**Learning The Lifestyle**

by Faith Michaels Collection

**01 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 1**

Silky had been engaged when she first met Michael. He was the program director of the college radio station where she went to school and worked everyday from two to six every afternoon. In essence, he was her boss. She had a normal working relationship with him and all the others who worked and went to school there. She kept to herself mostly and lived off campus. She never dreamed that her world was soon to change.

It started all very innocent enough. Michael had just bought a new truck and like all new cars, it was in the shop. He had asked all of the other students if any of them lived out near the New Line RV and Trailer Park, but everyone else lived on campus or in the other direction. The only one who lived even remotely close to where Michael lived was Silky. So he had asked if she would give him a ride for the next few days and she, not wanting to offend “The Boss” said she’d be delighted. Thus it began.

“You don’t mind stopping by the grocery store first, do you?” Silky had asked Michael, “I need to do my shopping for the week.”

“Not if you stop by the hardware store too,” was his reply.

“Alright, let’s go shopping.” Silky laughed.

They had done their shopping and Silky had dropped him off at his home, with the promise to pick him up the next morning at ten. They both had classes that started at 11:00 on Tuesdays. Silky had got home and was unpacking her purchases, when the phone rang. Answering it, Silky found to her delight that it was Reed, her fiancé. He had enlisted in the military after high school and had finished boot camp two weeks before Silky had started college. Soon he was going to Germany to do his tour, for now he was in California. They talked for a while and Silky sensed something was amiss. Finally Reed came out with it.

“Silky, we need to talk. I am thinking of making the military a career, staying in for twenty or so years. I really like it,” came the crushing blow from Reed.

In a choked voice she replied, “What does this mean for us?”

She heard him sigh and knew what it meant before he even told her; she knew that all her high school friends were right. High school romances didn’t last.

“Well, Silky, for now any way, let’s see other people. Let's end our engagement and just be friends. I don’t know what the future holds and I want you to get your degree and do what you want with your life. You could not have that as a military wife. We’d move around too much. Keep the ring and stay in the apartment. I paid for it for the two full years. I’m sorry that I’ve broke your heart, Silky, but better now then after I’ve ruined your future too,” came the answer she was dreading.

“Okay, then, good-bye,” she replied hastily, not trusting her voice to say much more. She hung up, but not before she heard him say, “Ahhh, Silky, don’t be that way.

Don’t be what way she wondered. Was there a way you were supposed to act when the first love you ever had threw you away? Were you supposed to be nice and cordial when the man you were supposed to marry broke your heart for a job? Silky was not sure, but she knew that she didn’t care how she was supposed to act; all she cared about was how she felt and how she wanted to act. Well, she thought, to hell, with Reed and his opinion. He broke up with her.

The next day, on the way to school, after picking up Michael, he noticed she was not the same person he had seen yesterday. He had wondered about her all year, since she walked in to the campus radio station. She already had airtime experience from a high school and summer job. She was very pretty and not at all vain about it. She dressed sexy, but didn’t seem to notice that she was or that other men had even noticed her state of dress. She was smart, had a good radio voice and handled her show better then most second years, and she wore an engagement ring. Michael wondered if it was real or did she just use it to keep the men at bay. He wanted to find out and now with her driving him home, he had the perfect opportunity to find out.

“So tell me, who’s the lucky guy?” Michael asked on the way home that night pointing to the ring.

She looked at the ring and then him, like he had asked her to cut off her hand and then a single tear ran down her face. “No one anymore,” she choked out, “he dumped me.”

“Really, may I ask why?”

“I’m not sure, but he said it was because he wanted to make a career out of the military and that he didn’t want me to sacrifice my dreams for his. Whatever that means,” she shot out, then mumbled something to her self.

Seeing a possible opening Michael smoothly answered, “Well, usually that means that the male wants out of the relationship and/or wants something different out of life and that the female is holding the male back and the best way to break it off with the female is to say that his dreams would make her lose or ruin hers and the male would never, could never do that to the female. Easy out for the male, makes him look good if he ever decides he wants you back.”

“What,” she spat out? “Are you serious, men do that? Why?”

“We do things like that and worse, because plain and simply, we are dogs,” another smooth answer from Michael. “We never stop to think outside of our jeans.”

She laughed so hard at this and the when she finally could breath, she replied, “That is so true, and to think, I gave myself to him. What a fool I was.”

All the things he’d over heard were true. Good all the more easily for what Michael had in mind, now to figure out how to seduce her broken heart into his arms. Michael loved a challenge. He also loved black haired women with porcelain white skin. Silky had both and to top it off a set of eyes so green, they would make an emerald jealous. She was, as he said, pretty and not vain about it, smart, sexy, sweet tempered and on the rebound. To put is simply, she was all he dreamed for in a woman except the rebound part, and hell, beggars couldn’t be choosers, time to figure out how to make her, his.

He let her talk and pour her heart out all the way home and for about 20 minutes in his driveway and even asked her in for a cup of coffee. At first she said no, but gave in the second time he asked as he got out of the car. She talked about her ex-fiancé and how it was with him and about were they had came from and what her father was going to say when he found out. She cried part of the time and seemed to determine to move on with her life the rest of the time.

As he unlocked the door she asked, “Do you have something other that coffee?”

Wondering if she meant to get drunk, he questioned, “Like booze?”

Her eyes got wide and she laughed, “I probably should get drunk, but no, I have classes tomorrow and still have to drive home. I meant like tea or juice. I don’t drink coffee, I hate the way it tastes.”

Deciding whether he was disappointed or relieved, he said, “Of course, I have juice. If you wanted to get drunk though, I would put you up for the night or drive you home. I would never let you drive drunk.”

She laughed again, this time a little harder, “Trying to get me drunk won’t help the heartache, I’ll just remember in the morning.”

How innocent she was and at the same time from the things she had said about her relationship with Reed, he knew she was experienced too. Michael wondered what it would take to get to her heart and body. He was only too willing to find out. He fixed her a glass full of ice and gave her a bottle of juice and started his coffee to perk. She was looking around his living area and kitchen, smiling at this and that. She mumbled something to herself that sounded like approval. He liked that thought. He wanted her to like his home. He wanted her to like everything about him.

“May I ask, why do you live off campus, Michael,” she suddenly asked of him.

He was studying her and was a little caught off guard, when she spoke, but recovered and replied, “If I tell you, will you tell me why you don’t live on campus either?”

Smiling she said, “My reason is no secret, Reed rented an apartment for me so that he could come stay with me when he visited and since you can’t have over night guests in the dorms and a hotel room would be an extra expense on top of the dorm, we decided to just rent an apartment away from campus. This way, we don’t have to live by their rules. What’s your reason?”

With a devilish grin he came back with, “I’m the local serial killer and this way, I’m not easily caught.” Then at her shocked look, he added, “No I’m kidding, I just didn’t want to live by their rules either, I like my own space and would have hated to share a room with someone. I like to be able to have my own place to cook too. I have other reasons, but don’t want to shock you.”

Pleading she asked, “Tell me please.”

“Maybe. In time, if you’re really good. So how about dinner? My treat.”

She thought on this and replied, “Not tonight, I have something in the crock pot. Can I take a rain check?”

Strike out! He didn’t let the disappointment show though, and answered her nonchalantly, “Sure, how about Thursday or Friday? I’ll make your favorite and desert.” Come on sweet angel, he thought, say yes. Let me have you, let me make you mine.

Thinking on this and wondering if she should date just after breaking up with Reed. Didn’t people wait after a breakup, to date? Should she? Why not? Reed, couldn’t know or care and so far only Reed and herself and now Michael knew the she was dumped, and only Michael and her would know that she went out this soon. Besides it was dinner, not really a date anyway. Answering him, slowly, “Okay, but how do you know my favorite or are you going to guess?”

“Well, I could guess, but since I am really partial to spaghetti with meatballs, I’m going to say that is your favorite and hope I’m right and for desert, I just know women can’t resist cherry cheesecake.”

Laughing again she replied, “Actually, that is one of my favorites, and if your cheesecake is really good, I’ll become your love slave.”

His heart hit his throat and his pulse hammered, was he that easy to read, could she know his thoughts? No, she couldn’t, not with all her innocence. Deciding to turn on the charm, he answered her challenge, “Well, beautiful, bring your favorite collar and wear something revealing and sexy, because it tastes like heaven.”

He watched her face trying to judge her reaction to this, and he wasn’t sure if she was going to bolt or laugh. Had he pressed to far to fast? It was partly her fault; she made that comment about being his love slave, which hit to close to home. She made his hormones race when she said it and the way it was said, like she meant it. He could see her now, half clothed and collared, begging at his feet. What a site she would be. He shook this thought from his head, not so fast he told himself, take it easy and wait.

“Okay, well, shall we say tomorrow night,” her voice sounding half flirty and half nervous, “Or will Friday, be better?”

He grabbed her hand, made a bow, kissed her hand and replied, “Tomorrow it is, my lady. You bring the bread and I’ll supply the rest.”

She saw her moment to leave and with a flirty smile said, “It’s a date,” and out the door she went.

On the way home, she wondered if he was flirting with her. She also thought about whether she wanted him to flirt with her. She felt funny after just breaking up with Reed, but decided that she was the one dumped, so why not. Besides, what if Michael wasn’t flirting, what if he was always that way with women. Michael was a very good-looking man, sexy in fact. Surely he already had a girlfriend, especially since the rumor was that he had came from money. He probably was all ready set up to marry by his parents. Didn’t rich people do that? Well, she mused, let’s just play it by ear and see what happens. If the opportunity arose, she just let nature take its course and see where it took her.

Then next day, on the way to school, Michael seemed a bit grumpy, and not very talkative. After several minutes of silence, she started laughing. He looked at her like she had grown a second head, but she continued to laugh.

“What, if I may ask, is so funny,” a gruff question? “Do I have my clothes on wrong or something?”

Still laughing a little, she replied, “No! Not at all. At least I don’t think you do. I was laughing at my own silly foolishness and myself. Yesterday, I thought you were flirting with me and trying to seduce me, but now I can see that I was just being silly.” Sobering up a little, she added, “I guess it is just from being upset over Reed and all that. I am sorry Michael.” She turned to look at him and found him looking at her strangely. Oh boy, Silky though, you really made a fool out of yourself now.

“Pull over for a minute,” he said in a husky voice, “right here and now would be fine.”

She pulled over and set the brake, not sure what was happening, surely he would not get out here and walk. She turned to look at him and found herself pulled into his arms, as his mouth claimed hers. He touched his tongue to her lips and she parted them. Slowly and thoroughly he kissed her. She couldn’t remember ever being kissed this well. His hand cupped her right cheek and the other one was buried in her now loose hair. He nibbled her lips and then ended the kiss. She could feel the heat coming from his body, in waves and the waves seem to hit her body and they left her vibrating like a freshly plucked guitar string. His hand was still on her cheek and the other had come to rest on her shoulder and was presently stroking her neck ever so gently, driving her senses crazy. He titled her head and looked into her eyes.

“I was flirting, if that’s what you want to call it,” a tense reply, “I am drawn to you and I want you, make no mistake about it and I mean to have you.”

Not knowing what to say and not trusting her voice to speak, even if she did, she just sat there staring at him, not realizing her lips were slightly parted and her eyes had that look of wanting in them. She looked so sexy, that Michael thought about skipping school and spending the day making her forget her broken heart. He fought with this thought for several minutes and was about to ask her opinion on the matter, when he noticed, she had looked away. Oh no, did he move to fast, did he scare her off?

“Silk, look at me.”

She turned her head and he saw that while she might be a little scared, she was turned on too. She seemed a little confused also.

“Why are you so grouchy this morning,” came an innocent question?

He laughed at this a little and asked, “Are you sure you want to know, little one, I may shock you,” at her nod, he continued, “I thought of you all night and what would be the best way to seduce you tonight. I couldn’t sleep, thinking of you and all I’d like to show you. Things I’d like to do with you and I don’t mean just sexually, Silk. I want to dress you up, take you places, and see the wonders of the world with you.” He watched her face again, sending up a silent prayer. “Well, what will it be, yes or no?”

Should she, could she. Why not? Reed had thrown her and her love away. Now someone else wanted her. Someone, who seemed to want the same things she wanted, liked the same things she did. Why not indeed?

“Yes, I think so,” came a slow reply, “Why not, I like you, and you seem like a nice normal person.”

His eyes narrowed and he laughed a little again, “Nice, maybe, normal no, but I do like you too.” Now was the time to exert a little control, to see how she would take it. “Silk, you will promise me one thing right here and now. I am a very take-charge type of person; I like to be in control. I will never hurt you or cause you any real pain. So, what I am asking is that you will always trust me, no matter what. Real trust, never questioning anything I say, do or ask of you. Can you do this? I need to know right now.”

She smiled at him, “I think so,” and then seeing that he wanted a definite yes or no, “Yes Sir, I can trust you.”

He kissed her again, just as thoroughly as the first time and then said, “Good, now let’s get to school, before we are late.”

As they drove to school, he asked her questions about her life and family. He asked and probed her and in that short 20-minute drive, she felt that he knew more about her than Reed ever did. This struck her funny, since Reed had lived down the street from her and she had known him for over two years. She wondered about Michael’s life and family, but was content to answer questions about herself, for now. She could ask later. As her father always said, “All will reveal itself in time.”

“So why did you parents name you Silky,” he finally asked.

People always asked her this and even thought she liked her name, she was a little tired of the unusualness of her name that caused this question in the first place. She answered it with the same answer she always gave.

“My mother and father were hippies,” she started, “And like all hippies, they gave their children those strange names. Mine were running with a group who had already used all the names that symbolized the hippy era. You know, like Rainbow, Faith, Love, Hope and all those other weird names. Well anyway, when I was born, I had long silky black hair and my mom felt it the first time she held me and said, Silky, that will be her name, Silky, like her hair. Since my parents wanted to give me a hippy type name, Silky was perfect. All their friends agreed. I was Silk or Silky ever since.”

“What’s your middle name?”

She raised her left eyebrow and smiled, “Promise not to laugh?”

Not looking amused, he replied, “I never laugh at someone’s name.”

“Skyewind,” she said a little softly, “My father is part Cherokee Indian, and so we all have Indian names too. My older brother’s name is Free River. We call him River.”

They had arrived at the school and he said he would walk her to her class. She hoped this would not make him late to his own class. She thought to ask him, but he kept up with the questions.

“So do all your siblings have Hippy/Indian names,” he asked?

“No not all. My stepbrothers and sisters were born before my dad married their mom so they have normal names. My half brother from my father only has an Indian name, but not a hippy one. Dad had out grown the hippy thing by the time Falcon came along. My half brother from my mother has a hippy name, but not an Indian one; the Indian thing was Dad’s idea not moms. They call him Raine. It is a real cool name, I think. Well, here‘s my class, you better run or you’ll be late for yours.”

“Ok, until later then,” and he kissed and left her standing there, heart thumping wildly from just a little kiss; my god that man could turn a woman into a puddle she thought to herself. If that was the effect he has with just a kiss, she may melt into nothing with his lovemaking. Well, she was willing to risk it, knowing that it was worth it. Oh yes, it was well worth it, she thought and she took her seat, trying to turn her thoughts to the English class at hand.

She made it through the rest of her class with out spending too much time fantasizing about Michael. At lunch, she sat in the campus lunchroom and ate a salad, because it was the only thing on the menu that resembled was it was supposed to be. A deliveryman came up and asked her if she was Ms. Silky Bennett, to which she shook her head yes.

“I have a delivery for you,” he stated, “Please sign here.”

“Okay,” she answered and signed the paper on the clipboard the he had thrust at her. As he turned to get the box he had laid behind him, she fished in her purse for a tip.

Handing her the box, he waved away the money, “No thank you Miss, the sender more than took care of the tip. Have a nice day,” and off he went.

The card on top of the box read, 'I hope you don’t think this too forward. M.' curiously, she opened the box to find the sexiest outfit, she had ever seen. It was an emerald green teddy with garters. There was a pair of emerald green stockings to match the outfit and a necklace of sorts. It was an emerald green ribbon, made into a necklace. A choker, she thought after studying it. It reminded her of a collar also. It was rather sexy. She decided to put the choker on right then.

Remembering where she was, she looked at her watch and found she was going to be late, if she didn’t get going. Throwing the rest of her salad in the trash, she made a mad dash for the campus radio station. She arrived with about a half a minute to spare. She went and got her stuff and headed for the flight deck; a DJ’s code name for the place that they do their air shows, where the magic is worked, so to speak. Just as she put her hand on the knob, Michael yelled from his office for her to get in there, and he didn’t sound happy.

Wondering what she could have done, she when to the door, “My show starts in 5 minutes. I need to prepare,” she stammered.

“Donny will cover for you, already asked him.” He stated, not looking up from his desk. “Get in here and close the door behind you, now!”

She decided that now was not the time for words, whatever they had between them didn’t exist in school. She came in and shut the door softly behind her and took the seat closest to his desk. He didn’t look up right away and this made her even more nervous. She chided herself for such behavior. She had worked for a top radio station for 3 years. She had dealt with top sponsors from large companies and corporations. This was just another student really, so what if he was technically the BOSS. He could only reprimand her, not flunk her or even worse, fire her. She told herself to stop being foolish.

Finally, he raised his head and looked at her. He didn’t say anything; rather he seemed to just study her. His eyes stopped on the choker. She noticed the he smiled a little. She wanted him to speak, but feared what he was going to say to her. Still he just sat and stared. Then slowly, he sat back in his chair, his eyes never leaving her.

“So, you liked my little gift?” came a question, and even though he spoke in a low tone, she jumped as if he had shouted. “Settle little one, I won’t bite. Hard anyway, and not unless you want me too,” he said laughing out loud.

She felt silly now, and so her voice was a little shaky in replying, “Yes, very much.”

“Was I being to forward?”

“No, not at all, really I liked it,” she stammered

He came around the desk and to sit on the edge of the desk right in front of her. She had to look up at him to see his face. He was still watching her. He put his finger under her chin and she smiled weakly at him. A look of confusion crossed his face. Was she scared of him? God, he hoped not. He really loved the submissive look she was wearing earlier, but now he sensed fear, and fear was not what he wanted her to feel.

Using low tones again, he probed, “Silky, are you scared of me? At this she shook her head no. “Than why do you look like you’re about to be tortured?” Seeing she meant to respond, he put a finger to her lips, “Now let me finish, always remember this, when I am speaking, never interrupt. Can you do this?”

She shook her head, yes this time. That submissive look in her eyes again. That look could bring him to his knees, at her feet, if he wasn’t careful. Hell, he would give her anything, by that look.

“Okay, now that’s better, you don’t look quite so scared. Now let me say this first and foremost, always, and I do mean always, Silky, be honest with me. Never lie, because I can’t abide lies. I will never lie to you and I expect the same in return. Am I clear, do you except this?” Again a nod of yes, “Good, now why do you look so scared?”

“I thought I messed up somehow on my show and I couldn’t remember anything I’d done wrong, so you scared me when you called me in here like that. Am I in trouble and if so what did I do,” she asked in rapid words?

A smile crossed his face as he spoke, “You haven’t done anything that I’m aware of, in fact you are one of the best here and the best first year. I called you like that so that the others would think the same thing you seemed to have thought. Can’t let them think I am favoring you.” He reached out his hand and stroked her cheek and then her lips. “Would you consider it sexual harassment if I kissed you again?”

“No.” came a wide-eyed reply.

He pulled her to her feet and kissed her again. The kiss seemed to melt her more than the one this morning did. She felt like she was drowning. Slowly he explored her mouth with his tongue and tasted her totally. He taught her the rhythm that seemed to best please him and slowly his hands started rubbing circles down her back. She hadn’t realized that she was gripping his shirt and when she did she released it and moved her hands up to grip his neck. He had made his way down to her lower back, just above her bottom, his hands rested there for the moment. She felt his reaction to the kiss through his jeans and without meaning to, pressed her middle up against it and a high pitched whimper escaped her. She heard him growl and suddenly his hands were squeezing her behind and pressing her into him. He broke the kiss, but didn’t let her go. He dipped low and lifted her chin and kissed her neck and throat. This was her weakness and soon she began to pant.

“Oh Michael, yes, please,” came a breathless voice from her.

Again he growled, “Please what?” He had to hear her say it.

She moaned and threw her head back as he kissed down the vee of her shirt. How had the buttons come undone? “Please, take me, make me yours,” came a throaty response.

Slowly, remembering where he was, he brought her back to reality. Smiling at how quickly she had been brought to the brink. “I will, later though, little one, but right now, you have a show to run and I still have a question for you.” He buttoned her shirt back up, not remembering undoing it. “So was I too forward, with my gift?”

She smiled and shyly replied, “No, not at all. I loved it and I really liked the choker. That’s why I wore it.”

His face became serious again, “Good,” then on to other things, “Well, you better get to work. Donny has covered for you for ten minutes. Oh and you better tell him you got your ass chewed royally for something. I told him that is why I needed him to cover for a few. Better make something up to make it believable too.” He seemed to be dismissing her as he went back around his desk and took his seat.

At the door she bowed to him, “Yes, Sir,” and started to leave.

“Oh, Silk,” she turned to look at him, “That is a collar, not a choker. Shut the door behind you,” dismissing her just like that.

She went on her way to the flight deck, pondering what he had just said. A collar, but didn’t that mean? Was she his pet? Could she do that, and could he? Vaguely remembering something she had read in a book once about a woman who was her lover’s slave or something like that. Didn’t the girl call him Sir or something? Silk remembered that the book was real racy and made her want to touch herself as she read it. She also remembered fantasizing about what she had read. She fantasized that she was the slave girl and had to be subservient to a man and call him Sir. She remembered it now and it made her feel the same way it had back when she had read it.

Surely, Michael hadn’t meant that by what he said. No way! Those people didn’t really live in the normal world, did they? No, surely not. Michael wasn’t the type anyway. He probably was just teasing her still about the cheesecake thing again. Hadn’t he said bring her most revealing outfit and a collar, her favorite collar, in fact. Well, his gift had done that for her. She had revealing outfits, but was at a loss for a collar. Now she had a matching set. Well, his cheesecake better be heaven, because she was going to show him. She was going to the bathroom, right now and put the outfit on, under her clothes. Good thing her skirt and shirt would match.

Her show went well, and soon it was almost six. Marcy came to relieve her early and they chatted for a few during songs and spots. Marcy was a pretty blond girl from California. Silk knew more about, Marcy’s sex life than she wanted to, it seemed that Marcy slept with every guy she could. She could tell that the girl was really lonely, so she was always nice to her. Marcy was getting her stuff ready for her show, when Michael walked in. Michael smiled and nodded politely at Marcy’s greeting. He looked at Silky and tapped his watch. Silky nodded and he left the room.

“Oh. My. God. That man is simply to die for. I bet he can ride like a champ, if you know what I mean,” Marcy gushed to Silky. “I would sure love to find out.”

Silky was on her way out of the flight deck and couldn’t help herself, “Well, Marcy, I’ll let you know tomorrow.” With that she left Marcy standing with her mouth open.

She was laughing as she met Michael at the exit. He looked at her wondering what was so funny. Then he noticed the color of her stockings, all other thoughts where gone from his mind. Had she put the outfit on? His heart raced at the thought of her in the sexy little nothing he had sent her. At this rate, dinner would be quick and so would he. It was time for him to pace himself, or it would prove to be a short night.

“Are you listening to what I said,” she asked breaking his thoughts?

“No, what did you say,” he said looking at her with that look? The look of lust, she thought.

Silky sighed and repeated, “I was telling you, how Marcy thinks you are such a hunky man and how you could probably ride like a champ, if you know what I mean,” her eyebrow arching? “Her words, mind you. So I told her that I’d let her know tomorrow, and walked out. Her jaw hit the floor. It was rather funny, really.”

At this he looked concerned, “Do you care if others know about us? I don’t really care, but then I am the boss, but you might be treated different if they think you are seeing me. I just don’t want you to be hurt.”

That touched her. “Michael, I could care less what others think. My daddy always said, ‘Please yourself, and you’ll always be happy.’ I am happy with me so who cares what those dorks think. If anything they would probably be jealous, the women anyway.”

“The men too, Silky. So tell me, do you really like Marcy or what? She is a bit forward. I know she sleeps around. Heard the guys talk. Donny says I ought to get me a piece, but I told him, she couldn’t handle me, too normal for my tastes.”

At this she laughed, “A little conceited aren’t we, Michael? Actually, I think she is lonely and that is why she sleeps around. Thinks that it means she is accepted in some way. You’ve seen the type. I’m sure.”

“What’s that supposed to mean,” he replied?

They had reached her car and she was unlocking the door and pretended not to have heard him as she got in and unlocked his door. Hoping he would drop it. Then seeing the look on his face, she knew no such luck.

“Well!”

Shaking her head, “All I meant was that, you seem to be the experienced type, so I’m sure you have slept with her type. Come on, honestly. I don’t care, just making a statement.” Noticing the look on his face, she realized she had stepped out of bounds.

“Silk, I told you, I can’t abide lies. I try to never lie myself. If I said she is not my type, I meant it. She is not my type. Too normal,” he explained with a sober look on his face. “Now can we drop it?”

“Okay,” came a meek response. Silk wondered what he meant by normal, normal by whose standards. She was pondering this, when he tapped her arm.

“Stop at Corks and I’ll get some wine for dinner,” he said pointing to the shopping center they were coming up on. “I like red wine with spaghetti, how about you?”

A slight blush slashed her cheeks, “I like any wine, but unless I put ice in the glass, I get smashed really fast and pass out. I don’t know why, but I do.”

With a devilish grin, “And this is a problem?” Then seeing her shocked look, “Don’t worry, I’ll get some ice.”

“I’m not worried, it’s just usually people get upset if you put ice in wine. Ruins the taste or something, I don’t care, I like it better than passing out.”

Wondering to him self if he was coming on a little too fast with the dominance, she seemed to have turned into a timid deer. Was he too controlling, too fast? He never had tried to turn a vanilla to the lifestyle. The women he had played with were usually very experienced in the lifestyle and sought him out or at least knew enough of it to know that they wanted in it. Maybe he ought to give Baron a call; Baron would know what to do. Baron was his mentor; he taught Michael a lot about being a male Dominant. After thinking on this a little more, he decided that it was the best course of action, but until than, he decided to ease up a bit. No sense in scaring her away. He wanted to have her and he wanted that to happen tonight.

In a gentle tone that he would have used on a spooked horse, “Silk, you can drink your wine anyway you want. You can drink it out of your shoe if that’s what you like. I am not into society’s rules. I want you to be happy.” Seeing her relax greatly, he knew he’d have to be a little gentler with her.

They stopped at the liquor store Michael had indicated and there in the same shopping center was a grocery store. Remembering the bread, Silk ran in and got a loaf of French bread and garlic butter. She met Michael back at liquor store. He was looking at the wine racks. He looked up and smiled and took her hand when she approached.

Turning to her, he asked, “Do you have a favorite?”

“Not really, I like most anything as long is it doesn’t have a heavy liquor taste.”

“Do you like sweet or dry?”

Biting her lip, she hesitantly replied, “Ummm, I’d say sweet, but not to sweet. Dry leaves a strange taste.”

He looked through a few more and picked one out finally, “This will be perfect.”

At the counter, Michael also bought a bottle of something called Tequila Rose. Silk wondered what it was. Knowing that it had the name tequila in it, she wouldn’t touch it. She had sworn off that stuff after the time she got really smashed on it and ended up with Reed’s best friend, naked, in bed. Reed just laughed it off, since she found him with some other girl, but Silky was a little upset by it. She wasn’t so mad about the whole thing as much as she was embarrassed by it. She remembered what had happened with Taylor and she remembered how much she liked it and this upset her. Tequila made her so horny and out of control and she didn’t want that to happen again. She got so worked up, that she had no control what so ever. Silk assured herself that it wouldn’t happen again.

As they walked out and the door shut, Silk said to Michael, “I don’t drink tequila, Michael, just thought you ought to know.”

Knowing about her thing with tequila, having over heard her tell Marcy about it, he smiled devilishly, “Okay, no problem. I bought it for me. Besides, it’s not straight tequila, but hey that’s fine, I wasn’t planning to share anyway.”

They got to Michael’s house and he put the pot of sauce he had made the night before, on the stove to reheat. He explained to her that he had prepared it last night and cooked it for over four hours and then put it in the fridge. He said this actually made it taste better. He also showed her a little secret about the pasta too. He cooked it this morning and then put it in a covered bowl. He said all he had to do was rinse it in hot water just before serving it. Dinner could be ready as soon as the sauce was hot.

Michael got out some wine glasses and poured them both a glass of one of the bottles he had purchased. Told her it was a sweet wine from California. While he did this, she prepared the garlic bread and put it in the oven on warm. Michael came up behind her and put his arms around her waist. He kissed her neck and handed her a wine glass. He nuzzled her ear until she giggled and then left her to taste the wine.

He went over and took a seat at his table. He had the rose stuff and a glass of ice in front of him. She went over and lay on the love seat thing he had in his dinning/sitting room and drank her wine. It had a wonderful flavor and before she knew it, she had drunk the whole glass. Michael was standing over her with the bottle.

“Want a refill, you little lush,” He asked jokingly?

“Maybe just one before dinner,” she replied pretending to slur her speech a little. “Really ociffer, I’m not drunk.”

He refilled her glass and she lay and listened to the music he had turned on when they came in. The music was very sensual, made her feel like making love. She lay and listened to Michael who was on the phone in the other room. She couldn’t make out what he was saying, but she could tell he was talking to someone. She lay and sipped her wine waiting for him to come back in the room.

Michael had called Baron to get his opinion on the whole thing. Baron had said that it was possible, in fact very possible to turn Silk to the lifestyle.

“My little pet Dyna was vanilla when I first met her,” Baron chuckled

“I didn’t know that. You couldn’t tell. I am surprised, really, tell her so, I thought she was practically born to it,” Michael said sounding surprised and impressed.

They talked a few minutes more and Baron explained that Michael would just have to be a little more patient and gentler with Silk. So easing up was the right thing to do. Michael thanked Baron and promised to bring Silk to visit real soon and hung up.

He came back in the room to find Silk very into the music and was amused to find her wine glass empty again. He sat down at the table and poured himself a glass of Tequila Rose. He though about getting her to drink some and see if she would become as wild as she had told Marcy, then he though better, let her decide if she wanted some. He would not force this on her.

She looked up to find him drinking a glass of pink something and watching her intently. She knew that they would make love if she wanted too. All she had to do was give him a sign. What kind of sign, Silk was unsure of, but she knew that the music and the wine would show her. She sat up slowly, watching him looking at her and took off her shoes. She sank to her knees on the carpet and crawled across the room toward him. Looking him in the eye the whole time.

Michael’s pulse hammered as she looked at him and crawled across the floor to him. She looked like something out of a sleazy rock video and that made Michael all the more turned on. She stopped at his legs and bowed her head to the floor, putting her behind up in the air. Michael knew if he were behind her, he would probably have gotten a show. She lifted her head and he placed his hands on her face lifting her up to kneel, slowly he kissed her lips and teased at her mouth.

She got to her feet and stood there for a second swaying to the music. Then she put her hands just below the hem of her skirt and slowly pulled it up her thighs. Next she straddled Michael and began to kiss him again. All the while she was grinding her middle into his. Her hands had begun to unbutton his shirt and tug it open. She slipped a hand inside the folds and a sigh escaped her. She caressed his chest and shoulders trying to remove the shirt totally. Finally he helped her and tore it from his arms. Then he proceeded to remove hers and was pleased to see she had indeed put the outfit he had sent her, on. She reached down and unbuttoned his pants, but couldn’t do much more and didn’t want to get up just yet. Michael had finish removing her shirt and was kissing her chest and caressing her breasts with his hand, the other hand was tangled in her hair.

She leaned back to give him room to kiss farther down her chest. He was both shocked and delighted at the brazen way she had straddled him. He had thought she might bolt on him at first, if he tried to make a move. He made his way back up her chest and was kissing her throat; she was moaning and had begun to squeeze his thighs with hers. Michael thought to himself, that she had one hell of a grip. She kept pulling at his pants and he smiled, knowing what she wanted, but wanted her to ask for it. Then she tried to get up, knowing she was going to try to remove his pants again, he held her in place and kissed her breasts again.

In a strained voice she pleaded, “Michael, let me up,” and then a little louder she said, “Please, take off your jeans.”

“Not yet, all in time, little one. You need to slow a little or you’ll explode. Did you know that you are so hot?”

He proceeded to back her down a bit, and offered her his wine glass, while he drank the Tequila Rose. She downed the glass and watched him with a sensuous look. Michael poured himself another glass of Rose. As he did this, she pressed herself into him again.

“What does it taste like,” she questioned, pointing to the glass he had just filled?

“Actually like creamy strawberry liqueur. Want a little taste,” he said as he downed a swallow?

“Maybe a little taste,” she said as she reached for the glass, but he stopped her with a kiss. He had swallowed most of what he had taken and left just a little in his mouth. She pulled away a little at first, but then upon tasting it, she devoured his mouth. This almost made him lose control. He parted the kiss as soon as she would let go and pushed her back a little.

“Wow,” he said breathlessly, "I take it you like the taste?"

In answer to his question, she picked up his glass and downed the whole thing. Setting the glass down, she kissed him again and gave him a little taste. He pushed her off and this time made her stand and turn with her back to him. He then again pulled her into his lap and cupped her breasts.

“Move your hair, pet. I want your neck,” he ordered gently.

She swept her waist length hair over her right shoulder and lean back into him. He nibbled up and down her neck and sent her into orbit. He was delighted at the goose bumps covering her body. Using his hands, he parted her thighs, surprised to find she was without her panties and slowly stroked her, making her all the more aroused. She pushed her bottom back and ground it into him, letting him know what she wanted. He kept up the slow stroking and also stroked her inner thighs. He could feel her melting. Finally he could take no more. He helped her to stand and stood up himself. She reached for his jeans and he let her have what she wanted as he kissed her some more.

He had kicked off his shoes earlier, so all she had to do was drop his pants to the ground. He kicked them off and she pushed him back down on the chair. Once again she straddled him and continued to kiss him. She leaned back and he entered her just a little. He stopped kissing her to watch her face. She sighed, and he could feel her pushing against him to force him to take her completely. He made her wait and finally when he felt her go limp, he thrust deeply into her. She raked his back with her nails and squeezed him with her thighs.

“Oh my god, I’m dying.”

Smiling at this, he returned, “If you are, then so am I.”

Slowly he rocked her against him. She found his mouth and kissed him again. All the while, she dug her nails into his back. She was whimpering and moaning his name, making his head swim. He cupped her buttocks and ground her into him, knowing that it was making them both crazy and equally giving them both pleasure too. Then suddenly this wasn’t enough and he stood up and in one fluid movement placed her on the table and wrapped her legs around his waist. Slowly he began to thrust into her, with a teasing stroke.

She leaned back on her hands, to watch him, smiling at him as he picked up the pace, sending her into a fevered pitch. She felt like she was totally out of control. It dawned on her that she had never felt this way, ever, not even with Reed. The feeling was so intense that she thought she would just spin off in to space. She never wanted it to end. She gripped him tighter with her thighs.

Finally she felt him nearing his climax and she reached up to kiss him again. His mouth found hers and he gripped the back of her neck. Almost, forcefully now, he thrust into her, but she didn’t notice the roughness. Finally he threw back his head and groaned loudly. Next he pressed into her and exploded. She lost all control at that moment and exploded herself. She let a nice trail of scratch marks down his sides and at the same time totally unaware to either of them, the hand on her neck gripped her so hard that he left bruises. As their passion finally abated, she noticed that she had made his sides bleed. She pulled her hands back to find blood and he laughed.

He reached over on the counter and grabbed a paper towel for her, then pulled away from her. She reached out for him, but he had bent down and was picking up his pants and shirt. Then, walking naked, he went in to his room, which opened up on to the kitchen and tossed his stuff on the chair. Next he reached out and grabbed the shorts and robe off his bed. He came back out to the table and handed her the robe and then proceeded to put the shorts on his gloriously naked body. She pouted a little when he did this.

Seeing this, he replied, “We still need to eat and I don’t plan to do that in the buff.”

**02 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 2**

She laughed at the very idea of it as he helped her off the table. He took the robe from her and helped her into it and then tied the sash for her. Kissing her once again, he returned to the kitchen and began to serve the meal. He came back carrying two plates covered full with spaghetti. Next he brought a basket full of garlic bread and another bottle of wine. Before he sat down, he retrieved her glass from the love seat. He sat down and poured them each some more wine and began to eat. She did like wine and smiled to herself at the wonderful flavor of the sauce.

Seeing her smile, he asked, “Surprised?”

“Surprised about what,” she questioned?

Seeing that she didn’t what to offend him by making a sexist remark, he made it for her, “Surprised that a man can cook such a wonderful sauce that tastes like heaven?”

Hoping that he hadn’t thought that of her, she answered back, “No, actually smarty pants, it tastes just like my grandfathers except that he puts pepperoni and black olives in his, called it Irish spaghetti. He learned to make it from an Italian lady in Hell’s Kitchen”

She watched his face to see what affect her remark had on him. His face was unreadable and passive. She hoped she hadn’t made him mad. She really had to work on how she said things. Her father was always telling her that. She could hear him now, “It’s not always what you say, but how you say it.” Mentally chastising herself, she thought of how to make it up to him.

Seeing that she was still a little uneasy, he gave himself another mental kick. Slow down, boy, you’ll spook her. Deciding to keep the conversation light, he said laughing, “Really, I bet the Italians didn’t care too much for the Irish thing.”

“I don’t know, I never asked. He died when I was six. I didn’t really know what Irish and Italian meant actually. All I knew was that Grandpa called himself Irish. Its funny how at that age you never question such things,” Silk replied. After a moment she laughed and said, “My mother dated this guy before she remarried who was Hispanic, and my brother, River asked him what he was. River meant what he did for a living, but Carlos thought he meant nationality, so he told River that he was a Mexican. River went around for months telling everyone that when he grew up, he was going to be a Mexican. Everyone just rolled.”

“I bet. Your brother River sounds like a funny guy. Do you miss your family?”

Thinking about it for a minute, she answered, “Yes and no. I miss not seeing them all the time, but it was time for me to leave the nest so to speak. I’m excited to be in college so that takes the place of the homesickness, I guess. What about you?”

He laughed, “Well, I miss my family, but since I grew up in boarding schools, this being away is something that I am already used too. I was in boarding school since I was eight. I only saw my parents at holidays.” Seeing this was easing her, he decided to talk for a bit.

“What about your family? How many siblings do you have and what about your parents? I know next to nothing about you, whereas, you know a lot about me. Come on, talk,” she asked.

Seeing that she really wanted to know and that she really didn’t know who he was, he gave in, “My father, is the owner of many large companies, of which includes many cattle ranches all over the US. You’ve probably eaten our beef. My mother, is into like a hundred charities and stuff like that, and my sister, is currently attending college in Boston for the sole purpose of finding a husband who she feels is worthy of her. She is a real snob. I am the black sheep because I wanted to be a radio DJ. My father said, fine, let me buy you a station and you can do whatever you want. He couldn’t understand that I really wanted to go to college to really learn to be a DJ. Thinks that he can pay someone to tell me how to do it and since I would own the station, no one would care if I messed up. I said no and so here I am, much to his dismay.”

“Why did you want to be a DJ?”

Caught off guard, he though before replying, “I don’t really know. I’ve always wanted to do this. Since I was like 8. I used to pretend I was one. Dad even bought me a bunch of equipment and I actually made shows and recorded them. In fact I used one I made at age 16 for this girl; on my application for the job of Student Program Director. They said that I showed real talent even then. What about you, why do you want to be one?” Ready for the question, she answered, “My step mom does this too. She got me hooked. When I was 15, she got me a summer job at her station. They had this new gimmick to try and hook more listeners. They hired high school kids to be DJs for the summer. Well, I was really good and really popular so they kept me on after the summer was over. I had my own regular spot. During school it was from six to ten three nights a week except when I cheered at games. I ran Royals Baseball during baseball season. During the summer I was the ten to two, afternoon girl and I also had the four to ten spot on Sunday’s, with the occasional fill in on Saturday’s afternoons. I got my FCC license at 15, but the big stations want a college education with a major in communications, so here I am.”

Really impressed, he replied, “Wow! So you really know your stuff, don’t you? That’s incredible. I didn’t even know you could get a license at 15. Bet you had an FCC license before you had a driver’s license. That is too cool.”

Smiling she shook her head, “Yes, I did have the FCC license first, had to beg rides with friends and my step mom to get to work.”

Not knowing what else to say, they lapsed in to a silence. Silky was thinking about what had just a transpired and wondering if she had let things happen too fast. She was hoping, he didn’t think her easy. She really liked him. She’d felt an instant connection to him like none other. It reminded her of that tingly feeling that they always talk about in romance novels. Wondering what to do next as she finished her meal, she without thinking, downed the rest of her wine. As she lowered the glass, she discovered Michael looking at her with that hungry look. This gave her some encouragement, but still feeling green, she didn’t know what to do.

Noting the uneasiness in her look, Michael wondered what he should do next. She seemed to want to be with him, but she also seemed scared. Why though, he was trying hard to be as normal as possible. Noting that her plate was empty, he saw another opening. “Well, it looks like you’re ready to become my love slave.”

Her mind flashed to that book once more and her eyes betrayed her thoughts. Michael noticed a slightly startled look, but it was mixed with lust this time. What was it about the word love slave; it seemed to strike a cord with her? He decided to explore it more, but first, cheesecake.

“Are you ready for dessert,” Michael asked in a sultry voice.

Seeing he was teasing, she purred back, “Yes Sir.” She then noticed a strange look on his face and he swallowed very hard. As he got up and took their plates away, she poured some more wine in her glass, than realized that this was her fifth glass. She never usually could handle this much wine. She knew she was getting drunk and decided to not worry this time. After what had happened on this very table, it was likely that she was not going home tonight. In fact, she was certain that she was not, and she would definitely make sure of it, but exactly how was the question. Michael returned to the table with two plates full of cherry cheesecake and gave her one. “Now do I have your promise that you will become my love slave as per our earlier agreement?”

“Of course, I never back out on a promise. I am a woman of my word.”

Reaching under her chin and hooking a finger under the collar, he pulled her closer and kissed her lips. “Good, I’d hate to have to tie you up and beat you, if you backed out.”

Her eyes widened at what he said and he hoped he hadn’t blown it. Damn, he cursed himself, shut the hell up and just play nice for now.

Her eyes did widen, but what Michael took it to mean was so far from the truth that he wasn’t even in the ballpark. She was thinking of that book again and in that very instant had clearly remembered all of it. She blushed and thought, no way, Michael was not like that, no way. He couldn’t be, people didn’t really do those things, did they? Then the thought occurred to her, should she tell him about the book? Should she ask him about that stuff? Why not?

And with that, before she could chicken out, she blurted out, “Michael, I need to ask you a question.”

Startled by the way she said it and thinking the ax was falling, he shot back, “Okay, shoot.”

She proceeded to tell him all about the book and everything including how it made her feel. She watched his face through the whole story, but couldn’t make out anything, as he was totally unreadable. As she neared the end of her story, she started to feel a little stupid and was almost hesitant to ask her question, but she gathered her last ounce of courage and with a shaky voice said, “Michael, does this stuff really exist and are you into it?”

He was floored. He knew the book she was talking about. He was going to have her read it in fact. To see what her reaction was, but now that was not necessary. Now he just had to answer her simple questions, but what would her reaction to his answers be? Would she flee? Deciding that he would have to take the chance since lying wasn’t his style, he replied smoothly, “Yes, that stuff does exist, but before I answer the rest of your question, I want to ask one of my own.”

“Okay,” came a meek reply.

“If I were to say yes, would you turn tail and run from me? Before you answer, here me out. Also think, if you were to run, would it be out of fright or revulsion?”

Without even thinking, she said, “I would not run and I am not repulsed by the thought either. I am intrigued.”

Smiling, he replied smoothly, “Then yes, little one. I am, as you say, into that stuff.” He watched her reaction and found that she had not lied. She was not scared in the least bit. Deciding to test her further, he asked, “Now may I ask, are you into it?”

As she had just taken a sip of her wine, she proceeded to spit it across the table. “I don’t know, I never thought about it. I told you, I didn’t know that people really did that stuff.”

“Now you do know so are you into it, or…” he trailed off smiling at her, he cocked his eyebrow. “Are you Vanilla?”

Without thinking she blurted out, “I wouldn’t say that I am lily white, I’d just call it a little green.”

He reached over and hooked her collar again and pulled her close but this time the kiss was more. He devoured her mouth again and just as she thought she would melt, he broke the kiss. The look in his eyes told her that she was most assuredly staying the night. In fact, she might stay the whole week.

“No my pet, you are just inexperienced, but you will learn,” he said with a growl and then pulled her into his lap. He began kissing her again as he cradled her body in his arms. His mouth tasted of cheesecake and wine. She was fast losing any fear she had. The feel of his arms and mouth was just too strong; she was totally lost in them. She noticed her breathing had become rapid again, almost like a pant. The thought occurred to her that she would surely expire at this rate, but what a way to go. Bliss.

This was more than he had dared hope for. Here she was, in his arms and not so nearly as innocent as he had first thought. She was also willing for what he had in mind. She felt so right in his arms. He knew though that he should still take things slow. He was already laying out a plan in his mind as to how things would go and in what order. He could taste success and did not want anything to blow it. Gently he ended the kiss and looked at her. She seemed to be in heaven, which made him smile down at her. She smiled back. This gave Michael a great sense of triumph.

“Are you okay,” he asked softly.

Her answer came out as a purr, “Perfect.”

Thinking now was as good as any time to began he said, “Silk, I want you to get on your knees before me. I want to show you a few things.”

Eager to begin, but still a little nervous, she slid off his lap and landed lightly on her knees in from of him, sitting on her heels. Trying to remember what she had read in that book about kneeling. Remembering something, she spread her knees wide and placed her hands lightly on her thighs, knowing this was a proper relaxed kneel for a slave. She looked up to see his reaction. He was smiling. This gave her confidence a big boost. She knew that she could do this and please him too.

“Very good, you have one of the kneels down almost perfectly. Now hold your head high, but look down with your eyes,” he instructed. “Remember this, when I want you in this position, I’ll say kneel. Now, kneel up.”

She gave him a confused look, not remembering this one. She knew she should remain quiet, but began saying anyway, “I don’t know what…”

He silenced her with a finger to her lips, “Shhh, never speak unless asked to. I know you are new to this. If you do not know a position, just flash a look at me and I will tell you what to do, but otherwise, keep your eyes down. Now kneel up means to come up to just your knees, keep your hands where they are unless told otherwise. When you are wearing a collar, you will lift your head as to present your collar, if you are not wearing one, just stay normal. Do this very fluid and smoothly. No one likes a sloppy slave and always keep you eyes down cast unless asked to look directly at someone.”

She took all this in and smiled to herself. She knew this would be hard, but thought to herself, ‘This is what I want.’

Watching her, Michael looked for certain signs. Signs that she was okay with this and signs that she might bolt. So far, it seemed that she was doing fine. He also noticed the little smile she had, taking that as a good sign, he preceded. “Silk, I want to teach you a few more things, but I don’t want you to feel rushed, so let me know if it gets to be too much and I’ll stop.”

“Okay,” came a strong reply.

“One other thing, from now on I'm your Master. When we play like this, you will refer to me as such. You will answer me with Yes or No, Master. Am I understood?” He stated firmly.

She looked up and said, “Yes.”

“Yes what?”

Knowing that she had messed up she frowned, “Yes Master.”

“Good,” came the reply. “Now, belly.” Noting the quick flash of her eyes, he explained, “Smoothly go to laying on your belly. Once down, put your arms behind your back and cross them at the wrists. Lay you head so you may look in my direction. Some Masters require you to cross your ankles, but I want you to always spread your legs. I will explain why later. Now belly.”

She leaned forward, placing her hands on the floor and lowered her body to the floor. Once down she placed her arms behind her back as asked, spread her legs and laid her head so that she was facing him as asked. Next, she wondered what this position is for.

Seeming to read her mind, the answer came; “This position mainly is used by a slave to present herself to a Master and beg for mercy, forgiveness, favor, or whatever. I also use it for sex. You cannot move or get up as easily from this if I am on top of you, and it shows Domination when I am on top. If I were using it for sex, you would stretch your arms above your head. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” came another strong answer.

Things were going good. A few more and then he would reward her. “This next one doesn’t really have a name. Sometimes I will just say, down. You will use it to show submission and obedience. You will go into this position when you are in trouble and know you are receiving discipline. I will also order you to this position if you displease me. You will go back on your knees and then place your top half on the floor so that your bottom is up in the air. Your chest and face will be on the floor and you will turn your head toward my direction again. Now, down.”

She once again changed positions. She didn’t know what to do with her arms once there so she flashed him a look again. She felt funny with her fanny in the air but obeyed anyway.

Seeing her look and noting that she seemed at a loss as to what to do with her arms, he told her, “For now stretch your arms above your head like you are bowing. Other times your arms may be bound behind your back but if they are not, this is how you will present in this position. You are doing very well by the way.”

He left her to wait there and watched her. She did not seem to be uncomfortable. He smiled as he looked at her pert little bottom. Inside he was feeling very proud, but knew that he could not let on to her. A slave must always wonder if they are pleasing their Master, if they knew otherwise they could become vain and lazy. He wondered if he should give her a small lesson in discipline. Why not, just to see how she reacted.

She could not see him very well from her current position but knew he was still sitting behind and to the side of her. She wondered what was next. Why was he not saying anything? She arched her back a little, not because she was uncomfortable, just to stretch it out. Seeing him stand, she stopped. What now, her mind flashed. He moved totally behind her and she could not see him now. She felt the floor shift behind her. Next he touched her hip. He then moved into her line of sight and she saw that he was kneeling next to her. He started stroking her back and bottom. This brought a sigh to her lips.

He felt her begin to relax a little. As he stroked her, he lifted the robe out of the way, thinking that he should have had her remove it before he started. Feeling that she was totally relaxed, he swatted her behind with a gentle, but firm slap. She jumped a little and a small whimper escaped her. He gave her another one. This time she whimpered again but remained still. Good, he thought, and gave her one more. Again she remained still. This was better than he hoped. He longed to go on but knew he had pushed her limits tonight. He got up and resumed his seat. Sighing he said, “Kneel up.”

She went back to the right position and even lifted her head to present her collar. He felt desire shoot through him. He marveled at the power she had over him. “Okay Silk, go ahead and kneel look at me now.”

She did and then lifted her eyes to meet his. Seeing his smile, she returned it and sent a silent prayer that she had done well and not looked the fool.

“Do you have any questions?” He asked. He also noticed that she had not finished her desert and reached for it. Scooping up a forkful, he began to feed her.

Shyly she began, “I do, but I don’t want to look silly.” She accepted a forkful of cheesecake. The flavor was heaven and the look on her face showed it.

Smiling at that look, he continued to feed her and asked, “What do you want to know. Ask me anything I want you to learn. Remember, the only dumb question is the one not asked.”

“This could take all night. There are so many things I’d like to know, so many questions to ask,” she replied after swallowing a mouthful. “I don’t even know how to ask some of the questions, I want to know.”

“So just start asking, we have forever. The world is not going to end tomorrow. Just ask what comes to mind and don’t be afraid to ask me anything. I will not laugh at you,” He answered back smiling.

Thinking about what to ask first, she bit her lip in thought, “Well, I guess I should ask what is first and foremost on my mind. I know that there is some punishment and spanking involved in this, but to what degree and how much do you do it?”

“Are you afraid that I’ll hurt you little one?” He asked smoothly.

Feeling her body tremble at the sound of his voice, she unknowingly closed her eyes and sighed loudly. “No, not afraid, but I don’t really know much about it. I liked when you swatted me a few minutes ago. Made me hot, but I am a little scared about the rest of the stuff involved. What about the tools and stuff? Also, why do you call me little one or pet?”

Giving her another mouthful, he replied, “I will teach you about all the tools and stuff that are involved as you learn. I will not hurt you only give you slight pain. I will not lie to you; some things may cause some minor pain, but never serious pain. I will teach you to like it and we will start slow, increasing as you learn. As for the term little one or pet, they are basically names that a Master calls his slave. They are not meant to be a put down. More like a pet name. Besides you are little to me.”

Feeling braver, she asked, “Will you tie me up?”

A little unsure about whether she wanted to be tied, he stated, “Maybe, why, do you want me too. Will I need to tie you?” He knew that he would definitely tie her at some point but wanted to see what she thought about that.

Thinking about it a little, she smiled, “I don’t know. I am not afraid, but I have seen some things that look too painful. I don’t think I am into hardcore pain. Do you know what I mean?”

Wondering where she had seen anything like she was hinting at, he asked, “Just what have you seen and where?”

“Internet,” came a quick answer. “Why?”

He fed her the last of her dessert and stood up. Smiling to himself, when she stayed put, he picked up his plate and carried both their plates to the sink. Then he went to his room and opened a drawer. Silk saw him take out a magazine and then he came back to the table with it and sat down again. “Is this what you are referring to?” He held out the magazine, which he had turned to a page that had a girl tie up by her hair and breasts. Her arms where tied behind her back and she was lifted up till she danced on her tiptoes. Her breasts had clamps on them and there were clothes pins on her thighs and crotch.

“Oh my god, do people really do that?” She gushed without thinking.

“That and worse, I could show you things that would make you run. Tell me what you think of this one,” he asked as he turned a few pages? This one showed a girl tied to a cross looking thing. Her hands were tied to the cross members, her mouth had a gag in it and her breast were bound with ropes and there were needles stuck through them. Her breasts were almost purple and there was blood dripping from the needles. The girls face showed pleasure though.

“It looks really painful. Are you asking if I would do that? I think not, but surely that is not all there is,” she seemed to beg.

He laughed lightly at her eagerness, “No, that is not all there is. I will show you what I expect of you. I promise it will not be like that. Actually I am not in to that sort of thing myself. I have done it for someone else, but I got nothing out of it what so ever. I have different tastes. You’ll see.”

“What if I decide I want to stop? How do I tell you so?”

Smiling at how she was opening up to him, he calmly answered, “We will have what are called code words or safe words. I will also give you an action word too. When you hear this word from me, it means to pay attention or mind me. Your safe word will tell me you want to stop. Just saying no or stop will not work. Do you understand?”

Taking in all in, she answered back. ‘Yes. So what will those words be?”

“Your safe word is your safety net so to speak, so it is usually something easy to remember. Often we use Red for stop, Yellow for slow and Green for Go. Can you remember that?”

She smiled at him, “Yes, Master.”

He felt pride at those simple words, more pride then he had ever felt before upon hearing them, “Good, now for your action word, I will use Emerald, because it reminds me of your eyes. When you hear me say that word, you will know to obey. If we are out in the normal world and I say it, you are to mind me totally, no questions asked. Okay?”

She nodded and smiled. He felt that it was going well. This was going to work.

“I need to add, in the normal world, we don’t show this to others. They don’t usually understand. When I say mind me, I mean in deed, not in voice. You don’t have to call me Master, and you will never kneel or anything like that. You will show your submission with your actions, body language and eyes. You do understand what I am saying, right?”

“Yes, Master,” came that her voice, strong again.

She was looking very comfortable now, very as ease with all of it. He knew she was going to fit in well. All he had to do was move slow and always let her ask questions if need be. She seemed to need to ask and that was perfectly fine with him. Feeling the need to connect with her, he wanted to tell her everything. He knew here and now that they had connected in a way that most never do in this lifestyle. Most never found someone they could spend their lives with and that is exactly what Michael knew he had found in Silky. Michael also knew to take it slow and not scare her off.

Placing his finger under her chin, he looked into her eyes as he spoke, “I want to tell you something. I feel a real connection here with you, like this is meant to be or something. I feel something for you that I have never felt before for any slave. I don’t want to spook you, but I had to tell you “

Not knowing what to say, but totally understanding what he was saying, she just stared at him while smiling to herself. She felt the same thing, but knew to take things slow. 'You can’t rush a good thing.’ Finally she knew he needed her to say something, so she replied. “I know what you are saying. Don’t worry. I’m not scared. We’ll take things slow and see where we end up.”

His heart flipped and with her simple words he knew that this was going to work out perfectly. Not only was she already knowledgeable about the lifestyle, but also she seemed to want to be a part of it even if she didn't know that was what she really wanted. She needed training but he knew that she would fit in well.

"May I ask something, Master," she asked hesitantly.

Smiling at the way the word Master seem to flow from her lips, he said, "Yes, you may."

"You didn't answer me when I asked about being tied up. Will you tie me?"

Judging the look on her face he knew she could handle the truth, "Yes, Silk. I will tie you up, down or whatever else I see fit at some point. Does this answer you question?"

Blushing, she replied, "Yes, Master."

Michael stood and began to clear the desert plates from the table. He looked back to see if she had stood up, and was please to see that she remained kneeling and had cast her eyes down again. He smiled to himself again. What a slave she would make.

"Is that all of your questions?"

Blushing she bowed her head and said, "No, I have one more," she blushed even more and bowed her head farther, "Would you show me what you meant by having sex with me the belly position?"

Laughing at her eager shyness, he put the food away and thought of the best answer for her question. She had said show me, not tell me. So should he actually show her or just explain it? Finishing up with the food, he made up his mind and came back over to her. He held out his hand to her and she took it. "Stand up and look at me," he commanded softly.

She stood and looked up to meet his eyes. He smiled at her and she smiled back and blushed again.

"Help me load the dishwasher and I show you everything your heart desires," he stated and watched her blush again.

Together they loaded the dishwasher, her rinsing the dishes and him putting them in the washer. As she filled the pan from the sauce to soak, he went and restarted the music. It was the same type just a different CD from the sound of it and Silk wondered who the group was. It was very good music. The dishes were all done and the saucepan was soaking, so Silk turned from the sink and watched Michael.

Michael came back in the kitchen when he was done and stood before her. Watching her face, he decided to take her to the bedroom. He began kissing her again and she responded quickly. Slowly he pushed her backwards toward his bedroom. He stopped next to the bed and removed the robe from her shoulders; slowly it slid down her body to the floor. Then she felt the mattress press into the back of her knees; she sank down on the bed, never breaking the kiss. Finally he pulled up from her mouth and watched her. She looked so innocent and yet so like a seductress. Slowly he explored her body with his eyes, next he lowered his mouth to her neck and she raised her chin to let him have access. He began kissing her neck and collarbone, sensing her neck was her weakness and knowing it was his. "Did I tell you that I have a neck fetish?'

Slowly understanding his words, she asked, "What do you mean?"

"There is something about the neck that really turns me on. The look, the feel and the way my mouth feels on it. Turns me on like crazy, sort of like how some men like breasts or ass. I like necks," he answered between kissing, showing her just how much his words were true.

"Is that all?" She asked laughing.

"Well that and legs. I am a sucker for a great set of legs. I always look at the neck and then the legs first on a girl. Is that bad of me?"

Laughing again, she said, "No, just very male." Then she added, "Do I pass your inspection?"

"Perfectly," he replied as he buried his face in her neck again. As he was kissing her, he began to remove the rest of the clothing. The top hooked in the back and he was making short work of it. When the top was unfastened, he skimmed his hand down her stomach to the top of the garter. He began undoing the garters. With that done he grabbed the teddy and threw it. Next he gave her a devilish look.

"What?" she asked.

Arching his eyebrow, he asked, "Are you ready?"

So caught up in the moment, she could only nod yes. She was amazed at how turned on she was. She felt like she was on fire.

Michael sat up and reached for her legs. He grabbed her ankle and lifted her leg to his mouth. Slowly, using his mouth, he began removing the stocking from her leg. He noticed the goose bumps forming on her exposed flesh and sped things up a little. Finally he had removed them both. Holding them him his hands, he got an idea. He lay down next to her and grabbed her hand and tied the stocking around her wrist and repeated the action on her other wrist, watching her face the whole time. She seemed okay. He had left the ends free so technically she was not tied up, yet. He began to kiss her again.

She almost lost it as he removed the stocking from her legs. Never had anyone done that to her. She was in heaven. Then when he tied them to her wrists, she wondered what he was up to. The devilish look on his face told her that he was up to something, but what? She couldn't wait to find out. She wondered why the thought of him tying her up was exciting her so much. She couldn’t remember ever feeling this excited, not even the first time they made love could compare with now. This time she was really dying.

As he kissed and fondled her, he was also judging her to see if she was ready. She seemed to be really into it and so he decided to take things a step further. “Belly, now with your head towards the foot of the bed,” he ordered.

Quickly she assumed the position he had asked for and even stretched her arms above her without being told to. Waiting to see what was next she sighed and turned her head towards the direction that he was. Watching what she could, she saw him get up off the bed and remove his shorts. She sighed again at the sight of his naked body and noticed that his desire for her was very evident. She also noticed him watching her so she smiled at him.

“What are you sighing and smiling about?” He asked.

“Nothing,” She started to say but a sharp slap on her bottom stopped her. Her eyes flashed to his.

“When you are asked a question, you will always answer with a complete answer. Saying nothing to me means that you are refusing to answer. Do you understand?” He replied very sternly leaving no doubt in Silk’s mind that he meant business.

“Yes, Master,” came a strong reply.

“Now answer the question,” he ordered.

The answer came with a blush, “I sighed at the sight of your naked body because it pleases me and I smiled because you smiled at me.”

Giving an approving nod to her answer, he got back on the bed. He rubbed her ass where he had slapped it feeling the heat and admiring the red mark it left. She seemed to press her ass up to meet his hand. He liked that. He bent over her body and lifted her hair off and neck and draped it to the side. As he bent to kiss her neck, he noticed the mark that he had left on her neck in the throws of passion earlier. He kissed it and pressed his lips into the bruises, hoping it didn’t hurt too much.

“Opps,” Michael whispered in her ear, “You’re not going to believe the nasty mark I left on your neck when I gripped it earlier on the table. It’s bruised pretty badly. I’ll rub it later if it hurts, okay”

“Yes Master, I guess its just rewards for the nasty marks I left on your back,” she smiled back to him.

The answer totally floored him, he was glad that she took it well but surprised too. Most women would have been a little upset at least. Taking it a good sign, he proceeded to straddle her body and then he reached up and grabbed the stockings and tied her to the footboard. Next he shifted himself down her body till his head was level with hers and began to kiss her neck again. He shifted himself and her body into a position that was a little awkward for Silk. Placing his hands on each side of her body, he leaned down to her ear and whispered, “This is how I have sex with you in this position.” Next he pressed his hips forward and entered her just a little bit and then with a large thrust, he hissed in her ear, “Mine,” and entered her totally.

Silk climaxed right then and grabbed the footboard; next she threw back her head and moaned loudly almost a scream. Michael was surprised at the sound but said nothing. He began to thrust into her prone body and began to pay attention to the sign that would signal her next climax. He hadn’t meant for her to explode like that. He wanted to teach her to beg for it. She was just too hot. He felt her nearing that point again and slowed to almost a stop. After doing this four more times he could feel that she was getting frustrated.

“Do you want to come?” he hissed in her ear?

“Yes, Master,” came a crazed answer.

Smiling at her tone, he hissed back, “Ask permission and I may let you.”

Wondering what he was meaning, she thought on this, “ask permission?’ Before she could think on this more he brought her to the brink again and stopped. She tried to wiggle to bring herself off, but with him on her body like this she was unable to. She let out a whimper.

“Ask for what you want,” came the hiss in her ear

He felt her come down a bit and began to move and work her back up. She neared quickly and he stopped but flexed himself a little to tease her. Knowing she really needed release.

“Please Master,” came a plea.

“Please what.”

Knowing she would literally have to ask for it, she begged, “Please may I come.” “How bad do you need it?”

“Very bad,” she hissed.

He worked her back up again and then stopped and this time he pulled away from her. After several minutes he entered her slowly and began to build her back up again. This time he would give her release, but he let her think he was going to tease her once more. Seeing that she was close put him in the same frame of mind.

She gave a whimper and silently begged for release. She was half crazed and almost there and she knew he would stop again.

“Come now,” he breathed in her ear.

He kept the motion going, not stopping this time and between his voice in her ear and the rhythm of his thrusts she lost all control and gave herself up to the feeling. It was so intense, she passed out.

Michael knew when she lost consciousness but could not stop either. He felt his climax near and gave into it. Remembering what happen last time, he kept his hands off her body. Afterwards he collapsed on her and lay there for a few minutes. After catching his breath, he got up from the bed. Looking down on her lying on the bed, he smiled to himself. He noticed that her hands had been clutching the footboard, but now were relaxed. She had passed out and fallen asleep. This touched Michael in a way he never had known.

He untied her hands and rearranged her so that her head was on the pillow. She never woke up. After getting a glass of water, he came to bed also and pulled her into his embrace. Cuddling up with her, he began to fall asleep. He whispered in her ear, “Silk, I think I could fall totally and helplessly in love with you.” And then fell asleep also.. Later in the middle of the night, she began to rub her body against his and this woke him up. He noticed that she was still asleep. Her body felt so good next to his and soon his hands were roaming her soft flesh. Desire flooded through him. This amazed him, he was never usually this affected by a women. He laughed to himself, at this rate; he would wear himself out before he trained her properly. Oh well, he thought. At lease he would be happy.

Deciding that he was too awake and excited now to sleep, he lifted her leg and entered her from behind. Slowly he began to thrust into her knowing that her lusty nature would soon have her awake and panting. He felt her begin to stir.

She thought it was a dream at first. Michael was stroking her body again and she was responding and then he was making love to her and slowly she came to realize that it was not a dream. Surfacing to reality, she noticed the position they were in and smiled. What would he think of next? His thrusts were making her head swim. They were like a tease. She arched her back and turned her head to his face. There was just enough light that she could see his smile and eyes. He bent his head and kissed her lips. She then turned her head away, pressed back into him and sighed.

With her fully awake now, he began to thrust more powerfully now. Her body felt so good around him and he was fast losing control. He clutched her hip and began to drive into her hard. Knowing that she would explode with him, he kept it up till he felt ready to explode. Just then she lost it and reached back and dug her nails into his thigh. That was the final straw; he lost all control, pressing into her tightly.

Fiercely he whispered to her, “Your mine now,” never noticing that he was clutching her hip in the same manner that he had done her neck earlier.

“Yes, Master,” was her only answer.

In the aftermath, they lay there panting. Silk settled back into him and fell asleep again. Michael looked up at the clock. Seeing it was a little after three, he decided to go back to sleep for a while.

**03 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 3**

Blaring music woke Silk up later. What a noise she thought to herself, such a change from the soft sensual music from the night before. She reached up and noting the time, turned off the radio. She then rolled over and found that Michael was still sleeping. Thinking it would please him greatly; she pushed him on to his back and scooted down under the covers. Once there she proceeded to orally excite him. She felt him began to stir as she massaged him with her mouth and tongue. As she took him deeper his hands found her neck and shoulders and he began to caress her. Then his hands found her hair and he gathered it in his hands, keeping it off her face. She kept this up and after a few more minutes, she felt him go still as a board, next his hand clamped down on her neck and she was forced to take him all the way into her throat as he spilled his seed.

Afterward she scooted back up his body and he lifted the covers for her. Then he pulled her down on top of his body and hugged her. Did she know how intimate and special to him, what she just did was? He proudly noticed that she swallowed happily though.

“Wow,” he said a little out of breath. “I have to tell you that was a first for me. No one has ever been able to do that.”

“Really,” she squeaked.

“Yes, I am serious. You are going to be in so much trouble now. I may never let you leave me.” He teased. Then on a serious note he added, “Thank you for that. That is something that I would not have asked for from you. I may have made you perform oral but not all the way like you just did. Do you know how special that is to a man, Silky?”

Shaking her head yes, she blushed and then said, “Yes, Master,” and laid her head down on his chest to hide her blush.

They lay there just holding each other when the thought occurred to him; he hadn’t used any protection with her. ‘God Michael, when you screw up, you do it well.’

“Silk we have a problem, I forgot to use any protection each time,” He whispered to her.

Smiling at his thoughtfulness, she said to him, “Don’t worry, I have the shot and I am clean.”

Shocked at her words, he responded to this, “I never worried about you being clean, my only concern was that you could get pregnant, not that I wouldn’t want to have children, but not at this point in time. You, my darling slave, should worry about my cleanliness. You don’t know me that well and I am no saint.”

“How do you know I am clean?” she asked.

Cocking his eyebrow, he answered, “Because, you are not the type to sleep around and you already told me that you and Reed went out for two years and he was your first and you just broke up with him two days ago. So this makes me pretty sure that you are clean, because that makes me the only other male to have your delightful body.” He knew there was one other, but wanted to see if she would tell him about it.

“Actually you’re the fourth one, Michael,” she replied smoothly getting up off him and out of bed. Standing with her back to him by the side of the bed, she began to stretch.

Taking what she said in, he thought on this. Fourth, how could that be, she only ever talked about Reed and Taylor, who else was there? Why hadn’t she mentioned this other one to anyone? He knew that he would defiantly find out.

“So who are the others? Need I change my thoughts about your level of cleanliness?” he asked as she was walking away.

She went as far as the dining room and picked up her clothing. Smiling to him, she began to dress. “Well one was actually a boyfriend for a while and the other was a drunken mistake.”

Getting up, he slipped his shorts on, and then coming in the kitchen; he started the coffee to brew. “Please explain,” he commanded.

With a sigh she replied, “Once about three months after Reed and I started dating, I was very ill and he got drunk at a party and slept with this girl who I hated to begin with. Well Reed felt guilty and said I could do the same as pay back. During the following summer, while he was gone for six weeks, I did. His name was Neil. He was new to the school, came the last two months of the year. Reed and I were friendly with him. In fact he drove Reed to the airport when he left for the summer. Reed had asked Neil to look after me while he was gone.”

“And so the friend took advantage of the trust and slept with you?” Michael asked with a slight anger tone in his voice.

“No, will you let me finish?”

Michael shook his head yes

“Well there was this party that we have every year at the lake, an all night affair. Reed knew I wanted to go and so he told Neil to take me. Being teenagers, there is always drinking going on. I got drunk and since I already sort of had the hots for Neil, as did most girls, I came on to him and he responded. I was in a skimpy bikini and just really crawled all over him, he couldn’t resist me. So we went back to his house and had sex all night. The next morning, I knew I had done wrong and I told Neil so and left. I made sure only to see him with others around after that. When Reed came back, I told him right away. We were in the barn, getting ready to go riding and he jumped on the horse and shot off across the field. Neil’s house was on the other side of this field. Knowing where he was heading, I followed, but his horse was faster so I couldn’t catch up. I got to the house just as Reed had dragged Neil outside and was punching him. I jumped on to the porch and tried to stop it. Reed accidentally hit me in the face, hard and that ended the fight. Neil grabbed me to protect me and Reed saw this as total betrayal and took off again, this time he grabbed the reins to my horse and took her with him. As he left, he yelled that he was going to tell my father what a slut I was and all about my summer activities. He also said that it was over.”

Michael watched her as she spoke and noticed that she was slightly remorseful even now about it. Wondering how she ended up with Neil for a boyfriend, he plodded her along, “And so how did you end up as Neil’s girl?”

“I didn’t that day. Neil cleaned the blood up from my mouth and nose and got me some ice and then drove me home. When we got there, Reed was there in the garage with my father and he came out and started saying a bunch of bad things. I made Neil leave and faced Reed and my father on my own. I explained my side to my father, with Reed present and making nasty comments. My father never sided with me but he didn’t condemn me either. He said what I did was wrong, but that I was old enough to make my own way. He told Reed to watch his punches because this time it was an accident, but next time he would deal with him. He also made Reed apologize to me.” She paused to get a drink. “Reed and I fought for about 3 days and I finally had enough. I called Neil and told him to come take me out on a date. Reed said if he stepped foot on my property he’d kill him. My father intervened and told Reed that he didn’t want me so I was free to do as I pleased and that this was his property. The only one who would be doing any killing around here would be him.”

Looking up, she found Michael was intently listening. She liked that; someone actually wanted to hear her side of the story. Michael smiled at her and then kissed her. She continued.

“So Neil and I became lovers. That is really all we were. I did it to piss Reed off and Neil did it because he wanted my body. This went on from the end of July till just before Thanksgiving. During that time, Reed still hung around my house since he was my father’s buddy first and he still made comments. He even got my brothers to say things and be nasty to Neil. I didn’t really care, I just would try and never have Neil around them. This worked fine for the summer, until about the middle of September. Neil began to think I was keeping him away because I was messing around with Reed again. He got really possessive and jealous.”

She paused again and went to the bathroom. When she came back she sat down on the floor at his feet, looking up at him she started again. “Finally the week before Thanksgiving, we had a bad snow storm, a white out blizzard. I was at work when it started and tried to get home anyway. It is about 45 minutes from the station to our house. All back country roads too. I ended up sliding and rolling my truck over. I was knocked out for a bit and when I came too, I was still inside, but the truck was upside down. The windows were all broke out except the back one. I grabbed the car rugs and tried to keep myself warm and huddled up to the back window. I was there for about 4 hours. I was so cold. Reed found me and helped me out. Without a word between us, he took me to his house and once there, he undressed us both to rid us of the freezing wet clothes and begin to rub heat into my body. I was so cold; I could not have talked if he had said something. Finally he carried me to the hot tub and put us both in there to warm up. I held on to him for dear life. As the warmth returned to me, I found him looking at me. Our eyes met and we just starred for a while. Finally Reed kissed me and the next thing I know, we are making love in the hot tub. Afterwards we talked and he told me that he would have to do some thinking, but that if I were smart I would end it with Neil. Since I really wanted Reed anyway, I made sure it happened and by January I was free of Neil.”

Sensing that there was something else, he asked, “What are you not telling me?”

Wondering how he seemed to know, she answered, “Reed and me slept together when we could before I totally ended it with Neil. Reed made no secret about it either. He would kiss me just when he knew Neil would catch us. Once he had me straddling his lap kissing me when Neil caught us. My father aided in this too. Neil got really jealous and I tried to get him to believe that Reed was doing it to piss him off. No one knew that Neil could get violent though. Finally one night after he caught Reed practically making love to me on the front porch, he took me into the barn and we argued and he started hitting me. My brother caught him and went and got Reed. Reed beat him pretty good and then tied him to a stall door while we waited for the cops. While we waited, Reed told him all about how he had been sleeping with me for the past two months and really rubbed it in that I preferred him to Neil. Neil ended up getting charged with domestic violence and we were finished. Reed had me back and after that is when he asked me to marry him and that’s the whole story.”

“So you really loved Reed the whole time and just dated Neil to get back at Reed, right?”

She shook her head yes.

“Okay that takes care of one, now who is the third one?” He asked, intending for her to tell him about the other one. The drunken mistake as she put it.

Rolling her eyes, she started again, “The other was Taylor, Reeds good friend from where he used to live before he moved to Ciderton. At our graduation party, we all got really drunk. Reed got me drunk on tequila and I was smashed. I remember everything too. I just couldn’t control myself. We were all dancing and trading partners and soon I looked over to find Reed all over this blond. Taylor and I begin to kiss and make out and the next thing I know we are in bed making love. The next morning I find that Reed has slept with that blond, but since I slept with Taylor, I can’t really be mad. Reed and I talked it over later and we both decided that it was an accident and we should just forget it. That is why I don’t drink tequila.”

“You did last night,” he reminded her.

Sighing, she replied, “Yes, I did, but I didn’t drink a lot and I didn’t lose control.” Thinking on this she added, “Too much.”

She smiled at Michael and he smile back.

“I like it when you lose some control. Last night was great, wasn’t it? I want you like that always, but I am willing to bet you don’t need tequila to get that way either,” came a sexy response.

Thinking that she might be a little sore, he decided to change the subject before it landed them in bed. “So, what do you have to do today?”

Wondering at the mood change, she frowned but went with it. “Nothing till two, then I have an air show at two, but you already know that, Boss.”

The ringing of the phone interrupted them. Michael answered it and found it was Baron. He informed Michael that he forgot to invite him to a party that they were having a week from tonight. He also asked about Silk and Michael, taking the phone into the other room, updated Baron to everything that had transpired the night before. Baron again told Michael of the party and asked if he would bring Silk. Michael asked if he thought she was ready for that step and Baron said that she was, but that Michael should talk it over with her first. Michael said he would and that if so they would be at the party. Hanging up, he smiled to himself. Here goes, he thought.

Coming back in the room, he found her still on the floor where he sat. This made him sure that she would want to go to this party, time to tell her about it.

Sitting down, he began with a kiss, “I have something to tell you and something to ask of you. My friend, Baron, who is into this lifestyle also, is hosting a party with his slaves next Friday night. There will be many things going on at this party tonight. Many of the BDSM things that we have talked about and the fetish stuff too. It would be a great learning experience for you. I have told him about you and he has invited us. Would you like to go?”

Nervously she asked, “What will I have to do there?”

Noting the quiver in her voice, he calmly told her, “Nothing you don’t want to. At this point it will be for you to watch and learn. Baron and his head slave know all about you and they both agree that you should not be made to do anything you don’t want to. You will see many things and this will give you an idea of what might be expected of you. This is a way for you to see what might interest you. I know that some things are not for everyone.”

“Will you be near at all times?”

“I will have you as close as you can be, but I will tell you now that I will participate also. You can be near enough to watch but you may not always be right next to me.” He stated firmly.

Knowing that she was overly curious, he knew that she could not resist. He watched her think on it and smiled as he saw the look that told him she was going to say yes, cross her face.

“All right Master, yes I will go. I really want to see this and learn. So what time?” She asked finally of him.

A triumphant smile split his face as he gave her the details and she listened without comment.

He explained what would be expected of her from a slave’s point of view. Things like the positions she would be using. He told her that she would probably not use the belly position but not to totally rule it out. He told her that all slaves would be naked, but since she was there to learn, if she did not want to be naked she could wear a slave outfit. He also told her that she would have to wear a collar. He watched her take all this in and saw that she never flinched once.

“What does a slave out fit consist of, Master?” She asked.

“Are you worried that you’ll be next to naked anyway?” He laughed.

With a frown she replied, “No, I wanted to know if I should just go naked. You know they say that clothing is like window dressing. Just makes the item prettier. So if the clothing is not going to flatter and tease, why waste the time and money?”

Seeing that she was not afraid, he smiled as he answered, “Okay, I see. All right, a slave outfit is something that leaves little to the imagination and looks submissive. No black leather or anything like that. I prefer light colors. The outfit I bought you would not work, too bold for me. It will be skimpy and made to provide easy access to your body for touching and fondling. On your wrists and ankles, you will wear cuffs that have loops on them for attaching to straps and things like that for tie down. Do you understand what I am saying?”

She shook her head and then asked, “So where would I get these things also what about the collar?”

A little surprised at her lack of fear, he didn’t show it though. Smoothly he replied, “Well that is easy, I will take you to a place where it can all be bought. As for a collar, you could get them at any pet shop and you can also buy smaller collars there that would serve as cuffs, but I usually buy all of these things at the shop I mentioned. If you’re asking about a collar as in what you should wear, I’ll pick one out for you. It’s my right as your Master.”

She listened to him and watched his face and eyes. God she loved his eyes. She decided that no matter what, she would learn this and show him that she could be his slave, his perfect slave to be exact. Something in her wanted to please this man that wanted to own her body and the make her give over all control of herself to him. Somehow it just felt right.

“Do you understand what I mean by my right, Silk?” He asked of her.

Not sure what he meant; she shook her head.

Somehow knowing that she was ready, he began, “Silk if you agree to be my slave, I then in turn own you. You’re my property. A collar is a symbol of that ownership. When I place it on your neck, I am asserting my ownership over you, claiming you as mine. You will wear it to show your acknowledgement of that ownership and that you agree to be mine. I can also take it away from you. This is a bad thing. By taking it away, I am saying that you are no longer mine. You don’t want that ever,”

Think on this she asked, “So if you take it away, then we are finished forever.”

“Not always, I can take it away from you as punishment and that would mean that you no longer have my protection. I could still use you but you’re no longer mine. You can also earn it back. If you don’t belong to me, then you can be used by anyone without my consent. As long as you’re a slave that is. Do you understand what I am saying?”

“ I think so. If I am a slave, then I need protection from a Master, which comes from ownership; which the collar symbolizes. You want to collar me as your own. Is that correct?” She asked.

Amazed at her grasp, he nodded, “Yes that is about it. So, would u like to become my slave and are you willing to accept me as your Master? For me, to own you?”

Not knowing if it was proper, but not really caring at this moment, she rose up and slid her body up his. Kissing him on the mouth she purred, “Yes, Master. I want you to collar me, to own me,” she stressed the word own. Then she rubbed herself against him again.

Watching her with total pleasure, yet knowing what she did and was doing was bad behavior. She hadn’t been asked to rise or to do anything else and yet she took it upon herself to do this. Michael hated to stop her teasing but she had to learn. Watching her face, he slid his hand up her side to her breast and then grabbed her nipple and pinched it hard. She jerked to a stop and worry creased her brow. He held tight to her nipple as she slid to the floor. Once there he didn’t let go. He gave her a look that told her she had misbehaved. She dropped her eyes to the floor.

“I didn’t ask you to move, did I?” He asked and gave her nipple a slight twist and was surprised at the moan that escaped her.

She moaned again, “No, Master.” The pinch hurt at first but now it was sending signals straight to her core, signals that flamed the passion once again in her. WOW! She though.

Thinking to himself, he decided to punish her to see her reaction. What he was going to do would make it or break it for this relationship. If she were truly into this, she would remain afterwards, time to find out.

“Down” he ordered as he let go of her nipple.

She assumed the position he had taught her the night before quickly. She felt him stand up and then walk away from her. A slight dread filled her and she knew that she was to be punished, but how?

Michael watched her quickly assume the position without fault. This made him smile. Michael went down the hall to the back bedroom. Opening the door, he went in. He knew that she knew he had left the room and was probably awaiting his return with some fear. Good he thought to himself. Perfect. He selected the paddle he was after and left the room again. Slowly he returned to her side, this time kneeling on the floor next to her prone body.

She felt his hand on her behind and then it slid down and lifted the hem of her skirt. He lifted it so that her bare bottom was totally displayed.

Without a word to her, he gave her a smack on her ass. She made a startled sound in her throat, but stayed where she was. He gave her more for a total of five swats and then stopped. Her whole ass was red, as Michael had made sure that he had hit every part of her behind. She had stayed down and took it all. This really surprised and pleased him. The only response he received from her was whimpers and moans.

“Do you know why you were punished, Silky?” he finally asked.

“Yes Master,” she replied in a small voice.

Smack! Again on her ass, “Well, why?”

Gritting her teeth against the swat she replied, “Because I disobeyed and moved without permission.”

Another swat. “I don’t like your tone. Never address me like that again. You will always talk to me with total respect in your voice. Do you understand?”

Making an effort to sound respectful and submissive she answered, “Yes Master.”

Pleased with things thus far, he began to stroke her ass. It was red and hot. He felt her lean into his hand again and this pleased him greatly. He ran his hand down to her crotch and found her wet. At this, he beamed.

As he stroked her ass, she thought over what had just happened. She was not hurt in any way except maybe her pride. Her ass felt on fire, but that fire seemed to shoot straight to her core. It was a good pain. She knew that there was no turning back now. She wondered if Michael knew that with that simple spanking, he had committed her for life. She realized that she felt wonderfully happy at the thought and that she was turned on too. Silently she begged him to take her again, showing him her need by pressing her ass up into his caresses. Please, she thought, I need you badly Michael. A whimper escaped her. Her mind was clouded and she realized that he was speaking to her.

He was saying, “You seem to take to this well, but I wonder what you will do with more sever punishment. I like your responses thought.” He noticed that she seemed to want something. “Is there something you would like slave, perhaps another spanking?”

“If you think I need one, Master,” she replied with a lusty tone.

“Hmmmm, well then, what is it you want than, my pet?”

“YOU,” came the answer he knew she was going to say.

Michael stood up and ordered her to stand also. He pushed her towards the bed and once there pushed her down on the bed and motioned her to lay with her head towards the foot again. Michael dropped his shorts and climbed on top of her. Her legs fell apart at his slight touch. On his knees between her legs, he said nothing only positioned her body to his liking. Next he grabbed her shirt and jerked it open. Buttons flew everywhere. Silk grasped. He positioned himself for entry and ordered her to grab the railing. She did as she was told. Finally he slid deeply inside her.

She was out of her mind by the time he led her to the bed. She needed him now. As he messed and fussed with her, she watched and noticed that he was so sure of himself, so strong willed. When he ripped her shirt open she almost lost it. Next she did as he ordered and grabbed the rail. As he entered her, her mind screamed, your mine now also and I’ll never let you go.

With a very rough urgency, he took her. His mind was a crazed as hers. He felt her near her climax and knew he should stop but before he could, she begged for release.

“Yes,” he hissed in her ear. “Come now,” he ordered.

He watched her lose control and felt her contract around him tightly. My god, he thought, she one hell of a grip. He felt her milk him, but didn’t want to give in yet. As she came back to reality, he wrapped her legs around his waist and flipped over so he was on his back. He placed his hands behind his head and thought to himself, let her work for what she wants.

“Please yourself slave, but ask before you explode,” he ordered her.

With a pant, she answered, “Yes Master.”

Slowly she began, riding him. She liked this position because she had control. She could do whatever she liked. She began to pick up the pace and felt herself nearing orgasm again. She knew to ask for it but wondered what Michael would do if she didn’t and just let it happen. She knew that he would punish her, but how? Maybe she would try that sometime, maybe later tonight. She was getting very close so she slowed a bit.

Michael smiled as he watched her. He knew she was struggling with the asking to cum. He knew that this was the hardest part usually for a slave. Mostly because they had to pace themselves and sometimes stop so they wouldn’t disobey. Making her ride on top really made it hard because she had the control. She had to say when or ask as the case may be. He noted the devilish look in her eyes and knew she was wondering what he would do if she didn’t ask and exploded anyway. ‘Go ahead, try it Silky. I’ll punish you and you won’t like it,’ He thought to himself. He felt her ease off and knew she was near. He waited to see if she would ask.

“Master,” she breathed heavily, “May I please cum?”

“No,” he replied as he grabbed her hips and pressed her tightly to him. Next he rubbed her to him and he pressed himself up to meet her. “Don’t cum yet,” he ordered, “Not until I say so. Stop yourself.”

“But how, Master? I can’t control it like that. Not when you do that,” she whined.

Smiling he told her, “Think of other things. Breath deeply and focus your mind elsewhere.”

Knowing that he was pushing her, he stopped all motion. He could feel that she was about to lose control. She was not totally ready to master her orgasms yet.

“What are you thinking of?” He asked.

“Horses,” she replied.

With a laugh, he answered back, “That won’t work. I bet the rhythm makes you wet.” He began rubbing her against him again. “Think about this.” He said as he grabbed her nipple and pinched hard.

She arched her back and pulled off of him. “That won’t work. It drives me straight to the edge, Master.”

He entered her again and said with a cold smile, “Really, you like that. Remind me to try clothes pins on them.” He reached down and grabbed her ass and pressed her against him again. “Ride me now, slave.”

She started to rock against him again and felt herself get near once again. Pinching her nipples like that had nearly driven her out of her mind.

“Please Master, now?” she begged.

He didn’t answer her he just smiled. He wanted to see what she would do. Proudly he watched her control it once again by slowing and thinking of other things. This was going well, he thought proudly. When he felt her temperature lower a bit he ordered her to speed up again.

She knew it futile to ask again, he knew what she wanted. He would tell her when. She just kept up the same rhythm. Slowing when she felt herself get close and speeding back up when he ordered. This went on for what seemed like ever. Finally she was complete out of her mind and panting. She was to the point of disobeying him and letting go anyway.

He felt the change in her mood and body and knew it was time to give in. Thinking briefly to himself, that it would be interesting to see if she would disobey, but knowing at this point it would not be fair to push her, he gave in.

“Come now,” he ordered.

She picked up the tempo and with in seconds she was out of control. Michael had to grab her hips to keep her in place. She grabbed his arms and dug her nails in deep. He knew without looking that blood was flowing. She threw back her head and screamed, as she let go. Her body began to milk him and he lost control himself. With a yell, he gripped her hips and slammed himself up to meet her.

She dropped her head to look at him and the look on her face was pure animal. Michael knew he had driven her to the point where she could not be dominated. She bent and claimed his mouth hard. He kissed her back. She pressed her mouth to his and then totally out of control, she bit him. He pulled back from her mouth, tasting blood. Still she had the animal look. Michael grabbed her head; tipping it back he bit into her neck. She screamed again, he felt her explode once more. Her nails bloodied him arms once again.

Michael debated whether to push her away or ride it out. Riding it out won over. Finally she slowed and released her hold on his arms. Michael let go of her neck and she relaxed against his chest. Her breathing was still rapid, so Michael began stroking her back and rocking her. He also made a shhhhing noise to calm her.

Panting very hard, she gasped in his ear, “I’m sorry Master. That was wrong of me.”

“Sorry for what? For losing control like that? Don’t be, I loved it,” he answered still trying to calm her. “See I told you, you could lose control without tequila. I knew you could.”

“But your arms, I bloodied them, your mouth also. You should see yourself, you look a fright,” she said as she lifted up to look him over.

He laughed as he looked down at each arm, “Its okay, trust me, I’ve had worse. You didn’t touch my tattoos so it’s okay. Besides you should really see your neck now. You’ll be wearing turtle-necks for the next two weeks.”

Her eyes went wide and she asked, “My neck, why? What does it look like?”

He laughed again, “Like a sloppy vampire got a hold of you and then there is that bruise from last night across the back. Here see for yourself,” he said as he reached up on the headboard and handed her a mirror.

She took it and looked at her neck and then in a startled tone she said, “Oh my god Michael. Holy shit, it looks bad, really bad.” She turned her head and lifted her hair trying to see the bruise. “I can’t see the whole bruise, what does it look like?”

“Like shit also. We’ve both learned an important lesson here. We have to keep our hands and mouths off of each other in the heat of passion. I’ve never done that to a women before,” he said motioning to the bite on her neck. “Or that either,” pointing to the back of her neck. “You make me lose control also.”

Blushing, she replied, “I’ve never bit or used my nails before either. I don’t know what possessed me to do that to you. Just seemed right at the time.”

“Good I like it. I like you like that. Always. Don’t change ever or else.”

“Or else what?” She shyly asked.

“You wont like me, so don’t try and find out,” he answered with a straight face that seemed to threaten a smile, “Okay get off of me, lazy bones. You would keep me in bed all day wouldn’t you? Look at the mess you have made. Now I have to wash the linens. Tell you what, help me change the bed and I’ll buy you breakfast.”

“Okay, it’s a deal,” she answered back and got up and proceeded to help strip the bed.

**04 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 4**

They changed the bedding and Michael showered then got dressed. Next Michael put the dirty sheets into soak in the machine and then they were on their way. By this time, Silk was starving. Michael took the keys and so Silk just naturally let him drive. He took her by her apartment to get another shirt to wear since her other one was missing a few buttons. She changed her outfit and met him back at the car.

He took them a truck stop diner and watched her face. He was pleased to note that she seemed perfectly comfortable. Some of his dates would not eat here. Too beneath them.

“They serve the best chicken fried steak here,” he told her as he escorted her in.

The waitress greeted Michael by name and asked who the pretty porcelain doll with him was. Silk was used to this reaction since most people thought she looked like a little china doll. Michael introduced her to the waitress and explained that she was like his second mother.

They sat and ordered breakfast. Michael was surprised that she ordered the same thing to the letter as he did. It amazed him that they like some many of the same things. They had so many things in common.

“So how do you eat your steak?” He asked since they were comparing likes and dislikes.

“Rare, just season and brown it on both sides till it’s warm in the middle and give it to me. I think anymore done then that is too much and all the way done is a waste of a good steak,” she answered.

Laughing at her remark, he replied, “I totally agree. I like it really bloody. The best flavor is found that way. I won’t even eat it if it’s cooked through. Remind me to take you out for steak.”

She laughed, “It seems that I have to remind you of a lot of things. How am I ever going to keep up with you?”

With a charming smile he said, “Don’t worry, I have faith in you that you won’t fail me.”

The waitress brought their food and they dug in. She talked with Michael and included Silk in the conversation when she could, making Silk feel very welcome. She updated Michael on what had been going on around the diner and they laughed of a few antics of a young new waitress. She then left them to finish their meal as she waited on more customers.

Over coming curiosity, Silk asked Michael, “So does she know about your different lifestyle, Michael?”

Looking up and over at the waitress, he asked, “Who Starla? Actually yes, she does.”

Seeing that Silk was still curious, he told her that Starla was into it also. He explained that was how they met.

Silk looked at Starla and then back at Michael, “She’s a slave? She looks so in control, so so…”

“Dominant?” He supplied.

“Yes”

With a laugh he replied, “No she is not a slave. Starla is a Domme or Mistress. She has her own male slave. John is his name. She also has a few female slaves, but I don’t think they are her full time slaves.”

Confused slightly she asked, “What do you mean by Domme?”

“Dom is short for Dominant. I would be called Dom. Domme is just the feminine version of Dom,” he explained to her.

Michael waited for her to say something about the fact that Starla had female slaves. She hadn’t mentioned anything about being for or against bisexual relationships. He would have to ask her how she felt, to see where she stood on that matter.

They finished breakfast and he paid and left the tip. Before they left, Starla asked Michael if they were going to Baron’s party and Michael assured her that they would indeed be there.

Taking Silk’s hand, Starla told her, “I can’t wait to see you in action. You look like you have the makings of something special.”

“More than you know Starla,” Michael told her as they left.

Silk was beaming with pride as they left the diner. That was a wonderful compliment Michael had just paid her and she was ever so proud of it.

They got in the car. Michael drove again. He didn’t seem to be heading toward either of their houses.

So she asked, “Where are we headed?

“Shopping, we have to outfit you properly.”

As they drove she studied his tattoos. Finally she touched them and traced them. She was surprised to note that you could not feel them at all.

“What?” he asked finally.

“I have never really seen tattoos. I live in a small town. I don’t even know anyone with one,” she replied. “Does it hurt to get one?”

“Not really. It’s a good pain,” he told her.

“I wanted to get one, but Reed thought that they looked trashy on a women,” she stated,

“Well you’re not with him now.”

Thinking on this she smiled and said, “Your right. I’m not. I can get one if I like.”

She thought about this further and liked the idea even more. What to get though?

Michael knew what she was thinking and already decided to take her for her first if she wanted to get one. A butterfly or rose on the middle of her lower back would be so sexy. One around her ankle too, he could already see them.

“Michael, would you take me to get one? I think I would like one,” she stated with a firm resolve.

“How about right now, we can go now and get one. Want to?” he asked her.

Looking at her watch, she asked, “Do we have time? It’s 11:10.”

“We should have plenty of time. What do you have to do to get ready for before your show?” he asked.

Thinking she replied, “Nothing other than the normal stuff at the station, but I need to shower and change before I go to the school.”

“No problem. I’ll have you home by one. Tattoos don’t take that long unless they are really big. You don’t want a big one for you first anyway,” He told her.

“I didn’t know that. I thought it was a long process.”

Michael took her to the place where he had his last one done. He knew these guys were good and would do quality work. When they got there, they had about a twenty-minute wait. While they waited, Michael helped Silk pick out a tattoo. With his help, she had pretty much decided to get a rose poked through a heart that had a few drops of blood dripping from it. It was about three inches long and about an inch and a quarter across at its widest point.

“I love the colors. Will it actually end up this colorful?” She asked as they waited

“”Yes, if you want it that way. You can also do shading. That does not have as heavy color in it,” Michael told her. “Which do you want?”

Thinking on it she asked he” Which hurts the most?”

“Full color of course, more needle work,” he told her.

“Okay, which looks better?”

Seeing that she thought he was being vague on purpose, he told her, “Which would you like? I think both styles look good. Some tats need full color and some need shading. Just depends. That one would look best in full color, but it is up to you. It’s your body it’s going on.”

She smiled at him thinking, no it’s your body, I belong to you totally, Michael. She wondered if he would take her and brand her if she told him that she would submit to him totally forever. What a thought. She shivered slightly at this and smiled again.

Michael watched her face and wondered what she was thinking, and then he saw the shiver and smiled, thinking he knew. This was going perfectly and Michael was overjoyed.

The tattoo artist came up and asked them what they wanted and Michael took the lead and told him which one she wanted and that it was her first tattoo. The guy smiled at Silk and told her he would be ready for her in five minutes.

Michael told Silk to go use the restroom so she would not have to get up and down. Silk smiled at his thoughtfulness and did as she was told.

When she came back, the artist was ready for her and instructed her to lie on the table. Michael sat on the stool at her head and smiled.

The artist asked, “Okay where do you want this exactly?”

Taking the lead again, Michael traced a circle on her lower back indicating the spot that had talked about when they picked the design out earlier. The artist smeared something cold on her back and then stuck the outline on the stuff he had smeared. After a few minutes he removed the paper.

“Okay, how’s this?”

“Perfect,” Michael replied. Then to Silk, he asked, “Are you ready?”

With a shaky smile, she replied, “Ready as I’ll ever be.”

The guy started the tattoo and Silky jumped at the unexpected pain.

Michael laughed at her, “Oh yea! I want to tell you now, the outline hurts the worse”

“Michael, why did you wait till now to tell me that?” She asked.

Grinning, he told her, “I waited so you wouldn’t bolt. This way you’re committed. Does it hurt that bad?”

The artist started tattooing again as she replied, “Not that much, I just didn’t expect any pain. I guess I never thought about it.”

Michael watch Silk as the artist did the outline and saw that she was getting the same feelings as he did and this surprised him. He was sure that she was very turned on and knew that it was from the way the needle felt against her skin. He always got heavily turned on while being tattooed but he had never seen a female feel the same way. Then a thought occurred to Michael and made him wonder if all slaves felt this way about being tattooed, he would have to ask a few.

The artist was finished with the outline in no time and was cleaned to excess ink off so he could begin the color. Silk was almost panting at this point and Michael wondered if she would explode while the artist finished. This caused him to laugh and Silk looked up at him. She had a glazed look in her eyes and this made Michael melt. He knew he had found the one he could spend the rest of his life with. He hoped she felt the same too.

“What are you laughing at?” She asked.

“You, Emerald eyes.”

Silk caught the word and acknowledged it by dropping her eyes to the floor. She wondered what she had done to warrant being told to obey in public. The artist began coloring again after conferring with Michael as to the colors they wanted. She wondered if receiving a tattoo turned on other people. What would Michael say if he knew she was going to lose it right here on the table? She wondered if she should tell him and ask for permission, then decided that this would be a good time to practice controlling it and not letting go. She started by deepening her breathing and thinking about riding her horse in the big open field behind her home. This helped greatly.

Michael was proud when she dropped her gaze to the floor after he said her action word. It usually took a while for most slaves to remember what it meant. He was sure that she understood as he told the tattoo artist which colors she wanted and where. As the artist resumed his work, he felt her squeeze his hands again and watched for the signs that told him she was close to losing control once again. Just as he thought she would go over the edge, he felt the shift in her. Her breathing deepened and she seem to relax after a few minutes. After a second of confusion, Michael realized that she was controlling it. Michael wondered what she was thinking about.

The artist finished the coloring and was cleaning off the ink again. Michael watched as he put the finishing touches on the tat and as the artist was cleaning it and applying ointment, Michael leaned down and whispered in her ear, “I would have let you cum, if you wanted to and would have asked me, but I am very proud that you controlled it.”

“Thank you, Master,” she panted in a whisper, “Maybe next time.”

Catching the words next time, Michael laughed, “You’re addicted, aren’t you?”

It was the artist’s turn to laugh, “I knew she was about two minutes into it. I thought she was going to cum right on my table.”

At this Silk blushed as she got off the table and excused herself to the bathroom. A laughing Michael paid the artist while she was in the bathroom.

“Thanks man, you do really great work,” Michael told the guy as he tipped him.

“I know women want perfection so I try hard. As for the other thing, she is not to embarrassed I hope,” he said to Michael as he cleaned up his area.

“She’ll get over it I’m sure, since she plans on a next time,” Michael told the man and they both laughed again.

They were still laughing when Silk came out of the bathroom and came over to where they were. She glanced at her watch and then tugged on Michael’s sleeve. When he looked at her she pointed to her watch.

He glanced at his own watch and saw that they needed to get going so she could get to the station on time. It would do for the Boss to make an employee late. They’d both hear about it from the Head Program Director.

Silk was quiet all the way home and Michael wondered why. She still looked flushed and excited, but she said nothing. They pulled into her apartment building parking lot and Michael shut off the car and waited for her to get out, she seemed in a daze.

“What do you have to do to get ready?” He finally asked, startling her.

Looking up at his smiling face, she replied, “I need a shower and to change my clothes. Do you think it would be okay if I wore a midriff shirt as to not cover my tattoo?”

“Gee, I don’t think the Boss would mind as long it is not too short.” He answered with a wink. “Now, let’s get you in the shower and ready for work.”

She laughed and got out of the car and went up the walk to her building. She then remembered that Michael had never been in her apartment. Mentally she thought, had she picked up everything? This caused her to smile.

They walked up the steps to her door and she unlocked it and went inside. Michael followed thinking to himself that this was the first time he had seen her place too. What he saw made him smile. She seemed to like the same things that he did. Their places were very similar in decor.

She set her keys down on the breakfast bar and turned to walk down the hallway, she looked at him. “You coming,” she asked.

He followed her to her bedroom, wondering what she had in mind, surely not sex. They didn’t have time.

She gestured for him to have a seat on her bed and hung up her jacket. Then she walked over to where he was sitting on the bed and pressed the button on her answering machine. She listed to her messaged while she proceeded to gather clothes to wear after her shower. One call was from a salesman trying to sell siding; the next call was from Marcia at school asking if she really had hooked up with Michael, at this she looked at him and laughed; next was a hang up; then her father calling to tell her that her horse was with foal and last was one from Reed.

He reached over and pressed the pause button, “Would you like to take this in private?”

“No, you have a right to hear, besides how would he know you listened,” she answered innocently.

“Do I,” he asked and then pressed the re-play button.

“Silk, this is Reed. I guess your screening your calls since I know your there. I really hate when you get your temper going. Well listen, I try again later. Do me a favor and grow up and answer when I call again. Bye.”

At this Michael clenched his fist and thought to himself, the nerve of that guy. He was the one who needed to grow up.

The next one was from Reed also, “Silk, it’s me again,” this time he didn’t sound so tough. “I wanted to talk to you, but you’re playing games again. Stupid Irish temper of yours. I hope you understand about all this. It really is for the best. I am thinking of you in all this. Damn, I wish you would answer the phone. I’ll try again later.” Then he hung up. This was the end of the messages.

This one pissed Silk off. Michael watched her noticing that she was mad now. When the phone rang a minute later, he was not surprised to hear her say it was Reed.

She snatched the phone up, pressed the speaker button and growled, “Yes, Reed.”

Michael smiled as Reed replied with hesitation.

“Well, hello Silky. Why haven’t you been answering the phone?” He stated with.

With a smile to Michael, she sneered, “Maybe I wasn’t home. Ever think of that?”

“Right, sure Silk,” Reed laughed. “Like I believe that, you were just screening calls because you’re mad and hurt.”

“Hurt no, mad yes. Mad as hell in fact, but not over the break up and for your information I was out all night. Just got in and listened to your messages just before you called,” She stated.

Shocked, Reed replied, “With whom and…” at this he seemed to falter, “Did you sleep with him?”

With a laugh, she shot back “Not that it is any of your business, but, yes I did. Oh and Reed, it was ten, now wait, make that a hundred times better than it ever was with you.”

Reed started to yell and call her names and she was reaching for the off button when Michael stopped her. Hold on, he mouthed to her.

Michael then picked up the receiver and listened as Reed was yelling at her, still calling her names. She could still hear him over the speaker too. With his hand over the receiver, he told her to shut him up.

“Reed, stop talking to me like that. My father wouldn’t like it,” she said to him.

This stopped him. She heard him sigh.

At this Michael spoke up. “And Reed,” he paused letting his Deep Male voice sink in, “He likes her stupid Irish temper.”

He then proceeded to hang up the phone but not before Reed yelled,” Who is this?”

Silk noticed that Michael’s hands were clenched into fists. “Michael, I am sorry about that. I shouldn’t have baited him like that.

“I’m not mad at you Silk. I am mad at Reed. You don’t treat women like that, like he did, especially since he dumped you. That guy is an asshole and you, my pet are better off without him,” Michael told her as he hugged her to his chest.

He held her for a few minutes, and then noticed that it was ten minutes to one. They had to leave by one thirty for her to be on time so he had better hurry her along. She still needed to shower and before they left, he wanted to do something for her.

Pushing her from his chest he informed her, “You need to get in the shower so we won’t be late. So get going.” He swatted her behind as she walked away. She laughed and went to the bathroom. He kicked off his shoes and lay down on her bed to wait. “Oh and Silk, no masturbation, you don’t have my permission.”

She started the water and got a towel ready as it heated up. Just as she stepped in the shower she heard the phone ring again. She yelled to Michael; just let the machine get it.

Having every intention of doing just that, he listened as the message informed callers that Silk was out and before it could finish, Reed started yelling for her to pick up. What an ass Michael thought again and picked up the receiver as he shut off the machine. With a smile he listened.

“Silk, are you there? Silk, you will tell me who that was right now,” Reed demanded.

Making his voice sound even deeper, Michael replied, “She will do no such thing, you’re not her Boss or her Master, and since I know who you are, I know you’re not her father either. So you have no right to tell her what to do, whatsoever.

“Just who the hell is this?” Reed demanded heatedly.

“On the verge of sounding childish,” Michael smirked, “This is the man who rocked Silk’s world last night, and will continue to rock her world every night.”

“This is her fiancé, so you better listen up and leave my soon to be wife alone,” Reed shot back.

Shaking his head and sighing, Michael said, “Now why did you have to go and lie. See I can deal with just about anything, even assholes like you, but I can’t abide liars. Listen up liar; I already know that you dumped Silk. So that makes her fair game. Thus, I am taking up where you leave off.”

Reed demanded again, “Put Silk on the phone right now or I’ll call the police.”

“Last warning for you, Reed, Silk is mine now and she doesn’t want any more to do with you. So don’t call her again, liar,” and with that, Michael hung up on him.

Silk had just walked in the room, catching the last bit of the conversation. Michael was lounging on her bed, smiling. She was wrapped in a towel.

“Who was that?” She asked.

“Reed,” was all he would supply.

“Oh.”

“Why don’t you get the stuff to put on your tat and I’ll rub it on for you,” he offered.

She went to her jacket in the closet and retrieved it from her pocket. She then brought it over to the bed, handed it to Michael and then turned around and dropped the towel.

Michael liked the fact that she was not shy. Nakedness didn’t seem to bother her in the least. He squeezed some ointment onto his finger and began to smear it on her tat. As he did this, he noticed that she curled her toes. He also noticed that her mood changed again. She seemed to be getting turned on.

“Does this turn you on, Silk,” he asked?

“Yes,” she hissed.

“Turn around and close your eyes,” he told her.

She did this and he changed positions on the bed so that he was lying so that he could hang his head off the bed. She was right in front of his face now.

“Spread your legs and keep your eyes shut,” he told her as he pulled her to him. “Lean forward and place your hands on my chest.

Trusting him, she did as she was asked. Before she could wonder what he was up to, he kissed her between her legs, causing her to spread her legs further. He also was rubbing her tat, which sent lightning bolts straight to her core. She gripped his shirt, and then remembered to be careful of marking his chest. He was bringing her close very quickly and she was panting.

“Just let go, Silk. You have my permission,” he told her quickly and went back to giving her oral pleasure all the while stroking the tat on her back.

Within seconds, she totally lost control. “Oh, Michael. Yes, don’t stop,” she cried.

When she was through, he slid out from between her legs and she sank to her knees beside the bed. “You okay, pet,” he asked?

“Yes, just need to catch my breath. That was incredible. Thank you.”

“For what?” He asked, not understanding.

“For that, you didn’t have too, but thank you.”

Glancing at the clock, she jumped up and finished dressing.

Michael noticed that she chose a turtleneck half shirt and a hip hugging skirt. He also noticed the stockings and garter she put on. Wondering if she always dressed like this, he asked, “Do you always wear stockings?”

Blushing she replied, “Yes, I do. I don’t like hose because they slip too much and you have to pull them down to pee. Also they rip a lot when you pull them up. I have worn stockings and garters since the 9th grade. I also think they are very sexy.”

“Very old fashion too,” he told her.

Frowning she asked, “Why, don’t you like them?”

“Oh, I like them. You just never meet women who wear them all the time. Most only wear them for looks. Please keep wearing them, they are very sexy,” he reassured her. “So, do you always wear dresses and skirts too?”

At this she laughed, “Do you watch me that closely, Michael? Are you my stalker?”

Grabbing her and bending her over, he kissed her on the lips and said, “Why yes, my dear, I am stalking you. I told you I really like you.”

She laughed again and said, “Good, but now if we don’t get going, I’ll be in trouble and late.”

“Damn,” he said winking at her as he let her go, “Foiled again. Well if we must, let’s go. Are you sure, last chance?”

“I’m sure,” she replied and then seeing his pout, she stroked his face, “But we’ll have later, lover. It’s only four hours.”

Beaming her a smile, “Okay, if you say so, let’s go,” he told her and he left the room.

She grabbed her jacket and slipped her feet in her shoes and out the door she went. They went to the car and Michael took the lead and drove again. It just seemed natural to let him. As they drove to school, she watched him noticing his piercing blue eyes and streaked blond hair. She also noticed that he was very muscular. She also remembered from seeing him standing in front of her that he was probably well above 6 foot.

“How tall are you Michael?” She asked.

“Six-foot three,” he told her.

“How much do you weigh?”

“Around 240, why,” he questioned. “How tall are you and much do you weigh?”

“I was just wondering. I myself am five foot seven and weigh a hundred and twenty pounds give or take,” she responded.

“I’m impressed; most women never tell their true weight, very nice.”

At this she laughed, “How do you know I am telling the truth?”

Giving her a serious look, he told her simply, “I don’t abide lying, so you wouldn’t lie to me, Silk.” Then he laughed at her serious look and said, “Besides, I picked you up, remember. You’re just a mere slip of a thing, really.”

She laughed at him and then thought of something, “Michael, when I went to take my shower you said something about masturbation. I wanted to tell you that I don’t.”

He glanced at her and saw that she was very serious. “Never?” He asked, “Why not?”

Color crept up to stain her cheeks, “Actually, I really don’t know how. By the time I had those urges and feelings, I had met Reed and begged him to take my virginity. I never really thought about it much.” She told him.

“You never have ever touched yourself at all?” He asked, not totally believing that a women as easy to turn on as she was, had never masturbated.

She blushed again and looked away, “I’ve touched myself of course, but I have never had an orgasm from doing so. I don’t really know how.” She noticed he was smiling. “Are you laughing at me?” She fumed.

At this he started laughing, “No, I am not laughing at you. I was smiling because I was thinking about how much fun it is going to be teaching you. I laughed just now because you look so mad. You’re really cute when you’re mad by the way.”

“Teaching me,” she blushed an even deeper to shade of red, “To masturbate?

“Among other things little one, yes. You’ll like it, trust me. Now tell me have you at least experienced pleasure from just a hand or fingers?” He asked with extreme frankness.

“Yes, from Reed and Neil both. Neil liked to bring me off that way a few times before he would go down on me and Reed would during movies and sometimes between classes to tease me. Said he liked it when I panted,” she told him.

At her words, he raised an eyebrow; “I like it when you pant too. So, between classes huh, very naughty little one. Did anyone ever know what you were doing?”

She chewed her lip a little and then spoke up “Neil did, he told me later that he saw Reed do it a few times and my best friend saw it once, but usually we kept it very secret. I told Reed not to, but he did it anyway.”

They had arrived at school and so the conversation was over. Michael parked the car near the station part of the school and they both went in. Silk looked at her watch and saw that she had ten minutes to get her stuff ready. More than enough time actually. She gathered all her stuff and went into the flight deck. Donny was there, he smiled as she walked in and gave her the quite signal that told her he was about to go on the air. She gave him the okay signal and set her stuff down.

As the song ended, Donny switched on the mike and spoke in to it with a clean clear voice, “That was an oldie, but a goodie, by Styx. Up next is the weather with our own Amanda White. This is Donny Love saying good-bye for the week, next up is everyone’s favorite coed, Silky Lang. See ya all back here next week at ten. Be well and party safe.” Donny signaled to Amanda and switched off the mike. He then turned to her and smiled as he pulled the head phones from one ear. “How’s tricks, cutie?” He asked.

“Good,” she told him. “Are you ready to switch?”

“Just a sec, let me set these carts up and I’ll switch you,” he told her as he set up the six carts that resembled the old eight track tapes, which would play commercials. They were designed to play one after another when set. They were thirty to sixty seconds long. This gave them time to switch places with out any dead air. Dead air was a big no-no. You could get fined or even fired over dead air. After setting them, he waited for Amanda to finish with the weather and signal him. At the signal, he started the first spot; the others would play in secession. He then took off the earphones and gathered up the remainder of his stuff and moved allowing her to switch him places.

First she placed the earphones on, which allowed her to hear the actual show that was going out over the air. She pulled it off one ear just as Donny had done. They were into the second spot at this point, some ad for a used car dealer that promised great prices for students. She grabbed the cart that had the station identification spot that told listeners she was up next on it and set it next to the cart machine. She then placed her list on the table next to the soundboard and started grabbing a few CDs from the rack for the next songs she would play. She popped in the first CD she would play and set it to the track she wanted. The third cart had played by this time and so she removed the first cart and popped her station identification in. She then only had to wait for the last commercial to play and then she would begin her show. With that she turned back to Donny, who was taking readings from the equipment. He wanted to learn about the equipment along with being a DJ so Michael had him spend an extra two hours each day working with the other stuff that was used to put a radio show out over the air.

“How are you today, Mr. Love,” she joked. Everyone loved Donny’s call name.

“I would be better if you would just go out with me, Miss Lang,” he told her using her call name.

She laughed and told him, “Dream on Donny boy, I told you I don’t date DJ’s, to much professional jealousy.”

“Shot down again, you are one mean lady Silk,” he told her trying to be serious. Done with his readings, he gathered up his backpack and water bottle, preparing to leave he told her, “I will go lick my wounds again, in private.” He was pretending a pout as he left the flight deck.

With a laugh, she turned back to the soundboard and listened as the fifth spot was finishing and the sixth and final one began. She readied herself for another four hours of live show. She always felt nervous for the first few minutes. She listened and readied herself to press the button that would announce her to the listening world.

**05 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 5**

“You’ve been listening to the awesome sounds of KEWL 99.5. Coming at you from Mission University located right on our very own campus. This is Silky Lang and I’ll be your host for the next four hours for some good times, great jokes and stories and some KEWL tunes. So just sit back and absorb this rockin’ tune. Rock on, coeds,” the spot told listeners. She then pressed the play button on the CD player and listened as the track she has chosen began to play.

Next she set about pulling some more carts and CD’s to play for the next hour. Her first hour she played what she liked but after three o’clock she would start to take requests and play what the listeners wanted. She also turned and logged into the flight deck computer and messenger services that was behind her. It was linked with the Head Program Director and Michael so that they could talk to her without interrupting her show with noise. It was hard to talk while running an air show, but they could instant message back and forth with ease. It was mostly used to deliver memos and praise to the DJ and sometimes to mention a mistake that need to be corrected right away. Silky had never really used it much. She had received memos and atta-girls and thanked the sender but she had not chatted much on it otherwise.

She turned back to the soundboard, as the song was about to finish. She popped another CD in the next player and set the track she wanted. As the song came to a close, she switched on the mike, “That was Madonna. Next up we have a five play. Commercial free. But first we have a joke for all of you out there in radio land. This one comes from the computer department. Thanks guys. Okay, how many computer geeks does it take to change a light bulb? Give up? Who knows, they don’t need light to program.” She pretended to laugh. “Alright folks here’s your five play as promised, and remember,” she told them as she started the song, “I’ll be taking request after three, so pick a song and give me a call. This is Silky Lang for KEWL 99.5.” The song took over and she shut off the mike.

As she lifted the earphone from her ear she heard the click that meant someone had sent her a message. She turned to see from who and wasn’t surprise to see it was Michael.

‘Nice,’ it said.

‘Thanks’, she typed back. She then turned around to set up the next three songs for the five-play that she was starting.

‘So tell me, when Reed would make you cum with his hand in the hallway, would that be from rubbing your clit or would he stick his finger inside you?’ Came the message with a click.

At this she blushed and typed back, ‘Both.’

‘What about Neil,’ came the next question?

She turned to start the next song and then came back and typed, ‘With a finger inside every time. He had a way of wiggling it that made me just lose it.’

‘But you have never made yourself cum this way?’ he typed

‘NO,’ she sent back.

Then she typed, ‘I don’t lie, Michael.’

“Okay emerald eyes, I believe you,” was all that he wrote back.

At this she knew that their relationship did indeed exist in school. She wondered what the others would say when they found out she was dating the Assistant Program Director. Before she could think more on this, she remembered just what exactly emerald eyes meant and hastily typed, ‘Thank you, Master.’

A smiley face was her reward.

She went back to her show for the next fifteen minutes. During this time, she finished her five- play and played two commercials and one public service announcement. She was telling a funny story that was just emailed to her when she heard the messenger click again. She finished up the story and started a song to play before she turned to the computer.

‘What’s your favorite color,’ he asked.

“Emerald green and don’t laugh,’ she sent back.

‘LOL,’ came back.

Then, ‘Seriously?”

‘Yes, it looks the best on me and I really love the color,’ she typed.

“You would look divine in royal blue and bright red too, my pet,’ he replied.

She didn’t know what to say so she just typed back, ‘Okay Master.’

‘You don’t believe me?’

She typed back, ‘Yes, I believe you, but I have never really tried them so I can’t really say yes or no personally.’

‘I’ll show you later,’ was his return.

‘Yes, Master,’ she shot back and with that turned back to her show.

It was time for another story. She found one in the box and proceeded to read it on air. As she did this she sat up three more spots. She didn’t usually find the stories very funny, but since the FCC really limited what could be said on air, they didn’t have much choice. She then began a two-minute commercial break. And set up three more carts to be played in a few minutes.

After the last one played she switched on the mike for live station identification, “This is Silky Lang with KEWL 99.5. After this next commercial break I’ll play our last five- play and then it’s time for requests, so start them calls.” As she told them this she popped her special request spot. “Remember kiddos keep em’clean. Now, who gives you live requests every weekday from three to six?” She then played the cart, which was a bunch of college kids screaming KEWL 99.5 and switched off the mike. When it ended she started the next set of spots and set up three more to play while she put away the CDs and carts she had already played. DJs had to keep their space clean or they would end up with a mess that usually caused delays and dead air. Neatness was a must.

Next she set up 4 CDs to play and waited while for the last spot to play out, when it did she pressed play on the first CD player. She then began to set up the recorder to record requests. Most people didn’t know that when they called into a radio station for a live request, the call was recorded and played back later. There were several reasons for doing this. One was for censorship. In case someone said something they shouldn’t, they could bleep it out or choose not the play the call. Next was to give the DJ time to find the song as to give the appearance of having it at their fingertips, ready to play. That’s way DJs seemed to be able to start the song during the call. This made the listener feel like they were number one even if for only a few seconds. With this all ready, she sat and waited to begin the next CD.

Michael walked into the flight deck and she smiled up at him. Damn he was so sexy, she thought. She wondered what he wanted.

“The live request thing is really working out. I’m glad we talked the Head PD into it,” he told her.

Beaming at this, she replied, “Yes. Thank you for help with that too. I could never have talked him into it without you.”

“It was a good idea and I heard you make it work at your home town radio station. I’m glad you brought it to me. You have made it a success when others have failed,” he told her.

She was glowing at this point from the praise he was giving her, “I made it work by recording each call and playing them back. Others tried to do them live. Live never works. Too many potty mouths out there,” she told him.

“Well, anyway, I’m off to the cafeteria for a soda, want one?” He asked.

“Yes, I was too sidetracked to remember to bring one,” she told him with a wink, “But make mine water. I don’t drink a lot of soda.”

“I knew that actually. I would have brought you one even if you hadn’t of said so,” he said as he walked out the door.

As he walked away, he thought to himself. He was really glad thing were working out so well with Silk. He really felt a connection that went much deeper than the Master and slave relationships, much deeper than even sex. He felt that she could be the one. Instinctively he knew he would give all of the lifestyle up if that was what Silk wanted, but he was delighted that she wanted that side of Michael too. With this thought in mind, he noticed a spring to his step and wondered if anyone else saw it. He could wait to take her shopping tonight. What a grand time they would have.

He was getting his soda from the machine when he noticed that a couple girls were watching him. He was used to this. Due to his looks and his parent’s money, women seemed attracted to him. Sometimes he really hated it. That was brought him into the lifestyle in the first place. When he was eighteen, he wanted girls to like him for something other than money. He met this older lady who was a Dominatrix and she showed Michael that some people wanted things that didn’t involve money. Michael spent a year as her sex slave, learning everything she had to teach. Then she decided that Michael would make a better Dom than a slave, something secretly Michael had already figured out, but knew that the best Dominants were once slaves themselves.

So she began his instruction like all in their group, first Michael was her slave, then she sent him off for switch training which led to Dom training. By this time Michael was already so into the lifestyle, that normal sex held no fascination for him in the least and Michael wondered if it really ever did. He could still perform normal sex and even enjoyed it, but it never gave him total pleasure, until last night. Last night with Silk, they did it twice in a very normal way and he was totally satisfied each time. This told him what he already knew in his heart and mind; Silk was different. She was special in more ways than one.

While he pondered this thought, the girls had approached him and he looked up to find two very nervous girls wanting to talk to him. “Yes,” he asked in a commanding tone, ever the Dom.

“Sir may we talk to you in private?” the bravest one asked.

Amused at this sort of thing, he nodded to the door and said, “Okay, but there isn’t that much privacy on a campus of 6500 students, this way little ones.” He then led them out the side door in to a deserted corridor.

“Okay what did you two want?” He asked of them.

The brave one spoke up again. “Well Sir, we were guests at the party last month at Sir Paul’s. We saw you there and remembered you from school.”

At this he smiled. So they were slaves. He glanced to their necks and saw no collars. No owners, he thought, “And,” he prodded.

“Well Sir,” the other one stuttered, “We wondered if you were in the market for a pair of slaves. We are not owned and are in need of a Dom to serve. We would like to become your slaves as we noticed that you didn’t seem to claim ownership of any in particular.”

His first thought was to decline thinking on how Silk would take it. Then he thought why not, she would have to learn that she had to share. He could take these two on for a while, and then give them to a deserving Dom later. They could help him train her. With this in mind, he said, “Why don’t you two follow me to my office, where we can have total privacy.”

He led them to the station. He neared the flight deck and thought for a second that he should take them to his office without letting Silk see them. Then changing his mind he thought, no Silk was the slave and he the Master. She would just accept.

“Wait here,” he told the two just outside the door to the flight deck, “I have to drop something off.”

He went in the flight deck and handed her the water. She was on the air and gave him the wait signal. He looked back at the two girls who were whispering to each other. They were rather cute. They looked like slaves too. He liked their outfits too, very sluty, which is how he liked his slaves personally. They both had on short plaid skirts, one blue the other a red with suspenders. Both wore white half shirts and white stockings that stopped just a few inched below the hem of their skirts and high-heeled shoes. Some would call this a schoolgirl outfit. Michael called it pure sexy.

“Who are the bimbos?” Silk questioned him as she switched off the mike, a hint of jealousy in her voice

Anger flared up in him at her brazen comment. “Slaves, my pet,” he stated simply.

“Whose?” She seemed to demand.

“Mine, emerald eyes, mine,” was his harsh reply as he walked out the door.

She watched as he led them away to his office, not knowing what to make of what he had just said but knowing it wasn’t her place to question him, especially since he had just put her in her place. She thought on this as she ran the rest of her show. She remembered that in the book, the Master had more than one slave and she also remembered Michael telling her that his friend Starla had a few slaves and Baron too. Maybe this was normal. She still felt a little jealousy though.

Then the thought came to her. Maybe this was a test. Maybe she was to prove herself to Michael. With this in mind she decided that she would prove herself with whatever it took. The bimbo twosome would not take Michael from her without a fight. With that in mind she went back to her show.

Michael led them to his office and shut the door behind them, a sign to others not to disturb him. He took his seat behind the desk. “Kneel,” he ordered.

They both gracefully dropped to the position, even thought the floor was slightly dirty, without question. Michael liked that.

“Now, what are your names?”

“Slave Syndee Sir,” the first one answered.

“Slave Stacey Sir,” came the timid response of the second.

Michael noticed that they never lifted their eyes to him while they spoke. They were well trained.

“You will call me Sir or Sir Michael for the time being. I have one other slave presently, but she is very new to this. You will help in training her,” he told them.

“Yes Sir,” they chorused in unison.

“I have many rules, but we will go in to them later. I have only one rule for you at this moment. There are no ranks in my home. You are equal in that you are all slaves. I will not abide any petty jealousies or foolish games that jealous slaves play. Is that clear,” he asked.

“Yes Sir,” again came their answers in tandem.

“Okay, tell me about yourself, slave Syndee,” he told her.

“Well, Sir, I’m twenty-three. I come from Washington. I have blond hair and gray eyes. I’m five foot six and weight one hundred and fifteen pounds. I’ve been a slave for four years. I have a list of my limits for you at home; I can supply you with them at your earliest convenience, Sir,” Syndee told him, wondering what else to add.

Stacey spoke up next with a slightly nervous stutter, “Sir, I am also from Washington. I’m twenty-four and have been a slave for four years also. I’m five foot seven and weigh one twenty-five. I am a natural red head and have green eyes. I too have a list of limits available for you, Sir.”

“Can you email them to me tonight,” he asked of them.

“Yes Sir,” again they answered.

“Okay, nice, very nice. I’m pleased at your level of experience. You will work out fine in my house,” he informed them. “So are you two bi?” He asked next.

“Yes Sir, we are Sir,” answered Syndee.

“Slave Stacey, are you just shy or are you afraid of me for some reason,” he asked, not liking her timid attitude.

“No Sir, just very submissive. I have found that most Doms like this in a slave. If you don’t I will change. I am actually much bolder than Syndee, Sir,” she answered with more of a clear and braver tone.

“You will address each other and slave Silk as slave whatever their name is. Is that clear?” He ordered.

“Yes Sir.”

All right, when can we get together? I am free all weekend,” he informed them.

“We are free all weekend also, Sir,” Syndee told him.

“Only speak for yourself, slave.”

Chastised, she rephrased her response, “Sorry Sir, I am free all weekend, Sir.”

In a strong clear voice that almost surprised him, Stacey spoke, “I am free also, all weekend, Sir.”

“Good, how about coming over tomorrow afternoon around three? We can all get to know each other and eat a bite. I will have had time to go over your limit lists and we can play a little if everyone is comfortable, maybe go out for a bit. As I said you will also be helping to train slave Silk too. Again please don’t mistake that as rank of any kind. I have already stated that there is no rank among my slaves. You are all three equal in my eyes, except that you two have experience,” he asked of them.

“That would be great Sir,” Syndee told him.

Yes Sir, I would be pleased to do that for you, Sir” Stacey told him.

“Alright, if you have no other questions, you may go.”

“One question Sir,” Stacey asked.

“Yes,” he said turning towards her again.

“Is slave Silk a student here also, Sir?” She asked.

“Not that it is really any of your business slave Stacey, but yes. You have already seen her actually,” he told her.

“Sir, is she here now? May we meet her before we go, Sir?” Syndee asked, jumping in.

Glancing at his watch, he saw that it was almost six. Silk would be done is just a few minutes. He would have her come in and meet the two girls. He wanted to see how she would act. She seemed almost jealous earlier, time to call her to the carpet so to speak. Turning to his computer, he told them, “Yes that would be possible and a good idea.” He then typed a message to Silk.

The computer clicked behind her and she read, ‘Emerald eyes, come directly to my office after your show.’

‘Yes Master,’ was her reply.

Then she added, ‘Out,’ which meant she was signing off now.

She then turned back to Marcy and evaded her questions about the night before. Finishing up her show, she began to gather her stuff and put stuff away.

“Come on, Bennett, your holding out. Did you with Michael or what?” Marcia whined.

Or what, crossed her mind, thinking that Marcy would scream if she told her the truth of what went on last night. Finally she supplied, “We spent the night together, that’s all I am telling you.”

“Oh no, you have to at least tell me if he was a stud or a dud,” Marcy informed her.

Silk had finished gathering up and cleaning up and was setting some commercial spots to play in the same manner that Donny had done when she came to relieve him. It would give Marcy the time to get set, as it had done for her at the onset of her show. She had a devilish smile on her face all the while and as she traded places with Marcy, she whispered, “Stud, most assuredly stud.” She then laughed and walked out of the flight deck and leaving Marcy to sigh.

She stopped at the desk next to the flight deck and repacked her stuff back into her backpack. She then turned her mind to Michael’s office. She wondered of those girls were still there. Setting her stuff on the floor next to the desk, she steeled herself and prepared to enter Michael’s office as ordered. She would show them that she was proud if nothing else.

She went to his office and gave a knock at the door, as was the rule when his door was shut. She also informed him that it was she knocking.

“Come in,” came his order.

She let herself in and saw that the other two were indeed there. They were also in the kneel position next to Michael. She felt that jealously again. She then remembered her place and looked up to Michael briefly and then dropped her eyes to the floor, “Yes Master?”

“Kneel,” was his only reply.

She dropped as smoothly to kneel as she could, hoping she looked graceful. She tried not to let the resentment and jealously show.

“Introduce yourselves, my slaves,” Michael ordered.

Not sure what to say, she let the others take the lead.

“My name is slave Syndee, I am pleased to meet you slave Silk,” the blond one began looking directly at her.

“Silk, you may meet the eyes of another slave,” Michael told her.

She lifted her eyes to the blond girl, trying hard not to let resentment show.

“I’m hoping to gain the right to serve Sir Michael and wear his collar soon. I also look forward to becoming your slave sister,” Syndee finished.

“And I am slave Stacey. I am very happy to meet you slave Silk. What a lovely name you have too. Did Sir Michael name you?” The redhead said to her.

“No, it is my name,” she said not sure what the redhead was talking about.

“Silk or actually Silky is her Christian name, slave Stacey. Her parents named her that,” supplied Michael.

Stacey finished up, “I am also hoping to serve Sir Michael and wear his collar too. I also hope to be very good slave sisters with you.”

Silk risked a quick glance to Michael and saw that he was overly pleased with himself. This shot her full of spiteful pride and she addressed the two before her looking them both in the eyes, with a strong voice. “I am, slave Silk. It is nice to meet you both also. I will serve Master Michael and wear his collar soon.”

Laughing at her remark, Michael added, “She will also have a sore red bottom later to go with her attitude. Now apologize for your rudeness to your sisters, slave.”

Feeling the sting and weight of his words, she replied, “Yes Master. I am sorry. Please forgive my rudeness, sisters.” She added the last word in hopes of pleasing Michael.

“All right, now we all know one another.” He said and he sat up and grabbed a slip of paper. Writing his address and number on, he gave it to Syndee. “Here is my address and number. Call if you need directions. We shall see you at three,” he told them.

“Yes Sir. See you then,” Syndee answered as she read the slip he had gave her. “Oh and may we have your email address Sir? So we can email you those lists tonight.”

“He wrote it on another slip and handed it to her. “Yes, I had almost forgotten. Anything else?”

“No Sir,” they chorused again.

“Okay you may stand and you are excused. See you tomorrow,” he told them.

“Thank you Sir. See you tomorrow, Sir,” Syndee said.

“Yes thank you Sir and see you tomorrow slave Silk,” Stacey offered.

They stood up and left the office. Michael watched as Silk still knelt on the floor after they left. Her head was lowered in what seemed defeat. Michael wondered what she was thinking. He knew by her earlier attitude and words that she was extremely jealous. In one way he didn’t care. He was the Dom here, she would just have to learn to deal with these things if this is what she wanted, but a part of him felt her pain and hated to have to be the cause of it. The knowledge that they would not be permanent helped ease his conscience. He would let Silk think that they would be around for a while during her training thought. It helped a slave to give her all if she thought she might be second best. He decided then not to tell her that there was no rank among her sister slaves. Let her compete a little to be his favorite. He made a mental note to tell the other two girls not to say anything to her about rank. He needed to have a private conversation with those two again before anything went any farther tomorrow.

He finished clearing up his desk and glanced at the clock on the wall. 6:30 it read. Good, he thought, time to go shopping. He looked over to her again and saw that she was really in a pout about the whole thing, time to put an end to this once and for all. “Silk, stand up and come over here,” he told her in a not so gentle voice.

She stood, and came over to him. He pulled her down on his lap and hugged her to his chest. This made her feel better instantly. She knew that she was being silly, but she just couldn’t help it. She was not usually a jealous person either. She lifted her face finally and looked in his eyes. She always felt she could read a person’s eyes pretty well. What she saw in Michael’s made her heart beat faster. It also made her feel better. She decided that she could deal with this and quit acting like a jealous lover.

Michael saw her face and knew that she was feeling better. He hoped that when she looked in his eyes, she saw the love projected to her in them. She seemed to and smiled to him finally. “Are you ready to go shopping little one,” he asked her?

“Yes Master,” she said as she turned around, “But before we go, I think I need some more ointment on my tattoo. It feels dry. Could you help me?”

Mentally he cursed himself as he lifted her shirt. Why hadn’t he remembered? It might hurt after being rubbed while she sat in the chair during her show. “Yeah it’s dry. Does it hurt?” He asked of her as he touched it gingerly.

“Not really. It just feels a little raw and tight, but I figured it was because it was dry,” she told him.

Feeling bad, he told her, “I am sorry, I should have remembered that. I knew that the chair and your shirt would rub against you and rub all the ointment off. I should have looked at it when you first came in. Forgive me little one. Get your stuff and I put some on for you.”

She went out of the office and got her jacket and backpack. Bringing it back to his office, she retrieved the tube of ointment from her pocket. As she entered his office, she sat her stuff down on one of the chairs and then came around the desk. She handed him the stuff and then turned around and lifted her shirt. She prepared herself for the lightening blots that would shoot straight to her core once he began to touch her tat.

He squeezed a big drop onto his finger, and then smeared it on her tat. He heard her sharp intake of breath. “Does it hurt?” He asked concerned.

“No,” came a strangled answer from her.

Then it dawned on him that she was turned on earlier by him touching it. She must be feeling the same thing again. He wanted to explore this further, but they needed to go so he could make it to his favorite lingerie shop before eight. All the other places he wanted to go were open till midnight or longer, but Madame’s closed early. She carried the best stuff especially slave outfits. Michael hadn’t found better anywhere in the world. With that in mind, he finished coating her tattoo and with a kiss just above it he handed her back her ointment. “All right, how’s that feel,” he asked?

“Much better,” she purred. She took the ointment and went over and stuck it back in her pocket. What now she wondered as she turned back to him.

Michael had stood up and was looking at her. She smiled at him. He knew she wondered want was going to happen next and liked keeping her in suspense. He then turned and grabbed his leather jacket off the back of his chair. “Let’s go, my pet,” he told her and turned to walk out the door.

**06 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 6**

He led her to the car. Once there he unlock and opened the door for her to get in. He then went around to his side and got in and started the engine. Turning out of the parking lot, Silk noticed that he was headed towards the city. She wondered where exactly he was taking her.

“Might I ask the name of the place you are taking me?” She asked.

“I could tell you but you probably wouldn’t have heard of it or been there. This place is top dollar so not many college students go there. It also caters to the lifestyle so normal people don’t shop there much,” he told her.

“Oh, well since I haven’t done much in this place other than normal food and stuff like that shopping, you’re probably right. I don’t really know what the city has to offer outside of Wal-Mart really,” she said with a laugh.

At this he looked at her. He couldn’t believe that no one had taken her partying or out into the city. He then remembered Reed and with that he asked, “You never went out with Reed or even by yourself?”

“Reed was only here a week and during that time we rented that apartment and I was getting settled into school. That took up like four days of his visit. We went to dinner one night and saw a movie, but that is mostly it. He drove and the place we went was next to the Wal-Mart. I haven’t done much on my own and no one has offered to take me anywhere other than a dorm room, accept you. Other than that, I’ve kept busy with my studies and the station,” she stated.

You poor thing, he thought. Then dorm room hit him and he laughed, “A dorm room?”

She laughed too, “Yeah, there’s this guy in my English comp class that keeps offering me a good time if I would just come to his dorm room. I told him no, but he is persistent.”

“What’s his name, maybe I know him,” he asked her?

“Jon Becker, I think he plays football or something.”

“Becker,” Michael hissed, “That asshole, stay away from him. I have heard that he is really rough with the girls and I am not talking BDSM.”

She laughed, “You sound jealous, Michael.”

Before she could go on, he gave her a grave look, “Don’t make that mistake. I am not jealous. I know him for what he is. If you like guys like that, like you’re Neil, than by all means have at it. I have seen how he treats girls first hand. When I said rough I meant that he beats up on girls. He is also known for getting them drunk and taking advantage of them,” he told her in a harsh voice.

“Sorry, I didn’t mean to offend you,” she said in a low voice and then looked away to the window.

Shit he blew it again. Gentle you fool he chastised himself again. He reached over and stroked her arm, “Silk, I didn’t mean to sound so harsh. I am not mad at you or offended and I am not jealous either. Not of Becker anyway. I was just informing you, trying to protect you and through you, your girlfriends. He really is a bad guy.” When she looked back at him, he stroked her cheek with a finger, “You sort of scared me too. The thought flashed through my mind that you could have actually went out with that asshole and been hurt by him. Even if you hadn’t shared yourself and your body with me I would want to protect you from him.”

She looked at him and felt love from his eyes. She really liked his eyes they were so expressive. His hand was still stroking her cheek so she turned her face a little and kissed his fingers.

“Am I forgiven, little one?”

She smiled and said, “There was nothing to forgive.” That was all she would say.

They pulled up to a shop in the middle of a tree-lined street and Michael stopped the car, killed the engine and set the brake. She looked at the shop front. Madame’s Fine Lingerie Emporium it read. If she were to judge the shop by its front she would have to say that it was elegant and expensive. She wondered what she would find inside.

Opening the door, Michael said, “Come on, let’s go have a ball.”

She got out and came around the front of the car. Michael was waiting there with his hand out to her. She took and they both headed towards the entrance. Once inside a lady at the door greeted them warmly.

“Welcome to Madame’s Fine Lingerie Emporium. A saleswoman will be here to help you out shortly. If I may have your coats, I’ll hang them up right here and then you can be on your way,” she said as she held out her hand.

Michael helped her out of her coat and then took his off and handed both to the lady. “Is Madame herself available to help us?” He asked of the lady.

“She is very busy, but I can check for you,” the lady said in a slightly condescending tone as she picked up the phone.

“You do that and tell her Michael Wolfe is the one asking,” He said with his nose in the air.

The lady paled at the recognition of his name and made the call is a nervous voice. She talked for minute and then hung up and looked at them with a new light in her eyes. “Madame will be with you shortly. Please have a seat,” she said and indicated the settee to their left.

They took the offered seat and waited for Madame. Silk wondered at the way the lady acted when Michael mentioned his last name. Maybe she ought to find out just who Michael Wolfe really was.

“Michael, why did she act like over your name?” She decided to ask him right now.

Looking at her, he saw she was really clueless about him. “My family is very rich. I told you that,” he told her.

“Like how rich are we talking here? Filthy or what,” she asked.

“Obscenely so. The Wolfe’s are like obscene rich. Didn’t you know that,” he asked searching for face.

“Oh,” was all she could say.

Reed’s family was rich, but not like that. Also Reeds parents had died and left it all to Reed, but he didn’t come into his total majority till his twenty-fifth birthday. For now he lived on a couple trust funds that left him about $25,000 a month. She wondered want Michael’s trust funds looked like. Before she could think on it, Madame showed up.

“Sir Michael, how nice to see you again. It has been forever since you have graced my humble shop.” Madame said with a bow.

This caused Michael to laugh out loud, “Humble my foot wench,” he said, “I’ve seen your prices, and you are being modest in your description. Extravagant would be a better word, but anyway, how have you been?”

This caused Madame to laugh too. “I have been good and business has too,” she began as she turned to Silk and gasped out loud. “Who is this lovely creature?

“Allow me to introduce you Madame. This,” he said gesturing to Silk, “Is my new slave, Silk. She needs to be outfitted in the finest slave wear. I checked her wardrobe and she hasn’t a decent thing to wear that comes close to my fine standards for my slaves. So she is at your mercy, Madame.”

“Well then, shall we head this way,” she said directing them through the curtain and out on the showroom floor.

Immediately Silk saw that she was right, it was glamorous and expensive. How expensive she would soon see. They were led through another curtain into a large fitting room that had a couch inside. Michael took a seat quickly and Madame went through the curtain at the back of the room.

As Madame walked away, she called back over her shoulder, “Have her disrobe to only her panties, Sir Michael.”

Silk looked to Michael and asked, “Sir Michael? Is she a slave also?”

“She used to be. Now she is what we call switch. She does whatever strikes she fantasy on that given day. Now you heard her, strip,” he told her with a laugh.

Not really being shy about her body she did as asked. Something Michael didn’t know about her, was she was raised as a nudist. Both of her parents belonged to colonies. They had also taken their children along so nudity was nothing new to Silk. As she disrobed, she gave her stuff to Michael and noticed that he folded it as she handed him each piece. Once she was naked except her little lace panties, a young woman came in with a measuring tape and took her measurements then left the same way that Madame had gone. A few minutes later, Madame came back in the room carrying an armful of clothes and handed her a lace robe.

“Here, it gets chilly in here sometimes,” she told Silk. As Silk turned to put on the robe, Madame saw the new tat on her back and said to Michael, “Can we rub that stuff off or into that tat while she tries on clothes. That stuff may stain the clothing.”

Silk looked to Michael for the answer since he was the expert when it came to tattoos.

“I don’t see why not. Grab a tissue from over there Silk and bring it to me and I’ll clean you off. I should have thought of that myself,” he said to them both.

She retrieved a tissue and brought it to him. Then she turned and dropped the robe to her buttocks. As he wiped off the ointment she gave a low moan. Damn it was sensitive.

Michael liked the moan and smiled when he saw that Madame had heard her too and knew what had caused Silk to moan. He gave a wink to Madame and she gave him a knowing smile in return.

“Okay, darling. Let’s try on some of these lovely outfits that I have brought for you. I think these will look the best on you,” Madame told her as she held out a scrap of fabric the color of cream.

Silk took it and figured out how to put it on. It turned out to be a baby doll nitey that was so sheer it was almost invisible. She looked to Michael for approval and he gave a nod of his head.

Once she had it on, Madame came up and checked to see if it fit well across the chest. Silk then noticed that the young woman had returned and with her a cart full of stuff. Madame said something to the young woman who Silk realized was an assistant and the assistant nodded in agreement and then reached to help Silk out of the outfit. Once it was off, she placed it in a basket the side of the cart. Madame then handed Silk another outfit.

This one was a light blue and just as transparent. Silk again figured out how to put it on, it was another sort of baby doll. She then turned and looked at herself in the full-length mirror. It was very pretty, but she thought it looked too pale with her dark hair and fair skin. Finally she turned to Michael. He nodded again.

“Michael I know you like light colors the best, but I look better in bright ones. These wash me out,” she told him.

Madame came to her defense, “She is correct, Sir. This one belongs in brighter colors with her pale skin and dark hair. She is like a china doll. These outfits will just wash her loveliness out.”

He gave this some thought. He actually agreed with them after seeing her in both of the pale colored outfits, but it went against the grain. His slaves always wore submissive colors. Then it occurred to him. He had never seen a slave that looked like Silk. Most were so bold looking without clothes that pale submissive colors looks good on them. If he had saw Silk without the submissive look on her face, he would have guessed she was a Dominatrix anyway. With that thought, he said with a dismissive wave of his hand, “Fine, brighter colors it is, get rid of this pale crap, but I still must approve it.”

Madame gave a laugh and started to leave with her assistant to get more stuff for Silk to try.

“Wait, I liked that first one. You will wear it so keep in the basket Madame,” he ordered.

“Yes Sir,” Madame twittered as she swept from the room.

With in a few minutes, Madame was back with a new armful of clothes, these in bolder colors. She handed the first to Silk to try on. This one was a bright blue baby doll. Once she had it on, she turned to Michael.

Michael gave a low whistle and was glad that he had agreed with them about the colors. Bolder were most assuredly better on Silk.

The processes went on for about thirty minutes and she felt that she had went through a about a hundred outfits, most of which Michael approved of. Finally they seemed to have run out of things for her to try on. Silk was glad. She felt as if she had tried everything in the store on. Finally Madame told her to put her robe back on.

“Next we will go into the other room and find some shoes and a few robes to go with your stuff,” Madame suggested.

“Okay, that would be fine. I don’t have to approve that. Silk can buy whatever type of shoe she likes. I want her to be comfortable in them. As for the robes I leave them in your capable hands Madame,” Michael told them.

Madame told her to put her street clothes back on and when she was dressed, Madame led her to the next room and Michael followed them. Madame led her to a large rack of shoes and told her to take her pick. She began choosing a few and trying them on. She heard Michael talking again to Madame.

“Do you have a computer attached to the Internet and a printer?” He asked Madame.

“Yes, it’s over here,” Madame told him and led him over to the register area. After setting him up with the computer, she came back over to Silk and began to help her with the shoes.

Silk had set aside about four pairs when she came back. Madame nodded her approval and handed Silk another pair that was low heeled and laced up the legs. They were white.

“These will look divine with most of the stuff you picked out. You have the legs for them.”

Madame then added a pair that would look good with the harem girl outfit that Michael had really liked. While they finished looking at shoes, the assistant came over with an armful of robes in various colors and fabrics. Madame went through them and gave the assistant back the ones she didn’t like. The assistant took them away as Michael came over holding a few sheets of paper.

“Thank you Madame for the use of your computer and printer, how are we doing here ladies,” he said nodding to the pile of shoes that had amassed between the two women.

“We are pretty much done, unless you see something that strikes your fancy and you are most welcome for the other,” Madame told him.

Turning towards the register, he said, “Nope you have handled it well my pets,” he said as he walked away. “Shall we conclude this visit, Silk and I have more shopping to attend to?”

The assistant and Madame hurried to the counter with the stuff and Silk followed a little behind, feeling like a whirlwind had just swept her off her feet. As she came to the counter, she saw Michael pull out his credit card and the thought occurred to her that she had no idea what this stuff costs. Probably a mint, then she saw the total and gasped.

“Michael you can’t be serious. That is over seven thousand dollars,” she whispered to him.

“So,” was all he would say and gave his card to Madame.

Madame ran it through the card reader and then waited for the receipt to print. When it printed, she handed it to Michael for his signature and placed the extra copy in one of the bags. After Michael handed her back the signed copy she clapped her hands and a young man or rather a boy really, appeared from yet another curtain.

“Please help Sir Michael get his purchases to his car Sean,” she ordered the boy.

The boy turned and grabbed a cart that looked like ones businessmen used at the airports and begin to load their bags and boxes on it. Michael grabbed a few bags and headed towards the door. Silk grabbed a few shoeboxes and followed him. Once outside Michael opened the trunk for the boy to place the stuff inside. He sat his bags in the trunk and gestured for Silk to do the same. The boy placed the packages in the trunk and shut it and promptly walked away.

Michael handed her the keys and said, “You drive this time, while I read.”

Taking the keys and letting them in the car, she asked, “Where too?”

“Make a left out of the parking lot and then a right after the second light,” he told her with total confidence.

She did as directed and soon they were on their way. She looked over at him wondering what he was reading. She debated whether or not to ask him finally curiosity won out. “May I ask, what are you reading?”

Wanting to see what her reaction would be, he told her, “The list of limits that those two slave girls you met earlier, sent to me.”

Not wanting to be jealous she causally asked, “What is that? What kind of limits?”

Seeing that she either was trying to not show her jealous or she was learning that it didn’t matter caused him to smile, “It tells me what they will and won’t do. It is a list that covers everything that is involved in this lifestyle. This is easier than me asking all these questions. Also this way I can refer back to it when needed. When you’re more experienced, we’ll fill out one for you.” Then thinking on what he had just said, he told her, “Actually, we could start a list now for you, you can always add to it or change it as time goes on. Most slaves change theirs from time to time.”

“So what things are they into,” she asked actually curious about them.

“Make a left at the next light,” he told her noticing that they were turning as he had directed her. “Well let’s see. Their lists are pretty identical. They both like anal, oral, vaginal sex. They like all forms of masturbation and most toys. Both like whips, paddles, crops, and floggers. Syndee likes water sports and Stacy is willing to try it. Neither like scat or anything involving feces play, good neither do I.”

“Water sports, like swimming?” She asked not knowing what he meant.

This caused him to laugh, “No, Silk. Water sports as in pissing.”

“Oh,” came an embarrassed answer. Then she braved, “And what is scat and feces play?”

“You may not want to know right now,” he told her with a grave look.

“Just tell me.”

“Okay, don’t say I didn’t warn you. Oh, turn right at the next street and then turn into Diamond’s. Scat and feces play involves shit. Plain and simple,” he told her in a very serious tone.

She looked at him and when he didn’t smile, she gave a sour look, “That’s nasty and unclean Michael. I hope you don’t do that, ever.”

He laughed loudly and slapped his knee. “I told you, you didn’t want to know, but don’t worry, I am not into it and none of my friends are either. Those people are a very select group.”

“Good,” was all she had to say.

They had arrived at their destination and she shut the car off. They got out and Michael led her to the door. Once there he stopped and stood in front of her.

“Okay you have never seen anything like this in your life so be prepared,” he told her.

“Alright, I am ready. I don’t shock that easy Michael.”

“This place is a place you will become very familiar with as long as you are in this lifestyle. It has everything a slave or Dom needs for every aspect of this lifestyle. Now shall we go inside?” He asked.

With a giggle, she answered, “Let’s.”

They went inside and Silk saw that Michael was right. It was a shock to the system; a man decked out in a full leather outfit greeted them. Silk fought to suppress a giggle and Michael looked down at her and smiled broadly. She thought to herself, she really liked his smile too.

“Hello, Michael, how may we help you tonight,” leather man asked them?

“James how’s business?” Michael asked of him.

“Good and you?”

“I am fine. Let me introduce you to Silk. She is a new slave. We are here to outfit her properly in all the leather gear she will ever need,” Michael informed him.

“Do you need help, or can you find everything on your own?” leather man asked of them.

Michael looked to Silk and told him, “I think we are all right on our own. I can always yell if I need something.” With a dismissive nod, Leather man said, “Okay, just holler if you can’t find something.”

With that Michael led her into the store. Everywhere she looked, there were things that she had never seen before. Some caused her to blush and some just left her curious. Michael led her to a wall of leather collars and such stuff. Michael began to pick out collars that he thought would look good on her. He seemed to like the leather ones with gemstones on them. He handed her a black shiny one.

“Try this on,” he told her.

She did and he approved it. He handed her another one, this time red. As she tried this one on a clerk walked up and gave them a large black basket for their purchases. Michael indicated for him to set in on the floor. He then tossed the black collar into it. Next he approved the red one, a blue one, a white one and an emerald green one. He put all the ones he didn’t like back on their hooks and began to choose matching cuffs for her wrists and ankles. These he tossed in to the basket too and with them matching leashes. Silk wondered about the leashes. Would she be led around on them?

He was looking over some other collars when his cell phone rang, “Michael here,” he said to the phone.

“Hello little ones. I see you got my message. I was hoping you would call while I was still out shopping at Diamond’s.”

He listened for a minute or so and then said, “What I needed to know was do you two own your own things for play and if so what do you have and what do you lack?” He listened again and then whispered to Silk, “Go ask that guy at the counter for a pen and tablet of paper.”

She did as he asked and brought it back to him. Michael then began to jot down a list of things, all the while mumbling uhhuh, uhhuh into the phone.

“Well then little one, I shall pick up the things you don’t have and we’ll see each other tomorrow. I also wanted to mention that your lists were very through. Thank you for that and the promptness of delivery also,” he told the caller who Silk had already guess was one the slave girls from earlier then she corrected that thought, one of her slave sisters.

“What’s that,” he asked. “Yes, you may give each other pleasure tonight, but only tonight, no more after one in the morning.” He listened again and laughed, “Yes I can be a tough Dom to serve, but you’ll like it. See you tomorrow, slave,” he then hung up the phone and smiled to her, watching her reaction.

Knowing he expected her to live with this and wanting to be the perfect slave and please him, she tried to keep any jealousy from her expression when she asked, “Was that my slave sisters, Master?”

He watched her face for any signs of jealously and was please to see that she was either hiding it well or she had gotten over it. “Yes it was, I had emailed them that I need to ask them a question before tomorrow’s meeting and gave them my cell number. I was hoping they’d call while we were here too,” he told her.

“For what,” she asked him?

He smiled at her curiosity; “I needed to know what sort of tools they already owned so that if they were missing anything that I required, I would have it available. See Silk, each slave should have her own things due to cleanliness. I wouldn’t want you to catch anything for someone else’s toys so you will have your very own and they do also. I am maniac on cleanliness, as you will see. Come on now we have more to buy.”

She watched as he selected a light blue color with matching cuffs and a leash then dropped it in the basket and then he turned to her and asked, “What color do you think would look best on the redhead, little one?”

Silk thought on it and even though she hated to say it, she told him with defeated tone in her voice, “The emerald green, Master.”

He could tell that she really hated to share her favorite color with the other slave and was pleased that she was honest about it and he told as much, “And this upsets you because it is your favorite color right?”

Shocked that he had read her so well, she recovered, “Yes and no, Master.”

“Tell you what, you pick it out for your sister and it can be whatever you want, just make sure it matches her hair and coloring. I’ll be over there,” he pointed to another part of the store, “You come over when you’re done and help me finish the shopping. Remember you pick the color. I will not be mad if you choose another color,” and with that, he walked away leaving her to decide.

Silk looked over all the collars and found a emerald green one that was similar to the one Michael had picked for her except it didn’t have stones in it. She wanted to just get the royal blue one, but knew that it would be petty to act jealous over a color. She wanted to hate the other two, but she knew this was not the way to act and she really wanted to please Michael. Besides under a different situation, she would have probably become friends with the two girls. They actually reminded her of her two best friends back home, Candy and Mandy, the twins. They even dressed like them. With that in mind, she grabbed the matching cuffs and leash and went over to Michael. After showing them to him she dropped them in the basket.

He smiled at her choice. He then showed her a ball looking thing with a strap on it. It looked like a slingshot to Silk.

“What is it?” She asked him.

“This is a ball gag. Sometimes slaves need them when they can’t keep their mouths shut and sometimes I just like to see them on a slave. I like what’s called gag kissing also,” he told her.

She gave him a questioning look and he laughed and told her he would explain and show her later.

He then dropped three of them into the basket and proceeded down the aisle. He dropped in a few more items in the basket and then led Silk to another area of the store. This one had what looked like weapons and paddles hanging all over the walls. Silk was sure this stuff was for punishment. She hoped Michael would explain it all to her.

“Have a look around and see if anything catches your fancy,” he told her and shooed her off.

While she looked around, Michael picked up a new flogger and riding crop, and few paddles of various sizes and shapes and a switch. He then turned to watch her as she fingered a flogger made out of something other than leather. Michael wondered what it was. She seemed to really like it. He then noticed that she had a riding crop in her other hand. This made him smile; he knew she had horses so she would naturally be drawn to a crop.

He finally went over to join her and see what that flogger that held her interest so keenly was made of. He touched it and saw that it was leather but it was totally different than the ones he usually bought. This was soft like deer hide, almost velvety soft.

“Do you like it little one?” He asked in a low voice next to her ear.

“Yes Master,” she said almost dreamily.

“Then it’s yours and what of that red crop you have. Would you like it also?”

She looked down, having forgotten all about the crop in her hand. She was fantasizing about the feel of the flogger on her skin. She lifted the crop and looked at. “Um, sure Master, I guess so,” she flushed.

He laughed and hugged her to him. “You are priceless, Silk.”

She dropped the crop and flogger into the basket and noticed it was getting full. Surely they were almost done. She was starting to get hungry now so she looked at her watch to see what the time was and saw that it was fifteen minutes after nine. She then saw that Michael had gone over yet another section of the store so she followed him.

This section contained what looked like thousands of fake penises. This caused Silk to blush. She turned to find Michael staring at her.

“What?” She asked.

“You’re blushing. I take it this is a first for you?” He asked her with a laugh.

“Shut up,” she muttered and turned away pretending to look at the selection in front of her.

He came up behind her and grabbed a handful of her hair and tipped her head back. She met his eyes and saw that he was not amused. “Never, and I repeat, never tell me to shut up, slave.” Then he kissed her hard on the mouth and released her hair and walked away.

She stood there for a moment and thought over what had happened and knew she was in the wrong. She knew she should apologize too. She turned to him and saw he was placing things in the basket. Thinking that since he had grabbed her in the store that it was probably acceptable to do most anything else that didn’t involve sex, she dropped to the floor in what he told her he called down. Once there, she said, “I am very sorry for telling you to shut up, Master. Please forgive me, Master.”

The sight of her on the floor like that made him hard instantly. He barely heard her words even though she said them loud and clear. He shook himself, knowing this was not the place, “Apology accepted, slave. You may get up.” Quickly before I take you right there on the floor, he added mentally to himself.

She gained her feet again and lowered her eyes to the floor. She was truly sorry. She waited for him to speak.

“Okay you little vixen, what do you think of this,” he asked showing her a normal size penis.

She didn’t know what to really say, “Okay I guess, I don’t really know much about this sort of thing,” she told him.

He proceeded to explain each and everything that he was buying. He showed her a couple strap-on penises; a double headed one and few others of various sizes and lengths. Next he showed her a plug looking thing that he explained was a butt plug. Lastly he showed her a vibrator and told her this was what he would teach her to masturbate with. Of all these things he bought three of each and Silk now knew why. Finally he seemed done and she crossed her fingers that it was over.

“Are we finished now, Master?” She asked him.

“Why are you tired of shopping?”

“No, I’m hungry,” she supplied.

He looked at his watch and with surprise, noted the time. “Silk when you’re hungry just tell me. I don’t always eat regular so if you are hungry and want to eat just say so,” he told her tenderly.

“Okay, I’m sorry I didn’t speak up. Can we go get a bite and then finish shopping? I’m not tired, just starved,” she told him.

Michael carried his basket to the counter and Silk followed. While the guy rang up their stuff, she looked at the rack of movies in front of the counter. There were porn movies, but there were also ones that looked like they were about B&D. Michael noticed her interest and came up behind her again.

“Want to watch one?” he breathed in her ear.

Curiosity peaked, she hissed, “Yes,” back at him.

He reached around her and grabbed the one she was looking at and another a few down from it and set them on the counter to be rung up.

Seeing that each movie was over thirty dollars she remembered the cost of the last stores purchases and turned to see what this stop would cost Michael. Once again he pulled out his credit card, when all the stuff had been rung up, the total was over two thousand dollars. How could he spend like that she wondered. She would ask him once they were in the car.

**07- Learning The Lifestyle - Part 7**

They took their bags and went to the car. Michael placed this all in the trunk with the other stuff and then let her in the car. Then got in and started the car and pulled out of the parking lot.

“Where do you want to eat?”

Thinking on it she said, “I don’t care, we can go to that truck stop from this morning if you like. The food was great.”

“Okay the truck stop it is,” he told her, pleased that she like his favorite diner.

She thought on how to ask Michael about the money as they drove to the truck stop. Finally she just decided that direct was the best method. “Michael, how can you spend so much money like it was nothing?”

Smiling at her thoughtfulness, he took a deep breath, “Remember I told you that my family was obscenely rich,” he asked?

“Yes.”

“Well maybe ugly obscene would describe it better or maybe ugly filthy obscene, or maybe…”

“Okay I get it,” she laughed, “You can stop. You still shouldn’t spend like that. Your parents might think I’m after you money.”

“Aren’t you,” he joked and this on a serious note he said, “My parents don’t have access to monitor my spending habits. My trust funds are my own. One is from my maternal grandfather, it takes care of my needs and college tuition every month, and this includes my food, clothes, utilities, rent and all that sort stuff like my new truck. The other is from my paternal grandfather and it totally up to me to spend it how I see fit. I have no one to monitor my accounts. If I blow it on the ponies, no one cares. If I blow it on you, no one would give a shit or even know for that matter.”

Lucky you she thought. Then she asked, “So how much do you get?”

“You don’t really want to know.”

“Probably not, but tell me anyway,” she said.

“It’s a sick amount,” he laughed.

“That bad?” She asked.

“Yeah. Let’s see, my needs account is bigger because of college tuition and all that so it’s $200,000 a month. My fun money account as I call it is only,” he gave her a sick look, “$100,000 a month. Pretty sick huh,” he asked her.

“Shit Michael, how do you live. You poor boy,” she told him.

“I warned you that you didn’t want to know,” he offered. “You have a trust fund too don’t you. I heard you tell Donny that once.”

She gave him a sideways look, “Nothing like yours and my father monitors it. Mine is for my needs during college. Whatever’s left over at the end is mine to keep, but I have to watch what I spend for now.”

“How much, come on, I told you,” he asked.

“It’s pitiful compare to yours,” she said, “I get $2500 a month for all my needs. My mother pays for all my tuition and books that aren’t covered by my scholarship. My father is really tight fisted. If I pay for something he thinks I didn’t need, I hear about it.”

“Who pays for the apartment?” he questioned.

“Reed paid for that out of his trust fund. I told you we wanted a place he could visit without having to get a motel room every time he visited, sort of a waste now I guess, but it’s leased and paid for two full years. So I guess it’s mine for the time being,” she supplied.

Something about that struck a jealous chord in him that he didn’t know existed. He really didn’t like this guy paying for anything for Silk. Maybe he would change that. Then he thought about her father. What a jerk, but he knew not to say that to her, “That’s fine, let your father be like that, I’ll buy you everything your heart desires,” he told her matter-of-factly.

“I can’t let you do that Michael, that wouldn’t…” she began.

“You can’t tell me no. It’s my money and I am your Master now, so I will do what I please. Now end of subject.”

And like that it was over even though Silk didn’t like it. She knew it would be pointless to argue, so she just would watch what he spent. As she thought about this, he pulled into the truck stop and her stomach growled.

“Wow, little one, you are hungry,” Michael laughed.

She laughed too, “More than I even knew.”

They entered the truck stop and as usual men turned to look at her. She was used to this because of her exotic looks as her mother called them. She used to wish that she didn’t look like this but now she was pretty much resigned and usually just ignored them. What bothered her most now was that Reed and Neil would get upset over the attention she received. They acted like she wanted and delighted in it. Neil actually accused her of trying to gain the unwanted attention and Reed would get pissed when to many men would look at her. She felt like just not going out in public with them. She looked to Michael to see his reaction to the looks they were gathering. He didn’t seem to notice or just didn’t care, Silk wondered which.

They sat down at a booth that the hostess had led them to and Michael noticed that Silk was gathering a lot of looks. This pleased Michael. He liked that he wasn’t the center of attention for once. He knew however, if it were a room full of women or people who knew who he was he would be getting the same attention Silk was. He wondered how she stood it. He hated it when he was looked at like that, like he was something more than just the person he was.

“How do you stand the attention,” he asked her.

Her heart sank, he had noticed. Please don’t be jealous, she thought, “I just ignore it. It has been this was all my life. When I was younger, my eyes were teal blue, which was cause for even more talk. Does it bother you that much?” She asked of him.

“No I feel sorry for you. If these were women or people who knew who I was, I would be stared at too. I know what it’s like,” He told her, then he realized that she thought he was upset that they were looking at her like that, “Did you think I would be jealous that you were getting this attention?”

She just looked at him not knowing what to say.

He knew then that Reed or Neil or even both had acted like that when people stared and blamed it on her, like it was her fault. “Did Reed or Neil get mad when men stared like that,” he asked and gestured to the diner patrons with his right hand.

She just shook her head yes, tears gathering in her eyes.

At that Michael got up, came around and sat next to her and hugged her to him tightly. “Oh little one, I am so sorry for all the bad things. Please don’t think I will ever be like that. I know what it’s like to be stared at like you’re a piece of meat instead of a human being,” at this she looked up at his face and he continued, “As for your looks, if the men are looking at that, then I am proud because I know it’s me your with, me you will go home with and only me that will share that delightful body under those clothes. That means no one else unless I allow it. I told you, your mine now and I trust you not to share what’s mine. Besides I like for my slaves to be admired, it means I have good taste. I promise you that I will never be jealous of men looking at you. Besides pet, I don’t know if you noticed, but women look at you too.”

At this she looked around and saw that he was right. She would have to watch for that in the future. Then she remembered that Starla had called her a china doll and Madame had gushed over her looks. Michael was right. This made her smile and his words made her feel better. She really hoped he would not resent her looks and the attention later though. With that she gave him a smile and then the waitress came over to get their order.

“Sorry about the wait. It has been so hectic tonight. Are you ready to order,” asked the plain-faced waitress.

“Opps, Paula, I’m sorry, we haven’t even looked at the menu. Give us another few minutes please,” He told her in his best little boy voice.

The waitress smiled at Michael and pinched his cheek, “Okay anything for you darlin’. What do you want to drink though, I can get that while you look the menu over.”

Taking the lead Michael didn’t even asked her what she wanted to drink, he already knew, “Two ice teas and some sweet and low for the lady. Thank you Paula.”

“Darlin’,” Silk laughed when the waitress walked away, “Is she another one of your slave friends?”

He regained his seat across the table from her before answering, “No, she is not. She is just a waitress that works nights here. I did take her out a few times though.” At her look of disbelief, he added, “Once for a concert and once for dinner because I was lonely.”

“Okay, okay, I believe you. It just seems everyone knows you. Like those two girls today,” she told him.

He sucked in his breath, “Those two, that was weird. I guess it goes back to that old saying, when it rains it pours.”

“What do you mean?” She questioned.

The waitress had come back with their teas and sat them on the table and then handed Silk some sweet and low packets and a spoon. Next she handed Michael a spoon and then sat two straws on the table. “Okay, just yell when you’re ready to order,” she added as she walked away.

After she left Michael began, “What I mean is that I have not owned a slave for over a year because either none have caught my interest or none have asked for the honor to serve me. Then finally I hook up with one who I want to make my own and one who wants me and then all the sudden those two show up begging to serve me too. I have been at this school for over two years and no one from here has ever even acted like they were into the lifestyle. Not one.”

“You mean you didn’t have those two on the side all along?” Silk asked innocently.

Michael now saw that the reason she was upset was jealousy over being second best, so he told her, “No, I never met them before today. They saw me at a party a while back and remembered me from school. They approached me Silk, not the other way around.” He saw a look of relief cross her face and decided to add, “Also, last night was the first real sex I have had in about a year.”

“What do you mean by real sex?”

He leaned over the table and in almost a whisper told her, “I have not had intercourse with a woman in over a year. I have made a few suck me till I was close and then I finished on their face or something like that and I have manually done it, but I have not been with a women for real in all that time.”

Eyes wide, she asked, “Why?”

He smiled at her and said, “Because little one, I have not felt close enough to one to share myself that way.”

“But,” she stuttered, “The lifestyle.”

“There is more to this lifestyle than just sex, Silk. Some never have real sex, intercourse. I sometimes play with married women or owned slaves. I have a rule about married women and some Doms don’t always share their slaves that way. Besides there are too many diseases going around and you can’t trust everyone,” he said to her.

She wondered what made her special that he broke his self-imposed celibacy. She liked that he was safe and had morals, but why her and why now?

He saw the questioning her eyes and knew that she wondered why her. He decided to tell her, “As for you since I know you are dying to know, I feel close to you. I want to share myself with you in more than just a sexual way, more than just the lifestyle too. I want to share all that I am with you. I trust you and I think you feel the same about me.”

She didn’t know what to say. It was all too new to her, but she agreed that there was something special between them but she didn’t know how to proceed. She didn’t want to ruin it or have it end to soon. She knew she should say something to him so he would know she felt the same but didn’t really know what to say so finally she said, “Michael I do indeed feel the same about you, but I don’t know how to proceed. I am still new at this whole thing and I don’t mean just BDSM. I mean relationships. Reed dominated my life in a different way than you are going to and then he dumped me. I am still a little raw from all that. Please understand and don’t give up on me, but can we take this slow?”

“As slow as you need to, little one. I am not here to rush you in anyway. You know you’re safe word?” He asked her and at the shake of her head he continued, “Just use it if we are moving too fast. It is your safe word to use whenever you need me to stop anything that you don’t like or don’t feel comfortable with. Promised me you will remember to use it no matter what?”

“Yes, I promise,” she whispered.

“Thank you,” he said, then seeing the need to lighten up the conversation, “Now I thought you were starving. Let’s get some food in you,” he added with a laugh.

She smiled and picked up her menu. She thought everything looked good now and decided it was because she was so hungry. “How about we have steaks like you talked about this morning?”

“Not here, beautiful, I know a place that serves the best steaks. I want to take you there for steaks,” he told her as he looked over the menu also.

“Damn it,” came a curse from her that surprised both of them. She clapped her hand over her mouth.

“What?” He asked voice full of concern. “What’s the matter?”

“Don’t laugh. I have a really hard time choosing because everything looks so good. I’m not a picker eater; I just can’t make up my mind. So at the risk of really giving you control, will you please choose for me or we will be here all night,” she asked.

This really hit him in the heart. She trusted him enough to let him choose her meal. He viewed this as really special. He also wondered if she ever let Reed or Neil choose for her. That was why she said steak, so she didn’t have to choose, sneaky.

“Okay,” he said to her and then” Okay, Paula, we’re ready,” he yelled to the waitress.

The waitress came over and pulled out her pad, “Okay what will it be?”

“She will have the pork chop dinner, mashed potatoes and the veggie of the day and I would like the grand smothered burrito with a small side of fries,” he told the waitress. “Soup or salad?”

He gestured to Silk. “Salad, with ranch dressing,” she told the waitress.

“Alright, be out in a few,” she said as she walked away. A minute later she came back with a salad and a bottle of ranch dressing.

Silk dug right in.

“Did I do okay?” Michael asked her.

“Yes, I love pork chops,” she told him as she devoured the salad.

“Now I know you like salad with ranch, so next time I will order that for you too,” he said just naturally assuming that she would always let him order in the future. He would make sure that she wanted to him too though.

Within minutes, their food was on the table, which was another reason Michael really liked this place. They lapsed into silence while that ate. Michael watched as she ate the whole thing including her salad. She was starved, Michael thought and this caused him to laugh. She gave him a queer look.

“Where are you putting it, little one?” He asked her.

She then realized that she had eaten all of her food. This surprised her because she usually didn’t finish her meals. “It must be your influence. I don’t normally eat this much,” she told him and then a devilish thought came to her, “Or maybe it was last night and this morning. You really wore me out,” she said with a wink.

At her innuendo, he smiled and his eyebrow when up, “Then my pet, I guess you better change your eating habits, because I will wear you out often.”

She blushed and lowered her head. He always seemed to get the better of her. He always made her squirm.

Seeing the affect he had made him smile. He loved it when she blushed. He knew it was time to change the subject so she would feel more comfortable again. “Okay I need to know, do you have a schoolgirl dress like the ones your sisters were wearing,” he asked changing the subject.

Wondering why, she thought and remembered she had brought one, “Yes I have a black one like Stacy’s. It has a shirt to go with it that looks like a schoolgirl shirt too; only it is a half shirt and shows a lot of my tits and cleavage. It also has stockings that come up to here,” she pointed to a spot on her upper leg about five or six inches above her knee, “that have little black bows and black schoolgirl shoes with four inches heels on them. It is a set, but why may I ask.”

“Because I am taking my slaves dancing at a club tomorrow night and that is how I want you three dressed,” was all her would tell her.

Dancing she thought, was that normal for BDSM? Then she thought, I guess he can do what he wants.

They had finished their meal and the waitress brought then the ticket and Michael looked at her and asked, “You ready to go?”

“Sure, I don’t have any more to eat so we might as well,” she joked with him.

“Hey, if you still want to eat, I’ll get you more food,” he joked back, “But if you get fat, I’ll sell you. I don’t like fat slaves.”

She laughed, “Michael, you’re in luck, I have a high metabolism, so I won’t get fat, but that same goes for you too. If you get fat, I’ll sell myself to someone else. Now let’s go”

“Cheeky wench, you can’t sell yourself, so you’re stuck with me not matter what,” he laughed and slapped her on the ass as she walked by and then got up and followed her to the register.

Once they had paid, Michael directed her to the car and let her in and then went around and got in himself. He started the car and pulled away from the diner. While he did this, Silk had reached over and turned on the radio. She then tuned it to a country station and turned in down low, just low enough to hear but not drowned out conversation.

“I really love music,” she explained to Michael as she did this, “It’s like a part of my soul I guess.”

Knowing what she meant he smiled, “I know what you mean, I think I always have music on all day unless I just can’t and then it’s usually going through my head,” then he added, “So you like country music.”

“I like a lot of different kinds of music. Country just happens to be my favorite. Well that and hard rock. I really like the rock from the late eighties and early nineties, especially the videos.”

So she did watch sleazy rock videos. Nice, thought Michael. He had watched them too in his younger years and the women from those videos had always turned him on. This was how he liked to see his slaves look and dress now. Silk would fit in just fine he thought.

“Where are we going now?” She asked interrupting his thoughts.

He gave her a big smile and then with a laugh he said, “Wal-Mart. I figured as late as it’s getting we’ll go there and them finish up tomorrow if there’s time.”

“Cool, I needed to go too. I have to get a few things.”

They pulled into the parking lot and he shut the car off and got out and came around to her side. She was looking in her purse for her credit card so she could put it in her pocket so she could lock her purse in the car. She hated carrying it.

She got out; he grabbed her in a hug and pressed her up against the car, “Now listen to me. We aren’t going to have this money conversation again. I am telling you right now, I will buy you whatever I want. As your Master, I am ordering you not to tell me no and to let me do whatever I please.”

Seeing that she couldn’t really talk back, she just nodded her head yes. With her agreement, he kissed her. The kiss made her knees buckle and he had to hold her up. As they kissed, the world around ceased to exist. All that mattered was his mouth and what it was doing. Finally when she thought she would just melt he ended the kiss. She leaned her forehead against his and remembered to breathe again.

“I’ve wanted to do that all night,” he said in a breathless voice.

Using his words from earlier she giggled, “I don’t always kiss regular so if you want a kiss just say so, Master.”

He lifted his head and looked in her eyes, “Is that so Minx, use my own words against me will you? For that no more kisses for you,” he laughed.

She gave a whine and then pouted, “Please Master, just one more.”

The pout was his undoing; he loved it when his slaves pouted. He usually never gave in but he liked to see them pout nonetheless. He slid his right hand to her face and lifted it to capture her mouth. The other hand found its way under her shirt and was stroking her side and breast.

This kiss was even hotter than the last. This time she tangled her hands in his hair and pulled his mouth to hers. She couldn’t get close enough. They would have remained kissing but someone yelled, “Get a room you two,” and with that Michael ended the kiss.

“A little to scandalous for Wal-Mart Parking lot I guess, come on, let’s go before they call security,” he said in a voice not quite his own. He then led her to the entrance and in they went.

Inside he grabbed a cart and the went on into the store. Silk followed.

Once inside Michael made her go and pick up a double of everything she used on a daily basis. This included everything from shampoo and conditioner to her deodorant. At first she argued with him and he told her that it was to keep at his home so that when she spent the night she would have everything she needed so she wouldn’t have to pack or worry about forgetting things. When she still argued, he told her that she had earned a spanking and that if she didn’t follow his orders, he would just go to her home, make a list and come back and do this himself and spank her again. She gave in and did as asked.

Then in a moment of spite, she decided to take him up on his offer and she picked up a double of things she didn’t really use daily. Things like her favorite laundry soap, bubble bath, bath salts and hand and body lotion. She even went to the bath center and picked up a big beach towel and than in bedding she picked up a pillow like the one she had at home for sleeping and a little pillow for the couch with a fleece throw for when she watched TV. She was acting silly and she knew it, but she told him she didn’t want him to buy things for her like this. Since he wanted to use her submission to get his way she was going to act silly about it.

“I know your just being churlish about this so I won’t stop you, but think about the consequences of your actions little one,” he finally told her with a knowing look.

Secretly he was amused. He liked her attitude but he knew this wasn’t proper for her to be allowed to act this way. He liked his slaves with spunk as long as they knew their place. She was quickly overstepping hers. He didn’t care if she bought a double of everything in her apartment, but she was just picking up things just to be smart-ass. He decided that two could play at this game.

“Make you way to furniture and wait for me there, we need another cart. I just remembered I need another dresser,” he told her as turn to walk away. “Oh and what size panties do you wear?”

“Panties, why,” she stuttered.

He had reached his limit. Hating to be argued with or questioned he turned around, walked over to her and turned her around to face the cart, “Grab the cart and don’t let go till I say so,” he ordered.

When she did as asked, he pulled up her skirt, exposing her backside to the cameras and pulled the back of her panties out and read the size. Next he slapped her bottom hard and then dropped her skirt and pulled her to his chest and hissed in her ear, “Stop arguing and fighting me, you won’t win.” He then let go and as he walked away, he said, “You can let go now.”

She stood there for a moment and then remembered the cameras she whipped around and looked up. Damn him, there was a camera there. She was sure someone had seen what had just happened. At this she blushed and decided to move quickly.

As she made her way to furniture she thought about what he had said and knew she had earned it. She was fighting him on everything and for what, a sense of pride to be independent? She thought about this, she wasn’t independent with Reed so why did she want to be with Michael? She wanted him to dominate her so why not every aspect of her life. She thought about this as she waited for him and finally gave into herself. She knew that to give him total control meant everything in her life and with that in mind, she promised herself that there would be no more arguing. She would do whatever he said. To be his slave after all was what she wanted. This lifestyle and all that went with it. With that in mind she began to look for a dresser like he had said he needed.

Finally he came back. She saw in his cart there were a bunch of things that she hadn’t thought to pick up and some she wouldn’t have thought of. One item was a reusable douche bag. Even thought she had resolved not to argue she had to ask.

Pointing to it she asked, “May I ask, what is that for?”

He began to tell her that he was slightly obsessed with cleanliness. He also told her that it was for her, explaining that he wanted her to use it often and told her of this small hose that attached to his tub faucet and told her she could use it for the same purpose. She smiled at this because she was actually the same way. She always cleaned herself really well after sex so that she would not develop a smell. She was slightly obsessed as he put it, also.

In the cart she also noticed hair remover, women’s shaving cream and a razor with a pack blades and the last of his stuff was a pile of women’s panties in every color imaginable. She picked up a pair and saw that it was a thong.

Seeing her curious look he explained, “Most slaves don’t wear any panties. I happen to know that women don’t like to go panty less under skirts so I am willing to compromise with a thong. Your ass is bare, but you’re still covered. You will wear these from now on, understood.”

“Yes Master,” she replied without any hesitation. She could live with that, half her panties were thongs now.

“In time, if this works out between us, you will get rid of any kind of panties that are not thong, but don’t worry, I don’t expect that for a while,” he told her.

She didn’t say anything, but she thought to herself, oh, it will work out, I promise. She knew when she was at her apartment again she was going to throw out all her panties that were not thongs. This caused her to remember that she needed to pick up a couple bras and some pairs of stockings. She also needed ink for her printer.

She waited while Michael selected a dresser that he liked and put it in the cart that he had just brought. When he was done she told him that she needed to go back to where he got the panties.

Figuring she was going to argue about something, he asked, “For what?”

“I need some new bras and a few pairs of stockings,” she told him.

“Alright, let’s go look, I like bras and stockings,” he said with a wink.

They went over and together they looked at bras. She thought with a smile that she really liked shopping like this with him. He really knew what looked good on women and didn’t hesitate to tell her. She ended up buying six bras and he informed her that he would be paying for them. She didn’t argue this time. Next they went to the hosiery isle and there she picked up some stockings, while she was looking Michael was too. He placed some really sexy ones in the cart, the kind with lines up the back and bows and stones on them. She asked if he thought she should wear them to school. He told her that she should and that he hoped she actually would.

They finished in the underwear isle and she told him that she needed to go get ink for her printer to which he laughed and told her if she liked, she could pay for that but that he would not mind paying for it.

She smiled and said, “Whatever pleases you Master.”

They finally made it to the check out and Michael looked at his watch and saw that it was nearing midnight. He looked over at Silk and saw that she was starting to look tired. He knew that it was time to go home. He also decided that they would bring in the stuff tonight but that it would remain unpacked. They could put it all away tomorrow before the other girls came over.

They finished up and the register and went out to the car. The trunk was getting full so Michael opened the door and began setting stuff in the back seat. Finally the cart was empty and they were ready to go home. Off they went towards Michael’s house.

“Wow, I am tired. I can’t wait to get home and hit the hay,” she told him in a tired voice.

“I know little one, but we still have to unload the car, shower and you have a punishment coming so don’t fall asleep just yet,” he told her noting the look on her face when he mentioned punishment.

She had tried to keep her face normal but thought to herself, damn. She had hoped to get out of it. She wondered if he would tell her what the punishment if she asked, then decided that he wouldn’t. She sat and thought on it and what it would consist of. She wondered if it was normal for a slave to dread punishment. Finally she came to the conclusion that dwelling on it was going to make it any easier. She decided to change the subject.

“So where are we going dancing at tonight?” She asked.

He had watched her deal with the thought of punishment and almost laughed out loud when she finally spoke and changed the subject. He knew she was dreading what was to come. Good, he thought.

“A club downtown called Angels. I know the owner, so I can always get in and with you three they wouldn’t turn me down anyway,” he told her.

“May I ask why you want to go dancing? Do you dance,” She asked him.

He looked at her and saw that she was serious, “I like to watch women dance, especially sexy little sluty slaves. One of the perks of being the Dom,” he told her with a wink, “And yes I do dance when I am so inclined.” “Cool,” was all she said.

She wondered if the other two could dance. They probably could since they were built like cheerleaders. Silk couldn’t wait to show Michael just how sexy and sluty she could dance. She had taken dirty dancing and salsa lessons and knew just about every dance step around. Michael would have a surprise coming to him tonight.

They were pulling to the court where Michael lived and soon they were in his driveway. Michael looked to see if she had a look of dread and was pleased to note that she did not. She seemed lost in thought.

“Wake up, sleepy head,” he said.

“I am awake,” she said with a start. “Hey, we have to stop by my house in the morning so I can pick up that outfit you want me to wear dancing.”

“Not a problem,” he told her as he got out of the car and started grabbing bags from the back seat.

She came around and began to help him. He gave her the keys to the door and some bags to take in and told her to put them in the dining room. She went and got the door open and put the bags where he had indicated. Next she went back out to get more bags. Finally all the bags where in and she sat in a chair at the table wondering what now.

Enjoying her discomfort, Michael began to look through the Wal-Mart bags to find a thong, her shampoo and conditioner, soap and other bathroom things she might need to take a shower, he sat these on the table. Next he looked in the bag from Madame’s and grabbed the cream colored top that he had picked out, these went on the table too. Lastly he looked through the bags from Diamond’s and got out a collar, a leash and a paddle, these he sat on the chair next to the table. Finally he grabbed the top and thong and went down to the laundry room and started the washer and threw in the top and thong with the sheets. He then came back up stairs and turned towards the bathroom.

“Grab your stuff for a shower and come with me,” he said as he walked away.

She picked up the stuff and followed him to the bathroom. Once there he held out his hands for her stuff and began placing them in the shower, when he finished, he started the water. Next he turned and got out some big fluffy towels and placed them on the counter next to the shower. Then he began stripping off his clothes.

“Strip, slave. From now on you will shower twice a day. Once when you get up and once before you go to bed, I told you I like cleanliness,” he ordered her in a commanding tone.

“Yes, Master,” she said as she began to undress. She watched him as he stripped and desire shot through her body at his nakedness. She was careful control her face as she watched him.

They got in the shower and he began to wash her hair for her, which turned her on even more. He had a handheld showerhead which made washing her long hair easier. Taking it down from the hook, he rinsed her hair and then hung it back up. He then handed her, her soap and scrubby. She started washing herself all over and he watched her with a smile.

“Do you always wash yourself so thoroughly, slave?”

She looked up and smiled, “Yes, Master, I do. I like to be very clean.”

He started washing himself all over as thoroughly as she was. When he was finished, he grabbed the showerhead and rinsed them both off. He then pointed it down between her legs and she parted them to allow him to rinse her off, when he finished, he rinse himself in the same manner.

“Do you want me to condition your hair tonight?” He asked.

“No, Master, not if I am to shower again in the morning. It would make my hair oily. I can just use my detangler spray. It works well enough to comb out my hair before bed,” she told him.

“Okay, that works. Are you finished then,” he asked her?

She nodded yes.

He turned off the shower, but left the water running. He then grabbed a little hose and turned it on. She noticed a slight stream of water came out of it.

Grabbing her hand, he pointed the steam at her open palm, “See,” he told her, “Not to rough. This is to clean you out inside. Want me to show you how,” he asked her with a grin.

“Yes, Master,” she replied breathlessly. She was really turned on by this point, just being in the shower with him and having him wash her like that.

He tapped her on the thigh indicating he wanted her to part her legs again and then stuck the hose inside her and cleaned her out. Finally he seemed finished and he noticed she was almost panting. Too bad, for her, he thought.

“Are you finished,” he finally asked.

Again she nodded yes, so he shut off the shower, opened the sliding doors and grabbed the towels. He then handed her one and got out and began to towel himself off. Once dry, he wrapped the towel around his waist and turned to leave the bathroom.

**08 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 8**

 “Come in the dining room when you are finished, slave,” he ordered and walked out of the room and turned to the right.

She knew this was a room she had not been in yet. Some sort of secret room she thought and wondered what it contained. Knowing Michael, she figured it was his B&D room. She finished drying herself and wrapped the towel around her chest and went to the dining room as ordered. Once there, she grabbed the comb and detangler spray off the table, sat down and began to comb through her hair and wait for Michael to come back. She knew that he would punish her now.

He went in to his Dungeon, as he called it, when he left the bathroom. He grabbed a pair of cuffs to use in her punishment. He wanted to step up her instruction now since the other slaves were involved. He felt she was ready and this caused him to smile with pride. He knew she was really turned on right now and thought that they would have sex after her punishment. This caused Michael to feel a little guilty because he had already decided that as part of her punishment, she would not receive any pleasure tonight. He went back to the living room, set the cuffs in a chair and then went to the laundry room. Once there, he placed the top and thong in the dryer with a pillowcase to help them tumble well.

Next he came back upstairs to the dining room. He watched her as she combed the tangles from her hair. Finally he came towards her. “Slide down on the floor and I’ll braid that for you,” he told her.

She did as he asked and he sat on the couch behind her and held out his hand for her comb. He combed through it to be sure it was tangle free and tried to get it as dry as possible before he braided it. Finally he was satisfied and began braiding it in one long rope down her back. As he neared the end of the braid, he pushed her forward to finish the braid.

She sat still as he did this; no male had combed or braided her hair for her other than her father. She was rather shocked to find that Michael could braid hair. She wondered what other hidden talents he had as he pushed her forward and finished the braid. Finally he handed her the end.

“Get a hair tie and finish it,” he told her as he handed her the end.

She got up and rummaged through the bags and found one and wrapped the end of the braid in it. Once she was done, she turned to look at him.

“Kneel,” he ordered.

She dropped smoothly to her knees and awaited his next command.

“Now crawl over to the chair where I placed several items and bring each one back to me individually with your teeth,” he commanded.

“Yes Master,” she answered and turned towards the chair as she dropped to all fours, then she crawled over to it and began to grab the items with her mouth.

“One at a time Silk,” he told her, “And I want the cuffs first.”

Noting that there were four items on the chair she sighed, this would take a while. “Yes Master,” she replied.

Grabbing the cuffs in her teeth, she crawled back to Michael. Once there she resumed kneeling.

With a smile on his face, he took the cuffs from her mouth. “Turn around with your back to me and kneel up.”

She did as ordered and wondered what now.

“Place your hands behind your back.”

Again she did as he ordered but this time she didn’t have to wonder as he placed her right hand in the cuff and closed it around her wrist and then he grabbed her left and cuffed it too. Now she was stuck. How was she to crawl like this?

“Now go get the rest, collar next.” He said

“Yes Master,” she told him and dropped her body to the floor. She succeeded in a crawl like motion across the floor but it hurt her back. She grabbed the collar and brought it back to him

He almost laughed out loud when she dropped to the floor like that. He had forgotten he told her to crawl. Wondering if he should tell her that she didn’t have to crawl now, he noted that she found a way to do it anyway in that position and decided not to say anything. She was a smart one. As she brought the collar back to him and he tried hard to keep his face blank, but inside he was beaming with pride.

“Kneel up,” he told her as he took the collar from her mouth. He then placed it around her neck and fastened it. She noticed that it was not too tight, but that it was not loose either.

“Now go get the leash,” he told her.

“Yes Master” she sighed and turned and dropped down again and went to the chair. She grabbed the leash and crawled back to him.

“Kneel up,” he ordered and took the leash from he and clipped it to her collar. Next he gave it a jerk, just enough to get her attention. “Look lively slave, am I boring you?”

“No Master…” she trailed off so that he could tell she wanted to say more.

Not that he really cared, but he wanted to see what she would say, “But what?” He asked.

“It hurts my back to crawl like that,” she told him.

He laughed, “So, go get the paddle.”

“Yes Master,” she said and went and got the last item.

He took it from her and stroked it between her breasts. “Do you know what happens now Silk?” He asked her.

“I get spanked Master,” she answered.

“And do you know why?”

“Because I was bad and mouthy,” she stated.

“Be specific slave.” He wanted her to be totally clear on want was allowed and what was not. “You’ll get an extra swat for everyone you miss.”

Thinking about the whole day, she tried hard to remember all she had done that he deemed wrong. Starting at the beginning, she said, “First I was mouthy and acted like a jealous child over my slave sisters, then I was snotty to them and then I argued with you about the cost of things and you’re paying for them. I also told you to shut up and I argued with you again about money and got really mouthy with you and acted like a child.” She couldn’t think of anything else.

He was impressed; she even thought of a few that he had forgotten. Still nonetheless she was due for punishment and with that he ordered her to assume the position with coldness in his voice, “Down.”

She noted his tone as she lowered the top half of her body to the floor. She felt a little like she was falling but did so with grace anyway. She hoped this pleased him.

He got up off the couch with paddle in hand and came around to the other side of her, she turned her head to him and he smiled at her eagerness to obey. Finally he knelt down next to her and stroked the paddle up her leg and watched her reaction. Finally he swatted her twice with it, not hard but enough to let her know he meant business, enough to sting.

“Once again, you will never tell me to shut up,” he said and swatted her again, “You will not argue with me on what I choose to spend on you,” another swat, “You will answer any question I ask with an answer, not an argument,” another two swats, “You will never act like a jealous lover to or about anyone,” another swat, “You will be respectful to your slave sisters and not act like a selfish child,” another swat, “Once again you will never question me again about the money I spend, it’s my money and I will spend it as I see fit,” two more swats followed, “And this one is to even it up,” he said as he delivered the last swat.

She took it all even though her ass felt on fire. Once he was done she felt the fire in a different place.

He noted that her ass was very red again and hoped she was okay with all this. He got up off the floor and went to the table, tossing the paddle down, he picked up the crop she had picked out earlier and went and sat back down on the couch. “Kneel again,” he told her as he sat down and grabbed the end of her leash again.

She sat up and turned her body towards him. As she did this she saw that he had the riding crop she had picked out. What now she thought.

“Come closer to me slave,” he said as he tugged a little on the leash.

She inched closer till she was touching the couch with her knees. He lifted his leg over her head so that she was between his legs. She waited further instructions.

“First I have some questions for you and then you’re going to please me slave,” he told her as he stroked the crop down her front and caressed her breasts with it.

“Yes Master,” she answered even though the crop distracted her a bit.

“First I have to ask how you feel about bisexual relationships. Your slave sisters are bi. I need to know now so I know what I can ask of you and what to expect of what I ask,” he asked her straightforward, all the while, teasing her with the crop.

What, she thought, how did she feel, “Don’t I just do what you tell me no matter what?” She finally asked.

“Yes and no,” he told her. “If you are not into being bisexual, then we don’t have you do things that are bisexual. You can still obey without doing certain things; remember when I read the lists from the girls to you?”

“Yes, Master,” she said with confusion in her voice.

He could see that she was confused about what he was saying and tried to think of a way to clarify it for her, finally he got up and grabbed the list from his jacket pocket and sat back down again, showing her the lists he began again, “See here on their lists, they have want they will do or like to do marked in red, things they’d like to try are marked in blue and things they will not do are crossed off. What I need you to do is tell me what you will do, what you’d like to try and what you will not do. It’s called limits Silk.”

“There is so much to cover, I’m not even sure what some of that….” she started.

“Let’s start simple, we’ll cover what I will require of you tomorrow and later I’ll print you a list like this and we can go over it and decide what you like,” he told her, interrupting her.

“Okay Master,” she said with relief. “What will you require of me tomorrow?”

Smiling at her obvious relief, he explained, “Tomorrow will be pretty normal. I already know you like oral and vaginal seems to be okay with you too,” he told her with a wink. “What about anal?”

“I like anal, but I am really tight, so you’ll have to be careful. As for oral, do you mean on me or on you?”

“Both, now what about sex with other girls, I have to know what you will and won’t do and how you feel about it, slave,” he told her and caressed her stomach with the crop, teasing her.

A blush crept up her neck to her checks and Michael found this so appealing. Finally she answered, “I have always wondered what it would be like, but never had anyone to experiment with. I guess you could call me curious.”

“Well then,” he said as he stroked her pussy lips with the crop, “Tomorrow, you shall experiment.” He caressed her pussy with the crop and saw that she was close to the edge again. He so wanted to give her pleasure, but she had to learn and going without was the best way to teach her. “Now,” he said as he brought the crop up to her breasts again, “You will pleasure me,” and with that, he brought the crop down hard enough to sting on her nipple.

The crack of the crop surprised her, but it also turned her on and almost made her cum. Her head was swimming and she was so turned on that anything he asked at this point, she would have tried. He cracked her again on her other nipple and she realized that he wanted her attention. He was speaking to her.

“Are you paying attention?” He asked and pulled on the leash, “I told you to lean up over me.”

“Yes Master,” she said as she lifted herself over his lap and noticed the towel was open and his desire was evident, once there he dropped the leash and grabbed her by the hair and she gave him her full attention.

“I said, you would pleasure me, orally slave. Now what are you waiting for?” He ordered.

“But my hands are,” she started.

“You don’t need your hands,” he informed her as he pressed her head down in his lap. With his other hand, he took the crop and swatted her back and ass with it.

She began sucking him and moaned and wiggled as he cracked her with the crop. It was driving her mad she really needed him now. She tried to show him her need with her mouth. He gripped her braid to help her suck without the aid of her hands, but as time went by she really didn’t need his help. The whole thing turned her on and she was fast losing control. If he didn’t take her soon, she would explode on her own.

Damn, he thought as she took him in her mouth, she was so hot. He couldn’t believe that after as many times as they had made love in the last day, she could still bring him to the edge so fast. He gripped her hair and helped her to move since her hands were bound, he knew that she probably felt like she was falling. As she sucked him off, he swatted her with the crop and was pleased to see she liked it. Finally he was close.

He dropped the crop and grabbed her head with both hands. As he lost control, he tried not to push her head down and gag her. “Oh my god,” he yelled as he threw back his head and let go completely.

Silk felt him near and then he exploded in her mouth, she swallowed without even thinking about it. Finally he stopped and she looked up and met his gaze. The look in his eyes gave her confidence. Then he grabbed her braid again and pulled her up his body till his lips met hers. He kissed her forcefully, shoving his tongue in her mouth. This floored her and she melted into his embrace and rubbed against his leg. She was just about to lose it when he stopped and pushed her back so that she was off his leg.

“Down,” he ordered her.

With hands still bound, she got down on the floor as best as she could and assumed the position. What had she done wrong?

He grabbed the crop and stood up. He knew what she was doing when she began the slight rubbing on his leg. He so wanted to let her have her pleasure, but knew it could not happen. Looking down over her in this position really turned him on. Finally, he cracked her ass with the crop, a little harder than he had before but still not enough to really hurt her.

“You did not have permission to cum, slave. In fact you will not have pleasure tonight as part of your punishment. You will learn one way or another,” He told her and then walked away.

As he went down the stairs, she wondered what he meant. No pleasure tonight. Oh god, she thought, she would die. She was so close, so hot.

He left her there to cool off as he went to get the top and panties from the dryer. He also grabbed the sheets and folded them giving her more time. Finally taking the sheets, panties and top with him, he went back upstairs to her. She was in the same position he left her in and looked more in control of herself. He watched her for a few seconds more than knelt down and un-cuffed her hands. “Stand,” he told her.

She did as asked and met his gaze. She saw that he had her top and some sheets in his hands. He handed her the top and with it a thong.

“Put these on,” he ordered.

She did as he asked and he watched her the whole time. Once dressed, he turned towards the bedroom and walked away, she followed. He tossed the sheets down in the chair next to the bed and swept the blankets off the end of the bed. Then he grabbed the fitted sheet and unfolded it, tossing a side towards her.

“Help me make the bed, you need to sleep.”

She did as he asked, enjoying the company. Finally the bed was made. She stood there as he turned the bed down and indicated for her to get in. She did and he reached over and took off the leash then went into the other room and shut off all the lights, finally coming back to bed and getting in with her. She lay on her side facing away from him close to the edge.

“Don’t pout like a child Silk,” his voice finally broke the silence. “You earned this punishment and you will bare it like you did the spanking.”

“But…” she began.

“But nothing, I don’t want to hear it. Now come over here and cuddle up to me. I like to hold a slave when I sleep with her. If you don’t stop this pouting and carrying on, you will not receive any pleasure tomorrow either. Trust me, you don’t want that, because I will make what you feel now a hundred times worse,” he informed her.

She gave up and moved closer to him. She really liked to feel him next to her anyway. She thought to herself though, that she would not find sleep easily. She was too keyed up.

Knowing that she was still on edge, he rolled over on his back and pulled her head on to his chest. Once situated, he began to rub her back to calm her down. Finally he felt her fall asleep and let himself slip away also.

\*\*\*\*\* The next morning, Michael got up around eight and left Silk to sleep longer, she would need all the extra sleep she could get. He was going to push her far today and tonight. He wanted her well rested. With this in mind, he got up and closing the doors to the bedroom, he went into the kitchen and started some coffee to brew. While he waited, he checked his messages and found that his truck was ready for him to pick up. This made him smile. Next he went a surveyed the mess in the dining room. While he waited for the coffee, he unpacked the dresser from its box and began to assemble it.

Thirty minutes later, coffee in hand, he finished the dresser and was ready to move it into the other room. He went into the other room to determine where he would put it. Finally he decided and went and got the dresser. Once in place, he attacked the sacks. He removed all the tags from the clothes and took them to the laundry room for washing. The stuff he had bought at Diamond’s went into one of three piles depending on which girl it was for. The thought occurred to him that he needed some bins to keep their toys in and made a mental note to pick some up today. Finally he gathered up all the stuff that he had purchased for Silk to use at his house and put them all in their proper places. Once done, he decided on breakfast.

He went into the bedroom and found Silk cuddled up on his side of the bed. She looked so breathtaking that he just stared for a moment. Finally he leaned over and nuzzled her ear. When she stirred, he asked her if she liked omelets, she mumbled yes.

He left her to waken on her own and went to make breakfast. Just about the time he had finished and dished them onto plates, she sat up and smiled at him shyly. He took her a plate of food and a fork and then went and got her some OJ, then joined her with his own plate.

“Hungry little one,” he asked her as he sat down and began to eat.

She took at bite and chewed it then swallowed and answered, “Yes Master, I am,” then took another bite.

He laughed at her eagerness and ate his own. Between mouthfuls he told her, “Eat up, we got a big day ahead of us and you will need all your strength.”

“May I ask, what are we doing besides dancing?” She questioned.

He smiled at the, ‘may I.’ and answered her, “Well, we need to go to your place to get your outfit and anything else you might need this weekend. After that I need to pick up something to make for dinner and some other items need for tonight. I also need to pick up my mail and my truck is ready finally. We’ll pick it up first and drop your car off.”

Prying, she asked, “What about after that?”

“After all that is a surprise, one you’ll have to wait and see,” was all he would tell her.

They finished their meal and he put their dishes in the dishwasher along with the ones he used to make the meal. It was full now so he started it. Next he went and picked out clean clothes and laid them on his bed then told her that he was taking a shower and that she could join him if she wanted to or wait and take hers after he was done.

She said she would shower with him and followed him to the shower. Before she got in, he had her take off her collar. Once in the shower he washed her hair for her again then left her to condition it and wash her body while he washed himself. As he did this, he thought that it would be nice to have her wash him occasionally. Mentally he reminded himself to have he do that next time. Finally they were done and he shut off the shower and grabbed the little hose.

She felt him tap her thigh again and spread her legs for him to clean her out. She had hoped he wouldn’t clean her like this again. It really turned her on and she was so keyed up. For what seemed like an awful long time, he cleaned her out. She was panting by the time he was done.

He watched her with closed emotions. He could tell that this stirred her like crazy. Watching her was turning him on too and finally he couldn’t take it anymore. The thought crossed his mind that she had been punished last night and had thus since corrected the problem she now deserved a reward. He dropped the hose at their feet and grabbed her up and as his mouth met hers, he slid into her hot depths.

One minute he was cleaning her out, the next she was in his arms. He pressed her up against the wall and entered her as he plundered her mouth. All she could do was wrap her arms around his neck, her legs around his back and hold on tight as he thrust deeply into her. Then all of the sudden she was exploding into a million pieces and she couldn’t stop to ask permission. She pulled back from his mouth and moaned his name.

The intensity shocked him but he held onto her and continued thrusting into her. She was so hot that he felt scalded when she exploded. He just couldn’t believe that she was really his and he thanked his lucky stars for her. Finally the intensity of her orgasm wore off and she allowed him to resume kissing her. He couldn’t get enough of her mouth. He had always liked kissing. To him sex without kissing was not very satisfying and she knew how to kiss the way he liked. He liked it when a woman used her tongue and kissed back. Most just let the man take control and had limp tongues. She actually used her tongue to spar with him and kissed inside and outside of the mouth like he preferred. She even sucked on his tongue, which was a new aspect of kissing, but one he quickly decided he liked.

He stopped kissing her and pulled his head back to look into her eyes. They were glazed over with passion but he could tell she was looking him also. Wondering what she was thinking, he asked, “What’s going through your mind, little one?”

“How wonderful this feels and how much I like kissing you Master,” she told him without hesitation.

“Flattery will get you everything,” he laughed and claimed her mouth once again.

After about five more minutes, he felt the urge overtake him. He grabbed her hands in one of his and held them against the wall, so her legs and his deep thrusts were the only things holding her up. Then he lost it and exploded deep in her. This caused her to explode also, which pleased him. After his breathing returned to normal, he lowered her to her feet, but she still clung to him.

“Are you okay, my pet?” He asked as he held her.

“Yes,” she breathed, “That was so intense. My legs are weak.”

Knowing what she meant, he agreed, “Yes, but earth shattering was the word I thought fit.”

He turned her toward the back part of the shower and reached out to flip down a chair mounted on the wall that Silk hadn’t noticed. He then pushed her into it and then turned around to retrieve the little hose and the soap. Then facing her again, he handed her the soap.

“Clean me off, slave,” he ordered.

She washed him all over including his balls, which surprised him. She then took the little hose and rinsed him off. Once she was done he took the soap from her and pushed her back.

“Place your legs on the sides of the tub,” he told her and he took the soap and began to lather her up. Instantly she got hot again. “Could you cum like this?” He asked as he kept stroking her little muff with the soap.

She gripped the sides of the chair and hissed, “Yes Master.”

Cruelly he stopped and with a sneer said, “Maybe another time.” He then took the hose from her and rinsed her off. He then inserted in her and cleaned her out. Finally he was satisfied that she was clean and turned to shut off the water. Next he turned to her and held out his hand, helping her to her feet as he opened the shower door. Once she was standing, he reached out and grabbed a towel and handed it to her, then grabbed one for himself as he got out. They dried off and Michael went to get some clothes for the day. Silk grabbed her collar and went to the living room to fetch her clothes from yesterday. She would change when they went to her apartment she thought as she put them on. Next she brushed her hair free of tangles and braided it again. She thought to herself that she hadn’t wore a braid since she was in middle school, but it seemed so easy to manage she wondered why she had stopped doing her hair that way. Lastly she put her collar back on.

Finally they were ready to go. Michael drove again since he knew were the dealership was. One there they picked up his truck and Silk gave a low whistle. It was a beautiful truck and she told Michael so. Next they went to her apartment and Silk changed clothes. She also got out her schoolgirl outfit and showed to it Michael. He nodded his approval. She grabbed the shoes and packed a few more items of clothing for the remained of the weekend and something to wear to school on Monday. Once that was done they were off again.

Next he took her to a store that sold bins and racks for organizing every part of your house. She wondered why they were there and he told her that he needed some bins for their slave stuff. She laughed and agreed that they needed a place to keep their stuff. Next Michael went to Wal-mart again.

“Why are we here again,” Silk questioned.

“I need a few more things, and I also promised dinner,” he told her.

They picked up some clothesline rope, clothespins, some hooks of various sizes and eye bolts. Michael would not tell Silk what they were for, promising that she would see later. Next he picked up large shrimp, garlic, vegetables, pasta and fresh clams, which he told her, was going to make a great dinner that they could eat with their fingers. Lastly he gave her a sexy grin as he picked up popsicles.

“May I at least know what those are for,” she asked when he grinned at her.

He leaned over and whispered in her ear, “Your hot little pussy,” and when she blushed, he laughed.

She decided to let it alone and not ask any more questions. Finally they went to the check out. Silk glanced at her watch and saw it was going on one o’clock. The others were due at three. She pointed this out to Michael who nodded and told her that they were done. Once everything was paid for they headed to the truck and then to Michael’s house.

They got home and took everything inside. Silk put the food away while Michael put the bins together and placed all their stuff inside. She saw that he had taken a magic marker and wrote each of their names on the bin with their stuff inside and sat them off to the side of the dining room. Next he went to the back room, Silk wondered just want he kept in there.

She didn’t have to wonder long thought as Michael called her to come help him. She went back there and stood in the door as he gathered up some things. She also noticed that he had changed clothes and was now wearing only a pair of shorts.

Handing her an armful of stuff, he told her, “Take these out and place them next to the bins.”

“Yes Master,” she told him and walked away. She placed the stuff where he had indicated and went back to see if he needed any more help.

He handed her a bucket full of black leather items that looked like reins or straps. She took them to the dining room also and returned to find him lifting what looked sort of like a weight bench.

“Help me take this to the other room,” he told her as he sat one end in the doorway.

She lifted her end and helped him carry it to the dining room also. He took it from her once they had it in the room and sat it also off to the side. Next he pulled the chairs out and pushed the table all the way back into the corner. He took two of the chairs and sat them in the garage, which was accessed from a door in the dining room; the other two chairs were pushed back under that table. After some last minute things, he seemed to be satisfied and went into the kitchen.

“Can I help with anything,” Silk asked as he began to prepare to cook.

“You can go get your razor, the disposable razors, the shaving cream, my little electric trimmer that is on the back of the toilet and a bunch of towels and washrags and take them and go in the laundry room. Go through the door that is there and you’ll find my Jacuzzi. Place all the stuff in there then come back here,” he informed her.

She did as he asked wondering what all the stuff was for. Once that was done she went back to the kitchen and watched him prepare the meal.

He had sat the pasta to boil and was mixing the shrimp, garlic, vegetables, clams and some spices in a large bowl. He also added half a bottle of wine. Once mixed, he placed a lid on it, he then got out a wok and set it on the stove, and added some olive oil to it and covered it. Seeing that she was watching, he explained that he was preparing the stuff so that it could marinate until he was ready to cook it. It wouldn’t be actually cooked until later. While he explained the whole process, the pasta boiled and when the timer he had set went off, he shut it off. Next he drained and rinsed it and put it in a covered bowl and set it in the refrigerator. Finally he was done; he looked at his watch and saw that it was two-fifteen.

He went to his computer and printed off a blank list like he had showed Silk the night before. Once that was done, he grabbed a pen, then went down to the living room and sat down in his chair. As he went down the stairs, he motioned for her to follow him.

“Kneel,” he told her.

She knelt by his legs and waited for his next command. She saw that he was reading through the papers he had printed and wondered what it was.

He read through the list as he watched her. He was proud to note that she seemed content to sit there and await his commands. Looking at the list he decided that it would be better for her if she read through it with him and decide for herself at this point. Anything she didn’t understand, he could explain.

“Kneel up and lean on my lap and look at me,” He ordered.

“Yes Master,” she said and did as he asked.

“Okay, here is that list we were talking about last night. I’ll read through it and you tell me how you feel about each thing. Right now I need to know if you will do something, if you won’t do something or if you’re curious or willing to try something. If you don’t know what I am saying, I will explain it to you,” He told her.

At her nod, he went on, “The first things I need to know are do you have any health problems or injuries I need to know about that might cause problems.” She shook her head no so he continued, “What level of bondage would you prefer, Tight and snug, uncomfortable or painful and extreme?”

“Tight and snug to uncomfortable I would say, Master.”

“Okay level of discipline discomfort. Light, medium or intense,” he asked.

She thought on this, “Light to medium I think.”

Next he explained the different types of attire to which she agreed to all. He went on with lingerie and fetish type attire. Silk had no problem with the lingerie but said no to latex and spandex. She agreed to try corsets and informed Michael that the smell of leather turned her on. Next that discussed costumes and Silk said she would wear most anything that Michael asked of her. Michael also covered that she preferred leather to rubber gloves on him. As they went over this list, Michael noticed a delicate blush on her cheeks, which he liked.

Next they went on to positions. Silk was a bit confused here and required a lot of explanations which turned out to be very time consuming and so they only got about half way through before there was a knock at the door letting them know that others had arrived. Michael told her to answer the door and show their guests in.

Silk did as ordered and opened the door to find her new slave sisters. She invited them in and was surprised when each in turn hugged her and kissed her on the cheek. “Welcome to my Master’s home,” Silk greeted.

**09 - Learning The Lifestyle - Part 9**

Michael sat in his chair watching the exchange between the girls. He was happy to see them greet each other with hugs and kisses. Finally they noticed him and sat down their bags by the door and approached him. “Kneel,” he ordered before anyone could say anything more.

Each girl dropped smoothly to the floor at his feet. Silk was directly in front of him with Stacey on his left and Syndee on his right. He also noted that each girl had her eyes on the floor as was required.

“I am glad that you found the place alright. As Silk said, welcome to my home. I hope you’ll enjoy your time here,” he said with a devilish laugh. “First let’s go over some rules now that all of you are here, and then we’ll move on if everyone agrees.” He waited for their response.

“Yes Master,” Silk said first.

“Yes Sir,” came the other two in unison.

“First rule, I told you this yesterday, but want to say it again with all three of you present. There are no ranks here. You are all equal. The only difference is that Stacey and Syndee have more experience than you Silk. Otherwise, you are all the same to me. Second, there will be no petty jealous games. I don’t like them and punishments for them will be severe. Consider this your last warning. Lastly for now, my rules will be obeyed without question, if not the punishments will be quick and harsh. Am I understood?” He asked them.

Another yes Master and yes Sir came from the girls. Michael noted that everyone looked eager to begin.

“Okay stand up and strip. Slaves don’t wear clothes.”

Silk did as ordered. She was the first naked and was happy to see the proud look on Michael’s face as she awaited his next order.

Once they were all naked Michael told Silk to take them up to where he had sat their bins full of stuff and told them to each bring back the one with their name on it. In no time they were back in the living room again awaiting his next order. He told them to sit the bins on the floor. Next he stood up and went into the laundry room indicating they should follow him.

He led then through the laundry room into the spa room where Silk had put the razors and stuff earlier. “Kneel,” he ordered. Once they were all down again, he explained, “I brought you in here to shave your cute little muffs off. I don’t like hair on my slaves. From now on I want you keep your legs, armpits and pussies free of any hair unless I tell you otherwise. Understand”

Another yes Master and yes Sir followed.

“Stacey stand up and sit on the edge of the tub,” Michael ordered. Once she was in position, he tapped her thigh and said, “Spread em’. I need to see it all.” When she did this, he gave a low whistle, “Oh that is so sexy. I think red hair is very sexy, almost sluty,” and with that he picked up the electric trimmer and trimmed her bush till there was only a shadow of red hair in a landing strip left on her mound. Next he took the shaving cream and lathered her up then shaved her completely from the top of her lips down. When he was done, she only had the landing strip left on her mound, which he told her would stay that way unless he told her otherwise. He informed her that he liked to see the red hair just above her pussy lips. He then ordered her to kneel again.

Next he ordered Silk and Syndee to sit on the edge of the tub like Stacey had done. He told Stacey to shave Syndee’s entire pubic area and then turned to Silk and knelt down again.

“Have you ever had your pussy shaved, slave?” He asked her as he applied shaving cream to her muff.

“No Master,” came a breathless reply.

Michael proceeded to remove every bit of hair from her pubic area. She watched him as the razor scraped the hair from her lips and saw that he was enjoying this very much. Finally he was done and he then used a washcloth to wipe her clean. She looked down and was delighted by the new look. She had trimmed the hair short but had not seen it bald since she was a preteen. Then Michael placed his hand on her freshly shaven mound and the sensation was intense, so intense that a moan escaped her before she could stop it.

Michael laughed and said, “Pretty sensitive isn’t it?”

“Yes Master,” came a shy breathy reply.

Michael caressed her mound as he spoke, “From now on, how you all see your pussies at this very moment is how I expect them to always look unless I tell you otherwise. Is that understood?”

“Yes Sir,” Syndee said.

“Yes Sir,” Stacey said and added, “You want me to always have the landing strip correct Sir?”

“Yes slave, I want to always see your pouty lips with red hair above them,” Michael told her.

Silk was lost in thought as Michael stroked her freshly shaved pussy. She heard his question, but had not replied. All the sudden Michael grabbed a handful of her mound and she looked up to meet his grave look.

“I said, I am understood, or don’t you feel that you have answer?”

“Yes Master, I understand. Sorry I forgot to answer. Your hand felt so good, it distracted me,” Silk answered quickly.

Michael gave a light slap to her mound and said to all of them, “Good, now kneel.”

The slap was more intense than the rubbing and as she knelt on the floor, Michael saw that she was very wet. He looked to the other two and saw that they were not affected the same. He would have to remedy that.

Next he went to the shower and opened the door, turned on the water to the little hose that he had in the shower. Once it was warm enough, he explained to them how he liked his slaves extra clean and told them that when they were with him they would clean themselves exceptionally well. He also told that that from now on they would clean themselves like this when they got there before they could play with him. Last he said he would show them how he wanted the cleaning done.

“Stacey stand up and come here,” He ordered, “You other two watch.”

Stacey stood up and entered the shower. Michael reached out and flipped down a chair that was mounted to the wall and indicated for her to take a seat. Stacey sat down and waited for his next command.

Grabbing her hand, he pointed the stream of water at it and said, “Just so you know that the stream is not rough or hard. Now spread em’ slave.” He then pointed the stream of water at Stacey’s pussy. Stacey gave a slight jump when the water hit her sensitive place.

Michael smiled when she jumped and then turned to retrieve the soap from behind him. He then lathered Stacey up and watched her face as he did this. She seemed to like it the same as Silk did. Michael decided to push it farther so he kept up the stroking until Stacey began to whimper. Michael could also feel her press against his hand as he stroked her.

“Is there something you would like slave?” He asked Stacey.

Before she could answer, Michael dropped the soap and started to rinse her off. He kept up the stroking for a moment then slipped the hose and a finger inside her. Once he was satisfied that she was clean, he then pointed the water at her clit and began to tease her unmercifully. At this point Stacey was starting to tense up and breathe hard.

“Please Sir,” Stacey said in a hiss, “May I cum?”

Michael teased her for a few minutes more noting her ability to await his command to let go, then said, “Yes slave, cum for me.” He then shifted his motions into high gear.

Stacey squealed in response and exploded for Michael. Once she was done, Michael smiled to her and said, “Good job. You hold it well.”

“Thank you Sir,” Stacey replied.

Michael turned to the other two, “Silk grab that towel and dry your sister. Syndee get in here, it’s your turn.”

Stacy got off the chair and allowed Silk to dry her off. She smiled at Silk and thanked her when she was done; they both knelt down afterwards to watch Syndee and Michael.

Michael repeated the same on Syndee noting that she was not as affected by him stroking her as the other two were. He kept up the stroking anyway and was finally about ready to give up when he noticed a slight reaction in Syndee.

“Does this affect you at all slave?” He asked Syndee.

“Not as much as Stacey Sir. It takes a lot to make me cum Sir,” she replied.

He began to rinse her off and had stuck his fingers inside her. Finally he felt a reaction in her body. “What about this,” he asked as he also pointed the stream at her clit.

Syndee sucked in a sharp breath, “That feels nice Sir.”

Michael kept it up until she begged him to allow her to cum and when he gave his permission, she let out a loud groan and let go. Michael was surprised at the sound she made. Finally he ordered Stacey to dry her off and for Silk to take her turn in the shower.

Silk eagerly jumped into the seat and awaited the fulfillment to the torture he had begun on her this morning. Michael began by rubbing the soap on her now hairless pussy. She got hot instantly.

When Michael noticed her pant, he laughed, “Are you always this easy little one?”

“Yes Master, “She panted trying to hold off.

Michael could tell that she wanted to cum at that very moment but was trying so hard to hold back. He tried to hurry knowing that she was not as experienced as the other two. He switched to rinsing her off and slipped a finger into her. She gave a sharp intake of breath and gripped the sides of the chair and Michael knew that if it were his flesh she would have used her nails.

Finally she could take no more and asked, “Please Master, I can’t hold back much longer. May I cum?”

Michael noted that she had lifted up off the chair and was panting like a dog at this point so he said, “Cum slave. Now,” and with that Silk let go and exploded for him. A small moan escaped her and her eyes rolled back in her head.

Once she came down from the high, Michael ordered Syndee to dry her off. Once they were all kneeling again, he went into the other room and sat in his chair again. He then ordered them to his feet. Once they were all there he resumed talking again.

“Okay everyone needs to turn and look in their bin and find their collar and hand it to me. Silk, do not worry, your already wearing yours.” He ordered.

They completed the task and handed their collars to Michael. Syndee was the first done.

As she put it in Michael’s hand, he said, “Okay with this collar you are accepting my ownership over you slave Syndee. You are agreeing to all my rules and promise to follow them to the letter and to submit your body to me. Do you agree to this?”

“Yes Sir,” Syndee said in answer and lifted her hair to allow Michael to place the collar around her neck.

Once the collar was fastened in place Michael spoke again, “From now on you will refer to me as Master, is that clear slave.”

“Yes Master,” Syndee said finding she liked the way the word rolled off her tongue as she resumed her spot on the floor.

Next Stacey handed her collar to Michael and he asked the same of her to which she agreed and then lifted her hair for him to place it around her neck. Then he repeated the part about her now referring to him as Master and she relied with a yes Master also then took her place.

“Okay a few more rules then we play. These collars are to only leave your necks when you swim or shower. I want to see them on your necks anytime I chose to look for them. So never remove them otherwise. Is that clear?” After a yes Master from each he added, “Now before we do anything, we need to talk about safe words. I think it is best to use the old stand bys, so we will use red for stop, yellow to slow down or hold off for a moment and green to tell me you are comfortable with crossing your limits. Silk I know that we discussed this before but please remember these words, they are for you safety. They are universal and everyone knows and will respect them.” After her yes Master, he went on, “Lastly you each need an action word. While you know that we don’t show this in public you are still my slaves nonetheless and will behave as such. If I say your action word, you will know that you are to obey or that you are overstepping your bounds. This being said I will assign you each a word,” thinking on it for a moment he said, “Okay since Silk’s word is Emerald for her eyes, I think I will go with that theme. Stacey yours will be Ruby for your hair and Syndee yours will be Sapphire for your eyes. Is everyone clear on this?”

“Yes Master,” they said in unison.

“Alright, grab your bins and let’s head upstairs.” He told them as he got up and left the room.

The girls followed Michael up to the dining room. Michael told them to sit their stuff down and kneel at his feet with eyes down cast. He watched them all noting that he had a blond, a red head and a brunette. What more could you ask for?

“I have a dungeon which we will use later, but since Silk is just starting out tonight I wanted to go slow,” He told them as he turned to the first bin. Noting it was Stacey’s, he decided she would go first.

He grabbed out some cuffs, a flogger, a blindfold and a riding crop and placed all but the riding crop on a small table he had placed near. He fished in his pocket for the leash he always kept. Turning to Stacey, he tapping her on the shoulder with the riding crop he said, “Stand up slave, your first,” then to the others he added, “You may look up and watch girls.”

Silk watched as he applied Stacey’s wrist cuffs. Once they were on he clipped the leash to her neck. She also noted he had some other items on the little table. Next she watched as Michael ordered her down on the weight bench. Stacey lay down on her back as ordered. Silk watched Michael take each wrist and attached it to a clip on the bench. Then he placed the blindfold over Stacey’s eyes. Silk noticed that she herself was getting turned on just by watching.

Michael was satisfied with Stacey’s placement so he began. First he knelt down by her legs. Reaching up he felt her legs from toes to thighs. Caressing softly as he explored her body. He wanted to know her every curve. While doing this he also inspected her flesh and muscles. Next he made his way up to her belly ignoring her pussy for now. As he touched her he felt her lean into his hands. Soon he was at her breasts. There he caressed first then pinched her nipples. He was testing her to see how much she could take. Satisfied that she could take a lot he made his way to her neck. Tipping her head back he gave into his own desires and leaned down and nipped at her neck. She moaned in response. Finally he reached up and gripped her by her hair. Pulling her to him, he kissed her deeply and was glad she kissed back.

Silk watched the whole thing with avid attention. She was curious about why he was feeling Stacey up and down like that. She decided to ask later. When Michael made his way to Stacey’s neck and then bit it, Silk felt a flash of jealously but pushed it aside. Then Michael kissed Stacey and Silk almost looked away. She knew she’d have to overcome this jealousy.

Inspection done, Michael moved on. He picked up the flogger. As he did this he noticed Silk was watching. He smiled at her and he began to swing the flogger. Knowing this was the first time Silk had seen this, he made it look good. Back and forth, he slashed Stacey’s prone body. Stacey jumped only when he swung with great intensity. Soon he grew tired of the flogger so he switched to the crop.

Deciding it was time for a new lesson for Silk he asked Stacey, “What is a slave’s goal in life?” He punctuated it with a slap to her left breast.

Stacey hissed her answer, “To please her Master.”

“Very good slave,” Michael told her and slapped her right nipple.

Michael turned to Stacey’s bin and grabbed her butterfly vibrator and some nipple clamps out. Placing the vibrator on her pussy, he attached the straps to her legs. Taking the remote, he turned it on. Then he attached the clamps to her nipple. Next grabbed the flogger again and took turns slashing and slapping Stacey with the crop and flogger.

Stacey was enjoying everything he was doing. The inspection turned her on and the flogging was making her wet. The kiss had make her weak and when he placed the vibe on her pussy, she wondered if he’d let her cum. As he whipped her, Stacey felt close, “Please Master may I cum?”

“Not yet,” Was all Michael said as he kept up.

He was testing her to see how much she could take and how long she could hold it. It was in all reality part of the inspection. He knew her limits from the list she had gave him, but some limits couldn’t be put down on paper, some had to be tested personally.

As he flogged her, he would also grab the chain on the nipple clamps and give it a tug once in a while. When he did this she would respond with moans and even pull back on them which delighted Michael. He loved to torture slave’s breasts, that’s why he was glad when Silk responded to pinching like she did.

Michael watched Stacey as he worked. When he saw her close to hitting sub space he finally let her come. Leaning down to her ear, he hissed, “Cum now,” and watched her thrash in pleasure.

Silk also watched this. The whole thing had her so turned on. She never knew she was such a voyeur. While part of her was jealous at the thought of Michael doing more, a part wanted to see him actually take Stacey all the way. She would have to talk with Michael about this later. She knew she would have to deal with her jealousy too, but how?

Once it was over, Michael told Silk and Syndee to un-cuff Stacey and take care of her. He told them to leave the nipple clamps on however. While they did this, he got some bottled water out of the fridge. Handing it to Silk, he told her to make Stacey drink it.

Silk took the bottle and opened it, holding it to Stacey’s lips; she helped her to drink it. While she did this she watched Michael. He was staring at her intensely. Silk wondered what he was thinking.

Michael watched Silk give Stacey the water. He noticed that she seemed loving toward Stacey. This was a good sign. He also noticed the lust in her eyes while he played with Stacey. He saw that this lust was still there, time to move forward.

Michael knew Silk was bi curious so he decided it was time to allow her to explore. As he watched her with Stacey, he thought that she would be the best to help Silk explore her curiosity. He didn’t know why but he felt Stacey was more Silk’s type. This decided he formulated a plan in his mind.

Stacey was more alert now so Michael thought it time to move on. Normally if there were more than a few slaves, one would care for the other while he moved onto another slave but since this was Silk’s first time, he wanted her to learn so he took his time. Stacey was alert now and kneeling next to the others so Michael moved on also.

“Silk stand up,” Michael ordered as he turned to get some items out of her bin. Taking out her cuffs, the flogger she picked out, a blindfold and the riding crop. He decided he was going to duplicate what she just saw for the most part.

Silk stood and put her arms out for the cuffs. She was nervous but turned on also so lust won out over the fear. She was ready to learn.

Michael noted her eagerness. When she held her arms out for the cuffs, he smiled. As he placed them on her wrists, he noticed he could smell lust on her. She was highly turned on. This was a good sign.

Once the cuffs where in place, he placed the blindfold over her eyes, then laid her down on the bench. Clipping her cuffs to the bench, he then turned to her legs. He already knew her body pretty well by this point, but he wanted to duplicate what he had just done to Stacey so he began running his hands up and down her legs. Since this wasn’t so much of an inspection, he put more emotion into it. When he caressed her calf, Silk jumped and lifted her leg. Michael knew he had tickled her, but he didn’t want her lifting her legs unless told too.

“Keep your feet on the ground or I will cuff your ankles too,” He told her.

Silk hadn’t meant to lift her leg; Michael had tickled her so she just said, “Yes Master,” and made sure she kept her feet on the floor.

Michael felt her legs up for moments more then made his way up to her stomach. As he did this, he saw her reaction in the quiver of her stomach. Finally he made his way to her arms which he noted looked so good cuffed. He would have to tell her this later. He made his way back down to her breasts and when she arched her body, he leaned down and nipped her neck. Silk responded with a moan. Finally he kissed her. He poured a lot of emotion in to that kiss to show her he was proud of her and that she was affecting him just as he was her. After a few moments he broke the kiss.

Once he was done with the inspection, he turned and grabbed the flogger. Leaning down, he asked, “Are you ready?”

Silk was breathing heavy at this point, “Yes Master.”

Something in her told her not to flinch or wait for the first blow, so she just waited patiently. When it came, she was surprised at the sting. There was pain but it didn’t exactly hurt. It actually turned her on. Silk was surprised because she thought it might hurt. As Michael slashed at her exposed flesh, Silk grew more turned on. She liked it best when he hit her thighs.

Soon Michael had criss-crossed her body with red slashes. He watched her react to each slash to be sure she was okay with it. He was surprised that she took so many, but he was delighted to note she was also getting turned on. Soon he switched to the riding crop to see her reaction. He already knew she liked it from last night but he hadn’t hit much of her naked flesh with it yet so he thought now was the time to see how she liked it.

He would caress her with it then hit her in select spots. He liked it when she would lean into the caress. Then when he would slap her she would hiss but she never once pulled away. When he grew bored with this, he turned and grabbed her butterfly vibe and attached it to her pussy. Next he grabbed her nipple clamps. He smiled at this remembering her reaction when he pinched her nipples the day before.

Taking the riding crop, he slapped a nipple. Silk moaned in response. Michael took the nipple clamp and placed it on the hardened nipple. He then slapped the other and clamped it also. After he had them clamped, he tugged the chain that connected them. Silk moaned in response. Next he hit the remote switch and Silk arched her back in response.

When Michael was whipping her with the flogger, Silk decided really quickly she liked it. Sometimes it was intense, but just when it would reach that level; Michael seemed to know and would switch to caressing her in another spot. When he switched to the riding crop Silk learned a whole new aspect. It was a total different pain. The flogger stung all over but the crop was one small spot. Silk couldn’t decide which she liked best.

Then Michael slapped her nipple and Silk thought she might cum. She felt his hand on her nipple then something was clamped on. It felt like little teeth. Silk decided quickly she liked it as he slapped then clamped one to her other nipple. When he tugged the chain she couldn’t help moaning. She wanted to beg at that moment for Michael to take her, but before she could speak, the vibrations hit her. She had never felt anything like that before. She almost came which caused her to arch her back.

Michael seemed to know that she was too close so he turned the vibe down to a low throb. He gave her a few minutes to come down then turned it up to medium. He then took the flogger and started whipping her once again. He knew this would drive her right to the edge. He waited for her to beg already deciding that he was going to allow her to cum because she was still learning. He knew he had pushed her limits today so making her hold it would be too much for her.

It only took minutes for Silk to feel her orgasm coming on. “Please Master, please may I cum?” She pleaded.

Michael reached down and tugged the chain and said, “Cum slave, now!”

Silk exploded and her back arched off the bench. She felt like she was blasting off into space. It just rolled through her again and again till she felt she would pass out. Finally she came down; Michael had removed her blindfold and was kneeling over her. He had a look of concern on his face.

“You okay little one?” Michael asked her.

Silk smiled weakly back at him, “Yes Master. It was intense.”

“I bet it was,” Michael laughed as he un-cuffed her and helped her up from the bench. He left her nipple clamps on also. Once she was sitting he went and got her a bottle of water, which he gave to Stacey. As he handed it to her, he leaned down and whispered in her ear, “Silk is bi-curious, so why don’t you show her a few things after she’s rested.”

Stacey took the bottle of water and smiled up at Michael, “Yes Master.”

Holding out a hand Michael helped Silk to kneel back on the floor then ordered Syndee to stand. After retrieving her toys, he cuffed her to the bench and put her through her paces. All the while he kept an eye on the other too.

Stacey helped Silk by holding the water and talking softly to her. Soon she was rubbing her neck and giving her kisses on her shoulders. Silk leaned into it. When Silk turned her head to look in Stacey’s eyes, Stacey felt Silk was ready so she kissed her. Silk kissed back and Stacey knew that Michael was right, Silk was curious.

Silk had been nervous about the whole bi-sexual thing but when it happened she just went with it. As Stacey rubbed her shoulders Silk wondered how to proceed but then Stacey kissed her there and Silk just let Stacey lead. Finally it was turning her on so she turned her head to look in Stacey’s eyes. As their lips met, Silk knew it was right and so she poured herself into the kiss.

Silk wasn’t uncomfortable so she turned to deepen the kiss. As she did she also started to touch Stacey also. Imitating the exploration Michael had used earlier, Silk began with Stacey’s face and made her way down to her neck. Soon she was running her hands down to Stacey’s breasts. She held them in her hands for moments feeling their weight. She decided quickly she liked that way they felt. She moved onto Stacey’s nipples and examined the clamps. She had felt the teeth on her own, but wasn’t really sure what held them in place. She finally got to see what held them to their nipples.

Stacey was imitating Silk’s movements so when Silk started to lower her hands to Stacey’s belly, she pushed Silk back. She couldn’t wait to taste Silk and wanted to show the curious girl how it was done so she initiated it first. Once she had Silk laid back, she kissed her way down Silk’s breasts. Paying a small bit of attention to her nipples she sucked the flesh and nosed at the clamps for a few minutes. Soon she went on to Silk’s belly. As she got near Silk’s pussy, she could smell her desire and orgasm from Master. As her tongue met the soft bald folds she looked up and met Silk’s eyes.

Gently she licked and kissed till Silk was whimpering. Once she had her hot, she started to get serious. Slowly but building up in intensity till she drove Silk to the limit.

Silk didn’t even give a thought to anything but the feelings Stacey was invoking. She thought it was almost as intense as Michael but it lacked his roughness. Stacey had softness to everything she did which Silk attributed to the fact that she was female. Silk had heard that a woman was tenderer when it came to sex. Silk was enjoying it to the fullest. When she reached the point of orgasm she glanced up to see Michael watching.

“Please Master,” was all she could say.

“Please what slave,” He grinned knowing what she wanted.

Silk groaned and rolled her head to the side in an effort to control it, “Please Master, may I cum,” She finally got out.

Michael wanted to stall her just to teach her control but he knew she was still too new to it all so he slowly said, “Cum now slave,” and reached out and tugged the chain on her nipple clamps.

Silk came and it seemed to flow out of her. Stacey kept licking till she felt Silk come back down. Once it was over, Stacey made her way back up to Silk’s mouth to kiss her and share the taste. Stacey was surprised when Silk devoured her mouth.

Michael watched all this with pride as he put Syndee through her session. Since it took her longer to cum, he could really get into it, the action on the floor helping to put him in the mood. He also liked that she could take so much. He knew she would come in handy for really stressful days. At one point he had asked her if she wanted it harder since she wasn’t really responding to his normal level. She answered yes right away so he picked up intensity enjoying every moment of it and the show on the floor.

When Silk felt more like herself she immediately wanted to return the favor to Stacey. She pushed Stacey onto her back and repeated what Stacey had done to her. At first she just licked and tasted then finally she decided she liked the taste so she dove in for more. She didn’t have a lot of oral experience to go on so she just used what she had just learned from Stacey and what she had felt Michael do to her the day before. It was easy to find Stacey’s clit so she concentrated her efforts there and added a finger to it also.

Stacey was surprised that Silk seemed to take to it so well. Silk was bringing her close fast. Soon she was begging and when Master told her yes she blasted off into space. It was so intense she came again before it ended. Finally she was done so she pulled Silk up to kiss and cuddle while they watched Master finished with Syndee. They enjoyed kissing and flirting with Master while watching Syndee.

Once he was done, Michael decided it was time for his pleasure. Syndee had finished her water and was looking like she was back to normal. Michael stood in front of them and ordered them to kneel in front of him. Once they were there he dropped his shorts. Silk was in the middle so he said, “Silk, suck me.”

Silk looked up and saw his cock. Taking it into her hand she sucked it past her lips quickly. She began a rhythm she knew he liked but before she could really get his attention, he ordered her to share so Silk pulled back and offered it to another.

Syndee took over and began deep throating him instantly. Silk admired her skill. She glanced to Stacey also and saw that she was watching too. Soon Syndee offered it back and Silk let Stacey have a turn.

Michael enjoyed the girls but had to admit quickly as they took turns, Silk was the only one who could make him cum. This didn’t surprise him as she was the first to achieve this feat. Soon they had him feeling close so he told Silk to take it. When he was close, he pulled away from her and told them to catch. They all opened their mouths and he sprayed them all. Some hit their mouths but some missed, hitting their cheeks and lips. Once he was done, he ordered them to share it and clean it up then sat down to watch them share a kiss.

While they kissed, he watched them noting that Silk seemed to be more comfortable with Stacey. She was open to Stacey in a way that he noted was lacking in how she responded to Syndee. It wasn’t that she would ignore Syndee, more that she just seemed to be more open to Stacey. Michael was happy this was going so well.

Soon they were all cleaned up and Michael thought it time for dinner. He got up and went into the kitchen. It took no time for him to prepare the meal he had planned since he had it mostly ready. Placing it on the stove to simmer, he turned and looked at his three new slaves. Baron and Dyna would be happy he finally had someone to share his time with. He couldn’t wait for them to meet the girls, especially Silk.

As the food simmered, he took some napkins in to the dining room. Indicating he wanted the girls to lie on the floor in a circle, he gave them the napkins and went to retrieve the food. Sitting the pot on the floor, he too lay down between Stacey and Syndee. Silk was right across from him as he looked up and smiled at her.

After explaining how to eat the meal, they all dove in. Michael was pleased that they liked his cooking and explained he took many courses on cooking because he liked to eat well. They all laughed at this.

As they eat Michael got to know each girl and in turn they got to know each other as well. Michael began with Stacey, “So tell me how you got into this lifestyle slave.”

Stacey explained that she and Syndee had met this Professor in high school who was a Dom. She giggled when she explained that Syndee and she were rather wild as teens. That they fancied the man and when they were 18; he showed them all about the lifestyle. Stacey also claimed it changed their lives totally, not only were they now not so promiscuous but they were slaves through and through.

Stacey pretty much agreed with it all but added with a sultry grin, “Oh we’re still sluts, but only for a Dom.”

Michael and Silk both laughed at this. Silk also asked some questions of them, “So how long did it take him to show this lifestyle to you?”

Syndee spoke up first, “We teased him for months trying to get our way but it wasn’t until he caught us out after curfew that he finally took us up on our offer and gave into to our plan of getting in his pants.”

Stacey added, “He spanked us and explained that he was tired of our games and that we were spoiled beyond belief. He also told us that we needed someone to guide us, educate us he would say and that he was the Dom to do it.”

Syndee spoke up and said, “We didn’t even understand what he meant at first but he taught us quickly and we loved every minute of it. The rest is history.”

Silk thought about this for a minute and then asked, “So you feel as if you were made to be a slave?” She didn’t understand why she felt this way but she was sure she was and wanted to know if it was natural.

Michael perked up at this question knowing that some slaves where what was called a natural slave. They seemed born to their very role. He wondered why she would ask this so soon. Could she feel that she was?

Stacey replied without hesitation, “I think so. I know I couldn’t imagine life without a Dom or without being a slave to one.”

Syndee added, “Me too.”

Michael decided he had to know, “Why do you ask Silk? Do you think it’s possible to be made for that role?”

Silk glanced up at Michael and noted his avid attention to her, “I think it might be possible. From what I’ve seen of people some are always followers while some are natural leaders. Why not? I’m certain that you were made to be a Dom.”

Michael didn’t quite get the answer he wanted so he pressed harder, “So do you think you are made to be a slave?”

Silk’s heart screamed yes the moment the words cleared his mouth, but her mind stopped it knowing she shouldn’t jump in head first, “Only time will tell.”

Michael noted the hesitation and how her eyes lit up for a moment before she answered. He could tell she thought for a minute before giving a non-committal answer. He decided not to press her on this and changed the subject.

Soon it was time to get ready to go dancing. He told them to do whatever it took to get ready and when to get himself ready.

**10 - A Night Out Dancing**

They got to the club around ten-thirty and true to his word; Michael got them all in and without being carded. A bouncer showed them to a private table that overlooked the dance floor from a balcony. A waitress came to take their drink order and the two girls piped up that they would have tequila sunrises. Michael ordered a beer and looked at Silk.

Michael leaned over and spoke in her ear, “What do you want to drink?”

His breath in her ear distracted her and she sat dazed for a second, finally what he said sunk in and she said, “I don’t know. I don’t drink enough to know what I like.”

With a grin, Michael asked, “Do you want what they’re having?”

She had heard the word tequila and knew that it was out of the question. Michael could not control her if she had tequila. She spoke up, “No. You only wish.” Turning toward the waitress, she said, “How about a margarita?”

Michael almost fell out of his chair. Didn’t she know margaritas had tequila in them? Well fine, he would tell her later since she thought she was so smart, later when she was losing control and panting for him. Let her find out the hard way.

The waitress brought their drinks and they sat there drinking them and checking the place out. After the first round of drinks, Michael ordered more and whispered something in the waitress’s ear and gave her a hundred dollar tip along with his credit card. She smiled as she left the table. A few moments later she brought more drinks.

Michael turned to Syndee who sat on his right and leaned over to her. Silk saw his hand slide up her leg and under her skirt. Michael then kissed her and Syndee placed her hands on Michael’s shoulders. Silk saw others around them watching and blushed.

Stacey leaned over to her and whispered, “Don’t be embarrassed, this is normal for a Dom and normal for this club. Besides you’re probably next.” Stacey then kissed Silk’s ear and reached up and pinched her nipple. Silk moaned in response.

Michael fingered Syndee to the brink and then pulled his hand away. He then leaned back and told her to drink up as. Next he looked at Stacey and crooked his finger at her indicated for her to come around the table to him. She did and stood in front of him. He reached under her skirt and fingered her also while kissing her. Once she was close he stopped and whispered for her to finish her drink. Then he turned to Silk.

Silk gave him a smile and sighed as his ran his hand up her thigh. She leaned in for a kiss and he grabbed her head with his free hand. As he kissed her, he brought her close to the edge and just as she was about to go over he stopped all activity and she looked at him.

“Not yet, little one,” he told her and offered her, her drink. “Drink it all,” he said as he took a drink of his beer.

Once all their glasses where empty, Michael ordered them on to the dance floor after giving them some rules, “Listen up my pets. I have a few rules for tonight. Rule one; you may dance with other guys. Rule two; they may get naughty with you, but no one may touch what’s mine, hence no hands under your clothes. Rule three; stay near each other at all times. Don’t even go to the bathroom without each other. Rule four; stay within my sight unless you’re going to the bathroom. Rule five, no orgasms. Now go dance.”

The other two got up and headed towards the dance floor after a yes Master from each. At the stairs, they waited for Silk who had lagged behind to speak to Michael.

“Aren’t you going to dance with us?” She asked as she leaned over and spoke in his ear.

Michael knew she was confused about this so he didn’t punish her for disobeying but he did tell her, “Maybe later for now I want to watch you three. Now get out there and obey the rules, if you don’t you will not like me.” He then turned her toward the other girls and pushed her away with a swat on her behind.

After they left, he moved his chair near the railing so he could watch them. Someone approached his table and he looked up to see Baron. “Have a seat my friend,” he offered and the two sat talk while watching the dancers below.

“So are you here with your new slave?” Baron asked him.

Michael laughed, “Slaves, I have three now.”

“Three? How did you manage that? Did they come with the one you were telling me about Thursday?”

“Nope, these two found me. They go to Paul’s parties and saw me there. They have about four years of experience. That’s them by the way,” Michael told him and pointed down to the dance floor.

“The three school girls?” Baron laughed, “I should have known. You always liked sluty women. So tell me about them.”

The waitress came up and gave Michael a fresh beer and asked if Baron would like anything. Michael told her to bring him a beer also and to keep them fresh. He then turned to Baron, “Well the blond is a real pain slut, the red head is just a slut who likes the lifestyle and the raven haired one is Silk, the new one I told you about.”

“So now that you find yourself with your hands full of slaves, will you be coming to more of the parties?” Baron asked. “Also will you be bringing the other two next Friday?”

“Yes I will come to more of your parties. As for Friday I hadn’t really thought that far, but yes I will bring all three,” Michael said after some thought, “Silk can learn from them also.”

“Good, good. I look forward to seeing you. I am glad that you have finally found your own slaves. I know it had been a long time,” Baron said to him, “Dyna will be glad also, she worries about you.”

“Speaking of Dyna, where is she or are you alone tonight?” Michael asked as he glanced at the girls, making sure they were okay.

At this Baron laughed, “No, my friend. I wouldn’t come alone. Dyna is on the floor with some of her slave sisters and brothers.”

“So tell me, what rules do you put on your slaves when they dance?” Michael asked curious to see if they had similar rules.

The waitress brought him a beer and Michael waved away Baron’s hand when he tried to pay. Baron thanked him and took a drink of his fresh beer.

Finally he said, “Well it depends. Tonight the rule is no orgasms. Some nights there are different rules. Once I made Dyna find men to take in the back and blow. Each night is different. Why?”

“Just wondering, making sure I am not being too harsh,” Michael told him.

“What rules did you lay on them?”

Michael explained them to Baron as they watched the girls dance. The girls seemed to be having a good time. Other people that Michael knew came up and said hi to him as he sat there with Baron. He proved to be popular with all causing him to wonder why he had stayed away so often.

On the floor, the girls were having a good time. They danced at first with each other until they attracted some male attention and then they switched around among partners as to not loose each other. They each tried to give the impression that they were a package deal and being the horn dogs that men were, most accepted this with ease. One however had something different in mind as he danced with Silk off and on. He tried to steal her away but could not shake the other two. He decided to bide his time and play their game.

Silk was enjoying herself. She loved to dance and all this attention was just right up her alley. She really liked dancing with her slave sisters also. They were very sexy and could dance as well as she could. The three of them teased and flaunted themselves very well. Often she glanced up to see if Michael was watching and she saw that he was never without people around his table, but no matter who was there, he was watching and she felt he was watching her most of all. With this in mind, she put her heart into dancing and even let the guy that seem to shadow her dance with her as much as possible even though she felt he wanted more. Finally Syndee shook her arm.

“Master wants us to come up and get a drink and cool down,” Syndee shouted in her ear.

“Okay,” she said to Syndee and then to her shadow, “I’ll be back, got to go get a drink.”

Not wanting to let her go but trying to play nice, he said, “Okay, I’ll be here.”

The three of them went up stairs to their table. Once there, they took their seats and Michael introduced them to Baron.

“This is Sir Baron. It’s his party we are attending next week,” Michael told them.

Syndee and Stacey both said, “Hello Sir and nice to meet you.”

Silk was a little more formal, “Good evening Sir. It’s a pleasure to meet you. Are you having a good time this evening Sir?” She also offered her hand to him.

Surprised at her manners, Baron took the offered hand and kissed it in greeting, “I am having a wonderful time this evening little one. Thank you for asking and the pleasure is all mine. You are a beautiful creature,” then to Michael, “Better be careful here pup, I may steal her away from you.”

Michael laughed at this, “Try your best, but this one is not so attainable.”

“We shall see, “Baron told him and turned his attention back to Silk. “So tell me little one, where did you learn to dance like that?”

Silk explained about dancing lessons and cheerleading. She liked this friend of Michael’s but he lacked whatever it was that attracted her to Michael. He was sexy and funny but Silk knew he was not the one for her. She could submit her body to him but nothing else. She watched Michael as they talked and noted he seemed a bit upset by all the attention Baron was giving her. She hoped this would not hurt their friendship.

While they were talking the waitress had come and brought more drinks for the girls. Michael indicated for her to drink it. Silk did so without even thinking about it. The waitress brought another round and Michael whispered in her ear again. Within minutes she brought three glasses of water. Michael tipped her a twenty and she left.

“Drink this,” Michael told them, pointing to the water. “I don’t want you dehydrating.”

Silk did as he ordered and then downed her drink also. Dancing was hot work and she felt parched. As she did this she looked to Michael and noticed a smile playing across his lips. On impulse, she licked her lips provocatively, imagining she could taste him.

This caused his pants to tighten painfully. The little vixen, he thought. She was teasing him and he actually responded. The funny part was that she didn’t even know she was doing it or his reaction to her. He was amused at the fact that she had already drunk four margaritas. She would soon be feeling the effects and he wondered how out of control she would be. He couldn’t wait. Seeing the other two were done with their water and drinks, he ordered them back to the dance floor.

Off the three went to tease the male population. Stacey was having a wonderful time. She really liked Master Michael. He was the perfect Master. She also liked Silk. She knew that they would get along just fine. She wondered how Syndee felt.

The girls began dancing again and the men flocked like flies. The girls danced and teased all who came close. They danced very sexy with each other and rubbed up against any man who would let them. At one point, Silk and Stacey were dancing and rubbing on each other and Stacey almost made Silk explode.

Silk whispered in Stacey’s ear to tell her so and then backed off. She backed right up into the guy she had been dancing with before. He smiled a greeting and begun dancing with her again. She let him do so because she liked his moves.

He got close and yelled in her ear, “Is that dark haired guy your boyfriend?”

Not understanding his true meaning, she replied, “No. He is just a friend.”

Thinking that he had a clear path to proceed, he asked, “Can I get you a drink?”

“Not right now, I just downed two margaritas. I’m feeling pretty buzzed,” She told him, which wasn’t far from the truth. She was feeling really buzzed right now. Those drinks must be strong.

They kept dancing and often Stacey or Syndee cut in with them, but the guy seemed to always steer Silk back to him. He began to wonder if they were lesbians. Surely they liked guys some or they would not be here. He decided to push farther to see if she would allow more. He began slowly with slight touches here and there and when she didn’t rebuff him he preceded farther. The next thing he knew, one of the others was pulling her away. He protested so she leaned over and licked his ear and whispered that they were going to the bathroom and that they’d be right back. He could wait since she put it that way.

Once in the bathroom, the three compared stories and giggled as they did their business. Syndee had run up to the table to tell Master they needed to go and to grab the handbag they were sharing from him so they could all retouched their make up and put some ointment on Silk’s tattoo. They did this now as they joked and talked.

After checking her tat, Silk asked “So is anyone as buzzed as me?”

“Oh yeah,” Stacey told her with a giggle.

“Not yet,” Syndee told them, “But getting there. I need a few more.”

They all laughed at that and agreed a few more was a great idea.

They finished their make-up, put all their stuff back into the bag and checked themselves one last time in the mirror. “Damn we look good,” Syndee said.

“Good enough to eat,” Stacey said eyeing Silk who had bent over to fix her stocking and shoe.

Looking at her between spread legs, Silk laughed, “Tease.”

They all laughed and shared a kiss. Finally another girl walked in and glared at them for a second before entering a stall. “Lezzies,” she said to them.

This caused them to laugh even harder. They left the bathroom but not before Silk said to her, “No Ho, slaves.”

Laughing, they ran up to Michael for another drink. Michael allowed them each another drink and made them have more water. He watched Silk as she drank noting the she was getting pretty drunk at this point. He watched as she caressed Stacey in a sexual manner. Damn, she was losing control.

As they went to the dance floor after a few drinks, Michael pulled Silk aside for a quick chat. “Watch that guy you have been dancing with. He is paying too much attention to you, my pet.”

“He’s just dancing with me, that is all. I know the rules Master,” she told him.

“Be sure that you remember them well slave,” He said and dismissed her. They went back to the floor and resumed dancing. Some guy came up and claimed Syndee and she shrugged and turned to him. Stacey and Silk danced together for a bit. They seemed to attract a lot of attention. Silk was too buzzed to realize why.

Stacey was surprised at the way Silk was acting all of the sudden until she turned around and Stacey saw that she was totally blitzed. Stacey went with it, as she really liked Silk. She allowed Silk to rub all over her and to dirty dance with her. She hoped Master would be pleased with them. She glanced up and saw that he was so she put her heart into it.

Silk was losing control rapidly but didn’t realize it because she didn’t know that there was tequila in margaritas. She knew she was getting smashed, but didn’t know just how smashed. She loved dancing and she really liked Stacey. She was so turned on she just couldn’t stop. Suddenly she was not dancing with Stacey, that guy had popped back up. Okay she thought he seemed nice enough, so with a wink to Stacey who had found a partner also, she allowed him to dance away with her.

Now was the time to make his move he thought. She was looking pretty drunk and seemed to want more than dancing since she had practically made love to her friend on the dance floor just a minute ago. He began to touch her more, first on the outside of her clothing.

Silk allowed him to dance with her and touch her since they was what Master had ordered them to do. She even liked it a little because she was so buzzed. She allowed him to rub his leg between hers and to grab her behind and press her up against him. She was really turned on at this point and didn’t notice that he had crossed the line until it was too late. She then tried to pull away from him.

“Not so fast, baby. Where ya going,” he whispered in her ear then he kissed her neck.

She froze as he backed her up against a wall and began to suck on her neck. She realized he had her skirt up and his pants undone. He meant to take her right there on the dance floor. She glanced up to see Michael charging down the stairs towards them. He looked pissed.

Michael tapped the guy on the shoulder. “I think that’s mine,” he said pointing at Silk once he got the guys attention.

“You think so. Looks like she mine now,” he said in a cocky tone.

Michael reached out and lifted Silk’s chin, then brushed her shirt collar aside to reveal her collar. He then reached in his pocket with his other hand and pulled out a leash and clipped it to the D-ring on her collar. “I do think so. What do you say, slave,” He told the guy with a sneer.

Silk swallowed hard as Michael pulled the leash. He jerked her up against his chest. “Yes Master,” She said as he put his arm around her and pulled her away from the guy.

Michael turned and pressed her back towards the rest of the dancers. Somewhere along the way, he began to dance with her. He kept a hold of the leash, but he also moved his body against hers in time with the music. Damn, she could move, he thought.

Silk was in heaven as Michael danced with her. She matched him move for move and did her best to tease him. She knew he was mad so she tried her best to distract him from what had just happened.

He turned her around and pressed her up against his chest then leaned down and whispered in her ear, “You know you’re in trouble right?”

“Yes Master,” she said and ground her backside into him as she reached up and swept her braid aside to offer him her neck.

Thinking it was time for a lesson, Michael motioned the other two to the table. He then bent his head and bit Silk on the neck. She groaned and broke free of him to pull away only to find that he still held her leash. He gave it a jerk as she backed away from him.

“Let’s go,” He said and turned to walk away. She followed.

Once back at the table, the waitress brought more drinks. Michael whispered something to Baron who only nodded; he pushed Silk toward her chair and then left the table.

“Drink up slaves,” Baron, ordered them.

The other two had seen what happened and wondered what was going happen to Silk. She had broken Michael’s rule. They knew that this meant punishment. Stacey smiled to Silk. She wondered if she should warn her sister but knew that this could bring punishment on her also so decided to keep quiet. She gave her a sad look the turned away.

Silk’s mind was hazed. What now. She knew she had broken a rule but it wasn’t her fault. She was drunk. She tried to be good, but she knew she had failed. She wondered where Michael had gone. She drank a little of the drink in front of her, but only to obey Baron. She didn’t really want it, as she was pretty drunk at this point. Finally Michael came back.

Michael leaned down to talk to Baron who nodded and smiled, and then got up and left the table. Next Michael spoke to Syndee and Stacey who also nodded. Last Michael turned to her; he didn’t say anything as he reached out and picked up the end of her leash. He gave it a tug as he turned and left. She had no choice other than to follow, which she did obediently. The other two fell into line just behind her.

Silk followed Michael as he led her to what looked like a private room. It had tables in it and over looked the dance floor, but when Syndee closed the door the music was silenced. Silk dropped her gaze to the floor and noticed a couch in the corner of the room.

Michael dropped Silk’s leash and went and took a seat on the couch. “Come over here and kneel next to me slaves. Silk, kneel right in front of me.” He ordered.

They all did as asked. Silk kept her eyes downcast as she waited to see what was next. Finally she heard the door open and people file in.

“What the fuck is going on here?” Silk heard a male voice ask.

Then Michael’s voice, “I wanted to prove to you that she was mine. Since you helped her to break my rules I thought I could prove that to you by allowing you to see her punishment.”

Silk now knew whom the voice belonged too. She wondered if this was normal. She didn’t have much time to wonder as Michael then jerked on the lease.

“Get over my lap slave,” He ordered.

She did as he requested and lay over his lap like a child awaiting a spanking from her father. She wondered what next.

“So what are you going to do to her?” The guy asked.

“I am going to spank her for breaking my rules,” Michael put simply.

“Why because you’re jealous that she was dancing with me?”

“No because she is my slave and I told her not to allow anyone to put their hands under her clothes. She broke that rule when you touched what’s mine, “Michael told him.

“Wait, I don’t get it. How do you own her? She looks American to me. I thought slavery was illegal,” the guy asked clearly not understanding.

“This isn’t that kind of slavery, my friend,” Baron said, “Ever heard of B & D?”

Michael knew what this guy needed to hear, “Slave, explain to him why I own you.”

Silk hated to have to do this. She was a bit embarrassed and knew she would have to say something. Finally, “I serve Master Michael because I choose too. Therefore I am his property to do with as he sees fit.”

“Now do you get it,” Michael asked as he swept her skirt up over bottom to bare it.

“Wait, wait. So she can leave if she wanted to?” The guy asked still a bit confused.

Michael lifted his hands off of Silk, “Yes she could if she wanted too.”

“How do you know she doesn’t want too?”

Knowing this was coming, Michael said, “Silk if you want to end this now and leave, get up off my lap and walk out of this room. I am sure this guy will take you home if you want him too. Remember, it’s your choice, choose now.”

Silk’s only answer was to place her hands behind her back as though they were cuffed and await her punishment.

“Does that satisfy you?” Michael asked. The guy shrugged so Michael took that as okay and proceeded. “Why are you being punished slave?” He asked of Silk.

“Because I allowed that guy…” She began.

“The name’s Marc.” He interrupted.

“To touch what was yours by putting his hands under my clothing and because I let it get out of control.” Silk finished ignoring his words.

Michael’s only response to say count them then to spank her behind. He gave her six stinging swats on her ass and timed each one with her count. Once he was done, he looked up and saw that the guy was more interested than disgusted. Michael smiled at this.

“Okay you can go now Marc. Thank Marc for watching you get your ass spanked slave,” Michel said.

Silk knew not to question this even though her mind was, “Thank you Marc for watching me get punished.”

“Yeah whatever, freaks,” He said as he left the room.

To Baron, Michael said, “Take these two back to the table and wait for me there. You two can have another drink while you wait.”

The girls stood up and left the room. Baron closed the door behind them as he left also. Once they were all gone, Michael pushed her off his lap and ordered her to stand up. He then stood up himself. He noted that she kept her eyes down. Finally he grabbed her by her braid and pushed her towards the table. Once she was standing in front of it, he pushed her down over the top of it with a hand in the middle of her back.

She trusted Michael completely, so she was not scared when he pressed her down on the table. She did wonder what he was going to do next but knew she should not speak unless he asked her too. She was still feeling really drunk, almost out of control and wondered why. Then she felt Michael slip his hand under her skirt and into her panties.

She was wet, he knew she would be, he stuck a finger in her and played with her a till he heard her pant. He grabbed her braid and pulled her head up to speak to her.

“You so wet slave, and so out of control,” he hissed in her ear, “Why is that?”

“I don’t know Master. I didn’t drink any Tequila and yet I feel like I did,” she panted.

He grabbed her whole pussy and squeezed it. This brought her so close, “You didn’t? Really and just what do you think is in a margarita?” He hissed.

Oh my god, Silk thought. Oh no had she ordered the wrong thing. Michael saw shock cross her face and then she said, “I thought it was rum.”

“That is a daiquiri slave. See you can drink tequila,” he told her and at her head shake he added, “Yes you can, because I will control you or you will suffer my wrath.”

“No please Master…” she began.

He squeezed her pussy again and growled in her ear, ‘Yes you will and you will not argue with me. Remember what happened Friday when you argued?” She nodded yes, “I will double that if you do it again.”

He slipped a finger in her again and brought her to the brink. Then he pulled his hand out and tasted her. Damn she tasted good. The only taste he had of her was on Friday after she was freshly washed. The thought crossed his mind that he hadn’t really tasted her yet so he ordered her to turn around and then pushed her back onto the table till she was sitting on it. He then bent over and pulled her panties aside and placed his mouth were his hand had been. Heaven thought Michael as he devoured her.

Within minutes, she was close, “Please Master, I need to cum,” she begged.

“How bad do you need it?”

Silk responded, “Very bad Master. I can’t control it.”

“You may,” he said into her and she lost it. Michael held onto her as she climaxed and bucked her body all the while still licking and sucking on her. Finally when she calmed, he stopped and stood up, she met him with her mouth and Michael allowed her to kiss him.

They kissed with reckless abandon for what seemed like eternity to her. She felt like she was falling, so she reached up and wrapped her arms around Michael’s neck. At this he groaned and pressed into her.

Damn he thought his body was betraying him. He was the one out of control now; she had that affect on him. He could take her right her on this table but no he thought, that wouldn’t be fair to the other two. They had obeyed and he had already given her something she hadn’t earned. No he told himself, as he pulled away from her, not this time. She had to learn.

She pouted a little when he pulled away. She didn’t totally understand this game yet. Was she always to be left wanting and confused?

“Straighten your clothes and let’s go back to the table,” He told her as he wiped his face on a towel from a cart. He then threw the towel on the table and opened the door for her. Once she was ready, they left.

Once they were back at the table, everyone acted like nothing had happened. Some girl was there next to Baron. Michael introduced her to the others as Dyna, Baron’s head slave. She turned and greeted everyone saving Silk for last.

“Wow, you are every bit as divine as my Master said you were. You have beautiful eyes,” Dyna said to Silk.

“Thank you,” Silk murmured not really knowing what to say.

“I just bet that hair is really beautiful too,” Dyna told her.

“Yes it is imp,” Michael said to her, “But you’ll have to wait to see it till next Friday.”

Dyna pouted and Michael laughed. Baron told her to behave as she had been put in her place. Everyone laughed at this and chatted above the music. The waitress came up and Michael leaned over and asked Baron something. Baron nodded in return and Michael whispered something to the waitress. She nodded and left.

Silk watched Michael knowing he was up to something. He caught her gaze and winked at her. She smiled back and watched as the waitress brought a bunch of shot glasses and a bottle of tequila on a tray. When she sat the tray down Silk saw there was salt and limes also. She watched as Michael passed out a shot glass to everyone and then poured a shot into each glass. He then passed out the limes. So this was his game, well she’d show him.

She watched as he licked his hand and put salt on it. He then took the shot and licked the salt and slammed the shot. Next he took a lime and bit it. “This is how it’s done girls,” he told them as he refilled his shot glass.

Everyone licked his or her hand and put salt on it, finally the shaker came to Silk. She put it back in the middle of the table without using it. “Training wheels are for pussies,” she told him and picked up her shot, slammed it straight down then sat the glass in the middle of the table and smiled at him.

They were all impressed; she drank it straight and made no face. She didn’t even have to chase it with anything. They all looked to Michael.

“You think I am a pussy slave,” he asked her dragging out the last word?

Baron patted her arm; “Me thinks you have done it now, little one.”

“Ignoring Baron, she only had eyes for Michael, “Prove you’re not Master,” she then grabbed her shot glass from the table and got up. She came around the table to stand next to him and grabbed the bottle to refill her shot glass. When he turned to her and went to pick up the glass she waved him away.

“Not yet,” she said to him in a sultry voice. She then reached up and ripped her blouse open to reveal her breasts encased in a tight black bra. Next she picked up the glass and placed it between her tits in the ample cleavage she had there. She leaned her head back and issued the challenge again, “Prove you’re not Master.”

Everyone held his or her breath waiting to see what Michael would do. Finally he grabbed her around the waist and jerked her to him. This caused the shot to slouch onto her breasts. This did not daunt Michael in the least. He bent his head and licked the drops off her breasts before grabbing the glass with his lips. Once he had it firmly him his mouth he tipped his head back and downed the shot, never letting her go. Once the glass was empty; he turned his head and dropped the glass on the table. He then turned back to her and pulled her to him for a kiss. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Michael kept kissing her until she responded. He wondered why she had challenged him like this. Then it dawned on him; tequila. She was losing control. He stopped kissing her and moved to her ear. “Very cute slave, you can win this one, but don’t ever try something like that again. I will not play with you next time, I will punish you,” and with the he reached under her skirt and grabbed her panties and pulled then up tight against her sex till they slipped between her puffy lips. “Now go sit down.”

She went back to her seat and once there eased her panties back into place. Everyone took their shot and Michael offered everyone more. Silk declined, as she was very drunk at this point. Everyone then began to talk and joke. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was going on one. She was getting tired and very drunk. It was time to go home but she didn’t know how to ask Michael.

He solved the problem for her when he saw her look at her watch. She looked tired and he knew she was blitzed. He glanced at his watch and saw it was almost one also, time to take his slaves home, screw them senseless and put them to bed. He informed everyone of this and then got up to leave. His three slaves followed suit after some good-byes.

He led them to the truck and opened the doors for them, “Silk and Stacey in the back seat and Syndee up front next to me,” he said as he walked around to his side. Once inside he turned to Syndee after he started the truck and kissed her as he slid his hand up her leg and under her skirt.

Silk leaned around them and turned up the radio, which was on country. She then began to sing to it as she sat back in her seat. After a bit she turned to Stacey and ran her hand up Stacey’s leg. “I have to agree with Master, girls dressed like this are so sexy, but I have to say redheads are the sexiest things I have ever seen,” she told her, “Too bad I’m not a redhead.”

Stacey answered her with a kiss and the two began to make out in the back seat. They were totally unaware as they kissed and caressed each other.

Michael was kissing and playing with Syndee in the front seat but his eyes and thoughts were on the scene in the back seat. He watched Silk play with the redhead and wished he were helping, time to get home. He pulled away from Syndee and put the truck in gear. He left the parking lot and checked to be sure there were no cops around. He wasn’t even buzzed but he knew that they like to pull people over from the club on a regular basis and the two shots may still be on his breath. DUI for sure if he was stopped.

As he drove, he watched the two kiss and play with each other in the backseat. They even looked up a few times to catch him watching. To his delight, they blew kisses and teased him by showing off each other’s bodies while he watched in the mirror. One time he looked and Silk pulled Stacey’s shirt and bra aside and showed him Stacey’s nipple as she licked it provocatively. Vixen, he thought, she was losing control. Michael tried hard not to speed but pushed the limit to get home. As he watched them and the road, he used his hand and gave Syndee an orgasm.

Finally they pulled in to his drive way. He got out and went around to help them out. Syndee got out and took his keys to open the door as he helped the other two. They were busy so Michael just watched for a minute.

Silk was playing with Stacey’s pretty red muff and Stacey was thrashing around the back seat in a state of bliss. Silk’s words broke his thoughts, “Master, I think slave Stacey wants to cum by my hand.” Michael grinned and asked, “Do you slave?”

“Please Master,” was all Stacey asked.

“Okay Silk make her cum,” he said as he watched.

Silk increased her tempo and Stacey exploded in seconds. Silk finished the job and the pulled her hand away. She then leaned over to Michael and offered him her fingers, then pulled it away before he could capture it his mouth to suck them herself.

“Minx, get in the house,” he said with a laugh and walked away.

They came in the house and Michael was sitting on the couch in the living room. Syndee was just coming from the bathroom. Silk noticed the Michael looked tired.

“Kneel,” he told them indicating the spot in front of him.

They did as ordered and waiting his next command with eyes lowered to the floor.

Michael watched them for a few minutes before he spoke, finally, “You all did pretty well tonight, except for your little mishap Silk. Next time you will do better or the punishment will be worse.”

“Yes Master,” she said.

“As for how you all dance, I am proud. You looked perfect and I am proud to call you mine. Now I’d like all you to strip and shower. You stink like smoke and sweat. Stacey and Silk will use the shower down here and Syndee will shower with me upstairs.”

The three of them jumped up to strip. Silk put her dirty clothes in the basket that Michael had given her and joined Stacey in the shower. They washed each other all over and then washed each others hair. Finally they were done, so Silk shut the water off and turned the little hose on. She tapped Stacey on the thigh and pushed the hose inside of her to wash her out. This seemed to turn Stacey on as much as it turned Silk on and soon they were kissing and making out in the shower.

Stacey was close to cumming so she took the hose from Silk and pointed it between Silk’s legs. Silk parted her legs and allowed Stacey to clean her out. Once she was clean, Stacey decided to be naughty and pointed the hose at Silk’s clit. Stacey held her in place when she tried to escape and as she was thrashing about trying not to cum, Michael opened the door.

“Master, please make her stop,” Silk begged him panting.

“Syndee come here. See what your naughty sisters are up to,” was all he said.

Syndee came to see and Michael leaned down and whispered something in her ear. She then ran upstairs and grabbed something then came back and handed something to Michael. She entered the shower and dropped to her knees and then Silk saw what she had gone to get. It was her dildo, which Syndee shoved up her wet slit. This caused Silk to groan out loud.

“Please Master,” she panted.

“Please what?”

She knew he was no hope. Syndee was stroking the dildo in and out of her rapidly and Stacey was holding the stream of water right on her clit. She couldn’t take it anymore and let go. Stacey held her up as her climax racked her body.

Michael sat back on the edge of the hot tub to watch the show. He liked when slaves attacked each other. Stacey was proving to be very dominating and he wondered if she controlled Syndee at home. He liked the way she held Silk against the wall and made her cum. Silk didn’t stand a chance against both girls and finally she let go. Finally when her climax subsided she gave Stacey an evil look and hip blocked her so that Stacey was on the floor. Syndee scrambled to pull the dildo from Silk and get herself out of the way. Silk followed Stacey down and grabbed the hose from her, attacking her with it. Syndee looked back at Michael who handed her another dildo. Then at his nod, Syndee helped Silk attack Stacey. They repeated the action on Stacey till she squealed in climax.

Once Stacey recovered, she and Silk looked each other. With a giggle, they attacked Syndee. No one except Silk noticed that Michael had got up and brought Syndee’s dildo, which he now threw in the shower. Stacey grabbed it and attacked Syndee. As they were playing with Syndee, the phone rang. Michael went to answer it.

While he was gone they made Syndee scream. She came really quickly; Master must have teased her in the shower. Silk knew that it was his favorite thing. Finally they all three lay there on the floor sharing a kiss and caressing each other.

Michael came back to find them this way. “Sorry slaves,” He said, “But I have to leave, something’s happened at the station.” He had a pair of jeans and a shirt in his hands.

Silk knew that part of Michael’s job as assistant program director was that he was the one to run when something was wrong so she asked, “Are we off air?” Knowing this was the worst thing for a station.

“No the cart machine is eating carts and won’t play. Sean is having a terrible time. Bet he wished he hadn’t signed up for nights now,” Michael told her liking the fact that he could actually tell her what was wrong and have her understand and sympathize. He went back upstairs and grabbed his shoes and a pair of socks.

“Can you fix it?”

“I think so, this happened last year with the old one,” he told her as he dressed.

“So what do you want us to do Master,” Stacey asked?

He had sat down to put on his socks and shoes, once done he grabbed his jacket off the chair next to the door, “Since I might be a while you might as well go to bed. All three of you will fit in my bed, lay with your heads at the foot. I’ll be back by morning.”

“Yes Master,” they all chimed in unison.

He turned to leave fishing in his pocket for his keys then turned back, “Come give me a kiss good-bye my pets.”

Syndee met his kiss first, he gave her a deep kiss and then whispered in her ear, “Behave yourself, no more fooling around tonight, go straight to sleep,” and swatted her on the ass, dismissing her.

Stacey was next in line and after another full mouth kiss, he told her in her ear, “Keep them in line, no fooling around. It’s off the sleep with all of you. You’re in charge so to speak,” knowing that she was the most dominating of the three. He slapped her ass also.

Finally it was Silk’s turn. The kiss he gave her left her so breathless that she almost didn’t realized he was speaking to her. “You did well tonight little one now get some sleep and I’ll see you later. Be good,” he whispered in her ear and kissed it. As she pulled away, he gave her a swat also then turned and walked out the door.

“Good-bye Master,” followed him out.

After he left, the three girls did as they were told. Silk went and got herself a clean thong and then went to the bedroom to find her top from last night, which she dressed in for bed and then braided her hair. Stacey came into the bedroom in similar attire and got into bed. Silk went and shut out all the lights, leaving only the porch light on for Michael. Once back in the bedroom she found Syndee arranging the bed as to follow Michael’s ordered Syndee was clad in only a thong. Once the bed was ready, Silk shut off the bedroom light and climbed in on the other side of Stacey. They all three fell right to sleep. It was a little past two in the morning.

**11 - Sunday**

It was four thirty when Michael finally got home. What a bitch, he thought. It took forever to fix the cart machine. He threw his jacket over a chair in the dining room and sat down on the loveseat to take off his shoes. He sat there in the dark for a few minutes before reaching up to turn on the soft light next to the love seat. It cast a soft glow over the loveseat but was not so bright that it went much past his outstretched legs. He glanced toward the bedroom to see if any of them were stirring. Nope, all of them were out cold.

He sat there and thought about last night. It had been a success as far as he was concerned. Silk was working out just fine and for this Michael was extremely proud. Too bad though that he was called away, he really needed some release after playing with the three of them all night. He wished the Silk would wake up about now so he could take her.

As if she read his mind, Silk popped awake. Something told her to look up and she lifted her head and met Michael’s eyes. She lay starring for a moment trying to be sure she wasn’t dreaming. Finally she noticed he was motioning for her to come to him. He also placed his finger on his lips to tell her to be silent. Ever so gentle she slipped out of bed and crawled to him.

The sight of her crawling across the floor to him made him painfully aware of his own need. He was delighted when her head popped up and she met his gaze. He hoped she was awake, so he motioned for her to come to him. When she nodded, he knew she was awake so he also motioned for her to be quiet. He only wanted her right now, no needed was the word for it. He needed only her right now.

She crawled right up to his legs and when he parted then for her, she climbed between then. He leaned down for what she thought was a kiss and dragged her up into his lap. He arranged her so that she was leaning on the arm of the loveseat with her body across his lap. She waited in total silence to see what he wanted next.

He began kissing her then moved along her check to her throat. When she made a slight noise, he silenced her with a gentle shhhh. He then kissed his way to her ear and told her, “I need you,” and pressed his middle up into her to prove it. At her nod he added, “Just you.”

He kissed her some more and allowed his hands to roam her soft flesh. When he cupped her breasts, she sighed. When he took her nipple in his mouth, she gave a small moan. “Quiet,” he hissed, letting go of her nipple he whispered in her ear, “I don’t want company.” He glanced in the other room to see if they had been heard. Knowing that they probably couldn’t do anything without waking the other two, Michael decided to move this to another place. “Get up quietly and go to the dungeon room, I’ll be there in a bit.”

Silk did as he asked. She didn’t know if she should turn on a light, so she just stood there waiting with only the small night-light for light. She had been in here earlier helping Michael get some things for last night, but she really hadn’t looked around. As she waited Silk now did this. She noted that the walls contained many things; she also saw something that looked like a cross of sorts. The thought occurred; she really had a lot to learn.

Michael joined her in the room and after shutting the door, which Silk noted he also locked, he turned to her. I need you now, was all he said as his mouth met hers. He reached down and scoped her up in his arms never breaking the kiss.

Silk felt him pick her up and carry her across the room then walk down the three steps that led to the lower floor of his dungeon. Finally she felt herself lowered to a bed, as Michael broke the kiss, she turned to see if it was indeed a bed. She hadn’t noticed one before.

Michael turned on a soft light over then bed and then tore his clothes from his body in his need to have her. She looked so breathtaking sitting there on the bright red satin that covered the bed. So submissive and yet not, Michael thought. Once naked, he joined her on the bed. First, he removed her top so that he could kiss her breasts; he liked the way she responded when he did this. Once the top was gone he trailed a hand down her side to her panties, which he actually ripped from her body. Oh well he thought as he captured her mouth, he’d buy her ten more to replace them. He was too crazed right now to let little details stand in the way. He had to have her.

Once he had removed her top, he pinned her to the bed with his body and Silk could feel his need for her hot and hard pressing against her leg. She moaned in delight as he kissed her breasts. When he ripped her thong off, she gave small squeak, which he covered with a kiss. This kiss seemed to suck at her soul and she gladly gave into him. As he kissed her he rubbed his throbbing cock against her wet slit causing her to whimper, then she remember their need for silence and bit her lip.

He caught this and told her in a husky tone, “This room is sound proof. They won’t even hear you when I make you scream my name.” To emphasis his point her ground his cock against her until she moaned out loud.

They lay for a bit just kissing and caressing each other. Michael had her pinned so that all she could do was run her hands through his hair and across his shoulders and back. She raked him lightly with her nails when he did something that pleased her, which pleased him also. At long last she was panting and he knew she was ready but he held off savoring her body.

Then she begged, “Please Michael.”

That was what he needed to hear. He poised himself to enter her, “Please what?”

“Take me,” she breathed and as he thrust into her, she lifted her legs to his sides, “Deeply,” came with a groan a moment later when he hit bottom.

He lay still for a moment to be sure she was okay then when he felt her flex her inner muscles, he began a slow thrust to tease. At this point he lay on top of her body, but as time passed he lifted up to his knees and brought her legs higher up so that every thrust was deep. He watched her thrash on the bed beneath his driving cock until the thought occurred to him, she was holding back. He grabbed her ankles and pulled them as far apart as they would go, thrust deep into her and said, “Cum Silk, you have my permission. Cum all you want.”

She let go and Michael road the storm that he had created. He watched as she threw back her head, hands grasping at the satin cover and moaned with her release. Just as it was subsiding, she came again, this one even more intense and Michael smiled proudly. As she came down this time, he slowed his thrusts. When she finally met his eyes, he kissed her.

“Feel alright,” he joked when he broke the kiss?

“Better than you know,” she whispered.

He laughed, “If how wet you are, is any indication, I’d say I have a pretty good idea.” He slid his hand down to where they were joined and slipped a finger in between them. He then brought it back up to show her, stroking her lower lip with the soaked finger.

He smeared their juices on her lip until she snaked her tongue out to lick his finger. This caused him to groan and catch her mouth in a kiss. The kiss cleaned all their juices off her lips, and then he pulled back and stuck his finger in her mouth. She closed her eyes and sucked his finger clean. A whimper escaped her and she felt Michael’s cock throb deep within her.

Feeling she was ready again, Michael started moving again. When she began panting again he added a new twist and slipped his finger up her ass. This made her explode in seconds. She cried his name as she ground her bottom against his hand. He liked hearing his name on her lips so much that when she came down he made her explode all over again just to hear her say it. He just couldn’t get enough of her.

Now he decided it was his turn. He reached up and grabbed a pillow, lifted her legs and placed it under her bottom. This tipped her up toward him and placed her in a position so that she had to take all that he was about to give her. He then began his final time.

She didn’t know what the pillow was for at first, but soon caught on. She was helpless as he thrust into her. She could not move her hips in anyway and the angle tipped her up to him so that when he lifted her legs to his sides, she was receiving all he was giving. This hurled her toward climax rapidly.

She didn’t know that Michael was fast losing control also and when he reached that point he growled, “Look at me Silk.”

She did as he asked and met his eyes. “Don’t look away,” he told her.

She kept looking deep into his eyes as they both let go. He scared her a bit when he yelled her name and then fell on top of her. He was crazed as he took her mouth, a bit rough at first the slowing to a gentle kiss when his climax subsided. Without breaking the kiss he rolled over with her in his arms so that she was on top. They kissed for a while longer.

After a bit she broke the kiss and laid her head on his chest. They both lay there for while just holding each other. Later they began to stir and Michael thought about it and since he didn’t want the other two to know that he had woken only Silk for his need, he told her to go back to the front room and that he’d join her in a bit. He told her to tell them if anyone woke that she had been helping him. She seemed to understand why he didn’t want them to know and after a kiss, she left the bed and then the room.

She climbed into bed with no one the wiser that she had been gone. She fell asleep almost instantly as Michael had worn her out. Sometime later she felt him get into bed and pulled her body up next to him. She lifted her head and noticed that his hair was wet. This caused her to smile, “You and your showers,” she whispered.

“Shhhh,” he said and closed his eyes feigning sleep.

She signed and went back to sleep. Not long afterwards, Michael joined her. It was a quarter to six.

About eight thirty, Silk awoke to the other two getting up. She heard them go to the bathroom and after a bit heard the toilet flush. This painfully called her attention to the fact that she needed to go too. She tried to sit up and realized that during their lovemaking, her braid had come undone and now her hair was free and trapped under Michael’s body. She waited till the other two returned.

“Help,” she said in a loud whisper.

Syndee and Stacey laughed at her at first, and then began to help her. Syndee tried to roll Michael over while Silk and Stacey tried to pull her hair out from under Michael. They tried not to wake him but finally his eyes popped open.

“What are you three doing, besides bothering me,” he said in a grumpy tone.

Stacey was the first to answer, “Forgive us Master, but slave Silk’s hair is trapped under you and she can’t get up.”

Looking down he saw that he was laying on a major part of her hair. “Maybe I like using it for my bed,” he told them and pretended to go back to sleep.

“Please Master; I have to go to the bathroom. You don’t want me to wet the bed,” Silk pleaded.

He arched an eyebrow, “I don’t? Why would I care?” He teased, “You’ll be the one sleeping in the wet spot and you’ll have to clean it up.”

“Please Master, I really have to go,” Silk whined.

He rolled off her hair, “Fine if you’re going to whine get out of my bed. In fact all of you, out of bed now and get out of my room. Take your showers and make yourselves worthy of my presence and I’ll take you for breakfast. Wake me nicely at ten. Now go, be quiet while you do it and shut the doors behind you.”

“Yes Master”, they all said as they left the room.

Silk was the last one out and as she was shutting the doors he added, “Silk, wake me up with your mouth on my cock.”

“Yes Master,” she said and shut the door.

Ten o’clock finally came and the girls were showered and ready to wake Michael. Silk entered the room first with the other two following closely behind. Michael had rolled over on his stomach making their task harder. The three girls glanced at each other and finally Syndee took the lead.

“I’ll roll him over then Silk you get between his legs. Stacey get on his other side and help me roll him once I get him half way over,” Syndee told the other two in a whisper and then got into bed and began to wedge herself under Michael’s body to push him over.

As Syndee climbed into bed, he woke up. Playing possum, he pretended to be asleep so that he could see what they would do to remedy the problem of him laying on his stomach. He didn’t offer any help and was pleased, when Syndee wedged herself under him and began to gently push him over. Once he was about half way over, Stacey took his arm and pulled him on to his back. Then Silk climbed between his legs and went to the task he had ordered her to do in order to wake him. Finally he could play possum no longer.

With a girl on each side, he ran his hands up and found a breast on each girl. Giving each nipple a tug to let them know he was awake, he also groaned and flexed his legs to let Silk know he was aware of her also. She gave his leg a brief squeeze in answer. While she did her thing, Michael took advantage of the two girls by his sides.

A bit of jealousy over took Silk as she watched Michael play with her sisters. Then she remembered early this morning when Michael had gotten home and the fact that he had ordered her to be the one to wake him with oral, not the other two. She still felt unsure of her place and wished Michael would explain it to her. She wanted to be his favorite.

Michael grabbed Syndee by her hair and pulled her down for a kiss as his other hand found Stacey’s mostly bare muff. As he kissed Syndee, he used his hand to manipulate Stacey to an orgasm.

“Master,” Stacey hissed, “May I cum?”

Pulling away from Syndee, he glanced at Stacey. It pleased him to see she was able to control it and not cum until he gave the word even thought he kept fingering her. He could see the muscles in her whole body tightening and finally said, “Let go, slave.”

She squealed and soaked his hand. When she was finally done he took his hand away.

Michael noticed that she had wet his hand and this gave him an idea. He pulled his hand away from Stacey and reached down to where Silk was happily sucking him. “Let go Silk,” he told her and when she did, he stuck his finger in her mouth giving her a taste of Stacey. She sucked his finger as if it was his cock and this caused him to groan in pleasure. Finally she had cleaned his finger off and with a nod from him resumed sucking his cock. He offered his other wet finger to Syndee, who also sucked Stacey’s juices off his finger.

Michael could tell that he was not going to cum so easily this morning no matter what Silk did so finally he told her, “Okay Silk you can stop. While it feels wonderful, I am not in the mood to let go just now. Let’s get up and go get breakfast.

A little disappointed, Silk did as he asked and got out of bed. Stacey and Syndee followed suit. All three girls help Michael get up and as he went into the dining room. Silk made the bed with Stacey’s help.

“Syndee, make me some coffee, use one and a half scoops of grounds and only make half a pot. Silk get me some clothes out for the day. Stacey get in here and pick up your clothes,” he said and as Stacey came to do his bidding, he swatted her ass. “I told you, I like cleanliness,” he stated and then as he went to shower, he told them, “And get dressed.”

All the girls did as ordered. Silk was proud to be asked to pick out his clothes. She went into his dressing room and picked him out a pair of jeans, a soft blue t-shirt and a pair of socks. She knew now from the last few days that he only wore underwear when he wore certain pants such as his leather pants or a pair of dress slacks so she didn’t get him any out. She gathered up all she had gotten out and took them to his bedroom where she knew he would dress. On the way back to the bedroom, she also grabbed his shoes to complete the whole outfit. Once in the bedroom, she laid out the clothes on the foot of the bed and placed the shoes on the floor then dressed herself and awaited his return with her sisters who had each done their assigned task.

Michael was hungry by the time he got in the shower and since he could not have Silk shower with him, he hurried through the process and got out. With a towel wrapped around his middle he returned to the bedroom and was please to note that all three where kneeling on the floor and fully clothed, Syndee had a cup of coffee in hand for him and Silk had laid out his clothes on the foot of the bed. The dining room was also spotless. A reward would be in order.

Michael drank his coffee and then dressed with their help. As they helped him he couldn’t help but notice their smells. This was something he really noticed on a woman. Each of his slaves smelt wonderful and unique. Stacey smelt clean and fresh, like a country day, Syndee smelt like an oriental shop and Silk smelt sensual. He wondered what each wore to achieve their smell. Then the idea accrued to him, as a reward, he would take them and buy them each a bottle of perfume. With this though in mind, he smiled and finished his coffee.

“Let’s go slaves,” he said, getting up and going into the kitchen where he sat his cup in the sink. He then grabbed his jacket and keys and headed for the door that led to the garage. The girls jumped up and followed him to his truck.

The ride to the diner was mostly silent. Everyone seemed to be half awake. Once there, Michael told the greeter that he wanted the round table in Starla’s section. She checked to see if it was free and came back and informed him that it would be ready in about five minutes. He nodded that it was fine and turned to the girls.

“Hungry, little ones?” He asked.

“Yes Master,” Stacey told him.

Syndee replied, “Yes, I am famished, Master.”

Silk was closest to him and whispered, “Yes Master.”

With delight, Michael smiled at their answers. He also noted that the greeter was looking at them rather oddly. Finally she told them that their table was ready and escorted them to it.

Michael let them get in first and then sat opposite of Silk. Once everyone was settled, he offered Silk a smile.

Starla came to give them menus and take drink orders. Silk noticed that once she saw it was Michael, her already smiling face brightened even more.

“Michael, what a nice surprise and who are these lovelies.” She asked as she handed everyone a menu.

With a laugh he introduced everyone, “Girls this is Starla. Starla this is Stacey,” pointing to each one in turn, “This is Syndee and you have already met Silk.

Silk did not know that by the use of the word girls and the way he introduced Starla to them first, that he in effect told everyone that Starla was a Dominatrix and that they were slaves. Yet she noticed that the other girls seem to know and was respectful in their tone and words of return greeting.

“Hello,” Starla said, “Do you ever go to Baron’s parties?”

“No ma’am,” Syndee stated, “We have only been to Paul’s and to the Dungeon Keep; otherwise it has been the private scene until now.”

Stacey shook her head in agreement.

“Well, I hope that Michael brings you to Baron’s sometime,” she told them, “Now, what would you all like to drink?”

Glancing at Silk first, Michael told her, “Ice tea for me and Silk with sweet and low.”

The other two ordered sodas and Starla left to get their drinks and allow them time to choose something to eat.

Being polite, Michael asked of Silk in a high-class tone, “Allow me to order for you my dear.”

“Oh by all means, kind sir,” She laughed back at him.

“The usual then, “He asked?

“It would be a crime to change,” She told him in a breathless reply.

“You two are so cute together. I can’t believe you’re not married or something,” Stacey remarked.

At Silk’s fallen look, Michael told the other two, “Silk just got out a long relationship and it ended badly for her. I am nothing yet to Silk except sex and games.”

Shocked and not knowing what to say Silk just sat there and stared at him. He stared back and the look dared her to challenge him. Finally she looked away.

“So you say,” Syndee chimed in as she and Stacey exchanged looks of their own.

Starla came over and took their orders. Michael ordered for Silk and the other two did their own ordering. After about ten minutes, the food was on the table and everyone dug in. Michael kept glancing at Silk and she purposely kept her eyes on her plate. He wanted to say something, but felt it should wait till they were alone. Finally he caught her gaze and gave her a look that spoke volumes. He then blew her a kiss. She finally smiled.

Once they were done and the plates cleared away, Michael asked, “So what do you all have planned for today?”

The girls gave him a rundown which included homework for all three girls. Stacey and Syndee needed to do laundry and clean their place. Silk had to call her parents, which Michael said she could do from his place.

“Well I was wondering because I wanted to take you all to the Mall for a bottle of your favorite perfume as a reward. I like your scents and since I don’t know what any of you wear it’s easier to just take you and let you buy your own,” Michael told them with a grin.

All the girls agree in unison and so they left. Michael paid the bill and off they went to the Mall. Once inside, Michael allowed them to lead the way. Each girl in turn found her favorite perfume and once they were all paid for, Michael led them back to the truck and they were on their way back to his house.

Once home, Stacey and Syndee gathered their things and with promises to call on Tuesday, they were off. After that, Silk gathered her books and spread out on the living room floor to do her homework. Michael changed clothes then sat at his computer doing his own homework. While he did this he also watched Silk and thought about how well things were going. He was really proud of himself and of Silk thus far and now his mind wandered to thoughts of the fun they could have.

Silk lay on the living room floor and did her homework. Every so often she would look up and find Michael watching her. The look in his eyes was intense and this caused Silk to smile back in a flirty manner. When Silk was almost done Michael came down and sat on the couch behind her. Silk could feel his eyes on her and when her homework was finally finished, she closed her books and pushed them away from her. Next she rolled over on her back, leaned up on her elbows and gave him a smile.

Watching her flirt with him while they did homework was turning Michael on greatly. Finally he finished his paper, which he saved and printed. Next he put his stuff back in his bag and went downstairs to the living room. He sat on the couch behind her and noticed her skirt had ridden up her legs while she lay there, exposing her ass cheeks. Michael noticed a slight bruising on them, but nothing serious. The whole picture was very sexy. Then she turned over and leant up on her elbows and gave him that smile that he was fast becoming very attracted to.

“What are you staring at?” She asked.

“Your ass and legs and the marks I left on them,” He told her with a grin.

Silk watched him as he sat there. She decided she was horny so she began to flirt and tease. Taking her foot, she ran it up his calf while she used her tongue and licked her lips in a provocative manner, finally she heard him groan. He crawled off the couch and over her body; their lips met.

Michael watched for a moment deciding what to do. She smiled and flirted again and then Michael felt her toes caress his calf while she teased him with her mouth and tongue. Michael had enough and with a grown, he crawled over her body and claimed her mouth.

Michael rolled their bodies into a more comfortable position as they kissed. Somehow his hand found its way into her panties, which he used to tease her until his shirt found its way open and her nails were on his flesh.

Finding her ear he whispered, “You can only scratch me if you cum,” he then used his fingers to tease her senseless.

Silk panted and thrashed around the floor. Michael would let up off and on and just kiss her, sometimes her mouth, sometimes her breasts and sometimes her neck. He seemed to really enjoy her neck, which delighted Silk greatly. This was her biggest erogenous zone.

Then he had an idea, “Silk,” He breathed in her ear, “How about I teach you to masturbate.”

Meeting his eyes, she swallowed, “Right now?”

“Yes, right now little one,” He told her and with that he jumped up and went up stairs. After a few minutes he returned with a vibrator. Michael lay down once again and sat the vibrator next to them. He began to kiss Silk again till she was out of her mind with lust once more.

Thinking on it he decided that the best way to do this would be to have her between his legs so she could see what he was doing. This decided, he undressed her, and then he lifted and sat up. Placing his back against the couch, he motioned for her to sit between his legs with her back to him. Using one hand, he turned her head to claim her lips while with his other hand he grabbed the vibrator.

He turned it on and ran it up her leg, in response she started to close her legs, “No don’t,” He whispered, “You’ll like this” He then kissed her again and she opened her legs for him.

Once he had her full attention he placed the tip on her clit, her body jumped in response. Michael used it to stimulate her and tease her till she was panting again. He wouldn’t let her cum just yet. Silk was going crazy till finally Michael stopped. Silk gave a slight whine to which Michael laughed.

“You want to cum, you’ll have to get yourself off,” He breathed in her ear.

Silk looked at him and saw he was serious, “What do I do,” She finally asked.

Placing the vibrator in her hand, he then guided it to her wet pussy, “Just do as I did. Touch it to your clit and let the vibrations make you cum.”

Silk did as he told her. Soon she was out of her mind once again. Michael was talking low and dirty in her ear and her body was buzzing along with the vibrator. She felt like she would break into a million pieces at any moment. She turned her head and met Michael’s eyes.

“Kiss me please,” she breathed.

Michael laughed slightly, “No baby, if I help you will never be able to do this on your own. You have to do this the first time without me. Come on you can cum. Cum for me Silk,” he told her.

Silk gave a whine but kept doing as he told her. The feeling was so intense that she thought she would go crazy and then, she exploded. When this happened she threw back her head and moaned loudly.

Michael held her while she came; proud he was the one to teach her this. Once she was done, he kissed her once more, ravaging her mouth. Dropping the vibrator, Silk turned in his arms and threw her arms around him. Michael kissed her for a while. Soon they were lying on the floor once more.

Michael worked his way down her neck to her breasts. Kissing them and biting her nipples made her wild all over again. Using his hand, he found her pussy very wet, this gave Michael an idea and so he kissed his way down to her pussy. Once there, he grabbed the vibrator, which was still on, using it and his mouth he began to bring her to new heights all over again.

Silk was ready to quit after the last orgasm, but when Michael started kissing down her belly she knew she couldn’t tell him no. As his mouth met her pussy he also placed the vibrator against her also. Silk gave into the feelings he invoked and allowed him to make her cum once more.

Using the vibrator on her clit Michael used his mouth and tongue to tease her also. He loved her taste and the way she moved her pussy against his mouth. Within minutes Michael could tell she was close once more.

Silk gripped the carpet and thrashed her head back and forth. “Michael please,” She hissed and then as she exploded again, “Don’t stop.”

Michael rode her wave of passion until she floated back to him. Once she was done he lay back next to her and hugged her close. When she looked at him, he kissed her and she could taste her juices on his mouth.

After a while they just lay there holding each other till Michael felt uncomfortable. Realizing they were lying on the floor he decided it was time for a dip in the hot tub. He was sure she could use one too.

Silk was content to just cuddle but then Michael got up. Silk gave a whimper and started to pout. Then Michael slapped her on the ass.

“No pouting. Time for the hot tub,” he told her as he held out his hand to help her up.

He led her into the hot tub room. She stood there while he lifted the cover and got out towels. Next she watched him adjust the controls and undress. Soon the tub was bubbling. He motioned her to come over by where he stood. While they waited for the tub to be ready he kissed her some more.

Looking up he noticed the mirrored wall. This gave him a naughty idea. He turned her so that her back was to him. “Put your foot up on the edge like you’re going to climb in,” he told her in a husky whisper.

Silk did as he asked.

“Now watch in the mirror,” He told her as he slid into her very wet pussy.

Silk looked up to see his cock disappear into her. It looked so hot, she came on the spot.

Michael was also watching the mirror but it surprised him when she came so quickly. Her whole body vibrated with her orgasm. Michael kept thrusting anyway, helping her to enjoy it to the fullest. When she finally came down, he asked “What brought that on little one?”

With a purr, she answered, “I don’t know, I guess seeing it in the mirror like that. I’ve never seen it like that, so up close.”

Michael gave a laugh and agreed, “Yes it is rather up close and personal isn’t it?” He pulled up on her ass cheek slightly, which showed even more. “Looks so damn sexy, don’t it?”

Silk moaned in agreement as Michael slid in and out of her. He kept this up till she came again. Once she was done, he pulled out and turned her around for a kiss. As he kissed her, he scooped her up in his arms and sat her over the edge of the tub. Placing her on the edge, he let go and climbed in next to her. She was still sitting on the edge once he was fully in so he turned to her and pulled her in onto his lap.

Silk allowed Michael to pull her into the steamy water. It felt good on her muscles and as she relaxed, Michael rubbed her back muscles. Silk leaned close allowing her breasts to rub against Michael’s chest. Soon the contact on her nipples was making her buzz with need. She briefly thought to herself that she had never been so turned on and she had never had so many orgasms in one day. This fact she shared with Michael. He laughing reminded her that the day was not over yet.

Soon they were kissing once more. Neither one could seem to get enough of the others mouth. Michael thought to himself that he could kiss her all night.

As they kissed Silk rubbed herself against Michael’s hard cock. He liked that way she teased him. She shifted just enough that he was entering her a few inches. Soon they were making love in the hot tub. As he held on to her behind, he fingered her ass to add to her pleasure. Finally Michael decided he wanted her ass.

Pushing her away he told her, “Let’s get out, I want to take this to the bed. I also want your ass.”

Silk got up and climbed out. Michael joined her and handed her a towel. As they dried off Silk thought about Michael taking her anally. While the idea turned her on, she was nervous also. Once they were dry Michael led her to the bedroom. As they went, he scooped up her vibrator from the floor. Soon they were next to the bed and he sat the vibrator on the night stand. Next he scoped her up for a kiss and as they kissed, he cupped her ass cheeks to press her up against him.

He could tell that she was nervous so he went slowly. As they kissed he slipped a hand between them to stroke her pussy lips. He knew the tease was great for her. Next he laid her on the bed and licked his way down her neck to her belly. There he licked her tummy lines and naval till finally he licked down to her hot pussy. Then he licked and teased her till she was thrashing. Finally his tongue found her tight asshole which he proceeded to lick to the fullest as she thrashed under him. He knew he had to be very gentle because when he fingered her last night he noted that she was virginal tight.

Soon he added a finger to the playing, as he licked her pussy and around her tight asshole, he fingered her ass trying to loosen her up. When she came again, he knew she was ready for him, but he kept it up till she gave him a sign.

Finally she was begging for it so he rolled her over and adjusted her till she was up on her knees with her ass in the air. He opened the night stand drawer and grabbed the lube. He also grabbed the vibrator. He lubed up her ass with his finger dipping into her ass to help ready her for him. He also lubed his cock; he didn’t want to cause her any pain. He felt she was ready so he pressed his cock head to her little brown hole. As he pressed forward he felt her tighten even more and she let out a loud hiss. The thought occurred to him that his size was greater than she was used to.

“Silk how big is Reed?” He asked half expecting her to laugh.

“Not as big as you,” she hissed and bore down against the pain.

Michael looked down into his hand and saw the vibrator. Duh, he thought to himself as he turned it on, the he reached around and found her pussy. When he hit her clit with the vibrations, she loosened up greatly. Michael slid in some more and when he reached a point she moaned loudly and pressed back onto him. Quickly he was all the way in her ass. Keeping the vibrator on her clit he held as still as possible to allow her to get used to him.

With gritted teeth, Michael asked, “Are you okay.”

“Yes oh god yes,” came a reply that was more a moan.

Michael saw that she was ready. Keeping one hand on the vibrator, he used his free one and grabbed her shoulder to pull her back into his thrusts.

When he first started to enter her, she wasn’t sure she could take him. He was much bigger then she was used to. Then he placed the vibrator on her clit and her hormones took over. She couldn’t help it, she felt in heat. As he thrust she realized that he was having trouble holding the vibrator and fucking her. Finally she thought to help him and took the vibrator from him and used it on herself.

When she took the vibrator Michael was delighted. This allowed him to really give it to her. He thrust into her at a gentle pace that seemed to please them both. Suddenly she came and Michael lost all control as her ass milked his cum from him also. He moaned loudly with their release, so loud, it shocked them both. Once it was over he fell over to the side and pulled her with him.

“WOW!” Was all he said as he gathered her in to his arms and they both fell asleep.

Later they awoke and Michael decided it was time for some dinner so he called and ordered pizza. When it arrived Michael lay the box on the floor and offered her a picnic of sorts. While they ate they talked some about the past few days. Michael used this to assess how Silk was getting along in the lifestyle. “So what do you think so far?” He asked.

Silk looked up at Michael not really sure how to express what she was thinking. She felt this was the right way for her but she didn’t know how to express it to Michael, finally she spoke, “I don’t know what to say. I love it, it feels so right.”

Michael smiled at the word love hoping that some day she would say that about him. It also made him happy that she loved his world. “I’m glad because it suits you and you have adapted very well,” He told her in praise.

They talked as the lay there eating. Michael got up and grabbed the bottle of wine and poured some into a big tumbler. As he lay back down Silk remarked with a laugh that it was very redneck to drink wine that way. When Michael tried to defend himself by saying it was just easier so they didn’t have to keep refilling the glass and they could share Silk stopped him with her finger to his lips. When he quieted she told him that she liked redneck country boys.

Michael caught on and smiled the drawled, “Yes Ma’am,” in his best southern accent.

**12 - And So It Begins**

Sunday night led into Monday morning and soon it was time for school. Michael woke early and left Silk to sleep while he got up and made his coffee. As he drank it, he watched her sleep for a while with a satisfied smile on his face. Things were going so well. He was glad Silk took to his lifestyle so well. To him this was a sure sign he was right in thinking that she was perfect for him. He decided then though that he would still take things slow. You can’t rush a good thing he thought to himself.

Finally it was time to wake Silk. He woke her up and told her it was time to shower and get ready for school. She groaned but got up. He liked that she was slightly grouchy in the morning. Something about it made him smile.

Silk noticed his smile as well and in a grouchy tone she asked, “Why are you so smiley this morning?”

Michael laughed at her and said, “What’s not to smile about? I have you in my bed with my collar around your neck. Seems like a perfect day to me.”

Silk grumbled a comment that he didn’t catch and this made him laugh again. She gave him a look but he also saw a slight smile play across her lips as well as she turned away. Still laughing he led her to the shower. There they didn’t mess around, getting done in record time. Once done they both went their own ways to get ready for school. Finally both were ready so they headed off to school.

Once there Silk turned to go to her class but Michael caught her arm as she turned away. She turned back to look at him and was drawn into his arms for a kiss that made her want to go right back home and to bed.

Michael didn’t mind the lack of conversation knowing Mondays had this effect on most people but when Silk started to walk away without even a good-bye Michael couldn’t let her leave so he grabbed her arm and pulled her to him for a kiss. It was meant to just be a small kiss but when her lips met his, he couldn’t help but deepen it to something more.

The kiss spoke of the past weekends fun and of the fun still to come. It screamed to both of them, drawing them back to bed. Michael was briefly only too happy to give in but remembered where they were and why. With a sigh he ended the kiss and said, “Until later little one.”

Silk pulled away remembering where she was as well. She replied, Bye Michael,” and turned to leave for her class. As she walked she thought to herself that she was totally caught in Michael’s spell. He could ask anything of her at this point and she was certain that she would give in to him. She smiled at this thought and went about her day.

At six when Silk’s shift was over, she went to Michael’s office. After knocking, he told her to enter. Silk went in to find him filling out papers at his desk. She was feeling playful so put her foot up on the edge of his desk, giving him a clear view up her skirt. When he didn’t respond, she put her foot down and got up and came around the desk. There she sat on the edge, finally he looked at her.

Michael had noticed her in the chair with her foot up. He had seen her panties but was ignoring her till he was done. When she came up and sat next to him he looked up at her. He could tell she wanted something and he had a pretty good idea what it was. Her flirty nature gave her away.

“Since you insist in not letting me finish this I guess you want punished,” He told her.

Silk pouted at this, “No Master.”

Michael liked the pout. Sometimes he let it get to him, sometimes not. He turned back and finished the paperwork. He didn’t have much left. After a few more minutes, he was done. Putting the papers together, he placed them in a manila folder and sat them in the out box on his desk. Next he looked at his watch. It was twenty minutes past six.

Turned back to her, Michael stood up and pulled her in front of him on the desk. Leaning down he kissed her. Silk wrapped her arms around his neck as he did this. Michael leaned her back part way. His hand found her thigh so he ran his hand up under her skirt. First he felt her leg then he twisted his hand around to touch her pussy. Silk gave a whimper.

As Michael kissed her, Silk ran her hands up his back. When he dipped his head to her neck she dug her nails into his shoulders. It was so intense. When his hand ran up her thigh and found her wet center, she couldn’t contain a whimper.

Michael soon broke the kiss. “Since you are so naughty little one, get on your knees,” He told her as he opened his pants and sat down.

Silk jumped off the desk thinking she knew what was up. Silk was only too happy to give him a blow job.

Michael wanted a blow job, but not like she thought. He had an appointment at six thirty. The newspaper wanted to interview him. He decided that Silk was going to suck him under the desk while he did the interview.

“Get under my desk,” He told her. She obeyed but gave him a puzzled look. “This guy from the newspaper is coming to interview me and you are going to suck me while he does.”

Silk looked back and saw that she couldn’t be seen under the desk. This made her happy, so she backed under the desk. Michael pulled up close and she crawled up over his lap and finished the job of opening his pants. She took out his cock and gave it a kiss, a French kiss. Michael moaned in response.

Silk started sucking him and soon she heard a knock at the door. Michael looked down at her, “Go easy. I have to do this interview.” Silk smiled sweetly up at him.

Silk started as she heard the guy introduce himself as Kenny. She felt Michael shift and knew he was shaking hands. She then heard the guy sit down. After a little small talk, he began the interview.

“So Michael as the new Student Program Director what are your plans for the upcoming school year,” Kenny asked.

“Well you’ve already heard our new DJ Silk. She started the song request program,” Michael began, “We are also going to be doing more on location spots.”

“Tell me about these on location spots,” Kenny asked.

Silk chose that moment to increase her suction which caused Michael to suck in a sharp breath. Covering he spoke, “Well we’ll send our DJ’s out to games and events at the college. There they will do a show which we will broadcast semi live. We delay it by five minutes so we can bleep out anything people might say that would get us into trouble with the FCC.”

Michael glanced down at his lap as Kenny was writing this down. Silk gave him an innocent look. He gave her a look. Silk went back to sucking him with a smile.

Kenny kept up with the questions for about twenty more minutes. Silk tried a few times to get to Michael but he ignored her. Finally it was over and Kenny bid Michael good-bye and left. Michael sat there watching Silk suck him for a few more moments.

“You’re a bad girl slave,” He told her.

Silk ignored him and kept up till her told her to stop. He then backed away and told her to stand up. Silk did as he said.

Once she was standing, He stood also. Grabbing her by her hair, he pulled her to him for a kiss. Silk melted into him. Michael kissed her while his hands roamed her ass. Squeezing and needing her checks roughly, he also rubbed her against his hard cock. Silk’s hands found his neck and she was pulling up to bring him into direct contact with her center.

Michael pushed her back, “Not so fast little one,” he told her with a smile.

Silk pouted again but Michael ignored her this time. He turned, fixed his pants and grabbed his jacket, putting it on her turned to her, “Ready to go?”

Silk turned back to the chair and grabbed her jacket and bag.

Watching her he asked, “Do you need your bag tonight?”

Silk turned to look at him, “No not really.”

“Good then leave it here in my office,” He told her reaching out for it. She handed it to him and he put it in his desk. Next he walked around the desk and led her out of the office.

Silk now wondered what he was up to. She didn’t have to wonder long when he led her to the parking lot. Instead of his truck, he led her to a motorcycle. She had seen it in his garage.

Michael fished his keys out of his pocket as he climbed on, “Hop on,” was all he told her.

Silk climbed on behind Michael. After she did, he fished inside his jacket and handed her some glasses. She put them on.

Michael also fished out a pair of glasses for himself. He also put them on, and then started up the bike. When he felt Silk grab on to his middle, he turned the bike and drove off. Silk gripped him tightly. He wondered if she was scared.

As they pulled out on to the road, he asked her, “You scared?”

“Just a little till I get used to you and this bike, I’m always like this with someone new.” She told him.

As they drove he noticed that she was right. Her grip lessened till she was just holding him. He could also feel her body relax against his back. Soon it felt like she was cuddling him more than holding on. He was glad she was okay, he liked riding and loved riding with his slaves.

Soon they drove to some deserted lake. Michael parked along the edge and killed the engine. Silk just held on to him till Michael told her to get off. Once she was off, he slid back and told her to get back on facing him.

Silk did as he ordered. Once seated she look at him. Michael leaned down and kissed her. Once again his hands found her ass and he pulled her close. Silk slipped her hand inside his jacket and gripped his shoulders. They necked and kissed till Silk was panting.

Michael felt the change in her respond. He was happy she was responding. The last slave he took up here was too freaked out by the thought of getting caught to relax. Silk didn’t even ask if they could get caught she just responded.

Michael knew she was ready so he pushed her back a bit and undid his pants. Silk glanced down to see what he was doing then back up at him. Her eyes were full of lust. Once his cock was free he pulled her up onto his lap as he lifted her skirt up her thighs. Silk naturally lifted her legs over his. Michael reached his hand behind her and pulled her thong to the side. Lifting her higher he entered her, and then dropped her fully onto his lap. Silk threw her head back and moaned.

When Michael started opening his jeans, Silk knew what he wanted and she was only too happy to give in. As he pulled her onto his lap she briefly thought about her thong, but then he pulled it out of the way and entered her anyway. Silk couldn’t think as he let go and impaled her deeply.

Michael rocked them back and forth till Silk begged for release. Not yet he told her. He wanted her to come big. He kept up the rocking for a while longer until he knew she really wanted it. Then he leaned her over the tank, shift his weight he stood partly up.

Silk felt like she was falling then felt the tank of the bike at her back. She glanced up at him.

“Grab the handle bars,” He told her with a growl.

Silk grabbed the handle bars as he began hard, fast thrusts. Silk couldn’t hold back much longer.

Michael felt her need so he growled, “Cum now.”

Silk obeyed with abandon. It rocked her world. As she came back down she saw him smiling at her.

Michael gave her one more orgasm then ordered her to flip over. Silk thought this strange but obeyed. Once face down across the tank, Michael pulled her to him and entered her once again. He noticed she grabbed the handle bars without his telling her too.

In this position, Michael was able to really ram it into her. Silk begged to cum again in moments but he told her not till he did. She gave a whimper but did as he ordered. Michael pounded her for about ten minutes till he felt his own release boil up in him.

“Now,” he ordered and felt her explode with him.

Once it was over, he pulled out of her and leaned down to her ear. Sweeping her braid to the side, he kissed her neck. “Did you enjoy that little one?” He asked.

“Yes Master,” she replied with a breathless voice.

Michael lifted up off her and got off the bike. Getting into one of the bags, he handed her a small towel and helped her up. He took a second towel and wiped himself off.

Silk cleaned herself off also after she stood up. She then tried to adjust her thong back into place, but she hated the wet feeling on her panties so she finally just took them off. Michael smiled at her and held out his hand. Silk handed them to him and giggled when he put them in his jacket pocket.

“What?” He asked.

“Starting a collection or do adding to it,” She laughed.

“Adding to it, I only collect the ones I soil,” He told her and she laughed again.

Michael then decided it was time to go as he saw the patrol off in the distance. He got on the bike and Silk followed suit. Starting the bike he felt her grab on. He pulled out and left the lake, heading home.

On the way home they grabbed a bite to eat. Michael figured it was too late to make anything so fast food would work tonight. It’s not like he ate it a lot.

**13 - The Party - Part 1**

The rest of the week flew buy and finally Friday night finally came and Silk was really nervous. She envied the other two for their experience because they were excited instead of scared. She was so on edge that when Michael spoke her name; she nearly jumped out of her skin and squeaked out a yes Master.

“Silk, are you scared?” Michael asked her, voice full of concern.

“A little bit,” she said in a small voice.

Michael hugged her and whispered words of reassurance in her ear. He told her that all she had to do tonight was watch and that no one would touch her unless she said it was okay. He promised her that someone would always be watching her also. Finally she settled down. The other girls also told her that there was nothing to be afraid of.

They were all ready to go except for their cloaks. Stacey and Syndee were naked except their arm and leg cuffs and collars. She herself was wearing a see through top and a thong along with her cuffs and collar. Michael had decided that she would wear a small amount of clothing so that others would know she was a watcher this time. Michael was wearing a pair of black jeans with a button down teal silk shirt. Silk thought he looked very sexy. The other two girls wore three-inch heels to match their collars while Silk wore mock ballet slippers. Michael figured that since she would probably be sitting most of the night, slippers would be the most comfortable.

Finally it was time to go. The girls donned their cloaks that Michael had bought them. He had said it was best to travel with the cloaks, that way when they got there they didn’t have to undress. No lost clothing this way. Silk could tell that Michael was very thorough as they also grabbed their bags full of their personal toys. Michael said they were to use their own no matter what. Silk even brought her bag, in case she decided to do more than watch, Michael told her.

They rode in Michael’s truck to a house in one of the nicest neighborhoods. The houses were like mini mansions.

Stacey gave a low whistle, “Nice Master.”

Michael looked to Silk to see her reaction and smiled when she smiled at him. “Yes it is really nice, ten bedrooms, seven bathrooms and 3 stories. Plus they have a guest house in the back, a pool, hot tub, sauna, weight room, in-home-theater and the whole basement is a dungeon.”

“What does Sir Baron do for a living Master,” Stacey asked?

“Believe it or not, he is a computer geek. He works for some important computer firm in the city making gross amounts of money, plus like us he’s a trust fund baby,” Michael told them with a laugh.

Michael parked in the driveway and as they all got out, Silk noticed a valet, who took Michael’s keys and as they walked up the walk to the front door, the truck disappeared. Michael rang the bell and the person who answered it gave Silk her first shock of the evening.

He was dressed as a French-maid. Silk knew it was a male by his features but he was made up to look female anyway. This maid allowed them to enter and took the girl’s cloaks, which he/she in turn hung up in a closet behind the door. Then he placed their bags next to the wall where others were also awaiting their owners. Good thing Michael labeled their bags and cloaks. Next he/she led them into a large room. Before Silk could notice the large amount of people, she saw Michael whisper something to the maid.

“May I announce,” he/she said in a falsetto voice, “Sir Michael and his trio of slaves. Slave Stacey,” he said point to each girl in turn, “slave Syndee and slave Silk, who is a watcher tonight.”

Silk then noticed that the large room was very full of an assortment of clothed and naked people. There were more maids, both male and female like the one at the door; only these ones were serving food and drinks. Silk also noticed that a few were carrying old fashion cigarette holders except they contained whips, crops, paddles and other assorted items that Silk wasn’t sure were. She thought she saw clothespins but could not be sure as that particular maid was far away.

A group of people came forward to greet Michael and his slaves. She was surprised to note that many people seemed to know her Master and it also seemed he was well liked. Slowly they entered what appeared to be a living room. It contained long couches and large chairs. Silk also noted that there were small stools on the edges of the room. Michael finally took a seat on the couch and indicated for them to kneel.

They all knelt around his feet facing him, eyes downcast awaiting he next command. Michael sat and talked to people for a while and the girls waited patiently as questions about themselves were put to Michael. Finally someone suggested that he allow Stacey and Syndee to join the other slaves in the dungeon to familiarize them selves with it. Michael told them to follow a maid to the dungeon and with a yes Master from each they were gone.

Silk was now by herself. She still felt unsure but remained at Michael’s feet with her eyes down as was required.

Finally Michael told her that she may look up, “Silk, your here to watch so watch. Why don’t you grab one of those stools and sit on it next to me.”

“Yes Master. Thank you, Master,” She told him as she fetched a stool and placed it as close to his legs as she could get without blocking him from standing. When she took her seat she curled her legs to her side, he smiled at her and stroked her cheek reassuringly.

Silk looked around the room finally. She noticed that a few slave were still upstairs. One slave was being used as a footstool and another was rubbing her Master’s feet. She saw that there were male and female slaves. Silk knew this was tame behavior and that before the night was through her education would grow greatly. She looked forward to it with an uneasy curiosity.

She noticed someone watching her. Once he caught her eye, he spoke with an accent, “Hello you exquisite creature.”

She was unsure if she was allowed to speak so she looked back at Michael who nodded an okay. “Hello Sir. Thank you for the compliment.” She noticed he was good looking and sure of himself as he spoke to her.

“Silk, is that what you Master calls you. Charming, is that because you’re a smooth as Silk?” He asked her with a smile.

Feeling more at ease, she replied, “No Sir, Silk or actually Silky is my real name, the name my parents gave me.”

“I’m sure the name fits.” He said and continued talking to her about this and that.

Silk talked to him as she watched the things going on around her, a few more people had arrived and while most slaves went to the dungeon some stayed by their Masters or Mistresses. Silk watched and talked with those around her. She answered questions about herself and her relationship with Michael.

Someone mentioned wanting to see more of Silk and Michael smiled with pride. Why not he thought, she could present and redress to watch later.

“Up on your feet slave,” Michael ordered. Once she was standing like he had taught her, he added, “Strip and present yourself.

With a yes Master, she was on her feet ready to go.

“Hold on Michael, let me call Dyna, she’ll want to see this,” Baron said to Michael, then he turned to a maid, “You maid, go get slave Dyna.”

At his nod, Silk stood and waited for Dyna to come before beginning. As she waited she noticed that most everyone was watching her. Finally Dyna came and knelt at Baron’s feet. Silk then begin, first she striped off the top, which she dropped near her feet. She then turned a full turn so that everyone could see her. Next she took off the thong and repeated the turning. Finally she bent over and removed her slippers and then stood up and put her hands behind her back, and dropped her eyes to the floor. She noticed Dyna whispering to Baron.

“Michael, we’d like to see that hair,” Baron told him.

He had the girls braid each others hair before they left because he knew that it would keep it out of their faces and be much cooler for them. Knowing how sexy her hair really was and that both Baron and Dyna had a thing about hair, he ordered, “Silk un-braid your hair.”

“Yes Master,” She said as she did as he ordered. When it was finally free, she gave it a good shake then tossed it over her shoulder before resuming the position again.

“Wow, her hair is lovely Sir Michael,” Dyna told him.

“Yes it is. Lovely hair for a lovely little slave,” Baron agreed.

The gentleman with the strange accent spoke up finally, “Let us see more. How well does she present in the positions?”

Arising to the challenge Michael turned and looked at the voice that had spoken. Not liking this gentleman much anyway and after watching him practically drool over Silk, Michael was pissed off, “Kneel slave,” Michael barked.

Silk dropped smoothly to her knees. When Master spoke she was all business.

Once she was there, “Down,” he barked again.

Silk lowered her front to the floor, turning her head toward Michael as her top hit the floor. She also placed her hands above her head.

“Up again,” when she was on her feet, “Belly.”

Again she dropped to her knees and as she dropped her front to the floor she turned her head toward Michael again. This time she placed her arms behind her back and spread her legs and awaited his next command.

“Very nice,” the accented gentleman said, “But she didn’t cross her ankles.”

Silk thought, oh no, had she embarrassed her Master? He didn’t want them to cross their ankles but before she could dwell on it she heard Michael explain to the man.

“I like to have sex with my slaves in this position and therefore don’t like their ankles crossed. I don’t require them to do so she is doing it right by my standards as I have taught her.” Michael told him in a matter of fact tone.

“I see,” the gentleman said.

“Kneel up Silk,” Michael ordered completing the positions.

Silk knelt up and lifted her chin to present the D-ring on her collar. Michael smiled at her proudly.

“She presents well but when do we get to see her in action?” The man asked.

Gritting his teeth, Michael replied, “Not tonight, she watches tonight. This is her first week in the lifestyle.”

The man gave a noise in the back of his throat and Michael glared at him, challenging him to say more. The man thought wisely of it knowing Michael’s temper. Silk didn’t know that her Master used to be as quick with his fists as he was with his whip and the man didn’t know that Michael didn’t fight anymore. Finally the topic changed to other things and Michael forgot all about him. Suddenly he noticed that Silk was still kneeling up at his side.

Turning his head to her, he smiled again with pride, “Little one, you may resume your stool and continue to watch. Also you may redress and re-braid your hair.”

“Thank you Master,” she said as she put her clothes back on and then sat back on the stool. Next she re-braided her hair as she watched.

The activities had greatly increased while her back had been turned. The male slave who was posing as a foot slave was now being whipped with a crop and the female slave was using her feet on the male slave’s cock. It looked like she was trampling it, but the male seemed to be enjoying it and his cock was hard. Silk watched this with growing curiosity and didn’t hear Michael call her name.

Then a hand snaked out and grabbed her nipple, pinching it roughly. Silk turned with a jerk to find Michael looking at her.

“Do I have your attention, little one?”

“Yes Master,” she stammered.

“I was telling you that I was going to go down stairs, there will be plenty of activities up here for you to watch, so stay up here for now and I will come get you later and take you downstairs,” Michael told her.

“Yes, Master,” she replied.

He let got of her nipple and got up to leave. As he did, the male slave approached him.

“Sir may I rub your slave’s feet while she watches. She has very sexy feet Sir,” the slave asked of Michael.

Looking back at Silk, who in turn looked at him with wide eyes. “Sure, why not,” Michael told him. Silk could use the education and she could also talk to him learn about male slaves. “Talk to her and explain things if she needs it.”

“Yes Sir, I will help her understand, and might I add, she is very lovely, pity she is a slave, what a Mistress she would make,” he informed Michael.

“Hmmmm, yes, she would, but such is life and she is a slave,” said Michael thinking on what the male slave had said. “However,” to Silk, “Behave yourself and I’ll be back. Watch and learn,” then to the other slave, “Obey your manners or punishment will be harsh.”

A yes Master and Sir followed him as he walked away and went to the dungeon to play. He knew that Silk would be all right and that the male slave would explain things to her. A slave point of view about things was better then his anyway. While he knew that point of view, it had been a while since he was of that way of thinking and so he could not really explain things like another slave could. That combined with the fact that Silk needed a males point of view on slave matters put him at ease as he played with Stacey and Syndee.

Silk sat on her stool and watched all that was going on around her while the male slave who introduced himself as Adam, rubbed her feet and talked to her. The accented gentleman also was still in attendance, so she talked with him also. Across the room a slave was being chained to a hook that hung from the ceiling. A blindfold was put over her eyes. Silk noted that she didn’t look the least bit scared.

“What are they going to do to her Adam,” she asked of him. She preferred talking to him over the gentleman.

“That’s Shelia, she is into sensory play. They will take a few of her senses away with blindfolds and plugs in her ears. Then they will do things to her and in this state all she has is her sense of touch to rely on, which will be heightened. This will make for some interesting fun for her and everyone else,” Adam explained.

“What sort of things, will they do? Whip her?”

Adam noted her interest, “Well it depends on the person, but Sheila likes blade play, hot wax, ice, feathers, paddles, whips, floggers and canes. They will most likely use a combination of all on her, gradually building up to intensity.”

Silk watched and they began with ice and hot wax. The Dom would run the ice down a part of her body and then follow it up with the wax. The slave would give small gasps, but that was all, she never cried out. Next the Dom took a knife and began to run it up and down parts of her body occasionally removing some wax in the process. The slave was beginning to whimper. Through the whole thing, he would have her turn to that he could access the front and back of her. Next he took a flogger and began to swish it gently across parts of her body. Silk knew this did not hurt. The flogger also removed bits of wax.

When the flogger reached a point where it was getting intense, he would switch to something new. He used the paddle, the crop, feathers and all the other items in his never-ending arsenal. Off and on he would remind her to breath. Finally she reached her point and she was in what Adam called subspace. Silk knew about this from her sisters also. The Dom turned her lose and laid her on the couch nearby. After about fifteen minutes she was back to her old self and her Dom ordered her to the floor where she knelt, Silk notice that while she was tired, she also looked fulfilled.

Adam had explained the whole process to Silk as they watched and now that it was over, she turned her attention back to Adam. He was rubbing his cock on her feet. Silk wondered if he should be doing this but didn’t know and since it felt so good, she didn’t stop him. Who could know that feet could be so sensual, the whole act had Silk panting. Silk knew he was about to cum but could not stop him.

Just as he exploded on her feet, Michael walked up and witnessed Adam soiling her feet.

Grabbing a crop from a nearby maid, Michael brought it down across Adam’s back, “What do you think you are doing slave? Did I give you permission to cum on my slave?” He punctuated it with another smack of the corp.

Michael was shocked and delighted at the look of pure lust in Silk’s eyes; he had a real good feeling that she could cum from this. This was something he would have to explore later, but now he needed to deal with this. Not only to punish Adam, but to show Silk that was Adam had done was wrong and that bad deeds where dealt with harshly.

“Lick her legs and feet clean slave,” Michael ordered with another swipe from the crop across Adam’s back. When he knelt down, his ass was in the air and Michael whipped it too.

As Adam licked up his mess, Silk was turned on even more. Oh god, she thought, I’m going to cum. She began to pant even harder tying to control it.

Michael was watching her and almost laughed out loud when she began to pant hard. The minx was going to cum. Not if he had anything to say about it. No one but him would give her pleasure.

“Silk, you may not cum,” he told her with a stress on the word not.

He watched her, as Adam was finishing up his mess. He noticed that they had drawn a crowd. Everyone came to watch him with her. The show off in him couldn’t resist. Knowing she was going to cum anyway no matter what he said he brought the crop down lightly on her nipple.

“Slave if you cum, you will be punished,” he said and watched her reaction.

She gave a low moan and her eyes rolled back in her head as she exploded. The extra swat from the crop across her breasts only aided in her orgasm, “Sorry Master,” was all she said.

If it weren’t for her disobeying the rules, Michael could have laughed out loud at the fact that she came from having her feet licked. He bet she didn’t know that could happen or even understand it herself. Michael knew that he also had to punish her; she had cum after he told her no. With this in mind, he reached in his pocket and pulled out her leash. As she came down from her high, he clipped the leash to her D-ring on her collar. It pissed him off that she gained pleasure from someone other then him.

As she recovered, she felt the hand at her throat, looking up she met stormy blue eyes and knew she was in trouble. The leash that was attached to her collar was jerked and she immediately dropped to her knees.

“Crawl like a dog,” Michael ground out as he turned and walked away pulling the leash after him.

Silk followed on hands and knees quickly behind him as he led her out of the room. She followed him to a set of stairs where he told her to walk down on her feet. Once down stairs he ordered her to her hands and knees again as he led her into the dungeon. Once in the dungeon, he ordered Stacey to go retrieve Silk’s toy bag from upstairs.

With a yes Master, Stacey jumped to do his bidding; she could see that Master was pissed. She ran up the stairs and grabbed the bag quickly retuning it to Master’s side. She wondered what Silk had done this time.

“Stacey take your sister, strip her and tie her to the cross,” Michael told her as he searched through Silk’s bag for the things he wanted.

Silk was a bit scared now but she trusted Michael totally so she tried to relax. She knew that Michael wouldn’t hurt her so she awaited her fate like a good slave as Stacey striped her and then tied her arms to the cross. Stacey gave her a small smile as she did this.

Michael searched her bag and found her blindfold, a paddle and the deerskin flogger. Dropping the bag at his feet, he handed Stacey the blindfold and once it was in place, he approached Silk.

Silk’s arms were tied above her head in the same manner of the girl that she had seen upstairs earlier. She smelt Michael’s cologne and knew he had approached but when he did nothing she grew apprehensive.

Michael watched her fidget while he also watched the crowd gather. He saw that the gentleman with the accent had also come to watch Silk get punished. For a brief moment he thought about untying her and taking her home, but knew that was stupid. She needed to be punished here in front of everyone.

Once everyone was seated, Michael’s voice rang out, “Slave you have disobeyed me, why is that?”

Silk jumped at the sound of his voice then recovered and answered, “Because I was bad.”

Smack! Went the paddle on her ass, “That is not a proper answer,” Michael replied.

Silk jumped at the smack, “Sorry Master, I disobeyed you because I could not control myself.”

Michael hooked the paddle to his side and turned to swing the flogger, gentle at first but picking up intensity as he went on. He smiled to himself when Silk stood and took it.

Silk felt the flogger hit her the first time and knew that it was futile to fight. She stood and took it all even when he got too intense.

Michael made sure he hit her from ankles to ass and occasionally across her upper back and shoulders. He made sure the some of the swipes would curl around her body striking her pussy. He had her turn a few times so that he could flogger her front especially her breasts. Finally her body gave him a sign that she had had enough and he stopped.

“Stacey, untie your slave sister, Michael ordered.

Stacey said yes Master, and did as ordered. Once Silk was untied, she helped her to kneel at Master’s feet.

Michael smiled at their obedience. He turned and took a seat on a chair that was close at hand.

“Slave, come here and turn your back to me.” Michael said.

Silk came over and turned as he had ordered. When she did this, he ordered her to kneel up and then clipped her cuffs together.

In a clear voice, Michael stated for all to hear, “Since my slave likes to cum without permission and disobey her Master, I think she can reward any Dom or Domme who wishes it with Oral to orgasm.” Then he bent down and grabbed her hair and pulled her ear back to his mouth, “You will go give oral to anyone who wishes it and you will make them cum or else. You will swallow too if they want you to.” He then pushed her forward toward a Dom next to them who was already opening his pants.

Silk crawled on her knees to the Dom who had been opening his pants. She knelt up over his lap and took in his scent. He was not too bad she thought as she took him into her mouth. Quickly she sucked him trying to make him cum and was rewarded with a mouthful of cum.

“Don’t swallow that,” the Dom ordered just as she went to swallow. “I want you to feed it to my slave.”

The Dom grabbed her by her braid and turned her face toward a male slave. Silk leaned toward him and met his mouth with a kiss.

“Share it with him, slave,” Came Michael’s voice.

Silk kissed the male slave and swallowed some of the cum while she also fed some to him. Finally there was no more, so she broke the kiss. She then turned toward Michael awaiting his next order.

Laughing at the look on her face, Michael said, “You heard me, go around the room and offer your mouth and tongue to all the Doms and Dommes.” He swatted her ass with a crop as she turned and left.

Silk noticed a Lady crooking her finger at her and so Silk crawled to her. When Silk was at her feet, the Lady reached down and stroked her face. Next she opened her dress and scooted her ass to the end of the chair. Finally she pushed Silk’s face into her crotch.

Silk was glad to see that this Lady was very clean. She licked and sucked until she felt the Lady cum, then she leaned up and the Lady kissed her mouth. Finally Silk moved on to another.

The next was another lady, only she wanted Silk to suck her male slave. Silk did as ordered and was glad when he came quickly, just as she was about to swallow the lady ordered her not to and told her to let it fall from her mouth into his. Her male slave then spun around to lie under her head. Silk allowed cum to fall from her mouth and into his. As he swallowed it, the Domme pushed Silks head down and ordered them to share the last of the cum with a kiss.

The kiss was intense for Silk. When it broke she looked down at the slave and saw it was the same for him. Silk didn’t understand it but there was something about this slave that drew her but before she could dwell on it Michael ordered her to move on. Silk threw Michael a look, which earned her a loud laugh.

Silk sat up and noticed that the gentleman with the accent was beckoning her. The thought occurred to her that Michael would not want her to touch him but then she also thought too bad, he made her do this. With this in mind, she crawled over to him without a backwards look to Michael.

**14 - The Party - Part 2**

“Mon petit chéri, votre Maître est un tel monstre. Je ne vous ferais jamais le faire.” He told her, causing her to realize that the accent was French.

“I am sorry Sir, I don’t understand,” Silk told him as she leaned up over his lap.

“Mon petit chéri, it is nothing, I was just complimenting you,” he lied. He then opened his pants and allowed Silk to see his cock.

Silk gasped, he was rather large and thick. She wasn’t sure she could get it in her mouth much less suck him off all the way.

At her gasp, he laughed, “Mon petit chéri, you don’t have to fit it all in your mouth. If you will just suck the head, I will help you.”

Silk did as ordered and while he helped her as he said he talked to her. Silk wished he would just shut up and cum.

“Wouldn’t you like to feel this in your pussy, mon petit chéri?” He asked.

Silk shook her head no, and he laughed so she pulled off his cock and told him that the only man she wished to feel inside her was her Master.

Unbeknownst to Silk, Michael heard her and was now smiling with pride.

The gentleman was undaunted however and kept talking to her while she sucked him. Finally much to Silks relief, he came. Silk was unprepared for the amount and ended up with it down her front and in her hair. She just could not swallow it all.

Once he was done, she pulled away and turned to find Michael watching her. He motioned for her to come to him so she crawled over to him.

Once there, he leaned over and told Stacey to go get something to clean up Silk. While she was gone, he leaned over to Silk and said, “He lied to you.”

Silk looked at him confused.

“What he said in French. His translation to you, he lied. He actually said to you that, your Master is such a monster. I would never make you do this. He also kept calling you, my little darling,” Michael whispered in her ear.

Silk looked at him again, wondering why it mattered now.

Michael watched her face for a reaction then spoke, “So do you feel the same? Am I a monster for making you do that for everyone?”

Silk looked up for a moment and spoke, “No Master, I don’t think you’re a monster.”

Michael grabbed her hair and made her look at him, “Really, then what do you think? What was that look for earlier? Are you mad that I am making you do this? The truth, now slave.”

Silk looked into his eyes, “I was a little mad about having to do this and that look was because I was being pissy. I don’t really mind doing it though, as it pleases you. I am also sorry I was bad before,” she said.

Michael looked at her, watching her eyes as she spoke. When she was done, he kissed her full on the mouth. Silk was taken aback when he did this as she had just preformed oral on many other men and still had cum on her lips and the taste still in her mouth. When Michael broke the kiss, Stacey was there with the cloth to clean Silk. Michael took the cloth and wiped her front off.

Once she was clean he sent her over to Baron. She crawled over to him and noticed that his slave Dyna was there also. Dyna smiled at her as she approached.

Baron spoke, “I want you two to both suck me and when I cum you two will share it.”

Dyna smiled again at Silk as she undid her Master’s pant. Once she had his cock free she kissed it then offered it to Silk. Silk took the head in her mouth while Dyna leaned down to lick his balls. Together they worked, sucking and licking till he finally exploded in Dyna’s mouth. After his last shot, Dyna turned and kissed Silk.

Silk enjoyed the kiss greatly as she felt an attraction to Dyna. As they kissed Dyna rubbed up against Silk. This excited her greatly. She was disappointed when Baron ordered them apart.

“Dyna, you slut,” Baron laughed, “Turning her on like that.”

Michael motioned her back over to his side. She crawled over to him and knelt once more at his feet. It seemed that he wanted her to watch once more.

After a bit someone asked Michael if his slaves would like to lube wrestle with some of the other slaves. Michael asked Syndee and Stacey if they’d like to do it to which they hastily answered, “Yes, Master.”

Michael took a seat closer to the ring and ordered Silk to his feet. While she sat with him and watched, he stroked her neck through her hair. This turned her on greatly especially when he would stroke a finger under her collar. Soon he had her turned on.

Michael knew that Silk was responding to his stroking. He relished the thought that he had to power to turn her on so with just his hand. Unbeknownst to Silk however, Michael had other ideas as to why he was stroking her neck and turning her on so.

Michael wanted her to lube wrestle also but he wanted her in a good mood when he approached her with the idea. While the punishment was not part of their agreement for the evening, he knew that wrestling was and so he wanted her to say yes. A sure fire way to get a slave to be willing was to turn her on. Michael knew how to play his hand where Silk was concerned.

After both of her slave sisters had wrestled while they watched the Domme from earlier approached Michael and was speaking in low tones to him. He laughed and told her we’ll see. He then looked at Silk.

Silk swallowed hard wondering what Michael wanted now. She wasn’t scared but she was still a bit nervous with all these people.

“Slave would you like to wrestle in the lube?” Michael asked her.

Silk thought on it for a moment and said yes without hesitation.

Michael turned to the Domme and told her to go get her slave and announce the match to the Maid calling it.

Michael turned back to Silk and explained the rules. He explained how to win, about tapping and different holds. When he finished he asked if she understood.

“It’s a lot like the wrestling from television correct? I know that stuff really well,” She told him with a smile. She hoped to make him proud of her especially after her earlier mistake.

The match was called and Silk and the slave entered the ring. He was the second male slave she had given a blow job to before when she was being punished. He smiled at her and bowed as ordered. Silk bowed also and the match began.

They wrestled around and Silk soon learned that while the moves were like what she had seen on television, the lube made it hard to execute them properly. Often she ended up on her ass or back as did the other slave. Soon they were both on the mat rolling around. Silk could feel the male slave’s erection rubbing against her and it turned her on. Because of Michael's stroking before, she was already hot and bothered, rolling with a male who sported an erection was making Silk even more turned on.

Boy; as he was called was fascinated by Silk. When she gave him the blow job earlier he was impressed as she made him shoot so fast. Then there was the kiss they shared. It tore at his soul. He was counting his blessings now that he got the chance to wrestle with her. He wished it could be more but knew that was impossible as he was only a slave.

Silk was close to cumming as he rubbed against her. She was about to loose it when he accidentally slid inside her wet and ready depths. As he hit bottom Silk lost it. Oh no she thought as she smothered her cry in his shoulder. She bit him and she felt him shoot deep in her. As they both came back to reality, he pinned her and the Ref counted to three. She lost.

As he got off her, he turned them so that no one saw what they had done. He helped her to stand and gave her a strange look. She lowered her eyes and went over to Michael.

Michael helped her out of the ring and could tell she was upset. Thinking it was over losing, he told her, “Don’t worry slave. I didn’t expect you to win your first time. I’m proud you did so well and lasted so long.” Pointing toward a bathroom he added, “Now go to the showers over there and clean yourself up”

Silk smiled at him glad he didn’t seem to notice the rest of what had happened. When he told her go shower she was relieved. She could get herself under control in the shower. She followed his directions to the shower and found that she wasn’t the only one waiting to shower. The male slave was also in there. She looked back at Michael and saw he wasn’t even looking her way. She started to turn and walk back but the male slave spoke.

“If you’re thinking we can’t shower together, you’re wrong. Slaves always shower together regardless of sex,” He told her with an air of authority.

Silk looked at him and found him looking at her. She smiled and followed him into the bathroom after the last couple exited.

Once they were alone, he spoke again making small talk. Silk kept her eyes down and didn’t respond much till he said, “Look I know you came so don’t freak out. I won’t tell if you don’t. We would both be in hot water if our Owners knew. I would get it way worse then you.”

Silk looked at him once more full in the eyes, “Okay fine then. Our little secret,” She asked as she held out her hand.

He agreed as he shook it and they proceeded to get cleaned up. At some point during their joint shower, Silk ended up in his arms and he was kissing her again. Silk felt guilty but couldn’t help the attraction she felt so when he entered her once more, she didn’t stop him.

He pressed her up against the wall and thrust into her quickly. Silk tried hard not to rake his back as she muffled their cries with a kiss. After a quick orgasm from them both it was over and they were both shaken. Without a word they finished cleaning up and he helped her clean herself out so no one would be the wiser, before parting, they reaffirmed their vow of secrecy, then Silk went back and knelt at Michael’ feet while he did the same with his Domme.

As Silk knelt at Michael’s feet she glanced up at him and found him smiling at her. She smiled back and dropped her gaze to the floor. After a few minutes, she started watching again. She was really engrossed in watching a Domme with her female slaves when Michael called her name.

“Yes, Master?” She asked as she looked up and saw Starla.

“Hello there,” Starla said when Silk looked up at her.

Silk smiled at her and greeted in return, “Hello Ma’am.”

Michael placed his hand on her shoulder so she turned and looked up at him. He smiled so she smiled in return. She listened to him chat with Starla and answered questions when asked but she was still engrossed in watching.

Soon it was late and Michael mentioned it was time to go. He had Silk fetch the other two. While he was waiting, Baron offered that the other two could stay the night with the other slaves who were staying if Michael would like. Baron could tell that Michael needed time alone with Silk. Michael said he would allow the girls to decide.

Silk came back with the others and Michael explained Baron’s offer to them. They agreed to stay right away. Michael left them in Baron’s care and had Silk gather her stuff. Silk returned with her bag, cloak and Michael’s jacket. Michael bid everyone good-bye and escorted Silk to the door. At the door, the maid let the valet know to bring Michael’s truck up. Once it was outside Michael helped Silk into the truck and they drove home.

One they way home, Michael noticed Silk seemed quiet. “Are you okay little one?” He asked.

Lost in thought over the nights events Silk almost didn’t hear Michael, “Sorry what did you say?”

“I asked, are you okay little one?”

Silk didn’t know how to answer that so she just nodded yes.

Michael left her alone for now but he could tell something wasn’t right. He would pursue it later at home.

Silk was upset over the wrestling and later the shower incident. She felt she had betrayed Michael but didn’t know how to tell him. She knew as a slave she shouldn’t have shared herself but as a woman it wasn’t cheating. They weren’t together; it was only sex and games. After a bit of mental debate she decided to just not tell Michael, at least not now.

Once they arrived home Michael helped her out of the truck and into the house. He could tell she was tired. He knew tonight’s events had worn her out in more ways then one. Once in the house, he decided that the hot tub was in order to help her relax, so after he told her to sit on the couch for a bit, he went in and opened it up and started it. Next he gathered some towels and their shower stuff and brought it down stairs. Once he was ready he called to her.

“Silk come shower with me,” He said.

Silk stood up and removed her cloak, collar and cuffs. She hadn’t redressed so she was already naked, she also un-braided her hair. Michael had started the shower so it was ready to step into. Michael allowed her to enter first then followed. Silk turned to look up at him and was met with a kiss.

Once in the shower, Michael glanced down at Silk and she looked so tempting with the water running down her body. He couldn’t resist so he kissed her. The kiss led to more and soon he was on the verge of taking her. He didn’t want that so he slowed it down a bit. Silk looked confused when he backed off.

“Silk,” he started tipping her chin up to look in her eyes, “I want you to know this isn’t just about sex. I stopped just now so you wouldn’t think that. I so want to take you right now but I don’t want you to think that’s all I want. I want so much more but when we are like this, my hormones take over.”

Silk listened while he spoke looking him deep in the eyes, “Michael I don’t care about all that. I want more too but for now I’m just taking it slowly. At this point I just want you, so take me,” She told him.

Michael couldn’t resist so he kissed her again. He still wasn’t going to take her in the shower but he wanted to heat her up so he kissed his way down to her neck. Biting and sucking at her neck, he also gripped her bottom pulling her up against him. While he did this, Silk used her nails on his back, this made Michael’s head swim. As Michael gripped her ass, he felt her tight hole so he slipped his finger up it. This caused Silk to hiss and grip harder with her nails.

Silk knew what Michael was saying but she just didn’t want to talk. She needed him to take her right now. To erase all thoughts of the other so when he went back to kissing her, she just melted into it. As he made his way to her neck her nails automatically dug into him. She knew he liked it so she didn’t worry about being to rough. When he slipped his finger up her ass she hit the roof. Soon she was panting.

Michael bit her neck as he stroked his finger in and out of her asshole. He knew this drove her nuts and he could tell by the nails on his back she was losing it fast. Increasing the pace, he waited to hear her beg and it didn’t take long.

“Please Master,” Silk gasped.

“Please what,” He asked as he lifted his head to look in her eyes. They were clouded with lust.

After a few more pants, she asked, “Please may I cum?”

Wanting to make it more intense, he asked, “How bad do you need it?”

Silk rolled her eyes and moaned. She hated when he played with her but she knew it was just his thing. Finally, “Bad,” then, “Please Michael.”

“Please what?” He asked with raised eyebrow noting the use of his name.

“Please Master,” She hissed a correction.

Michael leaned down and bit her neck and told her to cum. Silk let go as the words cleared his lips. Michael was right, the orgasm was very intense. Silk felt on the verge of blacking out for a moment but it faded fast and she looked up to find him staring at her. She smiled shyly.

Michael was thinking on the use of his name. He had noticed that she used it when the sex was more like loving making and less like sex. He wondered if she realized it and if he was just imagining the significance of it. While he’d like to explore that possibility he knew tonight wasn’t the right time. He decided to just go with the flow and go slowly like they agreed.

Silk was also thinking on the use of his name over the term Master. She too had noticed that she used it when the sex felt more like love. She knew already she was falling in love with Michael but didn’t want to rush anything. She was still fresh off her break-up with Reed and she also was unsure if Michael was looking for more than just a Master/slave relationship. Sure he said he felt more for her but that didn’t mean declarations of love were part of that more. This is mind she just kept it to herself for now. When she used his name however it was like she was saying I love you. At least this is what she thought to herself.

He kissed her for moments more then turned to grab her scrubbie, next her soap and once he had soap on the scrubbie he began to wash her. He slowly washed her from neck to toes examining her body to make sure he hadn't marked her in the wrong way. Bruises in certain places were to be expected but there were no-no zones and Michael wanted to be sure he hadn't marked her in those places. He also checked to be sure he hadn't hit her to hard in the places that were allowed.

He figured she wouldn't want to wash her hair again after the shower she'd taken after the lube wrestling so he just held it out of the way as he rinsed her body of the soap. The then handed her his stuff and allowed her to wash him in return. Once they were both clean and rinsed Michael helped himself once more to her lips. Soon she was up in his arms and his hand found her asshole once more and begin to probe her hole with his finger. She moaned and rubbed up against his cock with her pussy almost begging for more with each thrust of her hips.

Finally she vocalized her need. “Please Michael. Take me.”

He was more then willing to comply but he loved to tease, making her all the more wanton. “How do you want it?”

Silk surprised him and said, “I want you to show me more. I want you to tie me and then fuck me in every hold I have.”

Michael actually swallowed in surprise and almost faltered for a moment as he just stared down at her for bit. Finally he recovered and said with a hot voice in her ear, “And so I shall. I'll have ever hole your sweet little body has to offer before the night is over.” He punctuated it with a nip to her neck.

That said he shut off the water, helped her out of the shower and into a warm towel. Once they were both dry and she had buckled on her collar and cuffs, Michael led her to the dungeon. Considering her wish to be tied up while being fucked he debated what would be the best way to do this in light of her newness to everything. He didn't want to push her limits to fast so he considered the spreader bar for her feet with a rope to attach it to the hooks above the bed. For her arms he tie her to the headboard using ropes and her cuffs.

Once he had a plan, he led her to the bed. He turned her to the face him and gave her a gentle kiss. “Are you ready my pet?”

She breathing had picked up a little but she gave an anxious nod. She was a little nervous at the idea her words had invoked and was unclear at the how Michael intended to fulfill her request. Putting her trust into Michael though as she had so far she knew she would be safe so she had no trouble answering honestly, “Yes Master.”

Michael began by kissing her once more. He would usually start with an inspection of sorts to be certain his slave was ready for such vigorous activities but he had already pretty much done that washing her so he was ready to move on from that to working her up. He pulled her up tight and kissed, bit and sucked at her ears and neck till she was panting once more.

When Michael felt her starting to grind into him he knew she was ready to move on. Next he directed her to lay on the bed and clipped the leads above her head to her wrists. Once that was done he gave her more teasing only this time it was to remind her she was tied down so he begin kissing her nipples and running his tongue around the curves of her breasts. Next he licked his way up her collarbone to her neck. She begin squirming when he put his leg over hers and pressed his knee up tight to her heated core.

He took her mouth with dominance and when he broke the kiss he told her, “You're too hot for your own good little one.” and then gave her another long hot kiss. “Slow down my pet, you wouldn't want to beat me to the finish line now would you?” He added and pulled up. She predictably pulled up to chase his mouth just as he wanted her to do and noticed the hitch in her breath when she once more noted her tied hands.

Waving his finger in front of her face he laughed, “Ah ah ah.. Settled down now.”

She fell back to the bed and pouted, “Please Master. Just one more kiss.”

Michael couldn't resist one more chance to taste those lips. Her kisses had him hooked so he kissed her till they were both panting. He finally pulled away before he forgot her request and took her right there. To calm himself down he got up and retrieved the spreader bar from the wall when it hung. Bringing it over to the bed he allowed Silk to get a good look at it and waited for questions. He was happy to note that she never said a word as she watched him hook each clip to her ankle cuffs.

Silk wasn't clear on the item Michael picked up off the wall but before she could question him, he began clipping it to her ankles so she kind of figured out what it was for. She was still unclear how it fit in to the plans but kept her mouth shut trusting she'd like it.

Next Michael hooked a rope to the middle of the spreader bar but did not pull her legs up just yet. When he was satisfied with her placement he crawled back up to her head. “Lift up on your elbows slave,” He ordered and when she did he grabbed a handful of hair and pulled her mouth towards his waiting cock.

Silk gladly took him in and sucked his cock like it was a lifeline. She really liked when he would force her head forward or use her hair to control her head. Something about it turned her on like mad.

“You are really good at that my pet,” Michael muttered. “I bet your mouth was the hit of the party tonight.” He told her reminding her of earlier. She smiled at the pride in his words. “Too bad they only got to sample your hot little mouth though,” He said as he slipped a hand down her tummy and ran his fingers down her sopping pussy.

He started fingering her pussy first then slipped down to her asshole to help get her ready. Michael didn't want to ruin her tight asshole as he really hated to see slaves allow themselves to get used to the point of looseness. He could tell that Syndee was at that point just from fingering her hole and he didn't want Silk to end up like that.

He felt she was ready now so he deep throated her a few more times before pulling back. Next he grabbed a remote that pulled on the rope attached to the bar on her ankles and pulled her legs straight up. When they were as high as he liked, he hooked another rope to them and got between her legs. Then he grabbed her hips and pulled her down the bed till she was flat on her back and her arms were pulling slightly on her bonds. Next he pushed another button that pulled her legs forward and over her chest.

Silk suddenly felt helpless and exposed. She wasn't clear what Michael was doing so she actually felt some fear.

Michael noticed her breathing pick up and saw fear in her eyes. With a gentle voice he soothed her, “Shhhh shhhh, calm down my pet. This wont hurt, I'm just getting your legs out of the way. I promise your safe,” He said but when she didn't seem to relax, he added, “You remember your safe word right?” At her nod of yes, he said, “If it gets to be too much just say Red.”

Silk nodded yes once again so Michael went on. He decided to heighten her excitement level to help her relax so he lowered his head and licked gently. As he did this he felt her legs relax and the more he got into it, the more she let go. Finally she was limp once more so Michael lifted up and positioned his cock for entry into her hot depths.

As Michael slowly slid in he felt her contract around him, “Are you close slave?”

Silk could only nod yes. Once she relaxed totally the whole situation just added to her fire. When Michael began to enter her she felt like she would explode right then. Had he of thrust hard and deep she would of lost it but his slow pace was pure torture.

Michael considered for a moment the thrust deep and hard like he knew she needed, “Come now my slave.” Silk didn't need to be told twice and arched her back and gave a moan that spoke volumes.

When she came back down, Michael was smiling, “Wow little one. So I take it you're ready to rock and roll?” He laughed as he began thrusting once more.

“Oh yes Master. Fuck me hard,” Silk moaned in response.

Michael gave her that wish fucking her through two more orgasms. The last one he also fingered her ass once more to help get her ready. Finally he felt she was ready for him so he pulled out and got up once more. This time he grabbed some lube and her little vibrator. Once back on the bed he first squeezed some on to his finger then probed her asshole with it. Silk moaned in response. Next he lubed his own cock as well. Finally dropping the lube next to then he grabbed the vibrator and turned it on. Silk gave him a smile as he once more positioned himself between her tied legs.

Michael thought to himself as he got ready, 'damn she looks so hot.' Soon he was pressing the head of his cock into her tight hole. He took the vibrator and placed it on her clit. This helped relax her totally and Michael slid in without causing her pain. He reached that point she called the point of no return and she hissed and he felt her open more. Once he was all the way in he stopped for a minute or two to allow her to adjust to him. When she pushed back against him, he knew she was ready.

“Silk your ass is so tight,” he couldn't help telling her. “I'm gonna fuck it till you cum rivers.” He bragged.

Silk could only pant, “Fuck my ass Master. Take me,” then as he began to thrust in and out, “Harder Master,” She panted.

Michael liked the dirty talk, it spurred his own. “Beg for it slave. Beg your Master to fuck your tight little holes.”

“Please Master fuck your slaves ass.” Silk panted.

Michael wanted to hear more. “Tell me how you liked me filling all your holes as you begged me to do.”

Silk wasn't so accustomed to dirty talk but when she was being ass fucked she couldn't help it. “I love when you fuck my mouth like some dirty whore Master.” Silk told him.

“Do you now?” He smiled. He was using a teasing stoke on her ass that just didn't quite let her cum.

“I like when you grab my hair and fuck my throat deep Master. It makes me so wet,” Silk told him in a breathless pant.

Michael was surprised at that somewhat. He thought she seemed to like when he used her mouth like that but he didn't realized it actually turned her on. He would definitely use that more on her. “What else my little cum slut?”

Silk just about lost it at the word slut, “I like it when you thrust deep into my pussy in one thrust and when you fuck me hard,” This time she was so close to cumming. “Please Master may I cum?”

Michael knew she couldn't control it yet when it came to her ass so he said, “Come little cum slut. Cum as your Master fills all your tight little fuck holes.” He knew his words would spur her on all the more.

And they did. Silk exploded and saw stars. She almost felt faint at that one. She told herself however, do not pass out. She wanted to see Michael cum as well. She loved to see his face and feel him shoot deep inside her. It always triggered once last orgasm as well, so she pushed herself back to the present and met his eyes.

Michael could tell too that it was very intense and hoped she wouldn't pass out. He didn't mind the passing out, but he liked them conscience when he came and he wasn't quite there yet. He had slowed his thrusts down to help her come back to him and when she gave him that shy smile as her eyes met him he knew she was still with him, “Don't pass out yet my pet,” he told her, “You'll miss the big finish.” He laughed and began thrusting deep once more.

After about ten or so thrusts he remembered her dirty talk, “So you haven't told me how you like this part of the fun.”

Silk looked to his eyes to see he was serious. “I really love it when you fuck my ass Master. I liked anal sex before but now I might be addicted to it,” She told him in a matter of fact tone.

Michael raised his eyebrow at that one, “Addicted huh?” Was all he could say.

“Yes Master. Your slave loves to feel your hard cock deep in her ass. I really love it when you explode deep inside me, “She panted, her words driving her on just as much as his thrusts were doing. “You know what else Master?” She asked.

Michael too was being driven at this point. Her words were pushing all the right buttons and Michael felt he was about to cum as well. “What slave,” He panted out.

“I like it when you call me your slut as you fuck my ass,” She told him.

Michael lost it at her last words, “Cum now slut,” He growled,it was all he could utter as he exploded deep in her ass.

Silk's eyes rolled back as he growled and she too let go. She didn't black out as she feared but it was close. WOW she thought, Michael sure had an explosive affect on her body. She didn't lie when she said she was addicted but it wasn't just to anal, it was to Michael totally. Michael did things to and with her body she never even thought possible. He brought her to heights she hadn't known existed and yet this was only the tip of the iceberg. Silk just knew the best was yet to come. Silk's addiction was named Michael and she was irrevocably hooked.

**15 - Feeling Hidden**

As Michael sat in class that morning, he thought of Silk. He wanted to make her, his slave and lover, full time. There was only one problem with this idea, Silk was still new at it and he didn’t want to ruin things. This idea however was ever present on his mind throughout his communications class. By the time he got to the radio station after class, he was very turned on and needed Silk. He was shocked at the intensity level of his need for her.

He had her just this morning before their shower, so the very idea that he needed her again this soon thrilled him and led him to believe that he was making the right decision about her. The times they had share thus far had been very intense. Take last night for instance. He had her tied to the bed with nipple clamps on her sensitive breasts and his mouth on her tight little box as he teased her; bringing her so close time and time again as he taught her to control her orgasms. She screamed his name over and over again. When he finally allowed her to cum she had passed out. When she regained consciousness, he had placed a pillow under her ass and thrust deeply into her. The pillow took all her control of the situation away, so she was at his mercy as he thrust deeply into her. Finally he found his release and they fell asleep in a tangle of arms and legs.

As he stepped out into the quad, the warm afternoon sun hit him. He took a table near the doors and before he could look around, his cell phone rang. As Michael calmed the program director that was still in a frenzy over the incident with the equipment on Saturday morning, he scanned the crowds of students. Finally his eyes lit on a table of seven or so students, over half of them where female but Michael only had eyes for the raven hair beauty who was his slave.

Everyone talked and laughed as they ate, but Michael noticed that she seemed preoccupied. He hoped he was the one to fill her thoughts and cause the slight smile that played about her lips. Michael watched her knowing what was under the blouse and skirt she was wearing and knowing that she wore it for him caused a stirring once again. Finally she turned toward his direction and he thought she noticed him watching her. She was wearing her sunglasses so Michael could not tell if she was looking directly at him. He made a note to tell her not to wear them anymore but then thought twice about it, knowing that would be silly. Still, wearing those sunglasses, he could not see her expressive emerald eyes and not knowing if she was looking at him drove him crazy. She had seen him enter the quad and thought he saw her and would come over and sit with her, but when he took a table near the doors she figured he hadn’t seen her. She watched him from behind her sunglasses as he watched everyone around him. Even from where she sat she could feel him, the raw power and dominance that he commanded. She wondered if others felt it also. Finally she saw him notice her but she could tell that he didn’t know if she saw him so she studied him just as he did likewise.

She was in full view of him and as he scanned her features his eyes were draw to her lips and the slight smile that played about it. Images of last night seeped into his mind, causing a sexy smile to form on his face. When she lifting her head, she seemed to be looking right at him, but with the sunglasses, he couldn’t tell if she was looking directly at him. He had enough and rose to leave. As he walked in the doors, he turned and crooked his finger at her and mouthed the words, “my office.”

She had been watching him and when he smiled, she just knew she was the cause in some way. She loved to look at him and he had a power over her that rivaled none thus far. As she stared back at him sexy thoughts also filled her head and caused her to blush. Quickly making sure no one else noticed her eyes found him again. Then he rose and she thought he was joining her but then he walk toward the doors. Her pulse quickened when he turned and motioned her to follow him to his office.

Saying a hasty good-bye to her friends, she jumped up and entered the building. Making her way straight to his office, she tried to calm her breathing. By the time she was at his door, she was panting. She took a few breaths to calm herself, smoothed her skirt down and finally gave a tap on his door.

“Enter,” came his sure command and once she was inside with the door shut, “Lock it,” followed.

She turned and he was standing next to his file cabinet. Before she could say anything, he pressed her up against the door with a kiss. As his lips met hers a growl escaped him and she melted into his arms. The kiss went on and on till Silk thought she would drown and just when she felt faint, he slid his lips to her neck. A jolt shot through her and she began to pant once more.

Michael sampled her neck as he ground against her middle. He wanted her to feel what she did to him. Those god damn sunglasses had caused this and she was going to pay for it. Finally he came up for air and she was panting. He loved the wanton look in her face also. Mine, he thought as he led her toward his desk.

As he took his seat, he turned her away from him and pushed down her down on the desk. Pushing back his chair, he lifted her skirt and yanked her panties off. Then he slapped her on the ass, a slight sting that caused her to moan. He slipped a finger into her from behind and found her hot and wet, dripping wet in fact. This pleased him greatly.

Undoing his pants, he stood and dropped them. Grabbing her by her braid, he pulled her head back so he could see her eyes. She was still wearing the glasses so he tore them from her face. She blinked as her eyes adjusted to the light. When her eyes were focused on him, he lifted her leg and placed it on the desk with his other hand. As her eyes searched his, he thrust into her deeply. “Don’t make a sound,” he growled, and began his assault on her prone body.

He twisted her head around so that he could once again gain access to her neck. As he kissed her neck he noticed the collar, his collar. He kissed the collar also, licking under it with his tongue. “Michael, we shouldn’t do this” she told him between thrusts, “Someone could catch us.”

He looked at her his blue eyes narrowed as one brow shot up. “Are you telling me no slave?”

Knowing the tone of his voice she dropped her head, “No Master, never.”

He pulled her neck back up to his mouth and resumed kissing and sucking it. She thrust her ass back toward him and began to move slightly with him. He noticed her biting her lip to keep from moaning out loud. After another half dozen thrusts, he placed his hand over her mouth as he pressed her down on the desk. He then began to thrust into her hard and fast. He knew when she began moaning against his hand that she was close to cumming. He kept his hand in place as he kept up the pace and when he felt her tense he hissed, “Cum for me Silk, Now!”

One big lightening bolt shot through her whole body and she screamed into his hand. Her body milked his cock as it thrust deep in and out of her. He loved it when she came. He actually felt apart of her orgasm, like he could feel what she felt. Her orgasm drew on his and more often then not he gave into the feeling. He groaned and then gripped her hips as he lost it deep inside her.

After a moment, he pulled out, staggering back, he dropped into his chair. His pants were still undone and around his thighs. She was draped across his desk, her ass still up in the air. Her whole body shook with her panting.

Finally they both had the strength to move and Michael stood. Grabbing a napkin from the desk drawer, he cleaned himself off and refastened his pants. Next he wiped her off and helped her to stand. Once standing, he kissed her deeply.

“Thank you,” he told her when he broke the kiss at last.

She smiled back at him and said, “Your welcome, but it’s you that needs thanked.”

She straightened her clothing and stepped around his desk. Feeling bare, she began looking for her panties. Finally when she couldn’t find them she asked, “Michael, where are my panties?”

“Don’t worry, you don’t need them,” he told her with a devilish grin on his face as he tucked them in his pocket. Seeing her sunglasses on the desk, he picked them up and handed them to her,, “Next time take them off so I can see your eyes when I’m looking at you.” He then sat down and resumed working like nothing had happened.

When she still stood there looking at him, he looked up and said, “Don’t you have a show to prepare for?”

Glancing at her watch, she saw she only had ten minutes to prepare and with a slight exasperated sign, she left. Michael’s laughter followed her out the door.

**16 - Raping Silk**

Michael had planned the night well. He had told Silk he had to stay late for an a meeting and so she had said she would meet him later at his house but that she had to stop by her apartment to pick up a few things. This was perfect for Michael’s plans.

Silk had mentioned that the idea of rape sort of excited her. A controlled situation where she knew there was no real danger. Michael knew many girls actually found this erotic and didn’t mind indulging her fantasy, but he also knew it worked best if it was early on in the relationship. While Silk trusted him fully the newness of their relationship added a certain element that allowed this fantasy to work best.

Michael said good-bye to Silk around 5:30 telling her the meeting was at a coffee house nearby. This allowed him to get to her apartment and get set up before she finished her shift. While he didn’t need much for this fantasy, he still needed the element of surprise to make the right impression. That in mind, he unscrewed all the light bulbs that he knew she would turn on including the bathroom. Totally darkness was needed for his plan to work right.

At just after 6PM, Silk text him and told him she was on her way out of the Flight Deck. Just to be sure she meant to stop by her apartment; he asked how long she’d be at her place. She text back that she only needed a few things so about 20 minutes tops. He text back he’d be home in about an hour and he’d see her at his place. Success sharpened his senses.

A few last minute things such as all black clothing and he was ready. He took his place in her closet because he didn’t want the little amount of light from the windows to alert her to his presence before he was ready to spring his plans on her. He also needed her to be facing away from him.

It took her the usual 20 minutes to get to her apartment. She parked her car and went in. As she shut the door, she flipped the light switch and sighed at the fact it was burnt out. Standing in total darkness she took off her coat and laid it over the couch. Next she made her way to the hallway and tried the light there. It too was out which caused her to cuss out loud.

Michael stood waiting for her in her bedroom laughing to himself when he heard her cuss over the lights being out. Come on Silk, come in the bedroom he thought to himself. He could hear her at the door but waited till she got farther in the room.

Silk made her way to her bedroom and tried the light there, it too was out. She finally glanced to her bedside table but her glaring alarm clock told her it wasn’t a power outage. She then wondered if a fuse had blown. Knowing there was a flash light in the drawer of her night stand, she made her way there.

Michael couldn’t tell what she was doing when she went to her night stand. He saw her open her drawer and rummage inside. He couldn’t tell at first what she took out but it didn’t take him long to figure out she had a flashlight. He had to act now before she could turn it on so he made his move and grabbed her up from behind. One hand over her mouth and the other grabbed her hand with the flashlight; pinning it to her body he also pinned her to his chest. He felt her body tense in fear so he spoke, “Just do what I tell you and you won’t get hurt.” Instant recognition of Michael’s voice allowed Silk to relax minutely. While she didn’t fear him, she felt a certain fear at the situation. This caused her to struggle some.

Michael felt her body relax for a second and knew to wait for her struggles. When she started he said, “Be still or else,” and to add emphasis to his words he squeezed her tight. At this point her breathing sped up but she ceased all movement. Michael spoke again, “Nod if you understand me. If I take my hand away do you promise not to scream?”

Silk nodded so Michael removed his hand and continued speaking, “Make this easier on yourself and comply with my orders.” She nodded again so Michael took the hand that had been holding her mouth and reached down to take the flash light from her. Tossing it away from them he told her with a laugh, “Wouldn’t want you to get any ideas about hitting me with that.”

Silk almost laughed at that idea but caught herself and just nodded a no. She didn’t know the plan but she knew he was fulfilling her rape fantasy so she tried hard to keep to her role. The very idea excited her so much her breathing picked up to an almost rapid pace.

Michael had also noticed her breathing rate, not wanting her to hyperventilate he told her, “Calm down, this will not be over fast but if you cooperate you will enjoy yourself. If you pass out, I’ll still have your sweet body.”

Silk knew instantly what he meant and tried hard to calm her breathing. Once before during play she hyperventilated and passed out; a combination of excitement and fear had caused her to breath heavy. Later when she came too Michael explained what happened and they had worked together to not let it happen again.

When Michael felt her breathing and heart rate slow down he continued, “Reach back with your hand and feel what your hot little body is doing to me,” he told her and as she did he added, “Don’t get any ideas about squeezing thought, I promise you won’t like me if you do.”

Silk did as he asked and reached back to cup his cock in her hand. She found him raging hard, so hard she could feel his heartbeat. She smiled to herself but said nothing.

“You like that don’t you slut?” Michael asked her, when she didn’t respond he grabbed the knife at his back and put it in from of her face knowing the light from the window would allow her to see it now that her eyes were adjusted to the darkness. He felt her swallow hard before she responded.

When he spoke she didn’t realized he wanted an answer so when he flashed the knife at her she almost jumped out of her skin to answer, “Yes, yes I like it,” then added after a second or two of silence, “Please don’t hurt me.”

Michael laughed softly and said, “Just remember who’s in charge here and no one gets hurt.” Taking her hand that was behind her back still, he pinned it in such a manner that caused her to thrust her chest out. This also caused her t-shirt to rise up and expose her belly. Michael ran the knife dull side across the exposed skin. When he felt her flinch he laughed again but put the knife away behind his back for a moment.

Next he pulled her back to the bed where he’d left the handcuffs he’d brought over for this evenings fun. Normally he didn’t use real cuffs because they hurt the wrists but tonight’s plan called for them. As he grabbed for the cuffs, he got a surprise.

When Michael used the knife on her, she felt a bit more fear, then he pulled her back she thought to herself trying to run might make things more interesting so she waited and the moment presented itself beautifully. When she felt him reach from something on the bed, she bolted. She didn’t get very far though as he caught her before she reached the door and pinned her against to the wall.

Michael didn’t expect her to run on him but he caught her quickly. Little vixen, he thought to himself. She knew how to play this game well. He let this new turn of events play right into the fun and grabbed her arm hard, twisting it a bit he told her, “Now now, just for that I’m going to have to be rough.” He then slapped the cuff on her wrist and pushed it down tight. “Are you going to make nice and give me the other hand or do I get rough?” He told her with menace in his voice.

Silk could only nod yes this time and give him her hand. She felt the cold steel close around her wrist then wondered what he was doing as he seem to be fussing with the cuffs. She didn’t know he was locking them so they wouldn’t go too tight and cut into her skin.

Michael pinned the cuffs so they wouldn’t go any tighter. He wanted her to feel trapped but he didn’t want to mark her skin which he knew could happen with these types of cuffs. When he was done he pulled his knife out again and pressed it dull side to her throat and pulled back on her arms, “Come over to the bed. While taking you pressed like that against the wall holds merit I think the bed would allow for much more fun,” He growled in her ear.

Once next to the bed he slid the knife down her chest to the collar of her shirt. Twisting the knife so that it was sharp side out, he quickly cut the fabric. As he did this he heard her gasp so to calm her he said, “Just do as you’re told and only your clothing gets cut.”

He then put the knife behind his back once more and then used both hands to rip her shirt the rest of the way open. When that was done he grabbed a handful of her breasts and squeezed, “Hmmm so firm.” He then groped them for a few moments while giving her time to calm her breathing once more.

Silk was unsure how to proceed but decided to just follow Michael’s lead. When he cut and ripped her shirt open her heart rate picked up again causing her breathing to do so also. Quickly she caught herself though and tried to calm herself. She was thankful that she knew she could trust Michael.

When Michael felt her relax once more he continued and reached down her stomach to the hem of her skirt. There he yanked it up and felt for her thong, gripping it he tugged once to let her know he was going to rip it off, then ripped them clear of her body. Tossing them down; he wasted no time in getting a finger inside her hot wet center. He smiled to himself at her wetness and told her, “You’re so wet. Do I excite you?” She nodded once so he added, “I bet you’ve never felt like this before, not even with your boyfriend.”

Silk nodded again causing Michael to laugh. When he said boyfriend she was thinking Reed and thought, nope I’ve never felt like this with him. Michael knew what she was thinking and was pleased that she was thinking it. He wanted to be better then Reed in all things.

Michael continued to finger her for a few moments before stopping just shy of her orgasm. He wanted her panting for it when she came so he had to hold her off a while. He took his finger and brought it up to her mouth, when she didn’t open he grabbed her hair and ordered, “Clean off my finger like a good little slut.” When she did as he told her, he groaned and said, “You are so good with your mouth. Maybe I should fill it before I have my way with you.” He then turned her around to face him and growled, “On your knees slut,” then push her down.

Silk dropped to her knees and then waited to see what Michael would do. Before she could wait long, she heard him open his jeans and then felt his hand in her hair.

Michael reached back and took the knife from his waist band of his jeans and set it on the bed. Next he opened his jeans and took out his cock then reached for Silk’s hair. Gathering it up he pulled her face up to meet his cock and told her, “Don’t even think of biting me,” then pressed her into his crotch.

Silk opened her mouth as soon as she felt him push her head forward. Taking him deep in her mouth she almost laughed when he said not to bite. This caused her to choke and she pulled back. Michael allowed her to pull back but laughed at her.

“Am I too big for you slut?” He asked but waited till she stopped coughing, then pressed her forward again. As he slid into her mouth he couldn’t suppress a groan of pleasure. Gripping her hair still, he used it to fuck her mouth. As he did this he told her, “What a good cock sucker you are. Maybe I’ll have to come back and visit you again.”

Silk relaxed her throat to allow Michael free reign with her mouth. She didn’t mind the roughness by now as it was becoming the norm for her. Even his words just added fuel to her excitement. She already decided she liked playing rape with Michael.

As Michael fucked her mouth he felt himself fast approach orgasm but knew this wasn’t how he wanted to end things so he kept going for a moment or more then pulled her head back using her hair still, “Not so fast slut. I told you this won’t be over quick.” He then jerked on her hair indicating he wanted her to stand up.

Silk stood up but as she did, she stumbled forward into his chest. She couldn’t help look up at him. She tried not to smile when she saw that he was as excited as she was, but couldn’t help herself. She then noticed his smile.

Michael caught her little smile so he gave her a sadistic grin of his own and told her, “I don’t think you’re taking me seriously here.” He then picked up the knife and pressed the dull side of the blade to her throat, when she swallowed hard he asked, “Are you scared now?”

At her nod of yes he reached back with his other hand and leg swept her at the same time. Catching her weight he dropped her to the floor and followed her down pinning her with his body weight. All the while he kept the knife at her throat. Next he pushed his pants farther down and kicked out of them. Then he turned his attention to her and jerked her skirt up farther.

When he had her like he wanted her, he set the knife down and grabbed her hips. Pulling then up to where he wanted them he pressed the head of his cock to her wet opening and leered at her, “Ready slut?”

Before she could utter a no, he slammed the whole length into her glad for her wetness. With a growl at the contact he didn’t let up and started thrusting hard into her. Gritting his teeth at the sudden need to cum he knew he had to slow things or this would be over real quick. He was amazed at how quick she could bring him to the edge. He then noticed the signs of her approaching orgasm so he stopped all movement.

When she looked at him, he cocked his head to the side and said, “Are you expecting company?” When she shook her head no, he said, “I thought I heard someone at the door. Wouldn’t want someone to spoil our fun now would we?”

He then leaned down to her neck and nipped her hard. When she yelped he barked a laugh and said, “I knew you’d agree with me.” He then took her legs and pressed them over her head and began a slow thrust that didn’t quite reach bottom, knowing she wouldn’t be able to achieve orgasm this way. He wanted her to cum but first he needed her crazed with her need for it. His final goal was for her to pass out from it.

This in mind, he alternated between driving hard thrusts to gentle ones that wouldn’t allow her to orgasm. While he did this, he bit at her neck and pinched her nipples, slight pain here and there to keep her fear and excitement running high. Finally he could tell she had reached her limit; her breathing was ragged and she had a crazy look in her eyes.

He pulled back and flipped her over on to her stomach. While he positioned her he told her, “Almost over slut. Bet you wish it would last forever huh?” She only grunted an answer.

Again Michael thrust deeply into her and began to savagely fuck her. He brought her close to orgasm a few more times but would seem to find reasons to stop such as a sound or that she had slid forward too far, it was all part of his plan thought. Finally he knew she was ready so he lifted up and really gave it to her hard. When he felt her cresting he leaned down and bit hard where her neck met her shoulder. She screamed and exploded. Michael happily let go also.

While he came, he felt her body go limp. He knew she’d passed out. Knowing he didn’t have long, he jumped up and grabbed his jeans and put them on then felt in his pocket for the little flash light he’d put there and turned it on then felt his pocket again for the keys to the cuffs. Next he uncuffed her but left her on the floor. He then fixed the light bulbs and turned on the bedroom light. He grabbed all the stuff he’d brought and dropped it into a dresser drawer. He also spotted her ripped thong, grabbed it up, he stuffed in his pocket. Checking to make sure all evidence of him was gone, he grabbed some lipstick off her vanity and left her a message on her mirror; that done, he left and went home to wait for her there. He knew the night was a success.

Silk awoke about 10 minutes after he left. At first she couldn’t remember what had happened but as she lifted up from the floor and saw her ripped shirt it all came back to her. She smiled to herself and looked up expecting Michael to be sitting on her bed. When he wasn’t there, she looked around confused. She got to her feet just as she heard her cell phone chime. She had a text message.

Going to the living room she looked around but found no sign of Michael anywhere. As she walked she noticed a slight soreness in her body and smiled at the memory of why. She found her coat where she left it on the back of the couch and took her cell phone out of the pocket. She had a message from Michael.

It read, “I’m home. U still at ur place?”

Silk smiled at this. So this was how we played this game she thought to herself as she text back. “Yes. Got caught up in something. Be there soon.”

She went back to her bedroom to change and as she did she noticed the message on her mirror.

“Thanks for a good time slut. See you again real soon.”

She laughed loudly, but then stopped suddenly as she caught her reflection in the mirror. The reflection showed bite marks across her shoulder and up her neck. As she turned she saw a larger one on the back of her neck. This sparked a memory, Michael biting down hard as she came just before she passed out. She couldn’t help but smile even in light of the nasty marks left on her body.

She finished getting dressed and grabbed the items she’d originally came for then left her apartment to head over to Michael’s place. She wondered what next as she drove away.

**17 - Bad Day Sex**

Michael had a bitch of a day at school. The station wasn’t much better either. Everything was just turning into a shitty day all the way around. Michael hadn’t done his homework the past few nights opting to spend time with Silk. She was proving to be a delight Michael couldn’t get over. He had to spend time with her like he needed air. The intensity amazed him but, he greeting it with open arms.

At the station things didn’t get much better. There was shit and it usually ran down hill. This time it happened to be him at the bottom on this problem. One of the students claimed sexual harassment by another student and since it was one of Michael’s duties to deal with student matters he was slammed with it. He now had to interview every student to see who knew what and then interview the two students in question with the Head Program Director. The interviews started that afternoon.

He had interviewed 5 students by the time Silk was done with her show. He was planning to stop then also. He was in a terrible mood and the interviews weren’t going well as everyone had a different story. When Silk came to get him after six he was ready to go home, finishing up the interview he cleaned up his office so he could leave.

Silk watched him while he picked up his desk. She could tell he was in a bad mood. She had talked to him before her show and she knew he wasn’t having a good day but she didn’t know about the station mess yet. Finally he was done so they went to his truck. When he saw the flat tire she felt his stress level hit the roof across the air.

She went back inside to wait while he changed the tire. When he was done he came to get her to leave. She saw he’d cut his hand as they drove home and knew he was pretty pissed off. She knew he wouldn’t take it on her by yelling but she left him alone all the same. He’d speak when he wanted to. This she knew well.

They got home and he went straight to the dungeon without a word. Silk could pretty much figure out what would happen next and this excited her. She knew he would take it out on her by whipping her first then he would please himself and her too if she did well She had already grown to love this aspect of the lifestyle. Michael would be rough on her but she could tell there was more emotion then anger in his actions.

It was that part that made her submit to him and made her happily and comfortably call him Master. She wouldn’t call it love yet as it was all still new to her but she knew it was close and if things went as beautifully as they had so far she knew it would become love. She just knew somehow he was the one. Already after a month and a half she was sure she knew but she kept this to herself for now. She’d wait and see making sure it was real and returned.

Silk sat down to wait, pretending to watch TV while she waited for him to call for her. She knew the routine so she wasn’t surprised when he came out 20 minutes later and waited for her to notice him. She pretended not to see him for a minute just to up his level. When she finally looked up she secretly smiled to her self at the dark devilish look on his face. He crooked his finger at her so she got up off the couch, turned the TV off and came up the landing to meet him.

He hooked her collar and pulled her up close to his face till their lips almost touched, “Ever heard of bad day sex?”

She blinked and said, “No,” but her mind was already figuring it out so she licked her lips in anticipation.

He smiled at her anticipation; she was already too used to this lifestyle. His heart swelled knowing she was the one. He thought of this a lot in fact but right now it was the farthest thing from his mind. Right now he needed to relieve the stress of the day and he knew just how and she was going to help him. If she helped well she’d receive a reward with him, if not he’d have one anyway.

“You will soon and then you can tell me your opinion,” He laughed and led her to the dungeon.

Once inside he led her to the lower floor. He turned on some music then took a seat in his chair and ordered her to strip, “Strip for me like a stripper. Make it sexy. Make me want you or pay the penalty,” He told her.

Silk did a slow strip tease for him starting with her shirt. First she turned her back to him; she was glad it happened to be a snap up shirt. Quickly she ripped it open but then slowly peeled the shirt down her body exposing her naked back to him while she glanced sexily at him over her shoulder to see his expression and made love to him with her eyes.

When the shirt hit her waists she turned towards him to show him the front. As she did this she freed her hands from the shirt and tossed it to the side. Next she went up to cup her breast encased in her black bra. She pushed them up to cause her tits to push out the tops giving him teasing glimpses. Then she put her arms back and undid the bra, dropping her shoulders dropped the straps down her arms and then she teased him with more flashes before dropping the bra all together. She did all this while dancing to the rhythm of the music also.

Next she turned back around and bent over. First she smiled at him between her legs then reached up and lifted her skirt. Once out of the way she began to peel of her thong and dropping it to her feet where she slickly danced out of them. She kicked these to his feet in offering. She was glad when he picked them up and sniffed her scent. Next she danced around some more then slipped her skirt off. This left her in just her garter, stockings and heels. She wondered if she should finish.

When he didn’t tell her to stop after a few moments she kicked off her shoes and danced closer to him. She straddled his lap teasingly, rubbing her tits on his face. She felt his control by how he just allowed her to play so she stepped things up a bit. Standing up and pacing her left foot on the arm of the chair she unhooked her stocking and rolled it down her leg. She did this to flash her wet pussy at him. Once it was off she put her foot down and stepped back and turned her back to him again. She bent down and took her other stocking off too. Finally she faced him, and with hips swaying she took off the garter belt. Finally naked she dropped to the floor into kneel then leaned forward and placed her head on his feet.

Michael was impressed anyway by how she made love to him with her eyes while she stripped but when she ended it by dropping to her knees and then lowering her head to his feet he knew she’d earned a reward but he’d have his first.

He stood and clapped his hands, “Very well little one you’ve earned a reward,” Bending down to clip a leash on her collar he growled in her ear, “After I’ve had mine first.” He jerked on her to follow him.

He led her over to the hooks he had hanging down near the bed. He told her to stand and then cuffed her wrists. Next he clipped her cuffs to the hook he had hanging down above her head. Then he took a blindfold and placed it on her eyes. He loved taking away a slaves sight, made their anticipation even greater.

Once he was done with securing her, he noticed her hair was still in a braid down her back so he took the tie out and began to comb his fingers through it to un-braid and straighten it out. Once he had it like he wanted it he began to gather it all into his hand, satisfied with it he jerked lightly on it tipping her head back and to the side. This gave him access to her neck which he took full advantage of. Biting it at first then easing up in to sucks and kisses.

Soon he grew bored and began exploring her body with his hands. He started on top running his hands gently down her arms, back and front. He cupped and played with her breast even pinching her nipples till she hissed in pleasure. After he fully examined her upper body he made his way to the lower half by kneeling on the floor.

Once on the floor he slapped her thighs reminding her to keep her legs spread leaving her pussy front and center for him. He could see her wetness pooling at the entrance to her pussy. Taking a finger he swirled it around between her legs, spreading it all over her from her clit to her puckered asshole. Once lubricated, he couldn’t resist so he lifted one of her legs over his shoulder and fastened his mouth to her wet center.

Silk jerked her head in surprise when she felt Michael’s mouth on her pussy. Normally his pleasure came first. Silk was confused but she didn’t let her bother her. Michael would do what he wanted when he wanted to. She didn’t have to be confused long anyway; Michael brought her close, sensing it he stopped before she could even begin to taste pleasure.

Michael knew he’d confused her by licking her pussy. He didn’t care though; he just had to taste her. Only giving into a small amount of temptation he played till her felt her orgasm stirring then stopped. When she moaned in disappointment he smiled to himself and went back to exploring her lower body. Running his hands up and down her legs first then up to her ass and waist, he totally ignored her pussy. Inspection done he stood back up.

He pulled her close and said, “Did you think you’d get that reward before I had mine slave?”

“No Master,” She mumbled.

Michael just laughed at her. He knew she was confused and that he had stirred her fires. As he stood there he noticed her nipples were bare so he found her clamps. Turning her he grabbed the riding crop and slapped each nipple till it was hard. He then placed the clamps on them and smiled at the hiss that escaped her lips.

Next he took the crop and alternated between slowly caressing her body with it to slapping select places. Once he had her warmed up he switched to the flogger.

As he caressed and slapped her with the crop, Silk knew it was only a warm up and more was to come. When she felt the first stroke of the flogger, she moaned in pleasure. She loved the flogger most of all.

Michael flogged all the places allowed till her body glowed red with slash marks. He kept control as he moved around her prone body, allowing her hisses tell him when to ease up. As he slashed, he watched her noting she mostly leaned into the hits. When he felt she had enough, he stopped.

Grabbing the paddle, he came up behind her and grabbed her hair once again and tipped her head back to speak into her ear, “More,” he asked.

Silk shook her head yes so he swatted her ass with the paddle and watched her dance on her toes. Each time she eased back down, he swatted a different check. Just when she got the rhythm down he switched on her swatting the same cheek, “Anticipation is the bane of every slave,” He told her.

Finally he knew she’d had enough s so he removed the blindfold and let her down. Once her hands were free, she dropped to her knees and he dropped his pants. Taking his cock, he rubbed it on her lips till she got the hint and opened her mouth. She opened wide, as was expected whenever his cock was near her lips. He guided his cock in and out of her hot, wet mouth finding pleasure.

”Oh, slave, you are so good at that” he said as he began to pump in and out of her mouth.

He let her suck him till he felt the need for more. He pulled his cock out of her mouth and then stuck his thumb in her open mouth and pulled her to her feet. Giving her a wicked smile he pushed her toward the bed by her mouth.

She fell onto the bed on her back she now knew not to turn or try to position herself on the bed, he’d put her where he wanted. She did place her arms above her head as was expected. She was surprised when he pushed her on to her back though; normally he opted for on her knees or stomach.

Michael climbed over the top of her and pushed up on the bed with his thighs placing her where he wanted her. He also grabbed a pillow and her leg, pulling her up he placed the pillow under her ass. Then giving her a twisted grin he began pounding her roughly. After about ten or twelve thrusts he could feel her orgasm approaching and hissed, “Don’t cum yet or else.”

Silk knew this was coming and slowed her approaching orgasm by breathing and tell herself no. This was still hard for her but she controlled it well. Soon he stopped and she was grateful as she was about to lose control anyway.

Michael didn’t want to stop be he could feel she was losing the battle. He knew she was still new at this so control was hard for her especially since she came so easily. He held still for minutes watching her till he felt her temperature lower. As he felt it lower, he started again just as rough as before. As before he drove her close and stopped again, only this time he pulled out and ordered her to turn over.

Silk did as he commanded quickly and rolled to her knees and returned to the spot in front of him. After she was in position, she dropped her top half to the bed leaving her ass up in the air.

Michael smiled at her eagerness. Time for some real fun he thought to himself as he reached back and grabbed a tube of lube. Opening the bottle he let it drip out onto her upturned ass. After he felt he had enough he dripped some on his cock. Closing the tube he dropped it on the bed and returned to the task at hand.

Silk wasn’t sure what was coming but when she felt the lube drip on her, she had a guess. As she felt the lube she couldn’t control a shiver that crept up her back. She had always liked anal sex once she relaxed into it but Michael had turned her into a fiend with his mastery of her body. She went from a few times a month with Reed to at least twice a week with Michael. At this point she was sure she would do anything he asked.

Michael saw her shiver and this made his cock throb. He knew he had turned her like of anal sex into an obsession. One he shared too. He liked doing it anyway with Silk but anal was so personal and a gift that not many slaves gave up thus he relished it greatly. Leaning forward he pressed into her tight ass and as his head popped past the rosebud ring, he reached his hand around and rubbed her clit also. He wanted her to relax and allow him entry without any pain.

As he pressed deeper Silk couldn’t help to let out a moan. There was a point his cock hit that made her head swim. She called it the point of no return because no matter how much it hurt in the beginning, if he made it past this point she was too turned on to stop. Soon she felt him all the way in and then a slap on her ass.

“Breathe slave,” Michael ordered.

Silk caught her breath not realizing she was holding it. She had mastered the breathing aspect except during anal sex. Often as he entered her, she forgot and held her breath.

“I shouldn’t let you come now for that,” Michael told her knowing full well he wouldn’t do it. He liked it when she came so it would have to be a very bad deed for him to deny her.

Silk begged, “Please no Master. I am sorry; it was so intense I forgot.”

Michael didn’t answer, just started pounding her ass. After only minutes he knew she was close. “Hold it,” he told her as he watched her.

Silk groaned in response and held it longer. She hoped he would let her come soon. It was beginning to boil inside her. Her mind was hazy with the need to explode.

Michael slowed to help her control it and once he felt her cool, he started again hard and fast. This time as he felt her near he growled, “Beg for what you want slave.”

Silk was almost out of her mind so it took a lot of control to speak, “Please Master,” she panted. “Please let me come.”

Michael liked her panting. Pounding into her even harder he said, “Come now slave,” and felt her explode.

After her orgasm lessened Michael felt it was time for his own release so he allowed it to build. Silk begged again for an orgasm but he told her not till he did.

When Michael told her to hold it till he came she hoped it would be soon because she still wasn’t able to control when he took her anally. Just as she was about to lose it, Michael ordered her to come with him.

Michael felt her temp rising and timed his own with hers. When he felt her breath catch he told her to come and let go himself. When it was over he pulled back from her and got off the bed. Without as much as a word he slipped on his jeans and left the room.

Silk was puzzled by this but didn’t spend too much time on it. She got up, grabbed her clothes and headed to the bathroom to clean up. Once clean and dressed she went out to where Michael sat at his computer.

Michael looked up at her and noticed she looked a little hurt by his abrupt leaving so he smiled at her and said, “Sorry little one. I have a mess of school work to catch up on. Spending time with you these last weeks I’ve neglected my work and now I’m way behind.”

Silk smiled back and said, “I understand but when you left like that I thought you were mad.”

“No not at all,” He told her, “I just needed to relieve some stress and after it was either crash or get up and get on my school work.”

Silk understood so she told him with a laugh, “Okay I understand. Just wanted to be sure you’re not mad at me. I’ll just do my work; I too am a little behind also. You’re not the only one distracted around here.” She then took her school work and went to the bedroom.

Michael watched her leave then forced himself back to his work. It was really hard to do his work with Silk so close but he pushed himself, reminding himself he was the one in charge here.

They both caught up on work, only stopping to make a bite to eat. About ten-thirty Silk was done so she told Michael she was going to shower and go to bed. Tomorrow was an early day. Michael told her he was far from done so he’d stay up and finish. As she walked to the bathroom she reminded him that he too needed sleep.

Again Michael desperately wanted to follow her but forced himself to stay put and work. He had to get as much done tonight as possible or he was going to fail his courses. So he just stayed put and worked.

Silk took her shower hoping Michael would join her. She was still keyed up and needed Michael. When he didn’t join her she was disappointed. As she dried off she noticed her cuffs next to her collar. Hoping to tempt Michael she put them back on and even went to the dungeon to get her leg cuffs which she also put on. After she dried her hair and put her collar on she went back out into where Michael sat completely naked save for her collar and cuffs.

He watched her walk out to where he was and noted her cuffed wrists and ankles. He groaned to himself wanting very much to take what she was so obviously offering but knew he had to finish what he could tonight. So instead he just ignored her and when she finally gave up and went to bed he felt like an ass even thought he knew it was for the best.

Silk tried to get Michael’s attention but failed, when this happened she sadly went to bed. She decided to sleep naked still trying to tempt him to come for her but soon she fell asleep.

Michael also noted she was in bed naked, cuffed and collared but still he finished his school work. He worked on it till about one the morning and finally felt he was caught up enough to please his professors. He still had about one more night of work to do but he was too tired to do anymore. He put his books away and shut off the computer. Next he went into the bedroom and again noted Silk’s lack of clothing. This and the thought that she tried to get his attention turned him on so he decided to act, but a shower first.

He left her there, sleeping while he went to take a shower.

When he returned to the bedroom his was hair sopping wet, water dripping down his naked form. Silk was still sleeping on her stomach and half covered. This caused sensation of arousal in Michael once more.

Noting her wrist cuffs were still on he gently fastened them behind her back. As he did this she stirred finally waking. Lifting her head up, she met his gaze and noted the look in his eyes.

Before she could speak he said, Stand up,”

Silk struggled to stand since she was cuffed behind her back. Once up he led her, prisoner style to the dungeon bed and pushed her face down onto it. Michael took his place at the head of the bed, his back resting against the headboard.

“Get me hard,” He ordered

Silk struggled to bring herself to her knees to make her way between his legs. She hated giving a blowjob without the use of her hands, but she made the most it. Slowly she began to suck him till he was hard as she did this she felt Michael's hands in her hair. As Michael helped guide her she could feel herself getting wet and hoped Michael would please her also.

Michael sensed this immediately. He knew she would respond to anything he did. Soon she had his cock standing at attention after a few moments of her skilled mouth. As he watched her lips sliding over his erect cock he felt the desire to kiss her.

“Give me your mouth,” he demanded.

The sound of his voice sent chills through Silk and she moved to comply immediately. She knelt next to him while trying to keep her balance as she bent over to kiss him. When their lips touched, Michael's mouth devoured hers.

"Mount me, facing the foot of the bed." He demanded when he ended the kiss.

Silk moved to comply. She turned her back to Michael and saddled his hips. As he entered her, he held her bound arms like a horse's reigns with one hand while the other grabbed her hair and pulled her back to bite at her neck.

Michael said nothing as he began thrusting his hips in sync with her bounces, watching her instead while he bit and sucked her neck. All too soon Silk neared orgasm and begged for it, “Please Master, may I come?”

“How bad do you need it?” He asked.

Silk moaned at his response, “Bad Master,” and then, “Please Master.”

Michael waited feeling her orgasm just on the edge before finally saying, “Come now.”

Silk exploded and moaned loudly while rubbing her hips into his. She felt her head swim as it over took her. When it was over she felt ready for more.

Michael waited as she finished and then decided to change the game up a bit. Letting go of her arms he reached over next to the bed and grabbed the flogger off the nightstand. “Okay slave, I’m going to use this while you ride. Your goal is to see if you can come while I do it,” He told her with a grin.

Silk glanced back and almost smiled. This would be easy as pie she thought to herself and continued bouncing on his cock. The first slash was a sting but it didn’t cause her to stop.

Michael smiled when she took the first hit without stopping. Noting this he kept it up growing in intensity as she rode him. When she finally came, he smiled again with pride.

Silk felt the flogger on her back and noted he was being a bit rougher then normal but there was no pain in it as the sensations only served to bring her orgasm closer with each hit.

Once her orgasm was over Michael ordered her off his cock. As she got up he ordered her down so she dropped her chest to the bed with her ass up in the air just close to the edge. Michael stood up as she arranged herself and got behind her. Once she was in place he grabbed her hips and slammed into her. This caused her to cry out but Michael knew it wasn’t from pain.

Michael thrust into her roughly till he felt her near orgasm once more. At the precise moment he was sure she would beg, he pulled out and stepped back. Watching her cool off, he decided what to do next.

Glancing over his shoulder he noticed the swing. Silk hadn’t got to try that yet, he thought to himself. Turning back to her, he ordered her to stand up with a jerk to her cuffs.

Silk stood and decided she liked his cold attitude. He wasn’t being overly cruel or mean, just cold. She stood waiting to see what he had in mind next.

Michael didn’t make her wait long as he slapped her ass and said, “Follow me slave,” then turned toward the swing. He led her to it and said, “Stand here and don’t move.”

Next he went over to the remotes hung on the wall. Taking the remote to the swing, he lowered it to the floor. He then walked back over to her. He watched her glance back when the swing started lowering and when she turned back to him, he gave her an evil grin. Reaching around her to unclip her cuffs, he whispered in her ear, “Do you like swings slave?”

Silk swallowed hard, “Yes Master,” she whispered back. The idea turned her on so much she felt breathless at the very thought.

Michael bent down to help her place her legs in the right holes then once she was settled he told her, “Reach up and hold on while I lift you.”

Silk did as he asked and once she was lifted just where he wanted her, he told her to adjust herself till she was sitting so she could swing. Once she was situated, he showed her what that evil grin was for by re-clipping her cuffs over her head. She wasn’t sure what to make of it; she felt like she might fall over backwards but she trusted Michael explicitly.

After he had her hands up, Michael tipped her hips up to meet his still hard cock. Grabbing up her hips at just the right height, he entered her. Then holding nothing but her hips, Michael began to thrust in and out of her allowing her to feel that falling feeling he knew she would have.

Silk didn’t like it too much at first. She felt like she would fall and just when she wanted to stop Michael, he seem to know and stopped.

“What’s wrong slave?” He asked voice full of concern.

“I feel like I might fall Master. It scares me too much to enjoy,” She told him in a soft voice.

Michael was touched by the sound of her voice so he decided to be nice. Reaching up to her hand, he flipped down two loops and told her, “Grab these.”

When Silk grabbed them good and tight, he resumed his thrusts and asked, “Is that better?”

Comfortable now, Silk purred, “Perfect Master.”

Michael continued thrusting making Silk cum and cum. Soon she was so wet Michael could hear her wetness with each thrust. The smell of her was all about them like a cloud. It filled Michael's mind with a lust filled haze. He knew he was addicted to Silk at this very moment and that he had to keep her somehow. The depth of his feelings actually astounded him but he also knew it was too soon.

So on that note Michael went out of his way to show Silk in every way that no other was more perfect for her. He was good to her in ways most never thought about, he gave her anything she desired regardless of whether it cost or not and he gave her mind blowing sex. While the later didn't make a relationship Michael knew it could break one so he made sure she would never desire another.

Silk was so lost in the lust filled haze as well. Michael was by far the best lover she had ever had. She was spoiled for anyone else in that field. She too felt strongly for Michael but she was just taking it easy, no need to jump in head first. They had all the time in the world but right now Silk's mind was on the wonderful things Michael was doing to her body.

The swing Michael had put her in was something very new to her but she tried like she did in everything Michael showed her, to adapt. The feeling of falling was to great however and she couldn't relax into it. Michael however the ever patience Dom that he was, had a solution so he gave her some loops to hold on to which helped greatly. While she still felt like she was falling to a point, she wasn't afraid anymore. Now she could enjoy it and Michael made very sure she did.