.

"When I finish my service calls, we'll be together again, and we can make decisions based on more complete information. I promise you both that I take this whole situation very seriously. Are you both okay with this course of action. so far?" Again both women signaled their agreement.

About then, the doorbell rang, and Justine, being more appropriately, took the money from Angel and went to meet the pizza deliveryman. As the trio consumed their impromptu repast, Justine grumbled about having to drink soda pop instead of beer, but they all enjoyed the company.

When they were done, Galen refused to let them clean up, instead opting to take them both to bed. "I'm going to show you both just how much fun you can have with a guy, without risking pregnancy," he declared. And he did.

Epilogue

Alone again, Galen was driving through the streets of Savannah, searching for his client's address. All in all, he was in a pretty good mood. He'd never before considered the possibility of owning a slave, and now he had *two*! And not just any kind of slaves, either.

What he had acquired was a complementary pair of knock-your-socks-off babes, who seemed to want nothing more than to be his dedicated lovers and servants. *Trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient cheerful...regular Girl Scouts!* he laughed to himself. *But then, I've never seen Girl Scouts like **these!***

The only fly in the ointment was that Justine might be preggers; in fact there was a *very* good chance she was. Galen didn't really know that he was *ready* to be a father yet. On the other hand, he wasn't getting any younger.

I don't even know how old Justine and Angel are! he realized. They both appeared to be in their late twenties or early thirties. Right at the peak of their reproductive health.

Justine actually seemed unconcerned about the prospect of pregnancy, but she had been extremely worried about his reaction to the possibility. *Maybe it's time to think seriously about starting a family.*

He'd left the girls with instructions to close up the apartment in Statesboro and move to *his* apartment in Atlanta. He given Angel the address and the key his apartment. She had to work out her notice, while Justine handled the moving details. That included arranging for transport of any goods they were taking, as well as trying to dispose of the things they weren't, at the local flea market.

Yes, life was good. He was still almost two weeks away from seeing the girls again, but he knew that when he walked into his apartment in Atlanta, there would be two very happy, very beautiful women waiting, trying to anticipate his every need. Hard to find a down side to that.

But we know, dear Reader, don't we? Life is never simple, and along with the sweet, we must always expect to taste the bitter. Things may happen just as Galen expects at home, but two weeks is a long time, and home is a long way off...