**Alessa Explains**

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Alessa explains BJ Gorson

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Hi! Yes, I'm Alessa. Nice to meet you. Please - pull up a lounger. I like your bikini. Enjoying the tour? Pretty eye-opening, huh? Well, what would you like to know?

Oh. Well, yes, it can be lonely sometimes, being a room girl. If a Master is on the island and stays in my suite I usually have to be in it. Serving him if he's in the room, of course, or at least being there with him, which is great. But if he's elsewhere I'm on my own, and quite often holding position or restrained.

'Holding position' just means the Master has ordered me to remain in a certain place and a certain pose. Like kneeling by the bed, wrists crossed behind me, head down and eyes closed till he returns. That's a fairly common one. Or standing naked, legs apart, hands behind my head, with my lips and boobs pressed against a big view window, that kind of thing. Though sometimes a Master will get creative, or if he's annoyed of course he may punish us with a humiliating or difficult position.

Like what? You are the curious one, aren't you! No, it's fine! That's just the sort of thing you should ask me, that's the point of this: to help you find out more, so you can make an informed decision. Let's see, well, one time a Master made me spread my legs wide apart and bend forward, straight-legged, you know, so I was just on fingers and toes and then he sprinkled some talc on the floor so he could check I didn't move even a millimetre. That was difficult. Another time I had to kneel holding a remote control vibrator to my pussy, and looking into this webcam, and the Master would turn the vibrator on and off whenever he felt like it; I had a ball gag in my mouth too, so I was dribbling down onto my boobs. I had no idea who was watching me, or how many people. That was pretty degrading. But hot too, you know? He was actually a very fun Master. And honestly, we screwed each other's brains out after that. Anyway, that's two examples.

For us slave girls the rules are very strict. Holding position is meant to be just like being tied up, and if a Master tells us to hold a position we have to do it as perfectly as we can, until a Master releases us. It's sometimes called being 'bound by a Master's will', and actually I find it very arousing. The Masters are strong enough and confident enough to just tell us what to do, and we are submissive and obedient so we do it. Don't you find that sexy?

Hmm. Yes, I see you do.

Restraints are generally easier, because we're not being made to do it to ourselves. Uh-huh, I can tell you know what I mean. One Master likes to tie me bent over a sofa, sometimes face down, sometimes face up and with a rubber penis gag filling my mouth. Mmm, that's interesting, right? Masters often make me wear ankle and wrist cuffs so it's more convenient for them to tie me up in all sorts of ways, and the suite has every type of bondage gear and sex toy you can imagine. Can't you just picture some of the ways they chain me up and the things they do to me? Okay, okay I'll stop teasing, but I can tell you're a hot one. Maybe you and I will get to play, one day.

Where were we? Oh yes, well, even if I'm not bound, I'm still usually commanded to stay in the rooms while a Master is in residence. And there's only so many times you can tidy up or check your lipstick, right?

I read quite a lot, and do my coursework. I'm taking a Masters in psychology. I'm sure you've been told every girl has a plan for her personal development, yes? It's taken very seriously. It's not just about sex. Well....it is mostly, of course! We slave girls see everything through a lens of sex, service and submission. I love that. I think every girl here does. And we learn a lot from that. Yes, we do! You try being chained naked on your knees for 8 hours licking at a practice rod, or making yourself orgasm for a Master's amusement lying across a dinner table full of guests. Or serving a Master's pleasure blindfold and with your hands tied behind your back. Or helping him to reduce another girl to a squirming, quivering wreck begging to come -- and then having her do the same to you. You try doing those things, and a thousand more, and tell me you don't learn something about yourself!

But even after you're through Induction, there's still formal study, and mentoring and individual counselling. And we learn from each other and often from the Masters too. Let me tell you, they are impressive men. And generous. One girl has a taste for ballet, and now she has seen performances everywhere. Some love to ski and they probably spend more time in chalets than they do here. I have a friend who's into archaeology - seriously! Now she goes to sites all over the world.

My thing is the water, and boats. I swim every day. I have loads of scuba diving and sailing qualifications now, courtesy of the Foundation. I love going out on the boats here. Of course the main one, 'Claire's Dream', isn't a sailboat, she's a superyacht. Not quite the same. But very glamorous. Incredible staterooms. And Master Charles likes her decorated with beautiful women too. On board, the Masters usually dress quite smartly. But the dress code for us girls is just what a man would choose. Formal wear for dinner is swimsuit or lingerie, plus heels and jewellery. Informal is anything less, down to naked or naked in chains. We call it 'naked in chains' if the girl has no clothes and is restrained somehow. It's not always chains, it might be rope or just back-braceleted -- that's sort of handcuffs behind your back. Maybe a gag, too. That kind of thing.

Sure, this is not for everyone, but we're here, partly, because we have strong submissive drives. Powerful men have found that about us, and they exploit it for their pleasure. That's exciting to me.

We're also here because we're beautiful. You are. You're gorgeous in that bikini, and you know it. And I am. Well, sunbathing in just this little thong, it doesn't hide much does it? If you come here, you'll be wearing as little as this, or less, or just some incredibly provocative scrap of lingerie. That's the way the Masters like us, so that's the way it is.

Boys have always wanted me. Some girls too, yes? That's cool. Some people say I remind them of Alessandra Ambrosia, and I can see that. I'm from Latin America, too. It's one reason why my slave name is Alessa. I'm okay with it -- I mean, I agreed to choose that name. Some girls keep their own, some take a different one, it's up to them. For me, I think it helped to change my name, because I knew I was becoming a different person, or at least a better version of the old me.

Oh, I've been with the Foundation for 18 months. I'm 24 now.

So. You and I are lucky. We are beautiful. But being beautiful is just a start. The Foundation emphasises integrity and effort. I'm beautiful? Okay, but if I exercise and eat clean and learn about makeup and so on, then I can make the most of that beauty. The old me thought her body was enough to please a man without any extra effort. But Alessa the slave girl knows better. A Master wants to see my body? Of course, but now I have learned how to move and pose, and been taught many techniques to make the experience incredible for him, and I work hard to do just that.

And how my body looks or feels to him is not the only thing. Here we say: the Master's brain is his real sex organ. As a slave girl I want to overwhelm it, to blow his mind totally, to overload him with pleasure. So I can use my voice too, what I say to him and how I say it, or just my moaning and gasping when he masters me. He kisses me? I've learned to kiss better - and what else to do. When he takes me, I am active and passionate and skilled. I can read him better than before, and then be whatever he wants. I give him whatever he desires, and then more. Much more. In everything I try to be the best slave girl possible. A dream of pleasure to him.

Most men don't get that from most woman, do they? And once they have tasted it I think they will never be satisfied with less. What real man does not want a beautiful, skilled girl trying desperately to please him? Submitting to him, begging him to allow her to serve him however he wants. Begging him to take her and use her ruthlessly, and then kissing his feet in gratitude afterwards? Mmm, you like that too, huh? I think you'd fit right in here.

Real? Oh, my dear girl! Yes, of course it's real! Sure, I'm not a slave like some poor girl brought back to ancient Rome to have an awful life and perhaps a terrible death. I'm safe. I've agreed to all this. There is, actually, a contract. But truly I have put myself into the power of the Masters. For me it comes down to trust. I have looked into the eyes of these men and I trust that they will protect me and care for me. I think this is a really important thing, and I can swear to you I have never had any reason to question that trust or to regret my decision.

Oh, sure, there are some difficult times. Being punished is no joke. If a trainer takes a crop to your bottom, it hurts. Being chained in stress positions because a Master wants to see your body taut and quivering, or having him tease and deny you for hours till you weep -- I'm not saying these things are fun at the time. Though they can be. Maybe that sounds weird to you, but they can be. But none of these things has ever made me think I made a mistake. I mean, I'm very happy, you can tell that, right? Right!

And yes, there is an element of play, and often playfulness, in what we do. We're certainly not mindless robots! If I can tease him to prolong his pleasure, or be provocative or even challenge him, to arouse him more, then I might -- though Masters usually make us pay for that in the end! But still, fundamentally and at every moment, I am a slave girl. When I beg a Master to chain me, to whip me, to use my body however he wants -- I mean it. When I'm on my knees pleading with him to come in my mouth, I mean it. When he chains me to the bed, or pushes me face down over a chair, or just comes to this lounger and orders me strip, and then he takes me purely for his own pleasure -- it's real. When he comes inside me and makes me squirm and squeal, my orgasms are real and my submission to him is real. If he orders me to dance for him, or pose for him, or go with another girl, or serve him in any way you can imagine, I want to do it, I do it as perfectly as I can, but most of all I know I must do it. Because he is the Master and I am the slave.

This is making you hot, isn't it? Me too, actually. But I'm not permitted to do anything about that, with you or otherwise. I only get to come when a Master allows it.

But do you get it? I'm sure it's been explained, but I know it can be tricky. More...nuanced? Not what you first might think. We're called slave girls. We think of ourselves of slave girls. We are slave girls. But this place is fun and exciting, and joyous and life-affirming. It's not some miserable dungeon.

Well, there actually is a dungeon here, and a very sexy place it is, too. But let's not both get distracted by that!

Seriously, now. We girls are here because we want to be, and ultimately if we want to leave, we can. But there are no safe words here. If a Master decides to gag me, and tie me up and do anything he wants with me -- he can, and I can't stop him. That's part of why it's exciting: it is real, you see? That's why it comes back to trust, for me anyway. But if I have some limit or problem, say I don't want to serve a particular Master again, I can make that request. It may have consequences, my request may be denied, but I can make it. The system and the support for that is always there. And ultimately if we can't resolve the problem, I can leave. But I don't know of any girl who has done that. I've never heard of a Master actually injuring a girl, for example. If he did, I am sure the consequences for him would be much worse, but the men who come here as Masters -- well, they are not like that. Maybe this only works because both the slave girls and the Masters are the right people, I don't know. But not just anyone can be a Master here.

There is something perhaps you already know: strong men don't hurt women. Of course, the Masters spank us, even whip us, they tie us up, torment us sexually for their own amusement, make us grovel and use our bodies as roughly and powerfully as they wish. All that. But I have had no experience that, looking back, I would call 'bad'. There is no evil here, no abuse. It is only weak men who really hurt women, and there are no weak men here.

So yes, I am a slave girl. But I'm a twenty-first century slave girl, it is my choice, and it's a two-way thing. And I love it.

What do I want for myself? Good question. I want a lot! I have high hopes and high expectations, and honestly it's the Program I have to thank for that. Yes, I'm attractive and I'm not stupid. In fact, I'm smarter than I realised. Dummies don't get in here anyway. But I didn't have confidence in my capabilities, and I hadn't asked myself the difficult questions about who I am and what I want. The Program changed that. Now I have grown, I trust myself and I have a plan. Yes, one day I want the husband and the children and the wonderful family life. But not yet! For now, I want to have fun, to learn and to excel in this exciting place.

And the Program is an amazing opportunity too. Sure, two million dollars at the end of two years -- that got your attention, right? It's only natural. But the other stuff they tell you is true as well, and it's actually more important. No-one should come here just because of that two mill; if someone does, they're not right for this place. It's not in their heart and the Masters will find out. You come here to be a slave girl submitting to masters, and to learn and improve yourself. That money is simply fair compensation for our time and recognition of our value. I know that can be hard for some people to understand. I mean no offence. But maybe, before, many of us did not feel we were worth so very much? Here, we become incredibly valuable. And at the same time, our place is to submit to men, and the Masters are everything to us. I think your mind must hold those two realities, together.

But it's the other things that are really life-changing. Opportunities I could never dream of. Travel, study, extraordinary experiences, career options across the Mowbray Group and other places, and the lifelong support of the Foundation. Those things are the real benefits, on top of the self-knowledge and self-discipline and the...other...skills we develop here. Several times a year, former slave girls from the Program come back to talk to us about their lives now. Some are working in the Group, or the Foundation or another charity, or have set up their own business. Some come back here as trainers or in other roles. Of course many extend their term as slaves - I hope to extend on the Program for another two years. Many are just happily married with kids.

Yes, loads do. We girls sometimes joke about the Foundation Marriage Agency, but there's a lot of truth in it, you know? After all, when a girl leaves the Foundation she is confident, educated, and has money of her own. Usually, she wants to be sexually submissive in a relationship with someone she can respect. She has had amazing experiences, and spent time with very successful, high-achieving men. She's not likely to settle for just anyone. And of course the girl is, well, very attractive to men anyway, and now able to please them far more and in ways that an ordinary woman just can't. Really, for most men, how could an ordinary woman ever compete with us? Honestly, it's like we've got superpowers -- well, when it comes to giving pleasure, we have! So yes, many of the girls end up marrying very well, and marrying good men. Because the Foundation is very selective and only the good guys make it here as Masters.

The Masters? Masters are confident men who like to see beautiful girls naked or just in the sexiest little bits of lace. So would I, if I was a man. And they want us submissive and begging to please them. On our knees, lips parted, often restrained in some way like our hands back-braceleted. Hot, eager to serve, trained, and longing to be used. Again, if I was a man I'm sure that's what I'd want from us pretty little girls. Wouldn't you?

For me, being commanded to serve a Master is incredibly thrilling. I can get wet just thinking about it. They are so strong, so magnificent. But you know what? As a slave girl you can work your magic on them too. You can drive them out of their minds with lust for you. We are free to be as luscious and desirable, as sexy and slutty -- way beyond slutty -- as we wish. And I love doing that. I love it when a Master firsts sees me. Usually I'm in some little scrap of lingerie, almost naked. I can feel them drinking in the sight of my face and body, and then I kneel and kiss their feet or do whatever I'm commanded, and see the fire in their eyes. And I know that whatever they are thinking and anticipating, I'm going to be able to make it even better for them, to give them even greater pleasure than they can dream of. Mmm...sound good to you?

Yes, there are lots of other people here. It's an amazing place. The island is beautiful, of course. But it's quite the operation. You see the grounds and beaches, these swimming pools and all the big rooms. They have to be looked after, and then there's, I don't know, the kitchens, the boats and the marina, the planes, the training hall, security, many things. And us girls, and the trainers and mothers, of course.

Okay. The trainers are mostly men, you'll have met some. Usually very calm, very firm, very sexy, you know? But there are some women who've been through the Program too. And believe me, you want to know what it's like being pushed to your limit serving a man with perfection -- try being trained by a woman! The trainers' job is to teach us and keep us disciplined and make sure we stay at peak performance for the Masters. They are in charge of most things day to day.

The mothers are here to look after us, and they really do. Most of them are former slaves. Problems do come up sometimes. A girl gets unhappy or homesick, or sometimes one particular Master isn't right for her. Or sometimes he's too right and her feelings for him go too far. Just problems of life, I suppose, but maybe more intense, deeper -- because life here is more intense and deeper.

I went home on vacation a few months ago, and the outside world seemed very, well, flat and ordinary. Even a nice, attractive guy coming on to me felt weak and dull. Masters here aren't always 'nice' - though they can be - but they are good men. And energetic, intelligent, powerful. And dominant. That's what I like.

No, no Master in my rooms right now, so I have more free time. To swim or sunbathe with the other girls, or go on trips. Or to do more training, or serve Masters in another way. The trainers keep it all organised, but once you're through Induction and your first year or so, it can be pretty relaxed. The main restriction is: Masters and trainers only, no other men unless instructed. That does sometimes happen: as a reward for a man or some sort of gift, or training for us. But not often, and it's not my preference. I do love sex, but the way I enjoy it most is to be submissive to a strong Master.

So my best friend here is Eta -- maybe you've seen her? Stunning blonde, Swedish. We went through Induction together, and she can always make me laugh. Plus she's super-hot and we, well, we like to play together, when we're allowed. The Masters know that, of course. We are often paired up to serve a Master, her fair skin and my deeper tan. Men like that, and we are good together. We know each other's bodies and when it comes to sex and serving a Master intimately, we can get the best out of each other. She has really sensitive nipples and I do this thing with twisting and pulling them, it drives her crazy for an orgasm, she'll beg a Master to do anything just so she gets to come. Of course we'd beg the Master to do anything to us anyway, but still. And then she gets her revenge on me by -- well, I won't say right now. I'm getting warm just thinking about it. We can get kind of competitive too, to see who can serve the Master best, be his favourite, you know? I'll just say, when the two of us serve a Master, by the time we're done he's always very happy.

Mmmm.

I'm getting hot. Yes, I can do this. I can cup my breast, graze a nipple, even touch myself. Like this. Ahh. We girls can arouse ourselves, and the Masters encourage us to be sexually stimulated. We just can't satisfy ourselves without permission. No secret orgasms. Ahhh. Is this turning you on? Good.

Well yeah, honey, we do get tied up a lot! Oh, I see you, baby. How naughty, trying to get us both all worked up. But - okay!

So. I don't think a day goes by when I haven't been in some sort of restraints. It might be just back bracelets or a slave harness...Think like a one-piece swimsuit but made of open leather straps, and with metal rings on it. Well, there's all different sorts. But basically it gives a Master something to hold on to, if you're in a challenging position, and also different ways to tie you up. Plus they look really hot on a girl. Usually we wear them with these wrist and ankle cuffs that have snap links, so a girl can easily be secured in lots of ways. Sometimes Eta and I wear matching ones, so a Master can enjoy us locked together in various positions. We're so helpless and vulnerable, then, you see...Then he'll use us, and when he's done maybe arrange us so we're tied mouth to pussy, and order us to arouse each other but not come. There are lots of possibilities. Aren't there? Mmm.

Of course we're often tied or chained to beds, or tables or chairs. Maybe you've noticed the discrete little fastening points on the furniture? Look, like on these loungers, see? Yes. A Master could take your clothes away and tie you on there with your arms back and your legs spread, and you'd be completely open to him, wouldn't you? Or to another girl, ordered to touch you, to caress you, to lick and suck all over your body. Your nipples. Your sweet pussy. Everywhere. Over and over. Till you want to scream but you can only gasp and plead with the Master to have mercy on you and take your body however he wants, and put an end to your torment. Maybe he'd slowly push his big, hard, dominant cock into you, then pound you till you come and come, and almost pass out? Or maybe he'd command another slave girl, like me, to take my time with you, keeping you helplessly on the edge for so, so long before I finally bring you off with my lips and tongue on your love bud, your body rigid with the pleasure you're being forced to feel and squirting with the incredible ecstasy of what I can do to you. Hmm? Is that maybe the sort of thing you're interested in hearing about?

You're looking a little flushed there, darling.

Other bondage can be much more complicated or exotic. A girl can be held between two big sheets of glass, or chained to a rotating wheel or suspended from the ceiling, or...well, there's just so much. Heard of shibari? Japanese rope bondage. Some trainers like to use it, but we've had visits from these real masters. It can be an extraordinary experience, like slow foreplay or almost like being prepared as a dish to be served. But I suppose it's like with a lot of bondage, you can feel a lot of things. Be uncomfortable, humbled, helpless, or serious and calm, or sexy, or all of those at the same time.

Oh, there's one thing here I'd never heard of before, but the men think is such hilarious fun. They call it a bondage thong. It's basically this tiny pair of panties but with built-in cuffs so your hands are tied behind your back. They look flimsy but they're strong. Like with a metal core. Once they're on, you're not getting out of them by yourself. But they have this button inset on the front, and if it's pressed the whole thing falls off: your hands are free, but now you're naked too.

So guys seem to love these. What they do is make us wear them and then put us in situations where we have to get out of them. Which means: we have to persuade the Masters to take them off us, knowing it's going to strip us. And when I say persuade, I mean beg and plead, kiss and lick, rub our bodies against them, say and do everything we can to tempt them to just press that damn button. And by then, of course, they're aroused and we girls know we're going to get well and truly used. Which is fine, of course. But I mean it's silly, because they know we'll do anything for them anyway. But boy do they love this game. Sometimes it's done at a Masters party, to liven up the pre-dinner drinks or introduce new girls. There's usually a punishment for any girl who doesn't get her button pressed -- yeah, see what I mean? If there's more girls than Masters, and usually there are, then the losers might get tied up and spanked or have to suffer teasing and denial, that kind of thing.

One time the men were in a swimming pool and us girls had to jump in the deep end, then persuade the Masters to press our buttons while we kept our heads above water. I mean there wasn't any real danger, of course, but it was kind of scary. I admit I didn't like it, but on the other hand you should have seen how hot and desperate we all were to get the Masters to release us. So I guess that's kind of the point, from their perspective. I know! All a bit frat party, but as we say: sometimes, Masters will be boys.

Gags are used a lot, too. I mean I probably only get put in one a couple of times a week now. It's a lot more during Induction -- just sayin'. But sometimes a man doesn't want you to be able to speak, whether it's because he's annoyed, or busy. Or just for the fun of it. Some girls find it arousing that a man has forbidden us the power of speech. I do. And when you're really hot, when the sexual pressure is really high, then not being able to vocalise, basically only being able to moan, makes you feel that much more helpless. The sensations are even more intense. Some of my most powerful orgasms have definitely been while I was gagged. I've also heard it described as like the cork in a bottle of champagne, forcing the bubbles to stay inside when they really want to come out, and when that cork is finally popped...well, you know.

Actually, I think some Masters enjoy pushing something into a girl's mouth, forcing her to take it. Pushing her jaws uncomfortably apart maybe, and especially filling her mouth with a humiliating ball gag that's going to make a beautiful girl dribble down her own face. Or a penis gag that's going to press down even to her throat and remind of her of what a man can do to her and what she's for.

Has it got hotter out here? Or is it just us, sweetie?

Then, of course, there's being bound by a Master's will. Oh, I explained that already. Like you might have to just bend yourself forward over a stool, with your hands behind your back and your legs straight and spread apart, with your bottom up in the air. And hold that position until released, maybe for hours. Once a Master put me like that, and after an hour or so a man came and used me...yes, that's right, I mean he fucked me...and I had to remain perfectly still, holding position the whole time. I didn't know who it was. Well, later I found out it was a trainer my Master had asked to do it, but I didn't know at the time. He was kind, actually - he let me come when he did. Then I had to stay in that position, with his cum oozing out of me, till the Master eventually came and released me.

Oh, it's getting late. I hope I've helped? You can see I love it here, and I really love what the Masters do to me. If this sounds good to you, if it sounds like what you want -- maybe, what you need -- then I'm sure you'll love it too. Sorry, I do have to go, I'm due on the boat for dinner and there's a Master who's asked for me. Mmm, I really want to serve him again. That's right, jewellery, 6 inch heels, and I have this little yellow lace bra and thong set. I know he likes me in it. Though the Masters will probably have us naked anyway before the main course. But Eta will be there too and we're hoping to tempt him to take us both back to his stateroom. We've got some new ideas I think he'll really enjoy.

I hope you choose to join the Program and I get to see you here for Induction. I think we'd have fun. But whatever you decide - good luck! 'Bye!