**Anniversary**

by**[StoryTeller07](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=721483&page=submissions)**©

**Anniversary Ch. 01 - All Just a Game**  
Aurora knew Bob had forgotten the seventh anniversary of their first date. It didn't matter, as husbands weren't supposed too. Nevertheless she had decided to make it a surprise evening, and something for him to really remember. She had been twenty-one and eager to learn what he wanted, but for the last few years he had neglected his role as teacher. Some weeks ago she decided to make it a special night just for him. He was always home for six on a Friday, then out to the squash club after a hurried snack. This Friday he would stay in.   
  
Giving up smoking had been difficult, but now it was going to provide the means of a surprise. The hypnotist had been reluctant at first, until eventually relenting to her insistent request, which became a nagging demand. Over the past three weeks an intensive course of hypnosis had concentrated her mind, not on smoking, rather, on a different form of control. She was planning to give her husband complete control of her body for whatever he wanted to use it for. The thought of him using her without limits was a tremendous turn on.  
  
While hypnotised she would be completely helpless to resist whatever he wanted to do with her. Over the weeks the hypnotic suggestion went deeper, becoming ever stronger with each session. Eventually it overcame her inhibitions, leaving her completely available to him. The therapist reminded her again that she was very vulnerable in this state, and should take great care to whom she gave such power.   
  
When she asked the inevitable question, he told her it would take a long time to overcome this state, though with help, it was possible. Until then she would become highly susceptible any time the trigger phrase was used. Ignoring the therapist's advice, she practised for an hour each day deepening the hypnosis. It was exciting pushing herself further, while daydreaming over what he might do to her. During each session she instructed herself to obey. It was a frightful thrill knowing someone could walk into the house to find her in this defenceless state.  
  
She wondered at her own daring, often having to goad herself into carrying on. When they had first met they had acted out naughty games, but of course she had moral limits preventing her from going too far. Now those limits had been removed, she would go as far as he wanted her to. She would be a puppet under his control, with him pulling her strings, acting out his fantasies.  
  
At last the day had arrived. It wasn't too late. She could back out of this dangerous game at anytime. Besides, it may not be so completely effective in reality. There would always be that little part of her subconscious that held back from complete submission. With the sound of the clock chiming six, she would go under and not come round until hearing it strike an hour later.   
  
As the hour approached the intricate plan now seemed like a silly idea. Telling herself it was last minute nerves, she sat to await the impending hour. A note was on the fridge door, with another stuck to the microwave, both pointing to an envelope on the kitchen table. The envelope held the explanation why there was no evening meal ready as usual. Instead, it told him she was waiting in the lounge as this evening's special treat.   
  
She was patiently waiting for her master. Plainly written in the note was that he could do anything he liked with her, once the trigger phrase had been spoken. Anything! He could demand anything of her, and she would have to carry it out.  
  
She began to fantasise over what naughty things he might do to her. Nothing evil of course. What if he sent her to a mall dressed like a prostitute? She shivered with fear at the thought of meeting friends while lewdly dressed. Would she be able to tell them she was on her way to a fancy dress party? The daydream was terrible, yet it turned her on.  
  
As a matter of safety she would come round on hearing the clock strike seven, leaving the hypnotic state behind, to once more be in control of her own fate. She looked up to see the clock about to strike six. If she stood and left the room now, it would be over before it began. He never need know of the silly idea. Nerves prevented her from standing, then it was too late, the clock struck six chimes.   
  
She must now simply sit there waiting for him. Unable to move without a command, she must await her fate. Five past and she began to worry he will not come home, leaving her there for a full hour. Anything could happen in that fateful hour. Why did she not think of this until now? Anyone could walk in, with her unable to resist their every demand!  
  
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'There you are, I thought you would be in the kitchen. No time for food, I've got to catch a flight to head office. Sorry, Aurora. This is Daren, he's a new boy. I've kept him busy all day, so he hasn't had lunch. Look after him Aurora,' Bob said, making it sound like an order.  
  
Her husband was in the shower, and she just sat on the sofa looking bemused.   
  
'Is he always like this, all rush and work? What's the matter? Are you all right?' Daren asked.   
  
The trigger phrase still hadn't been spoken yet, so she was relatively safe. He must think I'm angry and not talking because Bob is messing up my Friday night plans. She watched the young man walk into the kitchen. Damn! He's seen the note on the kitchen table. She watched him walk in to nonchalantly stand before her. He was opening the envelope to reveal her secret!  
  
Aurora wanted to cry out, to stop him, but it was too late. A knowing look passed across his face. She became frightened, from knowing he would be in command of her until Bob came to the rescue. Why didn't she command herself to specifically obey her husband? The answer she knew was that it was part of the excitement. If this young man spoke the trigger phrase, he would be in control her! As though from a great distance, she heard the doomsday words, exactly as phrased on the piece of paper. The phrase had been spoken, so now she was primed to obey his every word as a command!   
  
'You will not tell your husband anything I tell you to do, or anything that you do, unless I specifically tell you to. Do you understand?'  
  
'I understand.'  
  
'Good. Lift your dress up to your waist.' he simply said.  
  
Obeying the young man was expected, but the erotic thrill was unexpected, and shocking. It coursed through her body leaving her reeling. It was very bad to give in, but safe, because her husband would soon be downstairs to rescue her. Therefore, she rationalised, it was alright to give in to the fear and excitement.   
  
Aurora felt her whole body tingling from this rude and sudden intrusion of her privacy. Standing before him, displaying the sexy underwear meant for her husbands delight, she felt a wave of passion emotionally and physically take her over. Knowing she would have to please this young man in any way he wished, was outrageously stimulating. Of course, she wouldn't be able to tell anyone what this rude young man made her do, and he obviously worked this out. He was prepared to take advantage, but fortunately he couldn't get up to much before her husband came downstairs.  
  
That he knew she would do anything he asked was stimulating her to distraction. Could it possibly be releasing her from any remaining inhibitions? Knowing time was on her side allowed her to give in to the wave of emotion swamping her inhibitions. There was no fight left, as any remaining reservations evaporated, allowing her to be completely dominated.   
  
As though descending a shaft, she felt herself sinking further and further into nothingness, to be left looking down at an insignificant self. It was another person, so she could be indifferent over whatever happened to that body. It no longer mattered that she was no longer in charge of her own body. What was he going to do with it was a curiosity, rather than a fear. Her thoughts were distant, and her body was being driven wild by the rich mixture of hormones coursing through her veins. Her body was vibrating with sexual arousal.  
  
'I'm sorry Aurora, I've got to leave right now, to catch that flight,' he told her.   
  
The young man knew this and had instructed her to respond.   
  
'I've booked a table at a restaurant. That's why nothing is ready,' she complained, sounding perfectly normal.   
  
Inside she was confused, wondering what was to happen next.   
  
'I'll accompany her if you like,' Daren offered.  
  
Bob hesitated, but she had been primed to add to Daren's offer.   
  
'No, you go and enjoy your weekend, I'll cancel!' Aurora said, sounding disappointed.  
  
'Daren hasn't eaten all day, as we've been working hard on a report. He's new, so let's show him we look after our employees. Thanks, Daren, the offer is accepted. Aurora can drive you home, and you can get a taxi to the office in the morning to pick up your car,' Bob instructed.   
  
He turned to her, and she dreaded what he would say next. At that moment the arousal left her feeling flat and fearful, knowing he was about to repeat a set of favourite phrases.   
  
'Do as you are told, Aurora. Now take Daren and make sure he has a good time. Both of you have a good time. That's an order Aurora,' he said, with a big smile.   
  
It was easy for him, as he didn't know he was leaving his wife in the hands of a young stranger. He enjoyed his work, and was looking forward to presenting a report to the company owners. He looked at his watch and dashed out. The usually harmless phrases were ringing through her head.   
  
'Do as you are told. Make sure he has a good time. That's an order.'   
  
Her husband hadn't rescued her, he'd handed her over more firmly to this stranger. She was now under orders to please this young man. All she knew about him was that he worked for her husband, think on his feet, and take advantage of a situation. Oh! One more thing. He had complete control of her.   
  
He was looking at the outline of her breasts through the dress, almost licking his lips in anticipation.   
  
'What do you have to say for yourself?' he asked.  
  
'Please. Just say the phrase to release me. I won't say anything to anyone. Release me and forget about this,' she awkwardly said.   
  
She knew instinctively he wouldn't just let her go, so hoped to persuade him to slow down long enough for the hour to pass. Once she heard the clock chime in an hours' time, she would be free. Just thirty minutes to go.   
  
'Lift up your dress,' he said.   
  
Perhaps he would just tease her. Trying to stop her hands from moving was useless. They lifted the hem around her waist, showing off a pair of black stockings with a matching suspender belt. She was thankfully wearing a decent pair of panties.  
  
'Take the dress off,' he intensely spoke.   
  
'Please, don't make me do this,' she pleaded.   
  
Standing before a young stranger, in frilly underwear, she felt so much more vulnerable than if she were naked. Why did it seem so awful to be doing this in the lounge?   
  
'Take off your bra. Smile. Give me a great big smile,' he said. 'That's it, a lovely nice smile. Shoulders back. Push them out. Show me you're proud of those breasts,' he told her.  
  
'Please, don't do this to me, Daren,' she pleaded.   
  
It was all she could think of saying with her head in a whirl of emotion. She hoped he didn't notice her voice didn't sound fearful, rather, it sounded husky from arousal.   
  
'Call me, Sir,' he ordered.   
  
She'd brought this terrible situation upon herself. It was all her fault for not building in some protection, and for putting herself under so thoroughly. She dare not upset him, from fear of what he might do to her if he became angry. At the moment it was just a naughty game for him.  
  
'Yes, Sir,' she obediently replied.  
  
'Don't tell me you don't want to show off your beautiful body. It's no good denying it, you're turned on. You only need to feel those panties,' he said.   
  
It wasn't a demand, just a comment, yet she went ahead and felt the crotch of her panties. She was curious as to what he meant, and found them wet from her sex juices. In consequence she became aware of a pungent musky odour. Her sex was on fire!   
  
'You can't wear those, they're soaking wet,' he smirked.   
  
She immediately pulled them down, awkwardly one leg at a time, embarrassingly aware he watched every move.   
  
He was surprised. There had been no order to remove her panties, yet she had just assumed there was. He concluded she was as excited as she looked, and was ready for anything.   
  
'Gather your things off the floor. We'll go upstairs and get you ready for this restaurant. What food do you like?' he asked.   
  
In a panic she looked at the clock. If they left the house now she wouldn't hear the chimes at seven. He must be delayed at all costs! Bending over to pick up her clothes, displayed her naughty bits to him, though she was more concerned with not leaving the room.   
  
'Please, let me go, Sir. You've seen everything, Sir. What more do you want, Sir?' she pathetically asked.   
  
As the words left her mouth, she realised it wasn't wise to ask him what more he wanted. Or was it? If he tried it on with her here, at least she could stop him when the chimes struck seven. A horrible thought struck her, and she gasped. What if he was taking her while the chimes struck? Would she be so sexed up she would have to see it through to an orgasm? Or worse, would she have to fake it until he was finished with her? That would be awful, and in either case, afterwards it would be horrendous.   
  
'Stop it now before things go too far, please, Sir!' she whined, with a throaty whisper.   
  
She just refrained from getting on her knees to beg, before it struck her this might inspire him to use her mouth. She never liked the idea of giving head, so it was lucky she hadn't inspired him.  
  
'I'll make a deal with you,' he said.   
  
She looked at the clock with only a few minutes to go.   
  
'Don't speak unless you have to, and I won't order you into silence,' he said.   
  
She thought about it a moment, then nodded agreement. If she couldn't speak at all there wouldn't be a chance of talking him out of something nasty. She wouldn't be able to scream for help. That was a frightening thought.   
  
'Upstairs now. Quickly!' he commanded.   
  
Running into her bedroom, she felt defeated from knowing the chimes would ring unheard. Standing by the dressing table she wondered what was in store next. The bed looked neat and tidy, as though it had been freshly prepared.   
  
'Dump those things on the floor, while I look for something more suitable for an evening out,' he told her.   
  
Watching him rummage in the wardrobe, she was surprised that he really meant they were going out. She was convinced this was a rouse to get her into the bedroom, though of course he didn't need one. It was difficult to know whether to be disappointed, or fearful of going out in this state of vulnerability. A dress was thrown onto the bed.   
  
'Try that on,' he said.   
  
In haste to cover herself, she pulled it on. Glancing in the mirror out of the corner of her eye, confirmed what she suspected it looked like on her. It had been worn when single, and it had been daring even then. Just a glance told her all she needed to know, and his lascivious look defined it.   
  
Her breasts were bigger now, so it hugged her tight, pushing them up to flow over the top in a deep cleavage.   
  
'Very nice,' he said. 'Come on, let's go,' he added, taking a hold of her hand.   
  
This was the first time he'd touched her, which seemed funny somehow after being naked.   
  
'Please, Sir. Can I speak?' she humbly asked.   
  
He held both her hands fixing her before him, so as to admire her body. 'You may speak,' he laughed.  
  
'Thank you, Sir. I need panties, Sir,' she said.   
  
Feeling ridiculous at the sound of such demeaning words, she nevertheless had to ask, for the dress was far too short. The neckline was bad enough, but to go out without underwear was impossible.   
  
'No you don't,' he leered, and smiled indulgently at her.   
  
She wanted to tell him it was too short and too light to keep down. Last time she'd worn a tight pair of shorts as well as panties, so how could she possibly endure going out naked.   
  
He didn't give her a chance to protest, ordering her, 'No more. Leave the dress alone. Just come with me.'   
  
In the car it was difficult to concentrate, watching the traffic, wanting to pull at the hem yet unable to, and listening to his instructions on where to go. Ordered to leave the dress alone meant she couldn't hold onto it, or pull it down if it rode up. Had he thought it through for when they got out of the car? Once seated in the restaurant, perhaps she would feel more protected with her legs safely tucked under a tablecloth.   
  
Keeping her head down in case recognised, it was difficult to see where he was taking her, but it didn't matter, for all she wanted was to get there and sit down. Feeling a little less uncomfortable when seated, she looked around, and let out a groan. Of all the places to be, this was the worst place in town. Waitresses were scantily clad, meaning it could only be, 'The Saucy Café', a restaurant she would never want to be seen in. There was an additional reason why it was out of bounds. With a bit of luck no-one would notice her, with all these voluptuous women roaming around in skimpy outfits.   
  
Aurora let him order, while keeping her head down so as not to be noticed. Not wanting to call him, Sir, before anyone, even a stranger, was another reason to be quiet. At least compared to the waitress, she was well covered. The young woman was wearing a cowgirl outfit, comprised of a thong under a buckskin loincloth. While they worked through the menu she lifted it to write down their order, showing bare thighs, revealing a tiny triangle of leather between them. Aurora had to admit it was distracting.   
  
'Hi! Daren, how you doing?' a large beefy man asked.   
  
He placed two huge hands on the partition of their booth.   
  
'You like what you see? She's a new girl, but I'm sure the word has got around about your new venture,' he added.   
  
Daren lifted a hand to stop the guy from revealing too much about his latest business idea. He wasn't Bob's employee, but Aurora didn't need to know that.  
  
She was right, no one was noticing her with all this flesh on display. What surprised her was that there were quit a few women customers with their partners, when she thought the place would be exclusively male.   
  
'My, who have we here?' he asked.   
  
'No!' she silently exclaimed.   
  
Daren was introducing her.   
  
'You're welcome as usual Daren, but not that bitch!' he said with venom. 'Her husband blocked my planning permission for a cafe in town. I lost a bundle on the property; everyone knew I had to sell up to buy this place. You had better get her out of here,' he warned.   
  
His big red face looking mean.   
  
'Do you want to leave?' Daren asked her.   
  
Knowing how she was going to answer left her cringing.   
  
'Yes, Sir. Please, Sir,' she said.   
  
The tremor in her voice coupled with the words used, stopped the big man in his tracks. He slid into a spare seat.   
  
'What are you up to? Is this really who I think it is?' he asked.   
  
He continued to stare at her, examining every inch of bare flesh, as though it would reveal what game they were playing.  
  
She sank lower in the seat, trying desperately to avoid the intense inspection.   
  
'You're not trying to put one over on me, are you lad?' he asked.   
  
Daren laughed. He sent her to the bathroom.  
  
She sat in a cubicle, wondering why in hell she got herself into this terrible mess. This was a rare establishment where there was no queue for the ladies bathroom, even when busy. With astonishment, she reasoned if he had ordered her not to speak she wouldn't be able to ask him to go to the bathroom. What then? Would she have peed her panties?   
  
'Oh! No! I'm not wearing any!' she remembered.

At that moment she was glad to have been sent away while Daren calmed down that big man. It then occurred to her she had better get back to the table before someone spoke to her.   
  
It would be dangerous while vulnerable to interpreting a casual remark as an order. In this place a man might comment on her breasts, indicating he wanted to see more of them. Taking the remark as an order, she would oblige him by pulling the dress down. With her breasts in a stranger's hands, it was obvious where that would lead to.  
  
While she was gone Daren explained what had happened. The big man laughed.  
  
No sooner had she sat, than Daren told her, 'Follow Jake. You must follow his orders.'   
  
Appalled to hear this, she threw Daren a desperate whisper, 'Please! Don't make me go, Sir. I'll do whatever you want, Sir.'   
  
She continued to rise from the seat, ready to carry out an order, knowing refusal was impossible. Daren smiled reassuringly at her, then a knowing wink gave some hope. Perhaps fears of the worst were unfounded, though it was obvious from the man's face, that she was to be punished in some way. Fear grew with each step through the kitchen. She desperately looked from side to side, wondering if there was someway to escape.   
  
He led her into a changing room. With some small relief, it seemed she wasn't to be abused by this stranger after all.   
  
'Get changed. You're going to be a waitress for the evening,' he fiercely spoke.   
  
He watched as she stripped off the dress, and quickly pulled on an outfit. She didn't bother to examine it, being too eager to be covering her body, and very grateful not to be sexually servicing this stranger. He gave the usual instructions given to any waitress, which for her was an order to be obeyed.   
  
In a daze she contemplated what was happening. This had not been her plan at all. She just wanted to invigorate her husband, not display herself in a seedy restaurant. Jake would have been angry at such a description of his establishment, as he thought it was far from seedy, rather it was plush, and expensively decorated.   
  
Dressed in a red low cut corset with breasts on display, she was led back into the dining area. At least she now wore a pair of panties, though they were almost see-through. Suspended from the corset the same sheer black stockings gripped her white thighs. Before she started work he commanded her.   
  
'Make sure you give the customers what they want. The tips are pooled so make sure you do your bit to earn them,' he heavily spoke.   
  
With trepidation, she entered the noisy throng wondering if he realised the significance of such an order.  
  
The meals were in small portions encouraging customers to order more dishes, and bring the waitress to the table more often. The half naked waitresses, together with an inventive note pad, combined to form a novel entertainment. Aurora's note pad was as personal as the others.   
  
'I'll have a number 45,' a customer said.   
  
He added this to the list on her breast in bright red lipstick.   
  
'Yes, Sir,' she muttered, as an automatic response to their teasing notes.   
  
The three men at the table had added their order to her thighs, her bottom, and were now working upon her breasts with their drink order.   
  
'I'll have a double zero,' another said, while circling a nipple, using the provided bright red lipstick.   
  
His buddy did the same to her other swelling nipple. The sensations coursing through her body were electric, ringing a bell directly between her legs, until again she was quivering with sexual vibrations. The customers knew the strict rule not to intrude, though this tickling was more devastating than if they had squeezed her breast.  
  
At last Daren had become bored with watching the teasing of her body, so with a quick word to the owner, she was returned to him while still dressed in lipstick graffiti.   
  
'Don't sit, we're off,' he told her.   
  
'Yes, Sir, thank you, Sir,' she eagerly replied, with a sigh of relief.   
  
She had wanted to scream, cry, and beg for relief as the tension built so high, she thought the hypnotic spell would surely release her. Instead she had dutifully carried out the humiliating tasks of serving customers to the letter. Too busy with the thought of at last escaping, she cared little that her body was on show as they left. On the drive to wherever he was taking her, she was mortified to find how the evening had left her bereft of control. She wanted to beg him to take her. No one had even touched her body, at least not directly, with even Daren merely holding her hands, yet she was tormented with a desperate need. It didn't matter where he was taking her, whatever he wanted her to perform, just so as long as the all consuming need was satisfied.   
  
'Here we are. A customer has been arranged for you. You must go in there and perform for him. Whatever he wants, however sordid, you will do it. You've been bought and paid for. Understand?' Daren asked.   
  
Trembling with fear so badly, she was unable to give her usual reply, so just nodded her head. She had been sold to a stranger knowing, even without the hypnotic command, she was ready to debase herself. So worked up was she, the single hope that she too would be satisfied motivated her to get out of the car. It terrified her that some stranger was going to use her as whore for the night. Trying desperately not to feel pleased that at last she was going to be taken, she failed miserably when her legs defied her, taking her in determined strides up to the house. Not looking to see if there was anyone on the street, she walked directly up the steps to find an open door.   
  
In the dark she walked down a hallway toward a dim light. Turning into the room a bright light shone in her eyes.   
  
'Put your hands to your sides,' a voice spoke out of the blackness.   
  
Unable to see a face, not even an outline, she nevertheless obeyed.   
  
'Turn around, let me see what I have paid for. Take those clothes off and wash yourself. In the corner to your right,' he directed.   
  
Aurora stumbled off with the light following her every movement. Completely naked she washed off customer's orders from the naked note pad. Without being told, she dropped the towel and shuffled along, following the light. In the dark, the man sat examining her.   
  
'On the chair is a tube. Pick it up. Bend over the chair. Spread your legs,' he relentlessly ordered.   
  
The light was trained directly upon her rear, with him watching every twitching movement.   
  
'Put the tube into your ass, and squeeze it,' the voice casually spoke.   
  
'No!' she thought, 'I can't do this. This is downright disgusting!' she thought.  
  
Yet her hands continued of their own volition, and she felt a cold sensation rise up inside.   
  
'Put your hands in the loops,' the deep voice commanded.   
  
Wriggling her whole body, waved the rubber tube in her ass like a tail. She managed to squeeze both hands into loops of hard leather straps.   
  
'Pull on them,' he said.   
  
The straps closed tight about her wrists. Bent over the chair with legs spread, she bit her lip so as not to cry out when the stranger approached.   
  
She wanted to scream out, 'Not there! I need it in my pussy! I want to feel you cum in my pussy!'   
  
Yet all she could manage was a moan. The very thought of begging a stranger to fuck her was terrible. That she had refrained from doing so was only because she was hypnotised.   
  
A pair of hands gripped her hips, and a man's hardness nuzzled her greased arse. Slowly it rubbed between her cheeks until with a gentle thrust its head penetrated. She tried to thrust back onto him, but he grabbed her hair as she arched her back, so there was no movement possible except to close her legs, which wasn't going to happen with him there.   
  
Waiting for him seemed an age, for now she lost all reason, craving even this sordid sensation. Her body needed taking, and in any place it would be a pleasure. Slowly it rose up inside her. The unusual sensations thrilled her body, with the humiliation driving her mind to relish every slight movement. A few strokes then the instrument of pleasure was withdrawn.   
  
The empty feeling was a torment, and couldn't be withstood. She released a torrent of abuse, and cum. Slumped over the chair for how long she didn't know.   
  
'Stand up,' the voice commanded.   
  
Unaware when the bonds had been stripped from her wrists, she stood before him, unable to see the stranger, no longer caring she was naked.   
  
'You're a slut. What are you?' he demanded.   
  
She responded as commanded earlier that evening. It seemed such a long time ago.   
  
'Yes, Sir,' was all she could utter from a dry throat.  
  
'I asked you what you are,' the voice harshly demanded.   
  
There was a threat of punishment in the deep tones. She wondered if those large hands that had held her hips, would spank her for disobedience.  
  
'I'm a slut,' she sobbed.   
  
The light shone on the chair again.   
  
'Put the blindfold on,' he commanded. 'Lie on the bed,' he added.  
  
She didn't need to be told to spread her legs. She lie back on the soft bed, spread-eagled, wearing nothing but a blindfold.   
  
Panting slightly she lay waiting, anticipating his touch. When the stroke came it startled her. Fingertips lightly rested upon a shoulder. She felt his weight settle upon the edge of the bed. Lips grazed a cheek. A moment later the weight shifted and his breath was on a breast. A lick, then a nip of one nipple, then nothing. Not a sound.   
  
Starting again, all over her body there were surprises of soft touches and gentle bites. They were driving her insane, but she could not move without an instruction. At last she felt his lips over hers, his tongue between her teeth, and her mouth hung open, pliant. He moved on, all the while in constant contact with her lips, while hands roamed all over her body. When he reached her pussy she wanted to buck her hips up at him. Instead her body lie heavy, sinking into the soft bed. As though this had been her life, forever and always, the movement across every inch of flesh continued, leaving her bereft of thought. The delirious sensations overtook her mind.  
  
When he entered her, it was neither a shock, nor a surprise. It was a continuation of movement progressing to this apex. She climaxed immediately from a long drift toward it. The orgasm curled her toes, the only movement possible. It ever so slowly moved through her body, tingling every nerve. Then it was back again. All over her body inside and out the climax stroked her. Then again. No longer an intelligent human, she became an automaton, continuously climaxing.   
  
Only one man had been there, but many had contributed earlier that evening. Exhausted, she lifted both legs to the edge of the bed. Light streamed in through parted curtains. She pulled on the dress, not caring how it had turned up here. Beside the bed were her wages. Rubbing her eyes, she managed to read the note.   
  
'Aurora, you were such a good whore, a bonus has been included. Now you are mine I will call upon you whenever I want you. Until next time!'  
  
In the taxi home she had time to reflect on those words. Whoever he was, he knew her name and presumably how to contact her. Did he also know of the hypnotic phrase? Was that what he meant. He could phone her and summon her to be used again. She handed over the whore's wages to the taxi driver, which amounted to the fare with only a reasonable tip. She had only been a cheap whore.   
  
He looked at her as he had the whole trip, with a smirk on his face, but thankfully not saying a word. What he thought of her she cared not. Stumbling up the path she entered the house, only then becoming conscious and rational. In bare feet she approached their bedroom to find their bed hadn't been slept in. A small mercy! Bob hadn't returned from the business trip. What was this going to do to their relationship, dare not be thought of.  
  
With head down, both hands gripping the bathroom sink, she tried not to think. The whole sordid night was of her making, and she was going to have to live with being a stranger's whore. When he called her again, for she knew he would, it would have to be dealt with. Having programmed herself to respond to orders, it would be impossible to refuse. What rocked her conscience was that such a large part of her mind was saying, yes, to another dirty session.   
  
She looked up into the mirror and gripped the sink with all her might. Her knuckles were white with the effort. Across her face in red lipstick was written, in unmistakable handwriting, the words, 'Happy anniversary Aury!'

**Anniversary Ch. 02**

Aurora couldn't help thinking back two weeks to the weekend of their anniversary celebration wondering if it had gone right or wrong; only time would tell. Her intended naughty surprise for Bob had turned out to be his scandalous surprise for her. That evening she had thought her game had run out of control, especially when she had been given to a complete stranger while hypnotised into a state of helplessness. Again she shuddered at the thought of how she had climaxed time and time again under the hands of a stranger. She had been unable to see his face, only later seeing the unmistakable handwriting on her forehead and the use of her pet name, Aury, had she suddenly discovered it had been her husband all along. Even now she couldn't decide if it would have been better if a stranger had taken her as a whore rather than her husband. "What must he be thinking of me having acted like such a slut?" She wondered. They hadn't mentioned it at all, he even apologised for missing their anniversary.   
  
She had been hypnotised at the time so perhaps he thought she couldn't remember the tawdry episode or maybe not mentioning it was a part of his game. She read the first note he had left, written by someone else so she wouldn't recognise his handwriting. "Aurora, you were such a good whore a bonus has been included. Now you are mine I will call upon you whenever I want you. Until next time!" When she had first read that note she had though it was from a stranger yet even now it sent a thrill of fear through her body. She knew he would call upon her and trembled again, a little frightened at what she would be submitted to next time. The hypnotic trance when summoned was so strong she knew it would be impossible to resist but made no effort to erase it. The fear wouldn't let her admit she was looking forward to it knowing whatever humiliation was heaped upon her it would result in an ecstasy of pleasure. Or so she hoped.  
  
Meanwhile she lived each day as it came. He was off to the office as early as she was, both picked up in chauffeured limousines, both arriving home too tired to talk and if they did what was common ground? Both their parents were dead and they were only children. They did nothing outside of work. Often one of them would sleep in a spare bedroom not wishing to disturb the other after arriving home late. High-powered jobs in two of the countries most prestigious companies held out the prospect of early retirement to a life of comfort, if they made it. He was thirty-eight and she was only two years younger, so they both had a long way to go. They had all the trimmings; luxury cars they never drove, a modest mansion they merely slept in. They had both asked the question, 'Was it worth it?' but had done absolutely nothing about their life style. Until now!  
  
Aurora had only mentioned she had the weekend off once but was sure the cogs of the smart business lawyer's brain were turning over, planning something. At last it was Friday evening with the whole weekend away from the office, Monday too! If he hadn't swung it too she would be livid but right now she felt exhilarated with anticipation. There it was! A note was on the fridge door with another on the microwave door just as she had placed them two weeks ago. On the table was a large envelope. It could only mean one thing. She wanted to rush to open it but instead slowly read the other two. Nothing significant, they merely brought her attention to the large envelope sitting innocently upon the table. As though she, unlike him, could miss it. Aurora wanted to saviour this moment, slowly opening it she began to read the typed letter.  
  
The first phrase triggered the deep hypnotic state although to outward appearances nothing changed. She stood there unable to resist an instruction to read and obey the written orders. Sliding the piece of paper back into the envelope she knew wherever this took her she would be unable to refuse any order, however embarrassing, until the release phrase had been given. She flew upstairs eager to discover what had been left for her to wear. On the bed was a little black dress and she was relieved to find hidden underneath it some underwear. Catching sight of her self in the mirror confirmed it was Bob's choice. Sheer stockings held up by a black suspender belt, transparent black panties, a push up bra and black high heels, all added up to man bait. "Well! He baited the hook so let him be the one to be caught."   
  
She sighed, curving her hips in a seductive wiggle while contemplating what might be in store for her that evening. Adjusting the bra did no good as her large breasts stood up to attention pushed together in a deep cleavage threatening to explode outward. The tiny bra was not up to the job of keeping them under control. With that in mind she reached for the dress knowing it was daringly low cut and the effect it would have. It was a delightful soft glowing black silk dress hugging tight below the bust. "Thank goodness the underwear isn't showing through." She said, to the mirror image while swaying her hips back and forth. The light silk swirled seductively about her thighs but once outside she would have to be careful its hem didn't fly around her waist.  
  
Giggling to herself she raced outside, nearly tripping in the high heels, where her Mercedes spider was parked in the drive ready for the adventure. Looking elegant with her hair up she drove to the destination proscribed all the time having to lift her right foot off the accelerator fighting an eagerness to be there. Fortunately the street was dark so no one would see her dressed so daringly, though it was far from home, she would die from embarrassment if any one she knew saw her. Besides in this vulnerable state it would be dangerous to get into a conversation with someone. There it was a door with the number in rough lettering. It seemed to be some kind of warehouse, a delivery entrance. Taking a deep breath she knocked.  
  
The door opened and she stepped inside hoping for the protection of her husband or at least Daren the young man who guided her so skilfully last time. In the gloom of low lighting she saw the guess had been right, it was a storeroom. The young man wasn't her husband or Daren. "Your early." He said. "Come on through. I have your instructions ready. Daren will be here later, in the meantime I'm to look after you, show you the ropes. I'll tell you what to do." At least this was the right place and they had prepared for her. This man was even younger than Daren how could he possibly be expected to look after her not knowing the state she was in. Until either her husband or Daren arrived she would have to be careful no one took over as her master.   
  
He pulled a crumpled piece of paper from his jeans pocket. "My brother Daren left these instructions. You know how my brother is, 'you must obey'." He mimicked. "You are to help out in the store. I'm in charge though. So you have to do as I say." He said with a look of 'official responsibility' flashing across his face, which quickly turned to a slight embarrassment. "Yes sir." She responded, feeling humiliated at the sound of those dreaded words especially speaking them to this young man. All the more so that it confirmed him as her new master. She knew the words, instruction, obey and 'I'm in charge' had accidentally trapped her. This is exactly what she had dreaded. She was now committed to obeying this young man as her new master. "He said you must wear some of the clothing we are trying to shift out of stock."   
  
"Yes sir." She said it again unable to hold the response back it had become so automatic. He now looked distinctly embarrassed having, what was to him a mature woman, deferring to him. "Anyway, you can't wear that expensive dress it will make the customers feel uncomfortable." He said, while staring at her cleavage. It was a good guess that he didn't have a clue about the game being played out, meaning she was relatively safe, and his youthful innocence was somewhat reassuring too. His mention of changing her dress brought back memories of the naughty uniform she wore at the Saucy Café and that did worry her. At least this was a clothing shop and there shouldn't be many customers in this evening. "Follow me, I'll show you to the changing room." He told her.  
  
  
"Oh, dear!" She gasped. It was now very obvious what kind of store she was to serve in. It was a sex shop. A look of pain screwed up her face on seeing the garish outfits decorating tired looking mannequins and all manner of lewd objects decorating the walls. "You can change in there. You had better be quick and help me with a customer; if I sell that corset I'll get a bonus. Put the dress behind the counter otherwise it'll go missing if you leave it in there." Jimmy told her. "Thankfully it has a substantial feel to it." She thought, while quickly slipping out of the dress. "No! Not this. Damn! Damn it!" She sighed, in resignation. "Why didn't I check it first? I could have asked him for something more suitable." She was under orders to place the dress behind the counter so would have to wear just the bright red corset. It had looked full enough to cover her but she found it was too low cut. Her large breasts sat balanced on top on display and she had been told to hurry up leaving her no time to do anything about it. There was nothing for it but join him and the customer out there like one of the outrageously dressed mannequins.  
  
Jimmy was behind the counter chatting to an elderly man, fortunately the only customer in the place. He stopped talking with a look of surprise on his face staring straight at her as she walked the length of the isle toward him. The man turned to see what had taken his attention only for him in turn to gawp at her. "This is on special offer. It comes in black too." Jimmy managed to say before his mouth dried, his face turning a colour to match the corset. "Very nice, very nice in deed." The man said, considering her closely rather than the corset. Perhaps she should have tried to cover her breasts only she kept her hands wringing in nervousness behind her back. Inclining his head at Aurora he asked, "How much?" Neither of them took their eyes off her breasts while she watched them nervously. If he bought the damn thing she would ask Tommy to give her something less revealing until then she was stuck with it unable to question her young masters orders. In the mean time she would keep her mouth shut avoiding putting her foot in it.   
  
"So much for so little. A bargain I think!" The gentleman said, closely regarding her breasts. "Worth considering of course. Would you mind turning round?" She obliged willingly to break away from their stares. Their eyes gleamed at the site of her pert bottom pushed out from below the tight corset perfectly framed in see-through panties. They had suddenly lost interest in her breasts now fixated with her legs. Concerned about her breasts she had forgotten how insubstantial her panties were until they had reminded her. Feelings of embarrassment were reaching to the limit of endurance. "A work of art young man, I can't refuse. There is no need to package or deliver I will take her with me." His eyes twinkled with devilment. "Oh!" The little exclamation was all she could say, with the embarrassment abruptly giving way to fear. It was no joke to hear him pretending she was for sale rather than the corset. "I see you have an eye for a bargain. This is one of a kind. A real special." Jimmy quipped. She wanted to warn him but she couldn't tell her master 'No.' and she had become too confused to think of a clever rejoinder in an attempt to stop him. Tommy only needed to jokingly say the words that, it was a sale or it's a deal, and she would have to accept this stranger had purchased her. After that it wouldn't matter what Tommy said as she would have to obey this stranger as her new master. She would have to follow him home to do whatever he wanted of her.   
  
With a shiver she imagined being owned by this stranger, vulnerable to his every whim. Most frightening of all, he knew nothing of the phrase to bring her round, so she would be his forever. "She seems to be cold in that brief outfit." He said, as the two men caught sight of her hardening nipples. Could it get any worse? They knew she was becoming excited. This was simply dreadful. Overwhelmed with emotion she hadn't noticed it herself, yet the signs were there and they were sure to notice. There was no privacy in those fine panties where she was revealing a growing excitement. "You'll have to find her something warmer to wear. I'll take the lot, panties and all. For the same price!" He told Jimmy.   
  
"You had better get changed." Jimmy told her. It was a great relief to escape to the cubicle where she gave a little laugh at the idea of being pleased to strip off in such a salubrious place. Jimmy collected the clothes leaving her standing behind the small curtain this time completely naked. He hadn't even peeked at her merely rushing back to the customer in case he changed his mind. "The dirty old bugger." Jimmy said after pushing through the curtain another outfit. "He took your dirty panties too. I'm sure he was sniffing them while pretending to check everything was in the bag. He said to tell you 'he'll think of you whenever he sees the outfit'. Do you think he will try it on?" Jimmy laughed, muttering to himself. Aurora called to him. "Excuse me sir! I can't get it closed. It's so tight I need help zipping it up." She said, relieved to be covering her body at last. "Stand still. Its nearly there." He told her. The outfit zipped up the back from bottom to neck sealing her into the flesh coloured latex body suit. The most difficult part had been slipping it over her shoulders for it pulled into her crotch until she thought it would cut her in half.   
  
"That is really something. I'm sure the kinky one's will go for that. Stand up straight, shoulders back!" He told her. The innocent remark had a more intimate effect than intended. The thin latex stretched between her legs, tight between the lips. Her breasts seemed more erotic than when naked even though the nipples were deflated they still showed clearly through the thin latex skin. In the mirror she was dismayed to see large brown circles around each nipple, mistaking them for a moment as her own areola but these were too large. The red tips of nipples made them look like targets. Inwardly she groaned on seeing between her legs the colour there was an imitation of her own opening. She didn't want to see the view behind her. The whole effect was of a tanned skin colouring with intimate places coloured and exaggerated to give the effect of being naked. "OK. Your ready, lets get out there before someone steals the stock." He told her. He had been surprised when she appeared in the corset, unaware how revealing it would be, and of course he was completely ignorant of how brief her panties were. This time he dressed her with more confidence, even looking pleased with his handy work, which was worrying.   
  
"Oh! It's too tight to walk." She exclaimed.   
  
"Come on, you'll get used to it." He told her. Helping her out of the cubicle she tried to walk as ordered. Now she knew the reason for the bobbles on the inside of the suit after thinking they were just unfinished material. They were sawing across her labia with every step. Trying to step carefully on tiptoe, like a cat on a hot tin roof, she managed a few steps unaided. "You man the counter, I need a break." He said. She managed it eventually and it did seem as though the material had stretched around her body. The sawing motion had subsided to a firm massage sending deep tingling sensations out to her limbs and face. Even her scalp tingled; it was so strange and so stimulating she drifted into a little world of pleasure. Looking down at herself she was resigned to the distasteful effect revealed upon the suit. Her nipples were growing out like gaudy red lipsticks. As large as they were the brown colouring surrounding them still looked large as though she had huge areola. If she could have seen the effect between her legs she would have been mortified as the latex stretched, graphically emphasising her excitement.  
  
A middle age customer walked in perusing the magazines. Finding what he wanted he approached the counter not looking up until close when he stopped dead with a look of amazement across his face. For a moment he thought a young woman was standing before him completely naked. Regaining his composure he slipped the magazine across the counter all the time examining her. The outfit was covering every part of her body but it felt more audacious than being naked. Her most intimate parts were highlighted in glossy coloured detail and this customer was straining to see it all. He hadn't said a word and she thought he might leave taking the look of shock with him until he hesitantly asked for help. "Do you have those suites in stock." He asked, between each word licking dry lips, unable to even glance away from her nipples to look her in the eye. "Yes, Sir." She said, wondering what to do next. He stood there expectantly. "Would you like me to show you them?" He nodded. Following her up the aisle he had a good view of her bottom, which she wiggled, enjoying the voluptuous movements, which caused her lips to protrude rudely. In a mirror she caught sight of herself to quickly look away on seeing for the first time how explicit the outfit was.   
  
"Could you get one the same colour for me?" He asked, most politely in a soft well-spoken voice. Discomfited by the image she determined to suppress the sexual excitement by concentrating upon the task at hand. Reaching up to the shelf for a package she gasped out loud. "Oh!" The crotch bit between her lips running the bobbles across her bud. Almost coming she could not move but wait for the sensations to subside. "Can I help?" He said. All she could do was nod. He took hold of the package while pressing up against her where she felt his body with as much sensitivity as if she had been naked. She knew the suite revealed her state of readiness, so despite his shyness and good manners she knew he was ready to take advantage. Despite not having a command to obey him she was nevertheless unable to escape being too far gone to move. "This material is more soft than I thought it would feel." She heard him say as though from a long way off. He stroked her back down her spine with great sensitivity as though he were merely testing its feel all the time shrewdly aware she became more sensitive with every touch. Down between her cheeks he stopped to press against her bottom. Something she hadn't noticed was a piece of harder material but he had found it. Pressing ever so slightly she felt it enter her bottom. "Oh! No!" She gasped.   
  
"I'm sorry. Did that hurt?" He asked. Without thinking she replied honestly for that is all she could do. "No. It just took me by surprise." As though this were approval of his exploration a hand came round to a breast softly cupping it then exploring its nipple. His other hand was exploring the depths of the crotch scratching a distended lip with a fingernail sending shudders through her already overwrought senses. He found the bobbles doing the same to her clit. Her body was at a heightened state of attention uncontrollably sensitive to the light touches of his fingers. Without instructions to obey this man she should have been able to walk away, only the intensity of feelings left her helplessly leaning against the rack for him to explore her body. With a slight trembling in her legs she felt it begin.   
  
For the third time this evening she had been in this state only this time there would be no escape. With eyes tightly shut her senses concentrated on the sensations his fingers bore into her body. Her breasts were glowing pinpricks of heat. At last after an evening of stimulation she was coming. Little mewing sounds emanated from her mouth. A long slow exhaust of breath blew between clenched teeth with every thrust of a finger at her hole. Her thighs were in spasm in time with her whole body trembling to his touch. At last she came. Like a leaf her mind floated gently down to earth. Like a deflating doll she slumped against the rack where he held on to her still massaging her body.

Walking back down the isle in shame she no longer wiggled her arse at him rather she tried to minimise the sensations only the small plug up her bottom and the rubbing of the bobbles was even more effective. Her extended nipples and lips were still sensitive, still in the grip of the latex suit, which gripped and massaged every part of her body as she moved. Standing before this stranger was so humiliating she dare not look him in the eye. It was not that he had touched her but she had responded so wantonly. At least he had the good grace to make no comment yet his smile said it all. "I see you've sold another." Aurora jumped at the sound of Tommy's voice. How long had he been back, had he witnessed her sordid performance? He, like the customer, made no comment but she wondered if his smile was from thinking about the commission or what he had just witnessed. It occurred to her that just maybe the store was closed and this was a set up planned by her husband and Tommy's brother. Trying to believe this she began to relax a little trying to think of some way to tease it out of him without revealing the game she was trapped in. Before the conversation could begin a young exuberant woman burst through the door. "Hi." She said in a strong confidant voice.  
  
Without the slightest break in her approach to the counter she took in the sight of Aurora looking obviously flustered, still warm from her orgasm. "I'm looking for something but I don't know what. I'm hot to trot baby." She smiled at Aurora ignoring Tommy. "We have a special discount on some fashion stuff." Tommy said, trying to break in between the two women. "This outfit." He began. She screwed up her face in disgust. "That is so disgusting. You look like some plastic doll ready for some dirty old man to use." She said, looking Aurora up and down. "Have you got something feminine?" She asked. Aurora was mortified feeling her face redden as though slapped hard by this young woman. What was worse she had been very nearly right. She felt like telling her something feminine would be wasted on her. She was dressed in boots, baggy jeans and a soft flannel shirt, the only thing about her that looked soft, though hardly feminine.  
  
"We do have something on offer. I think you'll like it. Aurora go and change into this." Tommy told her, handing out a package from under the counter. 'Something feminine,' she thought, 'well it couldn't be worse than this thing.' Moving quickly down the isle to the changing room she found the movement was now annoying rather than sensuous. Returning to the critical young woman she curtsied not knowing quite why, perhaps a sarcastic remark rather than a deference. "Now that looks more like it. Turn around. Give us a twirl, girly." She said coarsely, emitting a throaty laugh. The light dress billowed around her thighs showing off a light frilly petticoat. A bow in her long hair, now let down, matched the pastel pink of the cotton dress. With soft leather flat shoes, white ankle socks and a little lace apron she even felt like a little girly before an older sister. Unfortunately a previous customer had taken her panties and bra and she had merely been ordered to change into the outfit. Tommy hadn't thought to tell her to pick some of the plentiful underwear off a shelf though she couldn't complain, for at last she felt decently dressed and relatively safe.   
  
Coming back from the phone Tommy launched into his pathetic sales pitch agreeing with the young woman. "Yes that's certainly feminine. Reasonably priced too." He said. While she examined the dress Tommy said, "Aurora. My brother said he would be later than he thought. He said to wait for him but it's not busy so I don't mind if you want to get off early. In fact I'm in charge so I insist. Yes! After all you helped sell those outfits." Aurora thought it might just be a good idea to escape this place before she got into worse trouble. "Thank you sir!" She answered, wanting to get out as quickly as possible before he changed his mind.   
  
"I'll give you a lift if you like. In fact I'll buy the outfit for you so you don't have to change." The young woman said. Aurora didn't know what to say wondering if this was a part of the set up. At least when she was away from Tommy she could politely refuse a ride. Once outside she could hop into her own car and be safely home to her husband even if this wasn't exactly what he had planned.  
  
"You don't seem to say much, Aurora. By the way my names' Lynne." She said. Aurora stopped in the car park realising her own car was parked round the back of the store. "Hi Lynne. Thanks for the offer but I can find my own way home." Aurora said.   
  
"Nonsense. I insist. Just do as your told girl and get in. You'll be safe with me, probably." She laughed. "No. No. No!" Aurora thought, she wanted to get away but she had been ordered to get into the car making it impossible to refuse. Unlocking the car she prodded Aurora into the passenger seat of an old Volkswagen beetle. "Well do your seat belt up." When she hesitated she was told. "Do as I tell you girl. So where to? My place or yours?" She laughed while Aurora fumbled with the belt. Her mind was spinning thinking why did the silly girl have to say that. Why did the damn girl tell her to do as she was told! Aurora had at been asked so she had to reply, "Yours." Too late she realised the mistake.   
  
"Good choice its not far."  
  
The dishevelled apartment was in the same run down neighbourhood as the store telling her this wasn't her husband's choice of location so had his plan for her gone awry? She hoped this was a part of the embarrassment and humiliation designed to leave her so excited she would be begging for him just as she was on their anniversary. So far it wasn't working. There she was, a mature woman, standing before this young thing committed to obeying her whims leaving her feeling so humiliated she wondered what would happen next. Perhaps it wasn't so bad; after all she could have been in one of those horrid outfits waiting on one of the men she had served earlier. At least she hadn't seen any evidence of a boy friend living there so perhaps she was safe. Still she felt so pathetic dressed in this little pink dress she wanted to cry.   
  
"Not much of a place is it! Now were here what are we going to do Aurora?" She laughed. Dreading the words about to come out of her mouth she replied as proscribed. "What ever you want to me to do."   
  
"I see why you're so quiet, why you were working in that dump. I wondered why you were letting that guy dress you up in those disgusting outfits. Goon, admit it. Just tell me." Lynne said, thinking Aurora was a submissive wanting to be dominated which was a good guess, only there was more to it than that. "I have been hypnotised to do as I'm told." Aurora said clearly though lamenting every word.   
  
"Your what?"   
  
"I have been hypnotised to obey a master. You are now my master so I must do whatever you want me to." The words were painful yet she recited them unemotionally. "Why am I your master?"   
  
"You told me to 'do as I am told' then you told me to 'do as I tell you'." Aurora explained. Lynne sat back on the sofa taking in the sight of this woman wondering if it was true. "What the hell!" Lynne said, not laughing this time. "Crawl over to the fridge and get me a beer." Aurora obeyed. On hands and knees she waited for instructions hoping it would all end, hoping the girl would ask how the hypnotic command was removed. The young woman lifted the back of Aurora's dress with her foot. "Why haven't you got panties on?"  
  
"I was told to change into this outfit and there wasn't any underwear in the package." Aurora said.   
  
"Whew. This is really something." Digging into the back of the sofa she came up with something. "Roll over on your back. Lift your dress up. Open your knees. That thing looks nice girl. Try this for size. Go on tease it. You know what to do." Lynne laughed for the familiar raucous noise to fill the room. Aurora felt humiliated laying back before this stranger playing with a large vibrator readying her pussy for it. Was it worse acting like a slut before a woman? "It looks ready to me. Just push it in, all the way. Show me how you do it. Is that how you like it?" Aurora didn't want to reveal her naughty secrets to a stranger but the words just had to be said. "Yes." The little gasp of breath revealed too much. "Don't come without me." She warned, while leaving the room. 'What now? Were they going to synchronise masturbation?' Aurora wondered. Closing her eyes she concentrated on holding back even though it was easy under these circumstances, she took no chances.   
  
"You can get rid of that thing now. Try this." Lynne had strapped on a large black dildo and sat before Aurora. "Here snuggle up girly." Pulling Aurora toward her she lifted her easily then lowered her down onto it. Aurora felt the huge thing enter her with all her weight forcing it right up inside. 'How could I have been so stupid?' She thought. 'The woman's a lesbian. Why didn't I see that?' Lying back Lynne thrust her hips, lifting Aurora, eliciting a heart felt moan. "Oh!" Aurora squealed as the dildo penetrated deep. "Come when I come girly." Lynne panted. With each thrust the dildo lifted her body until at one point it was all that held her up. At last the tormentor began her orgasm so she too had to come. They both writhed on the floor a moment then laid still intimately connected by a piece of rubbery plastic and the embrace of Lynne's strong arms.   
  
Lynne ran her fingers through Aurora's hair breathing quietly. "So! You're going to be my little girly. I'll teach you all the things I like. It'll be just perfect. I'll dress you up in nice cute little outfits. I'll get you some pretty bows for you hair." She laughed quietly. "I might even get you some panties. Little frilly ones! I'll do your hair and makeup. I'll have you looking like a Barbie doll in no time." Lynne cooed at her. Aurora felt fearful of this young woman wishing it had been some dirty old man that had taken her rather than her. The plans she was talking about sounded as if she meant to keep her like some doll used for pleasure. There would be no escape until that certain phrase was used to break her out of this hypnotic state and Lynne didn't know or care what it was. Aurora wondered how long she would have to bear this torture. If no one knew where she was, what then?

**Anniversary Ch. 03**

Aurora had spent the evening as an assistant in a sex shop as part of a game she and her husband were playing. The game had started when Aurora had herself hypnotised with the intention of being completely helpless to resist her husband's pleasure. It hadn't been her intention for the game to become so involved and she certainly hadn't bargained for strangers to be included. The humiliation of being teased by customers in the sex shop had excited her but a young woman had gone too far. Lynne, the young woman, was a complete stranger. She had offered Aurora a lift home in such a manner that it had triggered the hypnotic state so she couldn't refuse. In Lynn's apartment she had been ordered to play with herself and then Lynne had actually joined in. Aurora hadn't enjoyed the sex session though having a desultory orgasm had brought some relief from an evening of continuous stimulation by strangers at the sex shop.   
  
There had been no choice. Lynne ordered her to come when she did, and being under the influence of the now deep hypnosis, she had obeyed. Aurora hoped this hadn't been part of her husbands plan, preferring to think this young woman had gone too far on her own initiative. Aurora was still under the impression that Bob, her husband, had planned for Lynne to pick her up while it had all been a horrendous blunder. Bob had no idea where she was or even that she had gone missing and she was unaware she had been lost like some family pet. Aurora was afraid of what Lynne might do to her next before she was moved on to the next round of the game. It was all the more frustrating that at thirty-six years old she was being ordered around by this young thing of around nineteen years.   
  
Tidying up the apartment as though she were the errant youth, still dressed in the little girly dress that Lynne had bought for her, Aurora felt used and humiliated. "I like that make up much better." Lynne told her. "The pigtails are nice too." Aurora was a responsible businesswoman handling investment portfolios for wealthy clients and here she was being dressed up like a doll. "I don't think I'll lend you a pair of my knickers after all. I want you available. I'm getting horny just watching you move around." Lynne said, while her doll bent over picking up coffee mugs from the floor. Aurora could have answered back saying anything to this young mistress, except 'No', only she was trying to keep her mouth shut to avoid making the situation worse.   
  
A knock at the door wasn't a welcome respite rather she wondered if it might be one of Lynne's friends, what then? Recognising the familiar voice of Daren brought feelings of relief knowing she was at last being moved on. Darren had looked after her before guiding her through a naughty evening of humiliation. It had occurred to her that this might not be part of the game, meaning no one knew she was there. The horror of having to spend weeks as a living sex doll, pandering to Lynn's pleasures until found, had been hard to suppress. 'Which would be worse', Aurora thought, 'having to live in this despicable apartment or forced to have sex with her?' Still following orders Aurora carried on tidying up able to hear only a murmur of voices at the door.   
  
"You can't have her she's mine." Lynne said. Seeing the young woman pouting, almost stamping a foot, Daren wanted to spank the spoilt bitch. On arriving at the sex shop to pick Aurora up he found she had already left with a young woman. With no name and only a sketchy description he dad frantically driven around until spotting the battered Beatle parked outside a block of apartments. Now the spoilt brat was claiming ownership of Aurora like some lost pet she had picked up off the streets.   
  
"You can't keep someone against their will."   
  
"I'm not. Ask her. She will stay here with me." Lynne said defiantly. From the look in her eye he could tell that would be something he couldn't do. This young woman had found out Aurora was hypnotised and had ordered her to stay. This was going to be tricky. Daren didn't want to bring the neighbours out, or worse, the police.  
  
Daren tried a different approach. "I've got to take her home. She has a husband, a job, and a life to live." After awhile he saw, at last, some semblance of reality setting in.   
  
"Why is she hypnotised? Where is her husband then?" She said. Looking crestfallen as though having to give up a cute puppy he knew he was getting through to her.   
  
"It's just a game they're playing. That's all. I'm supposed to look after her and take her back to her husband. Maybe if your parents had spiced up their marriage they might still be together." He said, just guessing her parents might be divorced, hoping to hit a nerve.   
  
"I won't get into trouble will I?" She said, having at last decided to let him in.   
  
"No. There's no problem. You looked after her well I'm sure." He casually told her, careful not to alarm the young woman. He didn't need a noisy confrontation after losing someone's wife. He didn't want to alert Aurora to what had happened either. At first he hardly recognised Aurora she looked so much younger, even innocent, dressed in the young girly getup. He hoped nothing had been done to his charge, at least anything more bizarre than the make-up. "Here, take this. It's for the dress and your time." Daren said, handing her some money.   
  
Seeing his eyes roam the shabby apartment she felt obliged to refuse. "It's OK. I have a rich dad." She said, then noticing his critical look, she added with a sneer. "My father pays for all this." It wasn't that he thought she meant a sugar daddy he was just critical of anyone who didn't work hard for their keep.   
  
He whispered to Aurora "You must not obey Lynne. You must obey me." An enigmatic smile upon her lips confirmed she wanted out of there and he hoped to get out before there was trouble.   
  
In the car he sat with her a moment giving them a moment to relax. "Did you leave anything there?" She shook her head. "Do you have anything on you she gave you?" He asked. Again she shook her head. "Do you have anything inside you?"   
  
Looking puzzled she asked. "What do you mean, sir?" Attempting to be delicate was an uncharacteristic approach for him, only brought upon by his failure to protect her.   
  
He tried again, "Do you have anything in your pussy or bottom." He asked, not wanting to know if anything had been there that evening.   
  
"No!" She exclaimed. "Sir." He drove off toward the planned rendezvous hoping Bob wouldn't be too miffed, as he couldn't afford to lose Bob's skill in court. His need of Bob's good will was the single reason why he was involved in their silly game. He was late returning her and above all he didn't want either of them to realise he had temporarily misplaced a helpless female.  
  
Bob read Daren's report of his wife's adventure while she showered and prepared herself. The familiarity of the house, she had been dropped off outside, made it less daunting a place. Yet this time it could be a stranger she had been given to for the night. Dressed in the same little girly dress from the sex shop she wondered what was to happen this time.   
  
A man sat anonymously behind a bright light bringing on a familiar thrill of the unexpected, leaving her shivering with excitement. "Turn around. Bend over." The voice commanded. Knowing her readiness was exposed dishonoured her, adding to this evening's torments. "Stand up. Pull your breasts out. Put the blind fold on." Again the anonymous voice spoke from out of the darkness. She had felt violated by the young woman now fresh feelings of humiliation were resurging.   
  
"On the bed. Did I tell you to spread your legs?" She pulled them together in shame at the wantonness, afraid too that he might punish her. Having the pleasure she needed withheld was becoming an unbearable torture.   
  
The quiet darkness closed in. Sounds of the house creaking grew sharper as though they were gathering closer. Fingertips startled her when they gently brushed a breast. A rough hand clamped the other squeezing, pinching, twisting a nipple. It was as though two strangers were vying for her focus, one gentle, and the other rough. Were two men touching her? The clever rouse was working her up to frenzy pitch without the possibilty of responding - under orders to lie still - while all she wanted was to thrash about screaming. Having received the order - lie still and take it - this was exactly what she did. One hand gently slid up the dress then the other roughly pulled the hem around her waist almost tearing it. A leg was gently moved aside the other pulled roughly almost splitting her in two. A hand stroked her lips on its way back to a nipple.   
  
Of a sudden, her lips were pulled, stretched painfully exposing her, then a bite upon a nipple, no it was heat, then she realised it was ice. Unable to scream out in pleasure the emotions stayed locked inside, pent up, desperate for release.   
  
Between her distended lips the ice plunged without warning. Inside, deeply penetrated, she felt the coldness, every inch of it invading her body. It did not melt from the heat of her lust rather it was a glass phallus fresh from a cooler beside the bed. With its agonisingly slow withdrawal she was both relieved and distressed by its loss.   
  
When a hot hardness entered there she felt every inch of it in contrast to the cold of her sheath. A roar ripped the air, a primal scream. No disobedience this, for this was an unconscious, unordered self. The animal within was letting rip. "Let go!" The voice rippled in her ear and she did.   
  
In bed Aurora awoke slowly coming to in the master bedroom of their mansion. "Oh! I'm safe." She said. "The danger. That's what it is. The unknown, the lack of control." She looked serious a moment then giggled. "The sex!" A laugh escaped her wide open mouth, "It's only Saturday, what's in store next? Oh! A whole weekend." Shaking her head in an attempt to clear it she hoped she would survive the emotional battering.   
  
Sliding her legs over the edge of the bed she felt a twinge. "Will I survive the physical onslaught?" Humming merrily toward the shower she wondered if there might be another message written across her forehead in crimson lipstick.  
  
As always the kitchen was in perfect order from having no time to use it and the maids fastidious attention to detail. While sharing the usual monotones of conversation over breakfast, Bob cleared his throat meaning he had something to say. She hoped it wasn't an embarrassing reference to last night, anxious in case it broke the games magical spell. Besides it would be highly embarrassing.   
  
"I've arranged a meeting this evening. Here. Some important clients are in town visiting the office. I've invited them over to discuss something before they return." He said, while looking at his toast, examining the marmalade sloping off the edge, not wishing to meet her eyes.   
  
"You what? Its! Its our weekend together." She couldn't say it was their special weekend, what could she say. "The maid is off." She countered.   
  
"Couldn't you lay something on. There must be something here to heat up or defrost." He said, looking hurt as though it were she who was being awkward. She silently telegraphed the words, 'You bastard!' So vehemently he dropped the toast onto the floor. Picking at crumbs he said, "I'll make it up to you, promise. Just some bits and pieces. Nothing elaborate." He said.   
  
If she had Daren's number she would have arranged an adventure for this evening. "If you prepare something I'll try to get a maid to serve them. You could escape for the evening, do something." He said lamely. That typifies us; he hasn't a clue what I might do outside of the office. Would it be a film, a theatre or playing chess, what would she do with free time? A look of puzzlement crossed her face as she realised it wasn't his fault. She didn't even know herself. She looked at him fussing around looking for a cloth to wipe the floor. What does he do outside the office? Then it struck her. He was arranging something. Another game.  
  
Pretending to be annoyed at him was difficult and she felt silly preparing lots of dishes for non-existent guests. "Well you'll be pleased I've found a maid to serve the guests. You can go gallivanting on the town." He said. 'Now that was as close a reference to her adventures he had ever made.' She thought. He patted his pockets absently looking for something. "Oh! I left the agencies number upstairs. Could you phone them to confirm?"   
  
She went to the bedroom and picked up the piece of paper to read the phrase before noticing what it was. Once more she was deeply enchanted in the grip of an overwhelming desire to obey. Stepping into the spare bedroom she found the outfit ready for this evening. "Damn!" She said. "The swine. How could he?" One glance at the outfit told her she wasn't going out tonight rather she would be serving his guests after all. After picking it up she realised it wasn't a trick after all. The thing was far too risqué. It wasn't a cheap naughty French maid outfit it was an expensive one.   
  
The doorbell rang and a little flutter went through her stomach to her pussy. The guests filed in each abruptly ending their conversation on catching sight of the delectable delicacy she had prepared. The make up was a toned down version of last night's naive style leaving her looking young and innocent. A little white cap was settled in a nest of hair pinned up to show off a long slim neck. A black silk dress hugged the figure framing a pair of large breasts in white frills. Several layers of stiff cotton petticoats were visible pushing up the hem of the dress. Sheer stockings seemed to support the whole ensemble with shiny black high heels as a precarious foundation. Setting off the image was a starched white apron, ruffs at the wrists and a silk black bowtie about her neck. Aurora was pleased with the obvious impression she had made upon the guests anticipating an interesting evening.  
  
Drinks were served during stilted conversations between her husband and the strangers while they tried hard not ogle her body. Each of the men was dressed casually almost as if it were a uniform. If there were designer labels on their clothes it would read 'old fart'. They looked as though they had returned from an accountant's conference. At least they seemed safe which was something, for she couldn't run far in the high heels.   
  
Finally Charlie, the most boisterous of the three quiet men, gave in to ask. "Where did you find her, I'd like to know the agency for sure." Aurora was interested to here the explanation too.   
  
"A favour from a client." He said. "The client owns a club as well as some other establishments. He got involved in something he shouldn't have now I'm working on getting him out of trouble. Cherie works for him at the club and was chosen because she needs some help with immigration." He said, nonchalantly peering at her over the lip of his glass of brandy. 'Well said.' She thought. The written instructions had been for her to be a young uninhibited French girl from a small village in the Dordogne. They had included the usual order to obey him but to merely keep his guests happy.  
  
In an accent as close to French she could manage, Aurora held out a tray, "May I give you one, sir?" She asked. Charlie looked up from the low sofa at the long legs and tried to smile, failing with an absurd grin. Bending over him with the tray she felt the cotton of her panties pull tight between her lips giving his colleagues too much information on the state of her excitement.   
  
'Never mind, I'm safe with Bob here.' She thought. Continuing to enjoy the effect she flirted and swished the short dress around knowing these men were lusting after her right in front of her husband. Bob was playing it cool but she wondered how far he could be pushed.   
  
When a hand wondered up her thigh she wanted to tell him off, only the instruction to 'keep their guests happy' came to mind preventing the intended outburst. It seemed this instruction to keep people happy was more powerful than she had anticipated. Taking their cue from Charlie the other two men took advantage of her becoming bolder with every drink.   
  
With their smiles broadening she knew she was keeping them happy leaving her more helpless to resist them. What was worse, she felt her body was beginning to respond. Having men touch her while helpless had become a normal routine only now it was happening in her own home. She desperately needed her husband to rescue her only he pretended not to see.   
  
"What do you do at the club Cherie?" Charlie asked. It was difficult to concentrate while he was stroking her thigh. As instructed she answered. "I am a dancer, sir." Their eyes light up with ideas of what a club dancer would perform.   
  
"So where is this club I'd like to see you perform." He asked. Remembering Danny's club she said, "The Jazz Bar, sir." All the time hoping Bob would return knowing where this may lead if the conversation wasn't stopped. "I'd like to see you dance, that would be great." He said. She hadn't been told to obey him but knew the original strict wording she had programmed herself with was becoming broader every time she was under the hypnotic suggestion, so she would have to try and steer the conversation in someway.   
  
"I am sure you would be welcome at the club, sir." She said in desperation. They looked at her greedily feasting their imaginations from what they could already see leaving her feeling frightened yet aroused.   
  
"I'm sure we would all be happy to see you dance." He said. As the words left her lips she almost groaned with anguish.   
  
"Any time at all it would be my pleasure."  
  
"That is an offer I can't refuse young lady." He laughed. Inwardly she shivered at the image of these men making a visit to the club to watch her dance. What would her husband say when they found no one had heard of a Cherie?   
  
Reginald, their accountant, spoke for the fist time. "We'll be gone tomorrow morning so regrettably this is one attraction in your city we'll miss." With some relief of anxiety she wanted to thank him only to blunder into another entanglement.   
  
"I am so disappointed you will miss my performance. Perhaps another time?"  
  
"So negative Reg. We don't want to disappoint the young lady do we guys? There is no time like the present, is there. We would be happy to see you perform. A private show would be perfect." He said, with sounds of agreement and vigorous nodding from them all, she wondered where Bob was.   
  
"Very happy to." They said.   
  
If only they hadn't said the word 'Happy'. She thought. Careful not to attempt the forbidden word 'No', instead she attempted to steer them away from a direct order.   
  
"Perhaps Mr Bob should be asked?" She said. Only to be countered with more enthusiastic encouragement from the small group of eager men.   
  
"Don't worry about him. I shall insist. He needs our business guys, he won't object. I insist." He laughed. "We shan't be denied. I insist you dance for us." He said seriously. With that last phrase she knew the only person to save her was Bob and he was still missing. With no chance to delay them the music was on and their encouragement was enthusiastic.   
  
Swaying her hips to the music she moved close to each of them in turn regretting the earlier tease about lap dancing. The zip was down and the dress was off. Continuing to gyrate her hips seductively in bra and panties she moved Charlie's knees apart to stand between them thrusting at him. Shaking her hair out of the clips she whipped him with it. Moving onto Reginald was some little relief on seeing his ashen face.   
  
He was more frightened than she was so perhaps she could frighten them all into submission. "Sit down, sit down, man." She heard Charlie say, knowing it must be her husband finally returning.

'Too late, damn him!' She thought. This wouldn't have happened a few weeks ago, where now she was thoroughly indoctrinated into obeying any sort of command. Not only that, she had accepted the attention of strangers too often, so now she responded with ever deepening submission. Resigned to it she moved more freely with the music as her inhibitions dropped away with the clothing. Turning to face them she revealed her breasts swinging the bra at Charlie.   
  
With careful movements she gyrated her breasts to distract them while she undid the suspenders then slid a stocking down a long slender leg. Flicking the shoe off dislodged the stocking from her foot for it to flutter over Reginald. Only the panties remained. Wiggling her arse before each of them in turn she silently begged for the music to stop before she revealed too much.   
  
The white panties clung, plastered to her bottom, showing off its lushness. Bent over before each in turn she wiggled her arse in their faces, almost feeling their breath upon swollen lips protruding rudely between her legs.   
  
In a torrid state she bent from the hips sliding the white cotton down her legs to the floor. Stepping out of them she bent backward waving herself at Charlie. Continuing the routine of flicking her hair over him, throwing back her head with a thrust of her hips, followed by a close gyration, was now so much more sordid without panties.   
  
Thinking he might have a heart attack she moved on to Reginald, then in turn to Brian. Bending forward she hid him in her long hair where she was taken unawares. Feeling a finger slide between her lips she continued the routine only now gyrating upon the intruder. It had been just as she threw back her head thrusting her hips forward at him. Unseen by the others he kept his hand still while she moved, involuntarily pleasuring herself upon his fingers inside her pussy. The routine of gyrating her sex before him had taken on a dramatic new twist.   
  
Already high she was being driven over the edge. Again she moved on not seeing it was her husband. Yet again she threw her hair over him, threw it back, thrust forward with her hips then gyrated them almost rubbing her swollen pussy in his face.  
  
Reginald and Charlie hadn't quite seen what was going on but suspected enough to try it for themselves. Bob couldn't see what was going on but seeing the state she was in wanted to shut off the music. What could he say, 'I want my wife back guys.' It was getting out of hand and he didn't know what to do. At last she slumped to the floor after having an orgasm with the guests help.   
  
With her head in Brian's lap she breathed heavily completely unaware of what she was doing to his hard cock nestling against her cheek. He could feel her breath through his trousers every movement made it throb as she panted forcefully.   
  
Bob immediately switched off the CD and unplugged the player. With his wife lying naked at the man's feet he dare not turn up the lights. Rather he coughed then changed his mind about telling them it was time to go. Instead he went out to make the coffee hoping she would have gathered herself together enough to dress before he returned.   
  
He searched for the filter coffee trying not to think about the embarrassed looks they would have while she got dressed. They certainly hadn't thought such an innocent looking young woman would have carried on like that. The look of fright on their faces had lasted until they had been completely absorbed forgetting each other were there. 'At least they hadn't been so audacious as to grab at her.' He thought, still unaware of their handy work upon her sex.  
  
Brian unzipped himself, lifted her head onto his cock and lay back letting her do the work. Without a thought of who she was with her head bobbed up and down in his lap as though she were a machine pumping for oil.   
  
This was too much for Charlie. He pressed close behind her roughly pushing into her body a hardness that craved relief. It came too quickly and he staggered back falling into an armchair.   
  
Reginald attempted to take his place but was repulsed by the idea though he too needed relief and found it. Prodding gently he managed to enter her bottom. His usual reserve quickly fell away on feeling the tightness about his cock. He desperately thrust into her body quickly gushing a great store of fluid.   
  
On entering her she had yelped in pain hardly revealing a sound rather adding to the vibrations on the cock tight in her mouth. Pushed over the edge Brian thrust upward spurting for what seemed an age of fulfilment.   
  
With Reginald burrowing into her bottom there was no room to manoeuvre away from the cock sliding down her throat. Having her arse invaded brought her back to vivid consciousness only to feel both members spraying her insides with fluid.   
  
On top of the after glow of an orgasm feelings of degradation and abuse fired it up again. Having used her they left her to slump to the floor in a messy heap. Unable to open her eyes she felt for the clothes grabbing them into her arms. Pushing herself up from the floor to the sofa then in a hunched stumble she left the room.   
  
On entering the room Bob cleared his throat saying nothing, simply plonking the tray of coffee before them. He was right they looked so sheepish he felt sorry for them. They had watched a sordid act and had become carried away by the excitement of the moment. Now they would have to face each other. Tomorrow and the next day, they would carry their embarrassment home with them. Maybe they would have to face each other's wives knowing they had watched this sordid dance.   
  
He surmised all this unaware of how carried away they had become. No one mentioned the dance or the sudden disappearance of the maid. They didn't even allude to it merely nodding to their host as they quietly left.   
  
Next morning over breakfast at the hotel they would begin to unwind, beginning by reliving the dance, until Charlie had the nerve to mention how tight and eager she had been.

**Anniversary Ch. 04**

Bob looked into their bedroom and on seeing his wife fast asleep, snoring heavily, he turned and left for the spare bedroom.   
  
Approaching her father Aurora thought it appropriate he was dressed in his judge's robes for she was seeking his advice. Looking up at him she said. "I thought you were dead daddy."   
  
"Yes but I'm working on an appeal. What is it you want dear? I'm busy, quickly make your submission."  
  
"I don't know where to begin."  
  
"Try starting in the middle with a garbled version of the truth. That's the norm."  
  
"Well. I was only half conscious when a man put his thing into my mouth. I really wasn't aware of what was going on; perhaps I thought it was my husband. Anyway he used me daddy. A pain in my bottom brought me round and I knew someone was inside me there too. I yelled out but the thing in my mouth muffled the sound and they both carried on. I couldn't move away from either of them. I had to endure them using me. Then they both did it to me, they both came. I gagged and passed out. Did they rape me daddy?"   
  
Aurora awoke with a start half remembering the dream and still wondering at what the answer might have been. Sensing the bed was wet she moved her legs over the edge and winced in pain. She wasn't wetting the bed it was something else. Removing her hand from between her legs her nose confirmed what it was. "It really did happen!" She said to herself. It wasn't just her pussy that was leaking the same sticky mess was seeping from her bottom too. The acrid taste in her mouth couldn't be ignored she had to get to the bathroom quickly to gargle and clean her teeth. Wanting to return to the comfort of a warm bed she stood there staring at the sticky mess on the sheets. She couldn't just get back into the soiled bed nor could she leave the stains for the maid to discover. Ripping the sheet off the bed she screwed it into a ball and tip toed down the stairs not wanting to wake him, not wanting to even see him. Shoving the offensive evidence into the washing machine she bent looking at the dials and switches in a daze not knowing what to do. "Damn! The maid can do it." She said, raising a bare foot to kick the machine, only to think better of it.  
  
Sitting on the cold floor she wrapped her arms around her cold knees replaying that evening. So all three of the strangers had taken advantage of her. She knew their first names but hadn't even been properly introduced to them. Three strangers had fucked her brains out in her own home, in her lounge. She couldn't blame them after the sordid exhibition she had made of herself. The damned hypnotic state was gradually becoming stronger every time it was invoked, otherwise she wouldn't have dared dance a striptease in front of them. What was so galling is that she had done this to herself; she had reinforced the hypnosis by practising it on herself not meaning others to have the advantage. After going along with those other lewd acts it had worn down her natural reticence until the game had degenerated to last nights despicable performance. It had all suddenly got out of hand. She had only meant to encourage her husband to dominate her in the privacy of their home, behind closed doors. She had wanted to re-invigorate their marriage. "No, be honest. I wanted him to just take me in wild passion. I needed to feel the passion we used to share." She whispered.  
  
Where was he when all this happened? Remembering the smell of coffee she knew he must have been fumbling around an unfamiliar kitchen hoping it was all over by the time he got back in. It was a frightening thought that she couldn't trust him to look after her! The hypnotist had warned her not to give this power to anyone she didn't trust but she hadn't thought it included her husband. Daren had guided her through the games; he hadn't let them get out of hand. Except for Lynne perhaps. She remembered the sounds of a heated argument outside Lynne's apartment. He must have been telling the young woman off for invading her body with that dildo. She certainly looked contrite on coming back into the room with Daren. That's why he had asked if she had something left inside her pussy. Shivering with cold, or was it from the memory of that young woman doing it to her? She decided to seek help.   
  
Darren was the only one she could trust to look after her and she didn't even know who he was. There were bits and pieces of information she had picked up along the way and yes her husband was representing him, unless that was just a fiction made up last night. In the study she flicked through his address book looking for a Daren. No good. Not knowing his last name she would have to search everyone of the cards. Flicking through at random she found an almost blank card. Just a name and number, this was it. Stabbing with trembling fingers she managed to hit the right keys through hot salty tears. "It's Sunday morning. Bloody six am. Who is it? Speak up. Don't bloody well wake me up and keep silent, say something. What do you want?" His tone changed enough for her to feel he was listening after saying just one word, her name. "You had better come round." He told her. With an address scribbled onto a scrap of paper she followed the instructions to an old warehouse. It was a brick building looking abandoned and she wondered if this was the right place to find reassurance.  
  
"Let me take your coat." He said. Seeing her naked under it he meant to cover her, "What the hell." He casually remarked, "It's warm enough in here. I like it hot." He said, casually dropping the expensive designer garment upon the floor. As she might have expected the apartment was a huge loft over the old warehouse. The brick walls were painted off-white, hung with oil paintings. She padded on bare feet from one to the other. There was nothing here of the abstract school which decorated her own home. In even greater contrast each seemed to have been selected to his particular taste not just bought as a job lot. Before long she had circled the room ending up in the kitchen area where he had prepared breakfast. "Sit."  
  
"I don't." She began only the effort was too much.  
  
"Just eat." His assault upon the eggs, bacon, beans and what looked like offal was infectious. Suddenly hungry she joined him matching him fork for fork swilling it down from a mug of strong tea. She watched him curiously eat the eggs then the bacon, the kidneys, the liver, then he cut into the toast dripping with beans. With each mouthful a sip of tea, then he bent to the task of steering another fork to his mouth. The way he attacked the food was determined and forceful. It was strange watching him eat each portion separately then move on to the next. A ravenous hunger had surfaced in her yet she closed her eyes to the offal only to be surprised by its pleasant texture. It tasted good.  
  
"Another cup?" He asked. She almost asked for coffee but nodded her head instead. Watching him rise from the chair with both plates and cups was mesmerising as though he were performing a juggling act, turning just so, placing them right, opening a cupboard, dropping tea bags, switching the kettle on, all in one continuous fluid movement. Like a blind man knowing where everything was, not needing to look, simply stepping and stretching to reach for what he wanted with the minimum of effort. The second cup had been downed and he seemed to be satisfied with the task but he didn't speak, he waited.   
  
"I." She faltered not knowing how to tell him and stopped.  
  
"Just let it all out." He said softly. They sat on a sofa, he listening while she told him of being let down by her husband. For the first time becoming conscious of her nudity she wrapped her arms about her breasts. He didn't seem to take any notice and after a moment she relaxed again to continue with her sorry tale.   
  
Under other circumstances the sight of an attractive woman sitting on the sofa naked would have interested him but not after what she had just told him. "What do you want to do about it?" He asked.   
  
"I don't know." She murmured.  
  
"You want to continue with the game otherwise you would have said so straight away. Your mind would have been made up before you got here and you haven't even mentioned ending it all." He said.   
  
It was a shock to hear him say this but she had to admit she was turned on by the game and she knew she couldn't carry on without being hypnotised. Aurora tried to explain, "I need your help. It's all getting out of hand. The hypnotic state is becoming stronger every time it's used on me. I'm sure I could have refused something I didn't want to do originally, where now it seems I can't refuse anything. I need protection, someone I can trust to look after me while I'm hypnotised." She said, the tone of desperation clear in her voice.   
  
He thought about what she was saying weighing it against the help he needed from her husband. To protect his interests the situation had to be put back together, at least for a while. "I can look out for you but he could put you under at anytime without letting me know. I'll have a word with him to see what he thought of last night and if he knows what really happened. It might have shocked him enough to go back to the usual arrangements. If not I'll talk him into it. The best thing to do is to go home and get some rest. Don't do anything until you've talked it through with me. You had better take this." He handed her a card with an address and telephone number printed on it, but no name. "It's a discreet clinic. Get a check up as soon as you can." He told her. She looked shocked at the implications as well as the idea of going to such a place.   
  
"It's me, Daren. Can you talk?"   
  
Aurora was home trying to concentrate on a financial report for a wealthy client, not happy at being interrupted. Feeling wary of bad news she answered. "Yes, I'm alone." She replied feeling very nervous at the sound of his voice.   
  
"I've talked to Bob and he doesn't know what happened Saturday night. Your not exactly in the clear though. He didn't know you would go so far as to dance in front of them 'in such a lewd manner', and I'm quoting him. He's pissed and was thinking of ending the whole game. I talked him round by telling him I would keep a watch on you. What do you think?" he asked her.   
  
She couldn't get her breath for a moment not knowing if she had been saved or condemned. "That's marvellous Daren. I can't thank you enough."  
  
"Well that's the second thing I want to talk to you about. You owe me. I don't do anything for nothing so when the time comes that I need a favour you will pay me back, understood?" A sudden thought flashed through her mind of what he knew and how it could affect her life and it was as quickly dismissed.   
  
"Of course, whatever I can do for you Daren."  
  
A Friday night went by without being summoned into the sordid game and she felt relieved and disappointed at the same time. Bob hadn't mentioned anything and they had recovered their tedious relationship. The usual boring routine had continued with her waiting expectantly for something exciting to happen. The danger of the game had become a thrill in itself with the exciting sex a bonus. A second Friday hadn't produced the expected note and she felt pensive as though needing a fix. "Hi Aurora, it's Daren. Are you alone?"   
  
"Yes! What is it? Anything wrong?" She asked.  
  
"Just listen. In the study desk, top left draw, there's an envelope. Don't open it, just fetch it." Her heart began to flutter as she ran to the study and back. "I've got it!" She said breathlessly. "Bring it here to the club. The address is on the back. When your safely here you can open that envelope, not until then, understood? Just so there are no more mistakes. OK!" He warned her.   
  
She absently nodded her head deep in thought as to what was to happen to her next with seconds passing before she realised he was waiting for a response. "OK! And thanks Daren." It seemed like an age driving to his club but eventually she arrived, where the way had been obviously prepared, for the doorman let her through without question.  
  
"It seems he's not as hooked on these games as you are." Daren told her. "Well, open the damn thing and get it over with. I'll be back in a minute." He said. With hands trembling the envelope was ripped open, all the time she wondered what humiliating situation would be arranged this time. "I don't have to do this!" She said quietly, "I could just walk out of here." Unfolding the page it was obvious she would read it like an addict needing a fix, the need overcoming the fear. She just had to find out what humiliating situation had been thought up for this evening.   
  
The door opened and Daren marched over to his desk. "Well?"   
  
"I'm to follow your orders, sir." She said. It didn't seem so bad, disappointing in fact. Perhaps her husband had been shocked more than she thought and was reining back from the more risqué adventures. "Well that's not surprising. I can look after you here. Bob must have been impressed with your dancing skills or he's teaching you a lesson. I had better give you some instructions now you're hypnotised." He ordered her to act like any other new girl starting at the club and laid out the rules. Eventualy he ended the lecture and told her, "You'll need an outfit. Judy will still be in the changing room so off you go." He said.   
  
As usual she was dressed in what a man thought was sexy, only the underwear was cheap, not the fine silk her husband would have bought for her. The dress was short, low cut and loose so as to be easily shed while dancing. She felt cheap like some poor woman hard up for money, just as she had been instructed to be. The music was quiet and seductive though at first she found it difficult to move in time with it. The man didn't seem to mind. He kept his eyes upon her breasts anticipating their appearance.   
  
Without thinking about what she was doing she swayed them from side to side before him, almost in his face, like a snake charmer. His eyes follow their impressive size bulging impressively from the dress. Lifting the hem around her hips she turned around to show off a peachy bottom teasingly framed by the stockings and suspenders. Looking over her shoulder she gave him a shy smile but he didn't respond, he was impatient to see her breasts. Lifting the dress over her head she turned with her hands at the bra catch thrusting her breasts at him. His obvious excitement encouraged her onward despite earlier reservations about stripping before a complete stranger.  
  
The same dance as the one performed before the three men brought him to a fit of pleasure only this time there was to be no satisfaction for her. The club rules forbade anyone touching a dancer and he kept to them. Before five different men she stripped each time becoming excited to the point of nearly coming until she was brought to a permanent state of frustration. While waiting for the next customer she was summoned to the office wondering, 'What next?'   
  
"You've done well. The punters were pleased with your performance. One of them offered a lot of money for you to dance at a private party." He looked at her pleading eyes knowing she had been right; it would be impossible for her to refuse if he sent her to the party. She shivered with fright imagining what would happen once naked before a group of drunken men unable to refuse them anything. "I have other plans for you this evening. Your going to pay me back rather sooner than I thought. One of the girls can't make a date with an important client so you will take her place. What have you to say to that?" he asked.  
  
At last given the chance to speak, having been asked a question, she asked. "What do you mean a date? I thought you were going to look after me! Can't you just take me back to my husband? I'm ready for him now. I mean. You know." She stammered, unable to tell him how ready she was for her husband to service her now that she had been humiliated.  
  
"Don't worry. The man won't use you, at least not like that. He will just play with you for a little while. It's harmless enough but you'll have to see for yourself what he wants of you. I'll take you to the house and wait to make sure nothing untoward happens." He said. She knew he meant the house where her husband had made love to her pretending to be a stranger, so naturaly she suspected it was him doing the playing. Whatever that meant. On the drive there she kept herself excited thinking over how she had danced naked before strangers and was now being pimped to another stranger. Her morals had slipped drastically from being a stripper to a whore in a short drive out of town.   
  
An outfit had been selected and so she showered and dressed in preparation. The little pet clothes she wore reminded her of the abuse taken from a young woman some weeks ago. She wondered if being dressed as a pretty doll better or worse than being dressed as a puppy. Surely her husband hadn't come up with this getup! Wearing a furry one-piece body suit, with doggy ears, a collar and leash, was bad enough. To add to the humiliation she had been ordered to wait curled up in a dog basket. The instructions had been specific and so now she was going to have to wait for a master to appear then obey him. Although this was exactly what she had been hypnotised for, to be at the beck and call of a master, this is not what she had in mind.  
  
At last someone walked into the room. As suspected it wasn't her husband. Daren had been telling the truth, she was to perform some strange ritual for a complete stranger. "Come over hear puppy." He said. With difficulty she crawled over to him to be patted and her tummy rubbed. "There's a good puppy." He told her. Taking from a holdall a soft rubber ball she was told to fetch it. Bringing it back to him she was offered a biscuit as a reward. "Come now. Beg." He told her. Up on her haunches she nearly fell backward but he had a hold of her collar. In disgust she found it really was a doggy treat but as ordered she was his puppy for the evening and chewed it until able to swallow the dreadful thing.   
  
The leash had been tied to a chair with her facing it whereupon he began to pull apart the poppers to expose her crotch. In some panic she thought Daren had got it wrong this man wanted to take her after all. Even worse she felt him massaging grease into her bottom. Had she been tricked into being this mans doggy whore? She could have objected in Daren's office only now it was too late as she had willingly read the command to obey this stranger. She was in a helpless condition with this man who had paid Daren for her to be his whore and he was going to do whatever he liked with her.  
  
"Now lets get this done, hold still." He said, trying to mollify his nervous pet. With a slight pain she felt something enter her bottom. It was definitely not his penis, which brought some relief not to be buggered, but what was it? He led her round the room on a leash with her trying to figure out what he had done to her. "Wiggle that tale pet. Go on, sway your hips." He told her. It dawned upon her that she was sporting a puppy tail and he wanted her to wag it. Relief from discovering what it was allowed her to wiggle it with some enthusiasm. Led round the room once more she wondered why she was so pleased at having a butt plug shoved up her arse, but perhaps it was better than being buggered. It was all turning into a nightmare. The humiliation of being this stranger's pet was far greater than the teasing she had endured in the café or the sex shop. Still frustrated from the club she felt the slight stimulation from the butt plug an annoyance for she really did want to have her sex filled where this was close but not close enough. While at heel he patted her talking nonsense at her. "You're a good puppy. Yes you are."

His hands were all over her patting and stroking, even squeezing her nipples through the coarse fabric. "You had better have a drink and another treat." Although she drank from a bowl on the floor it was good to wash the taste of those doggy treats from her mouth. It had only been an hour and a half since she had entered the house yet it seemed like days she had endured being this man's pet. It was hard to imagine how scampering after a ball dressed as a puppy could bring the slightest sexual gratification to anyone but it seemed she had a lot to learn.   
  
She whimpered at him frustrated that she couldn't speak to make such a simple request. As though in defiance she stopped the tour of the room pulling back upon the leash. No longer able to hold on she squatted on the floor and let go. The relief was enormous as much as the humiliation was grim. "You naughty puppy!" He said, though the tone of his voice betrayed him. It was now obvious what the dry treats and water had been all about. "You've disgraced yourself. You naughty bitch." He told her. Rubbing her nose in the wet patch on the floor she did indeed feel ashamed. The sting of the leash upon her backside was a surprise. He whipped her bottom once more and she whimpered in abject shame. A flood of images crowded her mind reminding her of a puppy she had as a child messing upon the floor. In abject shame at being reduced to this wretched state she sprang to heel needing to prove her worth as his pet. Waggling her tail in an attempt to get back into good favour she determined to win him over.   
  
With the tail removed she sniffed around his legs like a puppy as he packed up to leave. "Sit. That's a good girl." He told her. "Roll over. Play dead. Such an obedient puppy! Now go to your bed. Wait there. Wait." He had to repeat for she made to follow him. Once more curled up in the basket she tried to sleep though she felt restless and uncomfortable at how tame she had behaved with him at the end of their session.  
  
Upon Daren's appearance she once again showered and changed wondering what was next. Exhausted from this evenings ordeal she hoped to go home to bed. "So how did you find the dog man then. He has quit a way about him doesn't he! The usual girl said he manages to find just the right buttons to push and before you know it you find yourself actually wanting to please him." Daren wasn't expecting an answer but she acknowledged the truth of what he said with a thoughtful nod. If she had been with him for a few days instead of just three hours, what could he have done with her then? Could she have ended up becoming a soppy puppy, bouncing around wanting nothing more than to please a master? It felt as though it were possible. She shook her head reminding herself she was a financial advisor with an important portfolio of very rich clients, not some weird man's plaything.   
  
Daren led her upstairs where she thought her husband might still be waiting for her. "You can stay here. This room's used when someone wants to stay over. Punters never use it just girl's not wanting to go home in the early hours. Bob will be away so it will be easier to look after you. There's a telephone there and my numbers on the pad. I suggest you get a good night's sleep, what's left of it. Anything you need? Well I'll wake you in the morning, not too early!" He said chuckling.   
  
Had her husband left her with Daren for the whole weekend? This was something new. It was too late to remind him she was still hypnotised; he had gone before it had occurred to her so used to it had she become. Well she had been ordered to obey him and he had told her to get a good nights rest. Too exhausted to even attempt to bring some self-satisfaction she slipped quietly to sleep.  
  
Earlier that evening Daren had tried to convince Bob to carry on with the court case but he had refused saying it was useless to fight on. Daren would have to settle out of court after all the money spent on fees. It was going to cost a bundle of money and the plans for expanding his business would have to go on hold. After letting him down Bob had the audacity to ask Daren to baby-sit the wife. Well, one of them was going to pay. It didn't take him long to figure out how. If the idea went well he would recoup his losses and teach that college boy not to take him for a fool.

**Anniversary Ch. 05**

Daren sat in his office looking at a note retrieved from the waste paper where Aurora had discarded it earlier that evening. Her husband Bob had included a confidential command that put Aurora into a hypnotic state, though it was no secret now. Daren looked after Aurora setting her up in situations where she could fulfil a need for sexual thrills. The only way she could bring herself to play these games was to be hypnotised. His job was to make sure things didn't get out of hand, in return Bob had been handling a court case for him, which had been lost costing Daren a great deal of money. He hadn't been interested in playing her game especially after a confession a couple of weeks ago when she had admitted to having sex with three strangers. The woman was attractive but this revelation had put him off. Her beautiful lithe body was desirable but he had other ideas now that her husband had let him down; costing him too much money to ignore.   
  
He began writing the usual report to Bob only this time he had no qualms about revealing the sordid details of her naughty escapade that had gotten out of control. Upsetting her husband was just a part of the plan to recoup the losses and teach them a lesson.  
  
Next morning he drove over to the house where clients could, in perfect privacy, play disreputable games with women they had found willing to perform them. It was a first for Daren to provide a woman as he usually just rented the house for an evening. That particular evening the partner would be Aurora performing as a man's plaything. When he arrived Aurora was still asleep. The smell of hot tea wafted over her as she began to wake. "Good morning sleeping beauty. Drink this, get changed, and join me in the kitchen." He told her.   
  
Refreshed from the quick shower she once again sat watching Daren while he cooked and served a full breakfast. It was curious how he ate everything on the plate separately. The enthusiasm caught a hold where she too became hungry devouring everything on the plate.   
  
"What do you think about last night?" He asked.   
  
"I'm thoroughly ashamed." She said. "It isn't something I would want to do, ordinarily." Remembering the humiliating scene she had acted out with a client they called the 'dog man', a shudder ran down her back.   
  
"How do you feel now?" He asked.  
  
"I feel tired and horny. Very horny." She added. Still hypnotised she couldn't hide anything, yet it didn't matter, as he already knew all the sorry details of the game she was playing. Every Friday night a game had been played where she was submitted to humiliation, the torment pitching her to the point where all she could think of was a craven need for satisfaction. It had become such a ritual she depended on ending the evening with her husband satisfying the need. Only last night it didn't happen. The past weekends of play had always culminated in an electrifying sex session, only last night she had been denied and was still waiting. Perhaps this was a way for her husband to tell her of his disapproval of her behaviour. So dependent on this routine she hoped Daren had something in mind to satisfy that pent up need.   
  
He did and had made two phone calls. One to her husband, as he wasn't away on business as he had misinformed Aurora, telling him she wanted to stay there for the whole weekend. The other was to a client. "You can stay here this morning cleaning up the place. You made a mess of the playroom last night. I see you remember." He said, noticing the embarrassment. With a maid and a part time cleaner at home Aurora had little practical experience of household chores yet she did her best, as ordered. This was a different kind of humiliation yet somehow it maintained a position of subservience in her mind that kept the fire burning inside, or was it the musing of what shameful acts had been planned for later.  
  
On entering the café he saw the client pensively sipping a coffee, his lips pursed as though it might be too hot which in this place was unlikely. The booth was in a corner slightly away from the others and had been kept free as arranged by Daren calling on yet another favour. "Glad you could make it!" He said, sliding into the once plush red leather bench.  
  
"I hope this is important. I don't appreciate being summoned by anyone on a Saturday morning. I've a golf match in an hour so you've got 20 minutes." Hubert told him, while looking at his watch to emphasise the point.  
  
Daren knew the man was nervous about meeting him, not wanting anyone to know they had a business relationship, or even knew each other. "I'll get straight to the point. I need financial advice. I've had an unexpected expense and I'm already committed to a new venture." He began, only for Hubert to interrupt him.  
  
"If that's the case come into the office and I'll arrange for someone to see you." Hubert said abruptly, rising to go.   
  
"That's not all. Sit down." The man began to sweat expecting the worse. If anyone found out about his little habits it would seriously damage a precious reputation. "An employee of yours or rather her husband let me down, badly. Aurora works for you I believe." The man nodded looking confused as well as worried. "I mean for her to help with this project I have going. What do you think?" He asked.  
  
Hubert laughed nervously. He licked his dry lips. "I assume it's along the lines of your usual business dealings? Then forget it. She is as straight as a preacher's wife that one. I don't play around with staff and as you said she's married, not that it has stopped some of the boy's in the office trying it on. She would be shocked at the sight of your business plans Daren. I can see where your going but it won't work. If you want to humiliate the husband through her by using my office, forget it. She just won't handle your portfolio. Besides, she manages some of our top blue chip clients, not this sort of trade or such small deals either." He stated pompously. Noticing Daren smile he knew him enough to ask. "What do you know I don't?"   
  
Daren took out a small brown envelope and slid it across the table. Hubert blanched at the sight of it. "It's OK!" Daren spoke softly, reassuring him, savouring the impact for future reference.   
  
Hubert's hands shook fearing the envelope contained photos designed to force him into supplying Aurora as business advisor. On sight of the first photo he visibly relaxed slumping into the upholstery relieved at not seeing himself in some sordid pose. In each of the grainy photos a woman was dressed in a skintight cat suit. In the last of the series a man was being intimate with her body. He looked up at Daren with a questioning look.  
  
"Take a closer look." Daren said.  
  
"Good grief! I don't believe it. That's not her husband either."  
  
"They're from a security camera in one of my 'sort of trade' establishments, a sex shop. Not the sort of trade that usually goes on there I can assure you." Daren smiled with satisfaction on seeing his reaction. "Are you interested?" He asked.  
  
"This is real?" Hubert asked, noting the nod. "It's very interesting but I don't see how. What's it got to do with me? I don't want any part in blackmail!"   
  
"No! Not that. Are you interested in her?"  
  
"Good grief!" Hubert wasn't saying no and his eyes revealed interest but just as suddenly he dismissed the idea.   
  
"She'll do anything." Daren said quietly. "Anything at all. Especially if you humiliate her, she will respond like a bitch on heat. Whatever you want she will do it without question. Think about it."   
  
He was thinking with images flickering through his mind only these weren't distorted through lack of definition. The practicalities were being thought through too, like a business plan, meaning he was hooked.   
  
"Obviously you don't want her to have the advantage of knowing your habits. A mask or hood might be appropriate. Playing as an anonymous stranger might suit you both." Daren said. Leaving the rest to Hubert's imagination. It gave him time to outline the business plan. Hubert left with an eager look on his face, a promise to finance Daren's deal, and late for golf.  
  
The house had been cleaned as best she could manage and as ordered the playroom had been especially vacuumed dusted and polished. She changed into a fresh maids' uniform, which she thought appropriate, even if it was a rather kinky black latex getup not designed for work at all. Eagerly she waited for Daren in the small upstairs room hoping at last she would be rewarded for all that effort expended. She rather hoped her husband had arrived even though Daren had told her he was away for the whole weekend, for she really did need him.  
  
"Are you still horny?" Daren asked her.   
  
"Yes, sir." She replied. Hating having to admit it yet resigned to it, almost used to having to confess the most intimate of feelings however embarrassing.  
  
"Tell me exactly." Daren ordered.  
  
Squirming in the seat Aurora felt a flush of red upon her neck at the prospect of this intimate humiliation. "I need it. I need to feel a cock in my pussy. I need to come desperately. Since last night when I danced for those men I've been gagging for it. I can't wait till Bob gets back, I need it now." She said, knowing exactly where all this pent up emotion had come from but only now realising how deep the need was. Shocked at uttering such explicit words, at the earnestness of them, as they seemed to flow from her mouth like the juices from her pussy. It was more of a revelation to hear she was almost asking him to fuck her.  
  
"Well I said I'd look after you and you can do me a favour at the same time." Following him downstairs to the playroom a tingling anticipation filled her body, quickly turning to alarm on finding how it had been transformed. A partition had been folded back to reveal a wall hung with a variety of torture instruments at which she could only stare in fright. "The room is ready for your next client. That's your favour to me. After that, we'll see." He led the stunned woman to the middle of the room telling her to wait there and left to answer the door. "She's waiting in the playroom, you can change in the side room before making your entrance. Usual rules apply. I'll be upstairs watching the football. By the way how did the golf go?" Daren asked, but didn't wait for an answer bustling off out of the way for even after all this time he found it difficult to deal with these situations, preferring to leave them to it. Usually the house ran itself or at least with a minimal contact.   
  
Aurora was still standing in the centre of the room staring at the floor, as ordered, when she felt the presence of a predatory male. Out of the corner of her eye she saw a tall figure circle the room as though he were stalking prey weighing up the best position of attack. It mattered not that she was nearly naked, having become used to this vulnerable state, after all what could she do to defend herself when even the crudest order had to be obeyed. Close before her she had a view of a pair of expensive shiny shoes and the legs of a dark expensive suit, yet this was no indication he would behave decently toward her. This much she had learnt, rich men expected more for their money. He was taking his time, not touching her, leaving her in anguish as to what was to happen next.   
  
She wanted to yell out, "Whatever you want just do it!"   
  
From behind he took hold of her hair and gently raised it while fumbling with her neck. Feeling something clipped around it she thought. "Oh! No! Not again!" She couldn't bare the thought of being treated like a puppy, to be left frustrated once again, when all she wanted was a thorough screwing. It was just a little sobering to think that was what she craved and could actually admit it to herself. If only she could speak without being asked. She would tell this stranger, even beg him, to take her. She felt warm hands gently stroke her body, catching at a nipple between fingers, lower over her belly. From behind a hand slid down her back until it met it's partner between her legs. All the time she wanted to open her thighs yet still unable to move she stood very still, waiting. His lips and tongue whispered sensations over her ears, her neck and shoulders, eliciting whimpers of pleasure with every breath released.   
  
It was torture of a most delicious kind and silently she began to chant, "Please take me. Please, let me come!"  
  
She hardly noticed being led over to the bed by hands still massaging her body, until arranged over it spread-eagled, ready. She saw him pull his cock from those expensive trousers startling her back to the present. It was even more of a surprise to hear the sound of her voice pleading, "Please, Sir. Please fuck me. Please make me come." There was no time to repeat the appeal for he roughly stabbed at her with his hard stick as she rose up to meet it with an equally stiffened back, arched up to meet him. Engulfing his cock she held on with contracting muscles clenching tight. After so much teasing, again and again promised yet deprived, she was ravenous with an appetite needing to be fulfilled.   
  
Collapsing into the soft bed she pulled him down onto her stomach, drawing his manhood into her feasting vagina. Again she bucked in time with his thrusts producing a rhythmic movement that could only have been made with one mind one body. They drove each other on and upward toward a fiery climax draining them both of energy to eventually collapse into a reverential embrace.  
  
Daren wrote the usual report to Aurora's husband adding a brief description of the episode with three customers in their home as though the information had just been discovered. He added that today she pleaded for sex, not caring whom it was with. In conclusion he wrote that she was out of control and wondered what Bob wanted to do with her. Re-reading the report he knew it was a truthful statement she couldn't deny, but could he use it as planned. She had cleaned the house, and herself, giving time for what she had done to sink in and for the guilt to be somehow dealt with. "So Aurora. Did you enjoy the session?" Daren asked innocently.   
  
It was true. It couldn't be denied. She had given herself freely to a stranger even though there had been little choice except to obey. She couldn't deny she had gone willingly to that bed. Thinking about it, he hadn't spoken at all, not demanded anything nor was she ordered to comply. A touch of panic swept over her with a flash of revelation. She thought, "This is going too far! I was made ready then given to a complete stranger to take advantage of me." At the same time she felt grateful to the stranger for making her come again and again, she still felt on a high from such a working over. She vaguely remembered him entering her. All the initial gentleness forgotten as he rode her roughly until they were both spent. Then it started all over again as though they were both out of control.  
  
Having to admit it was what she had wanted, she said. "Yes." She breathed out an answer passionately.  
  
"Do you want me to arrange another session with him?" He asked. She nodded her head vigorously. Then realised he waited for a more definite answer.  
  
"Yes, please." She said, unaware of revealing an intimate feeling by adding that extra little word, please. Daren had pimped her to that stranger yet she couldn't say no to another wicked session. A pang of guilt and shame threatened to engulf her though she managed to swamp the feelings with thoughts of stunning sex.  
  
The stranger had worn a hood concealing his identity though Daren knew Hubert, her boss, had taken her without her recognising him. It didn't matter how she reacted when it came to face the truth, which he planned to do with her husband present. If she left the company in disgrace they too would feel the disappointment of plans in ruin. Somehow thinking it through gave him little pleasure rather it left him feeling just a little shameful. Still, he continued to set them up for a fall. At the same time acknowledging plans never seemed to work as expected -- perhaps unconsciously he hoped this one might fail too.  
  
After reading the report Bob was on the phone wanting to hear of his wife's betrayal directly from Daren. Not wanting to believe it, yet knowing she was so much more into the game that in hindsight it seemed an inevitable result. "I don't know what to do." Bob said stiffly into the phone. At last, the man was in need of his advice but Daren wouldn't string out the agony, but before he could answer, Bob surprised him. "I'll divorce her. There's nothing left. Where is she now?" He said hurriedly.   
  
"I'm not sure I should tell you. What are you going to do?" Daren asked.  
  
"Don't worry I won't do anything stupid. I don't want to see her. Ever." Bob spoke with heart felt anguish.   
  
"She's safe. I'll look after her if you like. Keep her out of the way." Daren saw his plan falling apart, surprised at its suddenness. What was he going to do with her? "I'll make arrangements and call you back." They each muttered platitudes at each other while they tried to adjust to this new situation then the call was over. "Well what am I going to do with her?" Daren sighed. "Damn! Damn them both. They're dragging me into their game even deeper." The phone rang shaking him from deep thoughts still far from sure what to do next. "Sharon! No it's not a good time. Someone's using the room. I want to get rid of them but it's complicated. I forgot about your booking, I've had other things on my mind. All right I'll do something. I'll phone you back." At least this call ended quickly without the least hint of embarrassment. So now two people, three if he was included, wanted rid of Aurora.  
  
The phone rang yet again, "Yes!" Daren said, with a touch of anger in his voice.   
  
"It's unlike you to be on edge, what's up?" The familiar voice chided. Hubert was in an unusually buoyant mood.   
  
"Nothing you need to know about. What do you want?" Daren responded hurriedly needing time to think.  
  
"I want her. Can you arrange for me to have exclusive rights? I mean. You know what I mean." Hubert asked, with what he liked to think was a persuasive business tone of voice.  
  
"Well you're the only one that wants her right now." He thought. He said, "I'll see what I can arrange."  
  
"I know you can do it. You're the man with a reputation for getting things done. We'll talk money later." He added. There was a tone in his voice purposely indicating no price was too much for this special favour.  
  
Daren put the phone down heavily surprised again at how the situation was taking shape, unsure of what picture to make out of the pieces. Her husband didn't want her back, or so he said, and Daren had to do something with her. Now this man wanted her. Sharon didn't really want the room or what went with it but she needed the money.  
  
"Bob. How quickly can you get a set of divorce papers prepared? We'll your in the business can't you get a buddy to move on it. Monday. I'll have them signed and back to you in twenty-four hours. No mess and you keep everything. In return I get a fat fee. Agreed? Let me worry about that." Daren stated, once again confident in a deal he could drive through.  
  
"Hubert, can you talk? Can you manage another session tonight? With Aurora, who else? Good. Then be there and we'll talk. After." Daren dropped the phone onto its cradle giving the man no time to think, leaving him happily surprised and eager.   
  
"Sharon, it's Daren. Don't worry about the room your fee is covered. Dog man is on a leash for a while. Come over tomorrow night and I'll explain. You can collect your usual fee then. I'll be in the office." Daren again casually dropped the phone onto its cradle.

Driving over to the house he prepared Aurora for another session, which seemed to go as well as the first. With Aurora safely out of the way upstairs the two men talked business. Hubert drove home not convinced Daren would deliver on the deal, still wondering how he could possibly accomplish such an outrageous and daring arrangement.   
  
Sharon arrived for her payment grateful for not having to pander to the 'dog man's' needs willing to at least listen to Daren's idea. "Sharon, your not really suited to taking a submissive role." Daren began.   
  
Sharon interrupted him." I just need the money. You know that. I couldn't work in your club so just don't go there. I don't like what I do but at least they don't actually do it. You know." She told him.  
  
"That's not what I had in mind." He told her. "There's someone I know who is about to go through a divorce. He'll need someone to help him through it. He needs a firm hand. No! I mean he will need someone like you to take his mind of things. I'm not explaining it well. You are more suited to taking a dominant role in a relationship and I thought you might want to meet him. See how things go. You never know!" He said feeling he should have thought this through better than he had.   
  
Tilting her head to one side she looked at him. He was relieved to see amusement in her eyes rather than the dismissive attitude he expected. "Why Daren. The hard wheeler-dealer man is playing matchmaker. You sweetie. It won't work you know, it never does." She chuckled.  
  
This was a side of Sharon he hadn't seen before. "Will you at least let me introduce you?" he said shrugging his shoulders as thought it didn't matter that much.  
  
"OK!" She said. "I assume there's something in it for me. A babysitting fee at least. I just hope you're making something out of this. That way my faith in you won't be shattered." She said, laughing at his discomfort.   
  
Changed into a smart business suit with most of the harsh make-up washed off, Sharon looked quit different. This was more like the real Sharon but she was still convinced this was just a trick he was setting her up with. When he briefed her handed her an attaché case she was a little confused. The house was impressive but the owner was less so. She hoped he was a better lawyer than he looked for the sake of his clients. When they disappeared she had a discreet look around the room and helped herself to a drink. They soon concluded what business they had returning to her. Bob looked crestfallen and it struck a cord of sympathy, despite her hardened look upon life.  
  
"You look as though you need cheering up." Sharon said, fixing him a drink.   
  
"I've arranged for you to stay here for a few days. Just to look after him. I know you can re-organise his diary, take the phone calls, all that sort of thing. He's been moping around the house not knowing what to do." Daren said. Ignoring Sharon's look of disapproval he said to Bob. "Her previous husband was a lawyer, a criminal lawyer, not a corporate one. I guess it's all the same for a PA." He said. They both objected. "Well she can sort you out. She has the right qualifications and you need someone you can trust right now. I trust her and you must too. Let her take charge, leave everything to Sharon."   
  
Bob had started mumbling something about it being too much to ask but despite herself Sharon re-assured him. "Good that's it then. There's a choice of spare bedrooms upstairs." Daren looked her over and added. "There's plenty of clothes upstairs and they'll fit." Sharon winced at his thoughtless remark. Escaping the room he wondered if it would work. On hearing Sharon demand his appointment diary, as though dealing with an errant child, he figured it might just work out.   
  
Back at the house of ill repute it was time to settle things with Aurora. "Tell me what your thinking." He told her.   
  
"It's Monday isn't it? Isn't Bob home yet? I should have been in the office today. What's going on?" The words tumbled from her mouth voicing the look anguish already evident upon her face.  
  
"I want you to listen to what I have to say." He said. She stopped. The look of distress was still plain and he knew it would become worse. "Bob's home. Excuses have been made why you aren't at the office. There is a problem though. Bob has found out what you did that evening at home." He stopped speaking to let it sink in. "He also knows what you've been up to here. He wants a divorce. If you sign these papers he won't reveal anything to anyone. It would be embarrassing to both of you, it would ruin your reputations and you would both lose everything you have worked hard for." The enormity of the situation was sinking in. "Just sign these and then we can talk about it. I'll look after you as promised and will sort everything out."   
  
Thinking she had no choice she did as she had been instructed. "Now what have you to say?"  
  
"I don't know. I don't know what I want. What will I do now?" She whispered, seeming deflated by the desperate news.  
  
"I've made arrangements for you. If it works out you'll be well looked after. Otherwise you can come back here and we can work something else out." He said. She looked at him clearly wondering what he was talking about. Shrugging, she settled back in the chair not seeming to care. It seemed she was in shock and was prepared to let him manage her life as he had been doing for the last few weeks. "I've arranged for someone to look after you. He's paid a lot for this privilege and will expect a lot from you in return. Perfect obedience."   
  
She began to suspect this was just another phase of the game she had started and the 'someone' was really her husband. She let the idea pass preferring to play along in the role she had built these last few weeks. She could feel the familiar excitement building. Again given permission to speak she let the feelings flow. "Do you mean I'm to be sold to a complete stranger?" She asked, not daring to look at him in case she revealed the thrill of such a daring idea.  
  
"That's right. You've signed the release papers and he now owns you." This was a blatant lie of course as they both knew they were divorce papers, but he could see how much she wanted it to be a part of the game. Having become deeply immersed in it she had let it dominate her sense of reality. "He's arranged the payment so I will deliver you to him this evening. You'll have to obey him as his slave." Daren said, watching her carefully.  
  
"How. How can I be a slave? To a complete stranger! What will he do to me?" She asked. Daren watched the familiar excitement building knowing these protests were just pretence.   
  
A horrible thought crossed her mind. What if Daren had organised for her to stay with the 'Dog Man' for a while until her husband had calmed down letting her return home. "My god!" She thought. Perhaps Daren doesn't realise how effective that man is at training a woman. She had felt such a powerful effect after only a few hours in this house, what might happen if he had her under his control for a few days, or weeks. She might end up completely brain washed, turned into a winsome puppy dog happy to perform tricks on demand. She would be at his mercy unable to think for herself believing she was a puppy dog and he an absolute master.  
  
"You have already met and I could see you're compatible." He said.  
  
She didn't hear the rest knowing now what was to be her fate. She could see herself after a few weeks sleeping in a cage. Being brought out to demonstrate little tricks to his friends. What if someone she knew, a colleague or a client saw her. The important executive reduced to a simpering puppy dog licking a hand chasing after a ball. She would be completely naked wearing a collar with a little bell. She remembered the little bells he was going to clip to her nipples only time had run out for that particular humiliation. An image of the little puppy dog tail, attached to a dildo shoved up her arse, came flooding back. "Oh! Please no. Please let me stay with you. Don't sell me. I'll do anything you want. Just don't sell me." She pleaded.   
  
He watched delicate tears run down her cheeks noticing too how excited she was becoming with every plea. He noticed too that she had accepted the preposterous idea of being sold as a slave. Daren had known she would, but so quickly, it was surprising. He knew she had purposely become immersed in the hypnosis using it as an excuse to submit to anything, however sordid. Up until now she had been able to escape back to her husband for satisfaction, only he had just told her this route was closed, so now she would have to use someone else. Would he, or would he back out of this extraordinary business deal at the last minute. He was still unsure.  
  
In the maid outfit once again she regained some confidence even though it revealed far too much of her body to venture outside into the street. It was dark and this outfit meant she wasn't being delivered to the 'dog man'. It hadn't occurred to her that she was calmly accepting such a potentially dangerous situation, after all wasn't it her husband she was being delivered too? So used to being controlled, to being reduced to a sex thing, had taught her to be grateful to the smallest hopeful sign. She clung on to the idea she was being delivered to her husband for yet another powerful session.  
  
They hadn't driven far when they arrived at a magnificent house, in great contrast to the rough sex house they had just left. Led to the rear entrance she stood pensively until the door clicked and Daren took a firm hold of the leash. Along a corridor past a kitchen, washroom and other utility rooms she trotted behind reluctantly impelled by the leash.  
  
"In there. Your master awaits you." Daren said. Hesitantly she stood on the threshold of a new adventure, wanting to turn and run. The high heels and ankle chains made escape impossible and fear prevented her moving forward. A hand at her back propelled her forward.   
  
Not daring to look up she stumbled into a large room seeing only the lush royal blue carpet escaping her vision in all directions away from hobbled ankles. Sensing rather than seeing the man's presence she felt him circle her all sound padded to silence by the thick carpeting. Memories of that first night with the hooded stranger flooded her mind bringing with the thoughts a sense of relief quickly turning to arousal. Feelings of gratitude that it was he and not whom she had feared brought with it a wave of happy acceptance of this new role. She was suddenly looking forward to spending time as this man's plaything.   
  
Letting go of all inhibitions she gave way completely to the stranger knowing it wasn't her husband, using the excuse there was no choice. No only was she hypnotised deeply into the role of obedience, after having played the game for so long, she felt physically helpless in his hands. Not so helpless that the lovemaking was one sided for they repeated a performance of carnal animal lust. Three days as his sex slave had brought on an awareness of belonging that no sale certificate could possibly create.  
  
During the day she had been kept away from the staff in a suit of three rooms and still had no idea who the stranger was or where she had been taken. Thoughts of her work and what she was to do once this distraction was over passed through her mind but was quickly dismissed to fully enjoy this sojourn from reality. Unusually that morning she had been told to prepare herself for a visitor. Dressed in a fancy maids outfit she walked into the familiar masters study in the unfamiliar light of day.   
  
"Ah! Aurora. You look stunning, as usual." Daren told her.   
  
A flood of feelings washed over her in the instant of seeing Daren. This sudden connection with a past reality, her husband, the divorce and the prospect of facing the anguish of starting out by herself again, left her feeling empty and afraid. The game had been played out and it was time to return to the real world.   
  
"As promised I am here to look out for you." He said. She continued to stare at the carpet between her feet trying to hold on to a reeling mind. "Do you wish to stay? Or am I to take you back to the house. I believe you call it the Sex House. Not very flattering yet an accurate description I suppose."   
  
"Yes." She said quietly.   
  
"Yes what?"  
  
"Yes, Sir!" Aurora spoke a little too loudly.  
  
"I meant which is it to be. Stay here?" He asked.  
  
"Stay here, Sir. Please!" She said, trying to keep her head from spinning off in confusion, spinning into blankness with no idea of what else she might do.  
  
"It's about time I told you who your new master is then." He said. Pausing so that she might bring herself together from the evident nervous state she was in, he continued. "Your boss at the office. The owner of the corporation you work for. Hubert is now your owner." Daren paused again letting it sink in as she was obviously in some confusion. "Your tall dark stranger in the hood is Hubert. Had you no idea?" He asked.  
  
She shook her head. The implications of his words dripped upon her head like splashes of water down a well, as she looked up at a distant circle of light. The marriage was finished. The home was gone. The career was lost. The secret shameful game was exposed. Ideas splashed into her head to explode with echoes as she tried to make I all fit together.  
  
Daren spoke slowly and carefully. "He owns you now just as he does the business, this house and everything else a rich man owns. He will keep you. You are his sex slave, for ever."   
  
"For ever?" She said. The light had become brighter. Somehow the words were fitted in to the experiences of the past few weeks to make sense of them. Was it what she wanted or was it just an effect of the game influencing her? The game had always been something to be endured, to achieve what she really wanted. Trying to remember how it had all started in the lounge of her home seemed so long ago the purpose of it was impossible to recall. It was her fault. Being reduced to this state of complete submission was a result of playing the game too often and too intently. Yet to have no choice whether to play or not was another matter. How long was forever? What state of mind would she be reduced to after a few months of continuous play?   
  
Hubert walked in for the first time revealed without a hooded mask. "Get the drinks, slave." He demanded. Without thought she scampered over to the cabinet dispensing shots of malt whiskey, and Cognac for her master. Tilting forward at the waist with a tray she waited upon the two men. "She has such lovely soft breasts. Don't you think?" Asked Hubert.   
  
"The corset pressing her waist does show them off well but I think it's her nipples that are impressive." Daren said. Both men nodded, took their drinks and continued surveying her charms. Aurora purred brightly enjoying their compliments feeling complete in that she was serving a master.   
  
Driving into the night Daren thought through all that had been completed that week. Sharon had been settled with Bob and that was working out well. Bob really did prefer to have a woman dominate him and Sharon preferred the position too. His nephew had received the finance from Hubert to take over the sex shop so he was happy. The club was in the capable hands of the manager who would pay him a percentage each month. A friend who owned the 'Saucy Café' would discreetly keep an eye on his cousin and the club. In her spare time Sharon would keep the Sex House bookings organised, though she no longer needed to take any greater part than that. She had already moved into Bob's house. The visit to Hubert, had tied up the loose ends of this plan of freedom. Everything had been worked out except what he was to do with the rest of his life.  
  
Daren was tired but determined to make the airport for the last flight out of town. A flicker of something in the lights caused him to stamp on the brake. He fought the steering wheel as the car threatened to fishtail. Sudden silence. The ticking of a heated engine and hotter brake pads came through first. The sounds of the night began to enter the car as his senses returned from the shock. Rapid knocking on the window shook him completely back into awareness. Flicking a switch released the door catch and a woman slid into the passenger seat.   
  
"Drive!" She ordered. Between heaving breaths she repeated. "Drive! Please! Go!" Taking in the dishevelled state of her clothes he wondered what trouble the night had thrown at him this time. Not one to be rattled by anyone he sat there with arms folded, engine off. The door handle was ripped at only it was locked. A face appeared in the window and a fist hammered upon the glass.   
  
"Get out here, bitch." A harsh voice bellowed. The bitch sat staring straight ahead, frightened, ignoring the voice looking as though she were willing the car onward out of reach. "I'll smash this window and drag you out through it." The voice bawled.  
  
"No you won't" Daren spoke quietly into the man's ear. The big man stood straightening to his full height lifting a pair of wide shoulders. A word was shrugged from his lips as a fist swung. Daren was already moving back as the arm swung wide. With one hand he pushed the arm onward with the other he delivered a punch to the side being turned toward him, hitting a kidney. To make sure, he gripped the arm pulling it back, swivelling the big man like a ballerina. The sternum punch made an unpleasant snap like a chicken wish bone. Daren let go of the arm as it folded in on the collapsing heap of a sack that had been a man in a sharp suit. Daren kicked at the other kidney hearing a confirming groan.   
  
Climbing heavily into the driving seat he started the engine without uttering a word or question. "Just drop me off somewhere." She said. The words were said plainly as possible with an almost successful attempt at suppressing emotion. No sob just the words. There was a full moon so she must have seen something but made no comment. He had seen enough when the vanity light came on, as she slid onto the passenger seat, to know she'd had a rough time. Now he knew whom the rough was.   
  
"I'm driving to the airport. I could get another ticket." He stated blankly.  
  
"I don't travel well at the moment." She said, lifting her hands over the torn dress.   
  
In an instant he changed course with a quick glance at the dashboard clock. At the sex house she followed him up the stone steps into the dark interior. On the second floor he opened a door onto a sparsely furnished room with not much more than a very large bed dominating it. Opening a door revealed a closet as large as the room. Racks of saucy looking clothing and bizarre costumes were neatly arranged on rails, which Daren quickly sorted through. "Here." He said, and left the closet.   
  
On seeing the bed and the contents of the closet she was relieved to be handed a simple yet elegant dress. She pulled the dress on over her head. In a mirror she observed with surprise that it fit.   
  
"Take this. You'll need it when we get to the airport." He told her. Marching back out of the house they jumped into the car back on course within minutes.   
  
The vanity case he had pushed into her hands felt heavy and she worried what it might contain. At the airport however she used the make-up in the ladies room, after searching it for anything illegal. The last passengers aboard, the last flight out, they sat catching a breath. With at last, an opportunity to look at one another.   
  
He had seen enough bad relationships not to want to ask questions. She was a tough woman having coped with the situation of the last half hour, not even asking where they were going. It wasn't just desperation she was intelligent and had a fighting spirit. He wasn't just good at guessing dress sizes.  
  
"Well?" She asked.  
  
Was she asking at last where they were going? "Well what?" He stated flatly. Her hands, perfectly manicured long soft hands, swept over her body once more. He had been busy thinking about her character rather than her body. He decided he had seen too many naked women for he should have taken notice. An advantage of first class was plenty of legroom, which she used so elegantly. Her breasts weren't so big but a slim waist emphasised what she had. Just the slightest touch of make up to a smooth clear skin left the word elegance hanging from his lips. "You scrub up well."

She laughed a throaty sound that was most pleasant. He wondered what kind of trouble he had stirred up this time and if there was someway of changing his career by getting into something safe like snake charming.

**Anniversary Ch. 06 - Revenge on the bankers**  
Daren looked at her warily. "I don't even know your name," he began.   
  
"Julie," she said, continuing to undress for bed. Daren turned away, embarrassed for her. He had rescued this stranger from some brute of a man, and she had flown with him in the night. The hotel was cheap, and they booked in on false names; her suggestion.   
  
"Are you going to tell me what happened? What was all that about?" he asked, turning to her, now she was under the covers. She patted the thin sheet, inviting him to sit.  
  
"I'll tell you if I can, but no interruptions," she warned. "I need to tell someone, need to get it all out," she said, through gritted teeth.  
  
He thought she looked hard at that moment, so unlike the innocent young woman that slept on his shoulder, during the flight.  
  
"I owed money, a lot of money. Someone offered to pay the bank and I foolishly accepted. In return I was to go away with the man, as his companion," she laughed an unpleasant gurgle in her throat.   
  
"Most men think I'm beautiful and innocent looking; I was then. Don't interrupt! I thought I knew how to handle myself, that I could talk my way out of trouble. Back then I was innocent of the cruelty people could inflict on one another. Cruelty steals away the beauty inside," she said, trying to shake away hurtful memories. Her long auburn hair seemed to be sighing around her shoulders.   
  
"At first it was pleasant enough, living in a rich mans house. I had no illusions, that companionship was a euphemism for sex. I was beholden to this man, feeling I owed him for rescuing me from a mountain of debt. I was willing to work hard, though there was no way I could ever repay the debt through honest toil. I'm making excuses now, for why I agreed to it," Julie wanly smiled.   
  
"Though it was all very subtle, I knew full well what was expected of me. I thought to get it over with, to just do it, instead of dwelling on it all day. He kept me waiting. I had to wear the clothes he chose, eat the food he provided, be where he wanted me, and behave how he wanted. It was subtly making me feel owned by him," Julie quietly stated.  
  
She sipped the whisky, from a tumbler found in the bathroom, and handed it back to Daren. "At first, I was dressed in fine clothes, to be shown off to his friends. I felt like his latest acquisition, just another object he owned. I was moved to one of his houses miles from anywhere, like a prisoner in a gilded cage.   
  
A different set of friends brought their companions to extravagant parties. I was sent away to my room after being introduced. I wore hardly anything then, mere flimsy see-through garments, the same as their women. Apparently I wasn't ready to be with his guests yet. As I learnt later, I hadn't been trained, didn't know the rules of their game," she said, with a shudder  
  
"From my room, cheering and shouting could be heard, from the men. I soon found out what terrible entertainments, were causing the women downstairs, to scream. It was an agony of suspense, waiting to find out what went on down there. After a couple of weeks, the clothes came off altogether. I was naked, around the house, yet curiously he didn't make much of it. Eventually I became used to it."   
  
It was her turn with the glass again. "I was dressed as a sexy French maid, cleaning, or rather merely dusting, while he studied documents. I broke a valuable Chinese vase. He didn't seem terribly upset about it. He asked should it be added to what I already owed, or did I want to receive a punishment. I didn't want to stay there any longer than the agreed year, so I chose to be punished.  
  
He grabbed my hair and pulled me over his knee so spank me. It was so unexpected I bit my tongue, not making a sound. I can still remember kneeling at his feet hugging myself. That's when it all started in earnest. He told me he would train me to be careful, to behave, and obey him. I was lying at his feet in shock, unable to laugh at such a silly idea.  
  
I soon learnt it would really happen, and what it meant! It was so very simple and effective. He used punishment and rewards. At first, food, clothes, a comfortable bed, showering, make-up, and all the little pleasant things in life we take for granted, became rewards. After awhile, not being punished became a reward. All I had to do was obey him," she sighed heavily.  
  
Daren refilled the glass and silently handed it to her.   
  
"I hadn't realised how compliant I had become, until one evening. As usual, his friends arrived. I had become used to standing by him, almost naked, waiting to serve him drinks at meal times, and when he was in the study. By this time I came round to thinking of my role as nothing more risqué than being a servant.  
  
That evening I was wearing nothing at all, not even a thong or high heels. I felt humiliated, but didn't dare run away to my room. I made some small mistake, and he spanked me over his knee, before those men. That time I cried like a silly girl," Julie said, with a tear in her eye.  
  
"I felt as though nothing worse could possibly happen. I was before those strangers naked, serving him, trying really hard to follow his orders, desperate not to make a mistake. Having become used to walking around the house naked meant it was possible, to bear the humiliation. It also helped, that they were treating it all as normal.  
  
So, there I was, standing there like a servant, wearing nothing at all. The men took little notice of me, and when their women entered the room, I saw why. They too had undressed, or wore something outrageously revealing.  
  
Each of us served our masters, as they were called, with drinks and food. It's surprising how quickly you adapt, I suppose it helped being among other naked women," she grimaced briefly. She hesitated then held her hand up in front of Daren, when he moved forward to interrupt her.   
  
Taking a deep breath she continued. "It was a large elegant room, with big padded easy chairs, set around in a circle. I was standing beside my master; by this time I had become used to referring to him, and even thinking of him as my master. In the middle was a large Persian rug. I hadn't noticed they were missing, until two of the women returned to the room.   
  
They were completely naked, shaved, and their skins had been oiled. What was so outrageous was that they were wearing dildos, stuck into their vaginas. I couldn't keep my eyes off them, wondering what it was all about.   
  
The two women bent forward, facing each other like wrestlers, on the rug. The men started proffering encouragement and advice, making bets. I remembered the shouting, from the times I was sent to my room, and so this was what it had been about.   
  
One of the women lost her balance while in a hold, and the big blond fell on top of her. The men shouted encouragement, telling the blond to fuck her. The dark haired one struggled, but eventually the heavier blond, managed to turn her over. I could see the dark haired woman furiously struggling. It appeared to be suddenly over. I was wrong. The blond managed to thrust her dildo into the others asshole. The dark haired woman moaned, then lay quietly, letting the blond ride her, until one of the men declared the blonde the winner.  
  
The loser had to play again. When another woman came to the mat, I was horrified, thinking I might have to play that sordid, dirty game. I dare not make a sound, in case it brought attention to me, and I was selected next.   
  
The expression on my face must have revealed terrible anguish, for my master, as I had learnt to call him, whispered to me -- 'not tonight'. He gently stroked my thighs and bottom. For the first time I felt grateful to him. I was actually enjoying my master's attention, and relaxed enough to watch the show. I could bear it, knowing I wouldn't be humiliated next.   
  
I watched each of the women in turn, wrestling naked on that mat, fascinated and horrified, knowing I would be a victim, some time in the future.  
  
That night he asked me, should he put me into fight training, or would I prefer to be in his bed. I eagerly pleaded with him to take me to his bed." Julie looked down at the bed with a blank stare, studying it, as though there were something there to be discovered.   
  
"I asked myself next day, and many times since, had he subverted me, or had I needed him that night? Perhaps his fingers playing with my sex, during the show, at last relieved the waiting. It was also something to do with not having to put on a sordid show before strangers.   
  
Whatever the reason, I did everything he asked and more. I was an eager lover, eager to learn what he wanted, and eager to please. I held nothing back. I couldn't, as though the floodgates had been opened, and I was swimming for my life," Julie sighed, a long deep sound, seeming to draw at last a line under the episode.   
  
"Next morning he told me he was pleased with my progress. I remember that day feeling elated, from his every compliment. My master hadn't complimented my actions or my body, up until then. He was telling me I was a good possession, like one of his valuable vases, yet I felt grateful for this attention. Despite it being demeaning, I revelled in at last being a treasured possession.  
  
I started to think of myself, as belonging to him, and slipped into accepting he could do anything he liked with me. After a few months playing at being his possession, I became one," she stated with bitterness.   
  
"He told me he was going away on business, and I was to be sent away, to be looked after. It was a surprise, and shocked me. I wasn't sure whether to be pleased, to have a rest from the relentless brainwashing, or fearful from being sent away to a stranger.  
  
I had started off playing along at being his slave, to prevent punishment, but by this time I was convinced, that was exactly my place. After all, he had paid off my debts, effectively paying for me. He had purchased me, so I was a slave, his slave, and that meant he was my master.  
  
I became convinced he was selling me off to another master. I know it sounds silly, but I had sunk into some kind of eighteenth century drama. I pleaded with him not to sell me, and promised to be a good and dutiful slave. With tears and shamefully lewd promises, I thoroughly debased myself at his feet," she whispered.   
  
Julie clasped her body and gently rocked back and forth.  
  
"No! Don't say anything, don't touch me," she warned him.  
  
Daren wanted to wrap his arms around her, to comfort her from the abject misery she evidently felt. He knew she needed to unburden it all, so complied. He swigged back the whiskey and poured another. He silently held it to her lips, which she sipped.  
  
"He must have been very pleased with my mistake, for that night, well, I was his complete slave," she whispered. "It has an effect on you when all responsibility for your actions has been removed. There are no moral issues, no games to play, no points to score. I was in his bed, to pleasure him, nothing else mattered. I simply needed to pleasure my master, to keep his good will," she whispered.   
  
"I was sent away next day, feeling abandoned by my master. He had trained me well, to get me into such an abject state of being, to have me thinking I was nothing but a lowly slave" she mirthlessly laughed.   
  
"The man I was sent to had instructions, to keep me trained. To keep me thinking I was just an obedient slave, ready for my owner. In that abject state of mind, I didn't question it. I was just a possession. They discussed me while I stood obediently waiting, with head respectfully bowed. My master told him how I was to be treated and all I could do was obediently stand there. It was terrible. I felt silly and angry with my-self, for not reacting. I just as suddenly pushed all that to one side, not wanting to let myself down before my master, by speaking out.  
  
I had been too long subject to rewards and punishments. As an escape, I guess, I thought of myself as a slave and completely accepted the position. I was escaping from thinking of myself as a whore, for I had sold my body, voluntarily, to pay back the loan. Maybe, maybe it was something else too.  
  
The agreement was for just one year, but I had slipped so deeply into the idea of being a slave, I lost sight of it being temporary. When that trainer asked me how long I had been a slave, I told him six months. When he asked how long I would be a slave, I told him it was permanent. I merely thought he was testing me, missing the significance of the reply completely.  
  
A couple of days went by, and I discovered what this man had in the basement. I followed him down there with some food bowls. There hadn't been noises, so didn't realise he kept pets down there. I was so very wrong!  
  
There were two cages, and something moved in one. It was a young woman. He took a bowl from my hand, and pushed it through a gap under the bars. I just stood there in bewilderment. Against a wall, another woman was shackled. They looked down at the floor, not daring to look at him. If I thought I was in a bad way, these two were far and away ahead of me.  
  
That's what shook me out of thinking of myself as a slave. The thought that I was heading down that same route, was a revelation. It was like looking at my-self, in six months time.   
  
When I returned to the kitchen, he told me I was lucky having a soft master. He told me he would completely break me while there. I don't know what happened, or what I said, but he grabbed at me. I hit out with an empty food bowl.  
  
It was the sight of him petting those women, like animals, that roused my temper. It was the thought of having him pet me, like a stupid pet bitch. Of turning out like them, becoming aroused like a bitch in heat, just because he showed me some attention.   
  
I must have run out of the kitchen, around the house, and down the road. That's where you found me. I don't know what I would have done, if you hadn't come along," Julie sobbed.  
  
Her whole body seemed to relax, sinking into itself, deflating, with a sprinkle of tears turning into a flood. Her body convulsed, shaking a silent wail out of itself.  
  
Daren put his arms around her, not saying it was all right, not wanting her to stop. Let it out he thought. It wouldn't be all right for some time, but at last she had a chance to start on the road to recovery.   
  
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He watched her sleeping, where at last her face returned to looking like that innocent young woman, he had seen on the plane. She was thirty-four, but looked much younger, especially when sleeping. He didn't want to think about her story too much, but it was ironic, that some women would have thought it heaven, to live like that.   
  
No responsibility, no decisions, and no work to do would suit some. Some would find it a thrill to live as a master's pet. Some of the women she had met would be playing out their fantasy, perhaps even those women in the basement.   
  
Daren had dragged himself up without help, not inheriting a thing, except a younger brother. He had seen plenty of strange things, and met even stranger people. This though, was the strangest relationship he had ever encountered. He had heard conversations about the possibility of slavery existing, but had dismissed it as fantasy. He also knew that with enough money, anything was possible.  
  
He had taken on a young woman, who had escaped from a gang. She had been kept as their gang slut. She had been treated as a sex object, shared by the gang, until one morning she escaped them. She turned up at the club, and eventually she was able to work there.   
  
This sounded like a far more professional organisation. He knew though, if there was money to be made, someone would be there to make it.   
  
He dozed in the chair. With a start he awoke, unsure if it were his snoring or hers. She would awaken soon, and it would have to be decided what to do next.  
  
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Over breakfast in a restaurant, they talked casually, trying to escape the heaviness of her confession. He noticed that, when someone shouted, she flinched. She pretended to be alright, but the damage was all still very much an open wound.   
  
"You can't use your credit cards, and I've got nothing," Julie grimaced.  
  
"Why? I mean, why can't I use my credit cards?" Daren asked.  
  
"They're bankers, they will trace you," she stated.   
  
"They will trace the airline tickets to here anyway, so I guess it doesn't matter. You should pull out as much money as you can then get going. No, don't tell me, I'll be forced to tell them everything, when they catch up with me," she shrugged, knowing capture was inevitable.  
  
Daren didn't know what to say. "What are you going to do for money?" he asked. He laughed, partly from tension.   
  
"It's the thought of being chased by bankers. I've been chased by some tough gangsters in the past, but bankers?" he chuckled.  
  
"Don't underestimate them. Money buys information and muscle," she said, and downed the coffee.   
  
Daren knew if someone was after you, it was best not to run, as they would catch up with you at the worst of times. Better to chase them. She didn't know where the rich banker lived, just his name. Perhaps he should start right back in Daren's home town. He didn't like leaving his brother there, to face these well organised creeps.  
  
He remembered Aurora, and it pricked his conscience. What he did with her, was that any different to what Julie had been through? The guy was a banker too, and that led to unpleasant associations.  
  
Back in the room he threw a t-shirt, with underwear, into a backpack. "I'm going back! I'll give you as much as I can, in cash, it'll give you a good head start on them," he said firmly. With his mind made up, he wasn't the type to back down.  
  
She looked up at him with eyes wide. "You're not taking me with you?" she asked. He shook his head. "Please! Don't leave me, I'll be yours, I'll be your slave, anything. Just don't abandon me," she pleaded.  
  
Daren looked at her. The words and the expression showed how deeply ingrained the training had gripped her. He didn't want to take her back into such a dangerous situation. He was sure there was going to be trouble, from what he had in mind.  
  
He had wondered what to do with his early retirement. He was young, with enough money to do whatever he wanted. There had been all kinds of ideas in his head, yet they seemed so unimportant now. This was a brand new challenge he could get his teeth into. He relished a fight, a good old fashioned righteous knock down fight and with a good purpose to it.  
  
"OK! Fuck them all! Let's go get them!" Daren laughed.