**Jen's Slavery  
Part 1  
  
by JT**

**Chapter 1**

This story actually starts in my teenage years because of what happened then plays a part in what my two girls became.

Harry and I first met when we were freshmen in college. We shared classes in English and math. I was good at college English and had a problem with college Algebra. Harry was just the opposite. So it was natural that we started helping each other. I was living in the dorm, but Harry had inherited his family’s farm after his parents were killed in an automobile accident.

After a couple of times that I was there, we started to really get to know each other. I told him about myself and the things I like to do. This included the running and gymnastics and ballet. And he told me about his likes, which included reading and working summers at his uncle’s ranch. So we started to become close friends.

We then started helping each other on our classes at his farm. One night after working on my math, he showed me his bedroom. And I saw some of the books that he had read. I recognized a group of Gor novels by john Norman and the Sleeping Beauty trilogy by Ann Rice.

So I asked him, “Have you read all those books?”

“Yes,” replied Harry, “I have.”

“Well, what is your feeling about them?”

“What do you mean?”

“About the slavery and bondage of course.”

“Well, I not sure. How do you know about it?”

“Well first off my brother is into the Gor novels and I have read every one of his, and I have those same Sleeping beauty books myself.” There. I finally said it.

So Harry asked me, “How do you feel about the bondage and slavery?”

“I’m not sure, but my underwear gets wet when I read about stuff like that.”

So that was when it began. Every time we would get to together that fall, after doing our homework, we would get into a discussion the world of bdsm. Harry showed me the guest apartment that was over the barn in the back yard. It was originally fixed up for his grandfather, who died a couple years ago.

Harry asked, “Would you like to move into it? You can park your car in the barn under the apartment.”

“Yes I would, but it needs to be cleaned up a little.”

Over the next several weeks he and I would spend our Saturdays fixing it up into the shape it was when his grandfather moved in. Including the painting and fixing the doors and windows, it took us about eight weekends. Then it was the holiday season and Harry and I didn’t see much of each other.

When this spring semester began, I moved out of the dorm and into the apartment. Harry charged me about half what my dormitory cost was and I had my own kitchen, it was great. Since we had different classes and different schedules, we drove our own cars and met only for lunch and in the evenings. It was all very straight-laced and we each respected the others privacy. My parents came to town in May and I introduced them to Harry and showed them my apartment. They stayed for a week in one of Harry’s extra bedrooms, and we all met at breakfast in the kitchen/dining room in the main house.

At the end of the week, my mother pulled me aside and asked, “Jen, darling, have you been sleeping with Harry or anyone else? Your dad is concerned, but I told him you or Harry just did not have that look about you.”

“No. Mom I haven't. I like Harry a lot, but I don’t think he is the right one yet.”

“Well just remember to take precautions.”

“Ok Mom, you know I will.”

So they left, and we finished the semester without any other incidents. I moved back home, and during the summer, Harry and I talked about next year, and also about bdsm when my parents were not around. When they were, they loved to talk with him as they were becoming friends with him.

As we had agreed, I moved back into my apartment two weeks before fall classes started. We worked our schedules out so that we had several classes together and our time in class was the same. That way we could be up at the same time, drive one car to campus and be home at the same times. We agreed that we would do that for the rest of our college careers.

We talked again about slavery and I told Harry I was willing to be his slave. He said he would think about it and let me know when he made the decision. Then the next Friday night Harry buzzed me on the telephone intercom we had and told me to come down to the house wearing only a blouse and jeans with my shoes.

“Are you sure about becoming a slave, Jen?”

“Yes, I have made my mind up about that.”

“You realize that you will be giving up ALL your rights and property to a master?”

“Yes.”

”Even your body and bodily functions will be his to control. Do you agree to that?”

“Yes.”

“Would you accept me as your master, Jen?”

”Yes I do, Master Harry.”

“Well then, slave, what are you doing with clothes on?”

I immediately started taking my blouse, jeans and shoes off. As I was told, I didn’t wear any of my underwear to this meeting. Harry handed a stainless steel collar to me and told me to drop to my knees, which I did.

“Now repeat after me: 'Please accept my body and all I possess as your slave and put your collar on me in acceptance'.”

I did as he told me and he locked the collar on my neck. He then told me to stand up and turn around with my hands behind my back. I quickly obeyed and he secured my wrists with a ty-rap. He then used another ty-rap to pull my elbows together. This put stress in my shoulders, but I could stand it. He then hooked a chain leash to the D-ring on the front of the collar and led me out of the house and into the main part of the barn.

When we got there, he cut the ty-raps and replaced them with stainless steel cuffs that he locked on my wrists, elbows and ankles. He then locked the wrists and elbows together and spread my legs and locked a three foot spreader bar between my ankle cuffs. I was totally exposed with my breasts jutting out and my pussy exposed, and I couldn’t do anything about it.

“I thank you, slave, for what you are giving me. This is going to be your training stance until you learn your other positions.” He then tied a rope to my wrists and threw it over a beam above me. He then started pulling on it until I was bent over at the waist and my breasts hung down. He then came over to my head.

“Now you are going to learn your main job as a slave, and that is to give me pleasure. You will learn to suck my dick without the use of your hands. You will remain like this until I am satisfied with your performance, slave.”

He then stuffed his cock into my mouth and started pumping. As it got stiffer, he went deeper into my throat until I started gagging. He kept it up while I was gagging until he came in my throat and I had to swallow his cum.

Then he pulled it out and as I started to complain, he shouted “SILENCE, SLAVE! Don’t speak until you are given permission to.” I shut up.

“Your performance was poor, slave, you should have been able to take my full cock. I guess you need some practice. So you will spend the night in this position with a dildo in your mouth to practice on.”

With that he pulled out a dildo gag almost as long as his cock and strapped in my mouth. “Now you can spend the night learning how to control your gag reflex, as long as you hold your head up you won’t gag on this but if it tilts down it will gag. See you in the morning.” With that he left me strung up and gagged.

This was the worst night of my life, and I loved it. Here I was spread legged with my ass in full view. My arms bound and forced up toward the roof and my body bent over. And that hellish gag was in my mouth. Every time I started to drop off to sleep my head would droop a little and I would wake up gagging. And then there was the temperature, as I cooled of that nigh I began to shiver and by morning every muscle in my body was sore.

Harry came back at sunup to see how I was doing. He felt my ass and it was cold and shaking. “Well, slave, would you like to be warmed up?”

With that I nodded my head despite the gag. So he started playing with my pussy until my juices started flowing and then entered me from the rear. His rhythm picked up as he got more excited and he drove into me harder and harder until we both came. Then he came around to my front and pulled the gag out of my mouth and told me to clean his cock off. When I finished sucking his cock clean I asked permission to speak.

“What is it slave?”

“Master, I need to relieve myself, so could you untie me so I could use my bathroom?”

He looked at me with wide eyes and chuckled. “Slave, you are but an animal, not a person. Just let it out, there is straw behind you to catch it.”

So I did both my urine and my bowels. When he saw that I had shitted on the straw, he went into another part of the barn and came back with some items I could not see. I soon found out what he was up to. He had hung a bag full of water and cleaner on a post near me, and stuck he end of a hose connected to it in my ass. I don’t know how much there was that he put into me, but it was enough to make me bloated and feel cramps. He then pulled the tube out and plugged my ass with the biggest butt plug I have ever seen. He held it in there for 5 minutes then pulled it out. I gushed water out of my ass until it was empty. He then did the same thing with another water bag, but told me not to remove the butt plug.

So now my lessons continued, this time I took his cock all the way down my throat with me only gagging once when he came. So I was released from my bondage to exercise my muscles. He ran me through all the warm-up and strength exercises that all athletes do. Then he gave me my jogging shoes. I looked at him quizzically.

“What is it slave?”

“Master, do you want me to run naked?”

“What do you think, do dogs or horses wear clothes? Are you above them?”

“ No Master, I am not, and your will is my command.”

And so off we went, Harry in his workout sweats and me wearing only my metal bands. We jogged down the driveway and on to the farm road for several miles. Only one truck passed us and we waved to the driver who waved back as if my nakedness was normal. We came to a stand of trees. There Harry led me into the trees to a small clearing in the middle of it, and we rested there. After a few minutes Harry started playing with my cunt and we ended up making passionate love.

As we lay there in the grass recovering from the love making, Harry said, “I want to take this another step farther.”

“What do you mean, Master?”

“I want you as my wife as well as my slave. In this you have the freedom to answer truthfully.”

“Oh yes Master, I do want to be your wife and companion as well as your slave.”

“We still have this year to finish, so how about a June wedding then.”

“Master, that would be great.”

“Also from this point on, you are never to wear any underwear when off the farm and when you are on the farm you are to be naked.”

“Yes Master.”

The next several weeks until the end of the semester were strange. At first I wore opaque blouses and knee length skirts. But Harry decided to change my wardrobe, he started with more revealing blouses that allowed others to see my nipples, which were hard as a rock all the time any ways. And then he length of my skirts were raised until the just barely covered my sex. At first I was very self-conscious about it, but as the weeks past, I got used to people seeing my privates in public. Harry said that it was part of my training.

I stayed with Harry over Christmas break, informing my parents that we were taking a vacation together, and that we were engaged with the wedding to be in June. Harry got plane tickets for us to fly down to San Diego for the break. When we arrived at the airport there we were met by a man Harry introduced to me as “Master John”.

“For the next week slave, Mater john is going to teach you how to be a proper slave. He has several slaves with him and they will help in your training also.”

**Chapter 2**

When we got to Master John's car in the public lot, he told me to strip to my skin right there.

I squeaked in shock then said, “Master, do you mean here in public?”

John answered, “For that you get one demerit, I don’t like repeating myself to a slave.”

“Yes Master.” And I took my clothes off (blouse, skirt and shoes).

His car was a convertible with the top down. He spread a towel on the back seat and then cuffed my hands behind my back.

“Get in and sit on the towel, slave.”

I did what he said and he then buckled the seatbelt on me. Then he pulled a two-foot spreader bar out of the trunk and locked it to my knees. Now I was secured and fully exposed to anyone who could look into the back seat. As we drove by the terminal I got a lot of hoots and whistles from the people coming out. My master told me to smile at them. Master John seemed to take the scenic route because we hit a lot of stop lights and when we were stopped anyone who pulled up beside us would stare and whistle at me.

Well, about two hours later we reached Master John’s ranch. As we drove in I saw two naked women waving from the front porch of the house. When we all got out of the car, Master John introduced me to Linda, his wife and senior slave, and Ann, the junior slave and housekeeper. The first thing I noticed about them was that their nipples were pierced and they had sleigh bells hanging from the rings. At the time I didn’t ask about them, but was curious about how it would feel.

I carried our luggage into the house and up to the room that my master would be staying in. We then went back downstairs to the living room, here Master John offered Master Harry a seat and then sat down himself. Both of his slaves then knelt on each side of him and spread their knees so their sex was in full view. I then tried to imitate them as best I could beside Master Harry.

John said; “So what can I do to help you?”

Harry answered; “Well, my slave Jen needs to be trained and you were the best one I could find to do the job.”

“So how long do I have?”

“We are on break between semesters, so I guess only two weeks.”

“Ok, is there anything special you want done with her?”

“Well I have a Christmas present for her to be installed and I want her crotch permanently nude.”

“Ok, I can handle that, but the piercing will have to be done first so she will have time to heal. One thing though, I don’t like slaves running around pissing everywhere. Your slave will have to wear a bladder plug while she is here.”

Then Harry reached in his pocket and pulled out a package with a bow on it. He gave it to me and told me to open it. I did and in the box was two gold sleigh bells and rings. Tears came to my eyes and I rose up and kissed him and said thank you.

Next I was taken to the slave room in the back of the house. There I was told that I would have the cage next to Ann’s cage and that when we didn’t have other duties, we would train in here. Next Linda went to a drawer and pulled out what looked like a female catheter with a very short hose.

“Jen, go over to that waist high bar and bend over it.” I did as she asked.

“Now spread your legs so I can get to your pee hole.”

I followed her instruction and got a strange sensation as she pushed the device in to my bladder. Next she used a syringe to fill the balloon on the inserted end with a fluid. It felt like I was fucked in my bladder with a thin prick, it left me slightly aroused.

“This device will keep you from relieving your bladder except from morning absolutions, after lunch is done and before we go to bed. So be careful about how much you drink.”

With that done, Linda had me and Ann go through the positions that every slave should know and how to transition from one to another on command. For the next three hours we went through them with me trying to imitate Ann. I could not keep up with Ann, so at the end my wrists were tied to a rope hanging from the ceiling and my ankles were locked to eye-bolts in the floor. Then the rope was pulled tight so I could not move. With that done Linda picked up a switch and proceeded to strike my ass with it. I got 25 swats for the errors I made, and my rear end burned from it.

I was let down and we went to the kitchen to prepare dinner for the Masters. Linda locked my bracelets behind my back and hooked a chain, bolted to the back wall, to my collar.

“Stay there and keep quiet until someone releases you.”

I nodded and watched them prepare supper. Linda set the kitchen table for two people and laid out three bowls on a counter next to the sink. Ann did the actual cooking and made 2 servings of pot roast with potatoes and green beans. She made the plates and garnished them and set them on the table. The rest of the food was then put either on a platter or in bowls that were also put on the table. Then Linda went out of the kitchen to inform the masters that dinner was ready.

When the two masters came into the kitchen Linda seated Master John and Ann seated Master Harry. Linda then went to the refrigerator and brought out a bottle of wine, she pulled the cork and offered it to Master John. He took it, smelled it and nodded to Linda. Linda then poured two glasses of wine and set them for each master, then both girls went and knelt beside a master, Linda beside Master John and Ann beside Master Harry. I then realized that this was also part of my training.

After they were done with their dinner, the slave came up from their kneeling positions and began clearing the table of the dishes and remaining food. Linda then stood before Master John with her hand behind her back and head down, John looked at Harry and asked: “Would you like some desert, sir?”

“No I’m full and that was the best meal I have ever had.”

John said, “Well, the point it is not just the food that matters, but how it was served. That’s why great restaurants have such a following, it is the way it is done and that is one of the things my slaves have learned to do right.”

“Well, John, that was a lesson for me, and I hope Jen learned from watching your girls.”

After the men left the kitchen, Linda and Ann began cleaning the dishes and pots and pans. Once that shore was done, Linda divided what scraps that were left after the leftovers were put away into the three bowls. Those bowls and three more with water in then were set on the floor. Linda then unclipped me from my chain and we went over to Ann. She then secured Ann hands behind her back and left the kitchen. She came back about a minute later with her hands also secure behind her back. We all three knelt together before our bowls and began to eat.

When we were done Linda led us back to the slave room and to an open shower in one corner of the room. She and Ann stepped in and Linda pulled a chain with her teeth to start the water flow. They stood there with their faces in the spray for a few minutes and then stepped out.

Linda said to me, “Your turn kid, you still have food on your face and that would be very bad when we go back to the masters.”

“Ok.” So I stepped into the shower and froze, the water spray was cold and was shocked that those two did not seem to be affected by it. I jumped back out and spluttered.

Linda looked at the shock on my face and laughed. “Slaves don’t rate any hot water except for special occasions, so you better get used to it.”

So I carefully go back into the shower, letting my body adjust to the cold water. When I could finally stand it, I lifted my face up and moved it back and forth in the spray. Then I got out and Linda pulled the other chain to turn off the shower. Towels were in a strange contraption next to the shower. I watched Linda walk into and turn around a couple of times, then walk out. Next Ann did the same thing, so I went into it and as I turned around I felt it dry not only what was the outside, but it dried out my creases.

“Linda, that is amazing! Where did you get it?”

“Well, John is a mechanical engineer and he designed it for when I’m restrained, like now, and had to dry myself. But you have to be careful when using it, if you stay in it to long, it will give you an orgasm.”

“Wow, how can I get one?”

“Well John is working out a manufacturing deal on it after Christmas, to get them out for next year. Don’t worry about it, he has probably already talked to your master about it.”

So we went back to the living room to kneel beside our masters. They discussed my training schedule and John had set an appointment for me at a piercing shop for tomorrow morning. After that the masters played with their toys. When they were finished, Linda led us back to the slave room.

When we got there Linda told us to spread our legs and used a catheter syringe to remove our urine plugs (including hers, I noted) and we each emptied our bladders on the shower floor. She then pulled the chain with her teeth for the water to come on and rinse us off, then our bladder plugs were reinserted and the balloons refilled with fluid. After which we each took our turns in the toweling machine. And then Ann and I were put in our cages for the night, Linda slept on a pad next to the cages. Once we were locked in, Linda turned out the lights.

Next morning we were released from our cages at 5:30 am by Linda. Like the night before she told us to spread our legs, and she pulled out our bladder plugs and we again relieved ourselves in the shower. Following that she pulled my butt plug out and gave me my enema, afterward replacing it. Then she pulled the chain to turn on the water. This time she used a wash cloth with some liquid soap to wash each of us from head to toe. After Ann and I got out of the shower Linda washed herself. When we each finished with the toweling machine, Linda unlocked Ann’s wrists and we went to the kitchen to fix breakfast. Once again I was chained to the corner to watch.

First order of business was the coffee, the maker was set up the night before and Linda hit the on switch. Then Ann started cooking the breakfast. At 6:25 on the dot Linda poured two cups of coffee and load them and two creamer and sugar bowls on a tray, and left for the bedrooms. She came back to the kitchen and set the table as she did last night. At 7 am our masters showed up and Linda and Ann once again seated them like they were in a restaurant. Master Harry dropped his fork on the floor when he picked up his napkin, and Ann, who was kneeling beside him, immediately rose up and picked up the fork before Harry could grab it, and took it to the sink. She then got another fork out of the silverware drawer and placed it beside Harry’s plate, then went back to where she was kneeling before and knelt again. After breakfast was over, the same routine as the previous night was repeated.

My piercing appointment was at 9:00, so we left the ranch the same way we had arrived, with me naked to the world. We arrived at the parlor on time and I was led in by my master with John accompanying us. There were several people in the waiting room and as soon as I saw them I blushed all the way to my toes. Both masters sat down on two adjacent seats and my master told me to kneel facing the people on the other side and keep my knees 18 inches apart. This was the worst experience I had ever had, and I thought riding naked in a car was bad. The people across from me stared at all of my privates and a couple of the girls made comments to me about being a slut. I started to respond to them but my master touched my shoulder and I didn’t.

When my turn came up, I was surprised at how quick and clean it was. The piercer had me sit in a chair like the one gynecologists use and he ran one strap under my breasts to hold me. He then brushed my nipples with some liquid, and waited for about 5 minutes. Then he asked me if I could feel anything when he touched each one with a needle, I said no, and so he started. He grabbed my left nipple with pair of pliers that had loops in their ends, and started pushing a long needle into my nipple. As it started going I held my breath in anticipation of the pain, but there was none, so I watched in curiosity what he was doing. Once the needle was half way through my nipple he reached down and picked up the ring and sleigh bell. With the bell on the ring he put one end of the ring in the back of the needle and proceeded to push it the rest of the way through my nipple. When it came out the other side he continued to push the ring until it was half way around. He then took another type of pliers and closed the ends of the ring together until there was a click. The same process was repeated on my other nipple and I was released from the chair.

As we walked out to the waiting room several of the people saw what was done to me and cheered and clapped as we when to the car. I walked with a bounce to my step and rang my bells, it was arousing and interesting how they pulled on my nipples. All the way home I was so involved with swinging my chest to feel those bells I did not even notice anything else.

We got back to the ranch just before noon so I was handed over to Linda and she once again locked me to the chain in the corner to watch, lunch was done the same as all the other meals. So after we finish eating ourselves we went back to the slave room. The first thing was of course my new nipple rings and their bells, both Ann and Linda teased me with them before releasing my wrists. Then Linda started telling me about proper care of the piercings. When she was done we were back to learning the slave positions, this time I did a lot better and only got five lashings when it was done.

When we went into the kitchen to prepare dinner, instead of chaining me in the corner, Linda released my binding and told me to help her with setting the table. She explained to me each part, from the placement of the silverware and napkin to the position of the glasses and plates. She went on about it was the duty of a slave to make a master feel like he is the king of his domain and everything had to be perfect. That night I replaced Ann, kneeling at my master’s side.

After dinner was complete we went into the living room and knelt beside our masters.

My master asked “Are Linda and Ann’s cunts permanently bald or do they have to shave them?”

John replied, “That same parlor did electrolysis also and I had them denuded of hair below the neck. It is a long process, and if you are interested in it, check out some parlors in Seattle.”

“Ok, I will.” Then to me. “Slave, I want you to start shaving your cunt every day until I can setup an electrolysis for you.”

I turned to him and said, "Yes, Master.” With a smile on my face.

The rest of our time there went without any problems. I learned my slave positions, how to prepare meals for my master, and a lot more about how to keep myself in shape. Also I got over my being naked in front of other people. So three days before New Year’s we left for home.

**Chapter 3**

Before we left the house Master Harry told me what to wear for our trip back to Seattle. Because it was just before New Year’s he told me to wear thermal stockings with my garter belt to hold them up and a woolen blouse, short woolen skirt and no bra or panties. I didn’t think about the “no” underwear part because I was so used to not wearing any. He also told me to pull out my heavy coat that I wore in Seattle.

While I was dressing Harry settled up affairs with John, and Linda and Ann came to wish me well. I told them about the wedding in June and Linda said that they and John must come. And that she could handle the wedding planning for me. I told her that I would talk to Harry and if it was ok, then I would let her know about the decision. It turned out later that I did not have to, since that was one of the things that Harry and John had already decided on.

John played chauffeur by driving us back to the airport. He even had on one of those silly caps that they wore, and handled our baggage check-in. Harry got our tickets filed at the counter and then we went to the departure lounge. When we sat down, Harry told me to hike my skirt up a little and keep each of my legs touching the arm rests. I did and once again that humiliating feeling of being naked in public came back to me. It took all my will to keep my legs spread like that.

Harry whispered in my ear; “Jen, loosen up and enjoy it. Darling, it was my order and you have no say in it, So just relax and enjoy the freedom of exposing your body,” So I did, and I finally realized that it was no different than at home or at Master John’s house, so it became fun to flash other people. This was a revelation to me that was to affect how I would raise my kids.

We soon got on the plane and I slept the whole way home. When we touched down in Seattle Harry woke me up. We got off the plane, got our baggage and took the shuttle to long-term parking where Harry’s car was. As we walked to his car from the shuttle stop, I was hit with the cold air coming up my skirt to my bald pussy, what a shock that was! You would not believe how it feels, it was like going from a hot shower and sitting down on a block of ice.

As soon as we got to the car, Harry had me put my hands behind my back and then locked my cuffs together. He then unlocked the passenger door and as I was getting in he pulled the back of my skirt up, I sat down on that seat that had been freezing since we flew down to San Diego, I screamed when my butt touched the seat and tried to get out, but Harry held me down and he then buckled my seat belt to keep me in place.

After putting our bags in the trunk Harry finally got in the driver’s seat and started the engine. I started to complain to him and he told me not to talk or I would be gagged. After the car warmed up we pulled out of the parking lot and headed for our farm. I learned from that incident that I could be tortured in any different way that my master chose.

It was about 5:00 PM when we reached the farm and unloaded our luggage. I immediately stripped out of my clothes and asked my master what he would like for dinner.

“I would like some chicken and veggies with a white wine.”

“Anything else, Master?”

“No, that would be it.” So as I slipped out of my clothes and went to the kitchen, Harry carried the luggage up stairs, and it didn’t hit me at that time that I should of carried the luggage instead of Harry.

The first thing I did was to set the table the same way that Linda did back at the ranch, and I would keep it that way from now on. Next I pulled a piece of chicken out of the freezer and defrosted in the microwave. Then I put some frozen vegetables in the skillet with some oil and started stir-frying them. When the microwave was done with the chicken I moved the vegetables to a metal bowl on a side burner to keep warm and cut the chicken into bite size pieces and cooked them, then added the vegetables and some teriyaki sauce and mixed them together. After putting this in a serving dish and heating up some rice I put all this in the oven to keep warm and went to announce to my master that dinner was ready. Harry can down and when he entered the kitchen he looked impressed with what I had done. As he got to the table I seated him in his favorite chair and brought out the food, then knelt beside him as he started to eat.

After Harry finished eating I cleaned up the kitchen and ate the scraps as I had done at the ranch. I then came out to the living room where my master was watching a movie. I knelt beside him and he let me know that he acknowledged that I was there by twiddling one of my nipple rings. The movie was about a girl in Germany, who was submissive and looking for a master. The first couple she met was more into bondage and inflicting pain than in owning a slave full time. Finally she was sold to a man in Great Britain that really cared that she could do slave duties and attend his wishes. With that the movie ended. Harry turned to me. “What do you think of the girl in that movie?”

“Well I think I may be like her, I can accept some bondage and pain as part of my slavery, but serving my master in every way is my dream.”

“I agree with you Jen, if you want to get into the bondage part, that is fine with me as long as it is not all the time. The pain part I’m not into, but you already know that I have other ways to punish you if you are bad.”

“Yes Master, I do understand.”

“Ok, well next is the sleeping arrangements. After talking with John about how he setup his household, I decided to copy it. At least it would lower the concerns of your parents. You will sleep in the old master bedroom on the first floor. That room will now be slave quarters and when you are not sharing my bed, that is where you will sleep or be bound if you are being punished.”

So he lead me to the downstairs bedroom, (it was his parents when they were alive), but while we were down in San Diego he had it fixed up for my usage. The four walls and ceiling were painted slate gray and the light in the middle of the ceiling was the only light in the room. The only furniture in there was a mattress in one corner and a steel cage next to it. The mattress was about 6 inches from the back and side walls, and was a double size. Mounted in the floor at each corner of the mattress was a two inch diameter rod with a ring welded to it. The cage is about 6 feet tall and it width and depth followed my measurements plus about 2 inches. If I was put in it I could not move around or lie down.

“The cage is a punishment cage, Jen, You can spend anywhere from five minutes to five days in it for disobedience, ok.”

“Yes Master.”

“The mattress can also be used to punish or drive you wild, depending on the situation. It is also where you will sleep at night when you are not in my bed.”

“What do you mean, Master?”

“Would you like an sample, slave?”

“”I think I would, Master.” Big mistake . He proceeded first to lock my wrists and elbows behind my back. Then he locked two chains, one to each side of my collar. He told me to lie down on the mattress and spread my legs. I did and he locked each ankle cuff to two rods at the bottom of the mattress, this spread my legs farther than I had ever spread them before. Then he locked the two chains conected to my collar to the two rods at the head of the bed, As he pulled them tight it stretched me out to my limits.

“Is it too tight for you, slave?” he said, grinning.

“No, Master it is a little stretching, but I can handle it.”

“Well here is something to make it a little more interesting and I will see you in the morning.” With that he reached down and smeared some kind of cream on my pussy. At first I didn’t feel anything out of the ordinary, but five minutes later my clit and cunt were burning. I started screaming and my master came back into my room.

“What ever is wrong, Jen?”

“MY CUNT IS ON FIRE MASTER!” I screamed at him.

“Tut, tut. Such language from a young woman like you.” Again grinning.

“Master please, will you do something about it for your poor slave.”

“Ok.”

And he put a gag in my mouth and buckled it tight, and then he left the room. So for the rest of the night I went through holy hell. When the itching started, my cunt would start secreting juices and that would cause the cream to burn my cunt, this would drive me up a wall trying to ease it. But the way I was chained up I could not bring any part of my sex together to relieve myself. So not only did I not get any sleep that night, but I felt like I was a sex starved maniac by the next morning. Next morning Harry came down at 5:00 am and released me from my night of torture.

“Now get yourself cleaned up and fix some breakfast, oh by the way set yourself a place at the table this morning.”

With a corner shower stall and bathroom sink in the opposite corner of the room I proceeded to do my morning ritual, in the stall I relieved my bladder and pulled my butt plug. I then started the water to flush it down the drain and wash myself off, including that horrible cream Harry put on me last night. I then reloaded my ass with water and replaced the butt plug. I then went to the kitchen to fix breakfast. First I started the coffee maker. Then I pulled out the eggs, sausage and hash browns that Harry preferred for breakfast. While the potatoes and sausage where cooking I added another place to the kitchen table. I then put the potatoes and sausage on a warmer and brought Harry his coffee in his bedroom. While I was kneeling beside his bed waiting for him to give me the coffee cup back, I noticed some changes at were made in his bedroom since we left on vacation. One was a pole bolted to the floor that only cane up to my waist. Another thing was a mat next to the wall that the bathroom door was on, but at the other end of the wall. Above the mat on the wall was an eyebolt attached to the wall with about twenty feet of chain attached.

Harry gave me the cup, I rose and went back down to the kitchen. Their I started the eggs, and when Harry came down I served him and began to kneel by his side. He interrupted my kneeling and said.

“Jen please take the other seat and serve yourself.”

I did.

“Jen, I want to be sure about this because I don’t want to lose you in any way. Do you understand? For this we can talk as equals.”

“Ok, how do you mean Harry ?”

“Well last night was part a test John gave me to see if you are really committed to being a slave. For the other part, and this is crucial, can you live with things like that happening to you off and on as a slave?”

“Yes, Harry, I can. While it was excruciating at the time it helped me to learn more about whom I am and how sexy I can be, do you understand?”

“Yes I do and I am willing to help you explore that, just understand that as a slave, you are my property to play with as I like and you no longer own anything including your body.”

“Yes Master I understand and will be your slave and you can play with my body any way you want.”

“Thank you slave, and we have some appointments this afternoon. But in the mean time I know of a horny slave that needs to be fucked silly.”

So we went up to his bedroom and I was in seventh heaven. Harry took me and took me until nether one of us had any energy left. We then napped till noon.

**Chapter 4**

Harry gave me a very light dress to wear; it was a one piece with a low back and a short skirt. I could step into it and he pulled it up, and then tied the top strings behind my neck. He then had me put on a pair of boots and my heavy coat.

“What’s up, Master?”

“We have a couple of places to go to and some shopping to do. Ok.”

“Yes, Master.”

So he led me out to the car and locked my wrists behind my back. Once again he lifted my skirt as I got in and secured my seat belt. This time I did not say a word or look shocked. When he got in the driver’s side of the car, he looked at me with a raised brow. I said nothing and smiled at him. He started up the car and we were off to whatever he was planning.

Our first stop was at a piercing pallor. When we went in I was told to sit down with, keep my knees apart, I did as I was commanded and actually enjoyed the looks I got from those that sat across from me. Harry talked with the proprietor abut piercings and electrolysis for a while and they set an appointment for some time in January to begin. We then left and he drove me to a mall nearby.

At the mall we went into a lingerie shop, there Harry unlocked my wrists and told me to remove my coat, he then relocked them. Then he looked around for a sales person. When one walked up and asked if she could help, he said that he wanted to buy some special underwear for me. She asked what my measurements were and Harry untied the strings holding my dress up and let it fall to the floor and there I was naked to the world for anyone to see. She looked at me in surprise and then started measuring me. I stood there with my feet 18 inches apart and thrust my chest out.

When she was done with the measuring, she asked Harry just what he was thinking of. He responded, "Some quarter cup bras and some crotchless hosiery."

So first she led us to the bra section and pulled out a couple for my master to examine. He picked out a couple of them and gave the key to the sales lady so I could try them on. She tool me into a dressing room and unlocked my wrists. As I tried on each bra I came out of the dressing room so Harry could see how I looked. While I was changing Mary (the sales lady) asked me about my nipple piercings. I told her that they were a present from Harry and ever since I got then I was horny all the time. She smiled at me and undid her blouse, showing me hers. When I was done trying on all the bras Harry told the girl which ones to set aside, and asked her about the hosiery.

She pulled out several packages and Harry selected three. He handed me one and told me to put it on and then we looked at their shoes. Harry picked out a pair with four inch heels and locking straps, and she put them on my feet and locked them on. Harry then told me to walk around in them, so I did, it was awkward at first but soon I got the knack of it. With the hosiery and shoes on, Harry then slipped my dress back over my head and on to me, tying the strings at the neck. After he paid for our purchases, I put on my coat and he once again locked my wrists behind my back.

“Excuse me, but is she a prisoner or something like that?” asked the sales girl.

“No, by her own request, she is just my slave.”

“Ooookay!. Well here is my card if you ever come back, ask for me.”

As we walked out of the shop I found that walking in high-heel shoes was a lot harder without the use of your arms. Since it was just after lunch time Harry suggested that we eat out at the restaurant here at the mall, and I agreed. Harry had to help me keep my balance because with my hands locked I could not keep it myself.

The restaurant was quite cozy and upper class. The maître d' led us to a booth. I got in first, and he gave out menus and asked if we wanted anything to drink. Harry asked for two sodas. He left and the waiter came up for our orders, Harry ordered a steak with baked potato for him and a Caesar salad for me. When the waiter left Harry told me to turn my back to him, when I did he unlocked my wrists so I could eat. Before the food came we discussed what happened at the lingerie shop and my feelings about being shown off in public like that.

“At first, Master, it was a shock, but after a few minutes I got use to it and by the time we were done, I was enjoying it,”

“That’s good, because you may be exposed like that or more in the future. I like showing off my possessions to everyone.”

When the meal came, we dug in and let any more conversation go by the bye. When we had finished with our lunches, Harry relocked my wrists and he paid the check. Then as we walked out Harry had to steady me several times as we went out to our car, and we then went to an adult store.

When we got there Harry told me not to flinch if anyone there gropes me. Then we got out of the car and walked in. First Harry looked at the vibrating dildos until he found one that was 2 ½ inches in diameter and over 8 inches long. He asked the salesman if he knew anything about it. He did, it was one of his most popular products and it would run on high for 6 hours with a full charge, also it came with a 20 speed remote control.

Harry said “I’ll take it, next I need a butt plug that acts as an enema port, and can be expanded and anchored to a post.”

“That’s a tall order, sir, and I think I can help you out, but it is not cheap.” He then went into the back room and returned shortly with a white box and set it on the counter. Its dimensions were 3x3x10 and when he opened the box and pulled its contents out, the main part looked like a 1 ½ inch dildo with ¾ inch rod in the middle. The rod had a ring on the end and as the salesman showed Harry it screwed out of the middle. Also in the box was a pump to inflate a ring about half way up the dildo. There were also several fittings in the box for plumbing connections. As the salesman said, it was not cheap, but Harry bought it.

Then he asked for some batteries for the vibrator and if he had a crouch cinch belt to hold it in. Once he had everything, Harry told me to bend over, right there in the shop with the salesman and several customers. I did, he then put the waist part of the crouch strap on my waist, and then he played with my cunt to get the juices flowing. Several of the customers asked to help, and Harry let them. I stood bent over and took it. Soon I was lubricated enough for Harry to insert the dildo into me, as so as he got it in as far as I could take it he brought the crouch strap between my legs and locked it to the waist belt holding the vibrator in me. I stood up and I felt ready full down there. We then left the store and drove home. On the way Harry played with the remote, driving me out of my mind till we got home.

When we got home Harry unlocked my wrists and I got out of my coat and dress. He then gave me one of the bras to put on. I did and he once again locked my wrists. As I walked around the house in my new clothes I felt several new sensations. One was that while the bra on my piercings put more stress on my nipples than before, this made them more sensitive. Two, the stockings brought more feeling to my crotch and that kept me always horny. And third, these shoes were keeping me off balance as I walked which caused my bells to bounce and that made it even harder for me to think of anything but sex.

Harry sent me to the kitchen to bring him a beer. I went their without thinking and when I realize my hands were locked behind my back, I found myself in a dilemma. Harry had just locked my wrists before he sent me on this errand and expected me to figure out how to do it. Also all the sensations from my clothing were making it hard to think. But I finally figured out how to do it. I backed up to the refrigerator and opened it with my hands, then rolling around the door, I put my head in and grabbed a bottle of beer with my mouth. Backing out, I closed the refrigerator and took the bottle to the living room and knelt before Harry, offering the beer.

Chuckling, he opened the bottle and as he took a drink he set the remote for the vibrator still in me on high. I fell back on the floor and had one of the strongest orgasms of my life. As Harry drank his beer, he kept the remote on high and I lay on the floor twitching in one continuous orgasm. When he was done drinking the beer he turned off the remote but it took me several minutes before I recovered enough to get back in a kneeling position. Harry noticed that I had a good patch of wet under me and he set that information aside for the moment.

“Well slave, you figured out that challenge and fairly quickly, so I gave you a reward.”

“Thank you Master, It was a mind blowing experience, sir.”

“Which part, the challenge or the reward?”

“Actually both, Master. The challenge was hindered by my hornyness and that was the longest orgasm I have ever had, I thought I died and gone to heaven.”

“Well, you will sleep in your slave room tonight and I’ll set the buzzer for 5:30 am. Now turn around and I will unlock you.”

Then I went into the kitchen to prepare dinner, I took the second place setting off the table and began the cooking. When it was ready Harry showed up without my notifying him. I seated him and served the dinner, then knelt beside him as he ate. When he was done I scraped the scraps together and did the dishes, then ate myself from the scraps. After finishing that up I went to find Harry and see if he wanted me for anything else. He was up in his bedroom working on that post I noticed earlier. I asked if he needed me and he said no and that I could go to bed early.

So I went down to the slave room and started my nightly ritual before bed and I lay down on my mattress. A little while later I heard harry setting the time lock on my door and the wake up buzzer, after that I fell asleep for the night.

In the morning the buzzer went off and I woke up. I still had the hosiery and shoes on from yesterday because Harry did not unlock the straps on the shoes before I went to bed, although I did take the bra off. I did my usual morning routine and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast as I did before. After breakfast was over I went looking for my master Harry. He was up in his bedroom working on the pole in the center of the room. He had mounted the new butt plug on the rod and was finishing up the plumbing when I came in.

“Good, you’re here. Go in the bathroom and pull out your butt plug and let your water out in the toilet.”

“Ok, Master.” And I did as he said. When I came back he took the crotch strap off me and pulled out the dildo. That was a major relief, or so I thought when he did it.

He positioned me over the rod and locked my ankles to the spreader bar mounted at its base. Next he went behind me and secured my wrists behind my back. I then heard a whirring sound like motor until I felt a metal ring touch my ass. Then he lubricated the plug so that it would slip into me easily. With both hands he pushed four fingers into me and opened my rear. Then I heard the motor sound again and the plug rose into my asshole. It kept going until I felt the flange meet my ass and the motor sound stopped. I then felt something expanding inside me, which must have been the balloon in the butt plug, so I was impaled and could not move from my waist down.

”So what do you think, slave Jen, will this keep you still when I’m not around?”

“Ooo, definitely Master.” After I got my breath back from the experience.

“That’s good because I am working on some distractions for you when you are impaled this way.”

He then went through the process of releasing me from the device. When he was done he told me to put one of my bras on and come back up to get dressed. So I left his bedroom and did as I was told.

When I came back to his room he had a light-weight dress that covered me front and back but had two sets of string ties at the shoulders. It was a straight tube that would slide right down me, in fact that was how he put it on me. It was a light shimmering green and the fabric felt like silk on my skin. The hem was only a couple inches below my crotch, but there was a string sewed in at the waist to cinch it in the back. Harry tied that string so that it rode on my waist. When I looked in his mirror I was shocked to see that the hem was just barely covering my sex, and when I moved the skirt would fly up revealing it. The other thing was that my tits and their rings and bells were very prominent on my chest. At least my coat went down enough to cover me down there, I thought as I blushed that it was so revealing.

I should mention before I go on that Harry and I pre registered before the end of classes last semester, our classes were all on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. So Harry drove us to a strip club. It was mid-morning and so the club was not open for business, but the owner and several of the employees were there. Harry got me out of the car and unlocked my wrists, and then we went in.

Harry introduced us to the manager and they started talking. I looked around the place. There was a stage in the center of the room, and there were 4 brass poles on it that went to the ceiling. Around the stage there was a scattering of small round tables with 2 or 3 chairs at each one. On each side of the room there was a serving bar with a large collection of bottles on shelves behind them. Up on the stage were 3 women exercising with the poles; to my surprise they were totally nude. The manager caught my look of surprise and said to me;

“In this state its legal to be naked, young lady, didn’t you know that?”

“No I didn’t, sir.”

“Any ways your boyfriend here says you want a job here, is that right?”

Turning to him without thinking, I answered; “Yes.”

“Ok lets see what you look like.”

And Harry untied the waist string on the dress and then undid the shoulder ties. The dress fell to the floor and the manager whistled at me in surprise.

Looking at my breasts he said; “Are those rings permanent or fake?”

“There permanent.” I said, and then pirouetted to show him, with the bells flying out and ringing. When I did that the sound of the bells seemed to catch the attention of everyone else, because they stopped and stared at me.

The manager then turned to the stage and called, “Nancy, since she got your attention why don’t you run her through the routine?”

“Ok boss.” came the reply from a blond girl on the stage. She walked to the edge of the stage closes to us and squatted down putting out her hand.

“Hi, my name is Nancy, I’m the choreographer here.”

“Mine's Jen, that’s short of Jennifer.”

“Ok, well the stairs are on the other side and if you go around and come up we can get started.”

I walked around and came up the stairs, the other girls came over and we all sat down on the stage. They were totally naked also.

Nancy started, “This is Liz and Ali,” pointing at each girl in turn. “Girls, this is Jen. I hope you all will work together well.”

I asked. “What do you mean?”

“Didn’t your boyfriend tell you? You three are being hired as a team for Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday nights.”

“What about you?” I said, feeling some confusion.

“I don’t dance anymore except to fill in when one of you are sick. I’m the other partner of that fat palooka who happens to be my husband.”

A voice came from the audience seats, “Hey Nancy, who are you calling fat, with your flabby legs?”

We all started chuckling at that. After we had calmed down, Nancy started describing what exotic dance was all about and how we should do it. After she was done she told us to each get us and pick a pole. We did and for the next three hours went through the routines that she talked about, with her leading us.

At the end of this session we all sat down in a circle and discussed each of the routines. When that was done, we all introduced ourselves and started asking each other questions. The first ones were to me about my strange jewelry and how I got it.

“So what is that jewelry on your neck, wrists, elbows and ankles?”

“Well it's stainless steel that Harry bought me. They are all hinged on one side and on the other side it’s like one end goes into the other and a set screw will hold them together. The rings let them be locked together.”

Both girls responded with, “Cool.” And one asked “Where could we get them at.”

“You would have to ask Harry, I don’t know, they were Christmas presents.”

Next they started in on my nipple rings. “Did it hurt to have your tits pierced?”

“Not at first. The piercer used a spray that deadened my nipples at the time. But they were sore for several days afterwards.”

“What about those balls or are they bells? Do they hurt or not?”

“To be honest the bells do become a problem if you try to wear a regular bra, that is why I am wearing a quarter bra now. As far as them causing any pain, no. But they are a constant reminder and keep me aroused all the time. If you want the same thing, talk to my friend and he can tell you who is the best at piercing.”

Then we all rose, went to get dressed and got ready to leave the bar.

Nancy called, “Remember girls, I want to see you all tomorrow morning for more practice. 9:00 sharp.”

We all nodded and I went to were Harry was, talking to the owner. We said our good byes and walked out to the car. Harry locked my wrists behind my back and I got in the car, then we rode home.

End of part 1