# Submissive

 He drove us. He was sober, I felt light-headed. Warm in the car.

After a few minutes, "Take off your dress. Now." As we drove through the

night. I looked at him and giggled. He was being serious. That sudden

ache. He was waiting. My mouth dry. Luckily it wasn't built up. Only a

few houses. The summer night not much past twilight.

 Undid the safety belt. Twisted in the seat, unzipped the back. Sat

back. Breathing heavily. Pulled off the straps one at a time. Revealing

my bra. Lifted, pulled it over my hips, down my thighs. Wearing hold-ups.

Wanted to feel sexy in them for him. Sitting in transparent black bra and

knickers. I really wasn't doing this.

 "Take off your bra." Felt virtually naked already. He couldn't ask this

of me. This was too much. But he wasn't asking me. He was telling me to.

My vagina pulsed long and hard. I couldn't do this. I did. My nipples

already hard, hardened even further. My breasts exposed. "Now your

knickers." Again I followed his instructions. My sex itching. Wanting to

rub myself. Strap yourself in again." I obeyed dumbly. A car overtook us.

"Hips forward in the seat. Open your legs." We drove on. Cars every now

and then. I was naked. He had made me strip in the car! Fear and

excitement coursing through me. Wetness leaking. Daren't speak. I could

smell my arousal. His hand occasionally rested on my thigh.

 At his house. He opened the car door for me. I was naked! As I

stepped out I looked behind me and saw the tell tale wet stain on the

leather seats. The air cool around my damp sex, my nipples crinkled.

Standing naked bar shoes and stockings in the night. Standing naked

outside in the open!

 "Close your eyes. You have a blindfold on. It is over your eyes. You

cannot see anything. Tell me." "I'm wearing a blindfold. Michael, people

might see!" I looked around wildly. "Close your eyes." I did. He spoke

softly, firmly though patiently. "Don't do that again. Now, can you see?"

"I'm sorry. No. No I can't see." "Why?" "I'm wearing a blindfold for

you." Oh yes. "Your eyes will remain closed until I tell you wont they?"

"Yes." "Whatever happens?" "Yes. Whatever happens." I sounded so meek.

 Walking naked on his arm. Naked outside. Wet thighs. In my own

darkness. So strange. Tempted to cheat. Didn't. Other senses prominent.

Confined but able to move. In to the house. Warmer. Led into the lounge.

Took my hands. Told me they were fastened together behind me. Excited.

Told to stay. I knew I would do as he wanted. He ran a hand over me, over

my breasts, stomach, and sex. Laughed as he saw me push my naked body to

him. He knew me. Knew myself. Wet slut. Made me tell him what I was.

He could do anything to me now. Couldn't stop him. On heat again. Always

on heat for him. Couldn't even see what he might do. Told me anyone else

might be there to see me. Verbalising it making it worse, better.

 To a sofa. Legs spread wide. Pushed backward over the arm. Held my

back as I fell backwards. Almost opening my eyes. Crutch forced up above

my head. Flagrantly, over the arm. My hands under, behind me. Breasts

thrusting. Never ever felt displayed and restrained like this. Aroused.

Panting. Tingling. Wanting his cock.

 His mouth to my ear. "Would you like to cum?" Trying to nod

desperately. "You can. Whenever you want." I was so grateful. "Could you

come without me touching?" He was near me. His voice warm against my ear.

Mewing, nodding. "Perhaps." My body rippling. Thrusting up lewdly.

Wanting it. Needing it. Not able to reach the peak. "Think of an

audience. People looking at you. Think of all those people watching,

waiting for you to climax. You'd like them to see you like this, wouldn't

you?" Frantic. Trying to nod. Imagining people there. Nearer. Looking

at me, as I'm thrusting, pushing myself eagerly. Imagining what they could

see. Grunting. Thrusting. Wanting to come for them to see. "Have I to

ask a total stranger to come and finger you? Finger that really slippery

cunt of yours?" "Yes. If you want to. Yes." My body hardly capable of

movement, but thrusting. So desperate. "Who shall ask? Someone really

ugly? Or really handsome? A smelly tramp? A disgusting old man? Or a

big fat woman? A young girl? A young boy? They are all desperate to

touch you. I think I'll offer you to the young boy. He's really excited

you know. You shouldn't be offering yourself like this. He's by your

legs, looking at your cunt. Such a wet cunt. His young cock is so stiff.

He's never touched cunt before. You'll be his first. Would you like him

to touch you?" Nodding crazily.

 I don't know whether I really felt a finger flicker over my clit. I

think so. Whatever, I erupted within my virtual bonds. Moaning loudly.

Feeling my sex spray on my thighs. I was out there. Somewhere else.

Somewhere warm and pulsing. Watching my body convulsing from afar.

 I woke. Clean bed linen damp against my mouth. Warm. Satisfied.

Naked. The memories of the previous evening. Michael. Wetness of semen

in my sex, a pleasing tenderness. Warm flesh against my leg and back. His

hand caressed my back. Contentedly I moved under it.

 He was so very good. Much better than any of my other sexual partners.

Ridiculously so. He knew what I wanted before I did. He had made me aware

that I wanted to give, offer myself. His hand caressed my buttock, my

thighs. Waking me. Stirring me. His body against my back, his face in my

hair. My legs parted without my permission. Hips compound the rebellion

by tilting. His hand captured gorged lips, sunk deep, into a whirlpool. I

heard him, above the sounds of my sighing, words hot against my ear. "I

want you to stay the day." I'd never been allowed to before. "Uh. Yes.

I'd like that." "There is a price though." "A price?" Confused. I felt his

erection against me. He wanted to use me again. "Yes. Take me." "You

still don't know the price." "I thought... I thought you wanted me.

Wanted to make love to me again." "Of course, but that isn't the price.

The price is that you must obey me. Completely." My body rubbed back

against his hand as it played.

 I half giggled, half sighed into the pillow. My mind fantasised. I was

embarrassingly wet. We had acted out our fantasies. He knew that I had

fantasies about him when he wasn't there. Sometime his hand had ceased

playing with me. Rather, I was crudely rubbing myself against it. I

stopped myself sufficiently to regain some of my composure.

 "Don't I usually?" "Yes. But this time I mean fully. Totally." His

body was against my back. Penis along the cleavage of my bottom. "Do you

trust me?" "Do you ask this of everyone you bed?" Trying to be amusing.

"No. I decided about you a long time ago. Then Charlotte told me that you

were going to the party. I had to see if you were ready." "Ready?" "Yes.

To accept your sexual submissiveness, or not." "Ha! Not exactly

politically correct is it?" "No. But then it is morally correct to be

honest." "You think I am a submissive?" "Yes. Right too am I not"

"Perhaps." "We both know it to be true. I think you'd like to be more." I

felt my face redden. "You want to own me?" "If not me, you'll need

someone." The desire to rock my hips along his hard length was taking much

of my concentration. It was a losing battle. It was the talk. I wanted

him to just take me. "Give up work? Sleep at your feet?" "No. You need

training apart from anything else. You'd still work. You'd be like anyone

else. Simply, you'd belong to me. Your life wouldn't change that much

outwardly. Certainly during the week. At weekends, of course you'd be

here, mine." The border between fantasy and reality was slipping.

 "Just suppose. Just suppose you happened to be right, what would you do

to me?" "Trust. It's all about trust. About you trusting me to give up

your control to me. . I want to take you further than we have so far.

Take all responsibility for your wanton behaviour from you. This wouldn't

be like the pretend ties. These would be real. The ties and the blindfold

and your submission would be real. You would see how I value you, I would

see that you are worthy." "Value me? You're talking about making me a

slave. Aren't slaves worthless?" "Not at all. You will be very valuable.

Certainly to me." "Would you force me to make love to you? Whenever you

want? Take me?" I was aroused by the words, the ideas. These words, these

actions would be real, not simply fantasy. "Yes. Obviously. But other

things too. Things that I think that you will enjoy. Being opened up

physically and mentally. I would give you a slave collar to wear. You

would have to accept. Anything. Everything." "What if you are wrong? Or

did something that I hated, couldn't handle?" I felt so hot. Could feel

sweat. Could feel myself leaking. "Am I?" "I... I... I don't know. But

what if I couldn't do something?" "You'd have a codeword. A safety word,

for me to stop whatever it is. At first" "You'd make me do naughty

things... really naughty things... really rude things that I should never

do?"

 Before he had time to answer I pushed hard against him and at the same

time I orgasmed suddenly. Deeply. Loudly, even when muffled by the

pillow. My body responding rather immodestly. Eventually I calmed. Sweat

tied my hair to my face, pillow wet against mouth. My body a prisoner

between his hand and cock. He kissed my neck soothingly. I wanted more.

So much more. He held me.

 His mouth against my ear. "I think you ought to consider why you came

then. I am going to make coffee. If you come down naked within the next

quarter of an hour I know you wish to stay and take this further. If you

are dressed or leave it till later I want you to know that I very much

enjoyed being with you, if only fleetingly. It is nine fifteen." "But..

but.." "No. No buts." He kissed the back of my neck again and slid from

the bed.

 I didn't move immediately. Pulses still lapped through me from that

extraordinary orgasm. I sat up. Discarded frock and underwear from the

car near the door.

 It would be too easy. Giving up all the responsibility. It wouldn't

work. I padded to the en-suite. Sat on the toilet. Emptied myself. He

seemed to know me. Too damned well. He seemed to understand. Sex had

never been this good. Mouth dry. Fear. Could I walk away from this?

Nobody could ask this of me! No-one! Removed the last traces of make-up.

He had. He wanted me. I would be free in his possession. Would I let him

down? He would make me do rude things. I didn't know if I could go

through with it. I couldn't accept accepting submission! Craved the

security he was offering. Nipples hard. Even though the house was warm.

It certainly wouldn't be too cold to be naked. I wiped myself. Returned

to the bedroom. Picked up the dress. Picked up the underwear. Breathing

erratic, stomach tense. He might not like my body. My tits were too

small. I wanted him to look at me, like me, want to use me, wanted to be

his. Dropped the clothes, curled on the bed. The idea was so exciting.

Narcotic. It was what I had fantasised about. I wanted him to make me.

He would make me be what I couldn't be myself. Slut. So frightened of

letting it out. He had frightened me by what he'd done to me. Not what he

had done, what he had made me realise. What would he do to me? He makes

me such a slut. Would he want such a slut? Would he make me feel

humiliated and sexy? He did. He wanted me to be his. He knew what I was.

 Stood up. I was so afraid. I was hot and sweaty, my mouth tasted odd.

Breathed deeply. Walked purposefully downstairs. Stood before him.

Naked. Breathing hard. Naked. Aware of my body. Trembling. Eyes

pleading with him. Eyes near to tears. I'd done it! I didn't understand

it. I was terrified by it. But I'd done it! My body roared with the fire

within.

 He looked up from his coffee. Smiling. Towelling robe. Older, wiser

than me. Grey eyes caught mine. Held them, then assessed my body.

Blushing furiously regardless of all the disgusting things he had already

made me do. My hands moved in front of me. My eyes again. Shook his

head. Near tears I tried to put my arms beside me. "I don't know what to

do with them." Nearly crying. Needing. "Hold them behind you." Softly. I

nodded, fearful. "You have a beautifully submissive body." I wanted to

kiss him. So grateful. "Kneel down." Softly taking control. The

sexuality back to the fore. Submitting to a man. To him. "Hands behind

you. Knees apart." Nipples hard, stomach pulsed. Open, on display.

Submitting. "You're naked for me." "Yes." "What do you want?" "I... I

want to be yours." "Do you want to serve me?" My throat dry. I couldn't

say it immediately. "Yes." "So, I was correct." I looked at the floor. My

face burning with shame. He took away his coffee. My stomach twinged. He

took from his pocket a collar. A dog collar. Shiny black leather. Soft

inside. "If I put any collar on you it will be your slave collar. Is that

what you want?" "Yes." "When I put this on you, or any other collar, you

will be my slave and I your master. You will have to do all I tell you.

Regardless. Regardless of what you may want. Do you understand?" "Yes." I

could hardly breathe. He took the collar, lifted my chin, made me kiss the

collar. He fastened it around my neck. It felt warm there. He took

something else from his pocket. A dog lead. Fastened it to my collar.

 "Will you stop if I beg you to? If it hurts or I cant do it?" "If it's

accidental hurt. I certainly will initially. In the beginning, whilst you

are on probation." "How long will that be?" "We'll know when you're ready.

We'll know if you're not." "But how will you know if I cant do it, cant

take it?" "I'll know. I will be your Master. I'll know. You have to

trust. Until you are fully trained I will give you code phrases, 'amber'

if you want me to wait a while, 'red, red, red' if ever you wanted things

to stop and have your freedom back." I never wanted to use them. Pride.

No, more, I realised. Lewdness. Felt like a slut. Wanted to be his slut.

 He led me around the ground floor of the house. On a leash. Like a

dog. At times sitting at his feet. It was so humiliating I wanted to cry.

The humiliation was agony, but it was more. It was exciting! Sexually

exciting! I was a bitch on heat again. Breasts free. Thighs wet. Made

to go down on all fours and thrust up for him. He stroked me. I worked

against his hand. Fingered me. I licked my own juices from his hand.

Humiliating. So ridiculously horny. Took me back to the kitchen. Had me

verbally how excited I was using crude words.

 Made me lay on my back on the table. Hips over the edge. Thighs up to

breasts, then opened. Hands by my head without being told. By the collar.

Defenceless. Exposed. He left me like that for a while, looking at me.

Then he used me. Suddenly. He just entered me. I was already open and

certainly well lubricated for him. With his hard cock, without warning.

For his pleasure. No choice. He was big and hard and hot in my cunt. My

pleasure was ready to break.

 "No!" He stopped. "You are not to come." He made me hold it back. He

plunged in and out of my body. Made to realise that I couldn't climax

until he allowed me. Making me know my position. Desperately tried to

make my body co-operate. He was making me realise that I was his. But the

realisation made things worse. My body was his and my pleasure was his to

grant.

 He would only allow me to come if I waited till I counted ten. He

continued taking me, I slowly counting out loud for him. Too quickly. Had

to start again. Sobbed. It was agony. Just lasted, just. Arching off

the table. Totally unable to restrain my body once given permission.

 After, I eagerly cleansed him. His cock sticky, dirty. Him and me on

him. Loved his cock in my mouth. The taste of us. Loved doing it for

him.

 Sitting on a wooden chair he fed me. Wide spread thighs. My sex

leaking liquids without being able to conceal anything. Hands behind me.

He gave each mouthful, each sip to me. Wiping away dropped crumbs.

Breasts, belly, thighs. I felt special.

 I cleaned up after the food. Cleaned my chair. Cleaned my leakages. I

wasn't allowed to dress. Odd being naked. Embarrassing. Collared.

Exciting. Michael watching me, watching over me.

 He fondled my breasts. He liked playing with them. He told me. It

made me feel good. Squeezed them hard. Felt heavy. Made me gasp. His

ownership making me hotter. He played with them over and over until I

needed to climax. Just by playing with my breasts. Even I hadn't done

that before. Certainly no one else. Kept me there. On the edge. Not

allowing me to. Until he wanted to see me orgasm and then he told me to

climax. My body simply responded to him. God it was good. He told me

that I was a good little slut. Kissed me.

 At times he allowed me to rest. He, dressed, would sit on the sofa, I

would lay naked, my head on his lap being cuddled. Caressed. Gentled. At

other times he would make me exhibit myself in some way to him, do things.

Crawl slowly around the room on all fours as he watched, for example. Make

me aware of my body on display. Being looked at. I had to use crude

language, words like fuck and cunt. Humiliation and submission magnifying

the arousal! Had never really admitted it before, even to myself. Now I

didn't want it to stop. So horny, so wet.

 Afternoon. The bath standing proudly in the large room. Proudly I

bathed him. My hands all over him. Kneeling by the bath. Couldn't stop

touching him. His chest, his legs, his penis, his balls. Even soft. I

was allowed to touch him as I bathed him. My body constantly aroused now.

 Towelling him dry. Kissing his thighs. My hands on him. Kissed his

flesh. Tipped back my head. Kissed his balls. His penis. His cock.

Taking him in my mouth. Hand wrapping hair pulling me back. Then,

smiling, taking pity at my expression. A few moments more of him inside

me. What had come over me? What had I become? What had he done? He let

me pleasure him. He fucked my mouth. Spurted semen in me. He groaned. I

gagged a little in surprise but greedily swallowed. Glowing. It was

almost as if I had orgasmed, the pleasure I felt.

 Before a full length mirror. I had hardly ever seen myself fully naked

like this. My chest blushing. Nipples hard and dark. My breasts proud.

The split of my lips couldn't hide. I was shocked. I had an obvious,

voluptuous cunt. Nor did my labia hang in long loose folds like those of a

woman I had once seen on a page of pornographic magazine on the floor of a

train. My lips were fat, pouting. Not quite touching. Dark pink inner

lips always peeping. Looking eager. Thin, damp pubic hair unable to hide

my excitement.

 He asked me how I masturbated. I was so embarrassed. Made to confess

how disgusting I was, confess those private moments. The embarrassment

heating. He made me remember to use base words. It was my cunt. Not my

sex. My cunt that I frigged. Actually I readily accepted it as my cunt.

Not caring about being polite now. Audacious. Brazen flesh for him. I

had to tell him of my basic position, variations, what my fingers did,

admitting my thoughts, surprising myself at how naughty I was. He pulled

the information from me. Told him I had tried a vibrator but found it hard

and I preferred my fingers. Felt humiliated by my obvious arousal.

Aroused by my humiliation. Standing behind me. He took my breasts. Toyed

and teased. Squeezed the hard nipples until I could only just stand it.

Caresses and near pain. The pain feeling like a caress, the caress feeling

like pain. My hips jerking. Knowledge and understanding seeping into me.

 Both of us watching our bodies. Saw the pink marks of fingers on my

flesh. Felt his erection behind me, pressing against me. Told to play

with myself. He couldn't ask that! Not that. It was so private. My face

burned. I couldn't do that. Frig my cunt in front of the mirror. I had

given myself. I had to. For him to watch. Eventually parting my thighs.

Could I go so far? My hand came to my mouth slowly. I wet my fingers. My

breathing erratic. Wanting his but using my own. Then I stopped. My

fingers at my cunt. At my wet cunt. Perhaps sensing the abyss. He caught

my eyes. It was a turning point. Both saw it in each other's eyes. I

continued. I needed to. I was obscene for him. Offering my obscenity for

him. The knowledge and sight of my obscene behaviour making my excitement

so strong. Taking disgraceful pleasure in exhibiting myself for him. He

could see my fingers rubbing my clit. I came suddenly. It went on and on

as I bucked.

 He spoke to the mirror. "You shouldn't have come. You were naughty. I

hadn't given you permission, had I?" "No. Sorry. I didn't think." "In

future you will wait my permission for your pleasure. You were a naughty

girl, weren't you?" "Yes." "A very naughty girl." "Yes. I'm so sorry."

"What happens to naughty girls?" "They are... Sent away? Please don't.

I'll be good." I was suddenly frightened. I didn't want him to send me

home. Reject me. I wanted to stay. God! I really wanted this! Needed

it. I wanted the nakedness, the submission to him, this extreme

excitement. I pressed back against him. It was difficult to come to terms

with. "You don't want to be sent away?" "No. I'll do as I'm told. I

promise." "But you've been naughty?" "Yes." "But you need to be

disciplined." "Yes. But dont send me away! What will you do?"

 To the bedroom. He told me that he would spank me as I was a naughty

girl. It frightened me, but I was grateful he wasn't sending me away. I

had to stand facing a corner for what felt like ages. Thinking about it.

Hands behind me, legs spread. I didn't know if I could take any pain. I

wondered how much it would hurt, if I could take it. A shameful amount

excitement built in me as I waited. Butterflies. I began to imagine his

hand on my bottom. The sound of the slaps.

 I was called to him. It was good that the waiting was over, yet I was

frightened. He made me lay across his knee to be spanked. Naked, over his

knee. So undignified. So humiliating. Toes just touching the floor.

Hands on the floor. My puffy mound pressing hard onto his leg. The side

of me feeling his cock through his robe. He was erect again! He held me

down. My body adjusted for him. Imagined what he saw.

 A caress over my buttocks. Then more. Confused I heard him tell me

that, as this was my first time, I could orgasm when I was being punished

without having permission granted first as he doubted I would be able to

have the control needed just yet. He smacked me. Lightly at first. I

could hear his palm against my flesh. Constant rhythm. Feel it. He

talked to me. Told me what I looked like. Smack! Caressed my slippery

cunt. What a slut I was. I needed to be taken in hand. Smack Gradually

harder. He caressed my hot cheeks, my slippery cunt. I can come whenever

I want? He smacked me again. Again. My bottom very hot under the smacks.

Hurting. All over. Slut. Slut. Tears beginning to trickle from my eyes.

There was a rhythm to the smacks. It seemed a natural rhythm. With pauses

to caress. Small sobs. So hot. Whimpering. My bottom burning. Feeling

so sorry. The sound, the rhythm of his palm on my flesh, loud in my ears.

The pain of each smack. The heat of them all. More than ten. More than

twenty.

 Suddenly the ball of heat moved. To my sex. My cunt. Suddenly very,

very aroused. Smack! Panic. Tried to get up. Held down. Pushing my

bottom up to his hand now. Smack! Wanting more, harder. Not

understanding what was happening. So hot. Depraved frenzy. Smack! He

didn't bother caressing me now. Grunting. Smack! Harder. Cunt spasming.

Smack! Coming. Oh God! Cunt spurting liquids! Was I weeing? No.

Coming again.

 I found myself laying on the bed. Fireworks occasionally still

exploding. His fingers rubbing my heated cheeks. Cooling with something

liquid. Oil, cream? So good. A finger pressed against my bottom. I

stiffened in surprise. It slid into me a little. I lay tense, squeezing

desperately against it. Other hand still caressing. Finger imbedded. He

waited till I relaxed more. Moved it slowly in and out. My body danced to

his tune. Humiliated. Began to push with him. Aroused by everything,

anything. He stopped, withdrew.

 I was exhausted. I couldn't take any more. Couldn't take any more in.

I needed a rest before I could move on physically, mentally, emotionally.

He held me in his arms. He let me sleep.

 He woke me. He was dressed. He fastened my hands with a leather strap

of some type. My ankles too. I had never been tied before. Only

pretended. Tested the bonds. Pulled back and forth. The feeling of being

confined was pleasant. My breathing was erratic. Naked and confined. I

was unable to do anything. Except become aroused. "Do you like it?" "Yes.

I can't do anything." Kissed me. My mouth his. "Yes you can." I could be

aroused. His hands strongly gentled all my body. His caresses loving.

"You are beautiful. You make me aroused. You being my submissive, wearing

my collar, bound. You mean so much." I felt like a horny princess. My

body ached with need. I wasn't allowed to remain bound for long the first

time. I realised I would have been happy to stay bound longer!

 Later I was fed again. Found myself starving. He was going to take me

home. I burst into tears. I thought I would stay. I had to obey him

until he had taken me back to the world I thought once as real. He told me

to put on my dress. Nothing else but that and my shoes. I still wore my

collar. Feeling still naked for him without anything under the dress. He

drove.

 Near my flat he stopped at the wood. He led me along an worn earth

path. Eventually there was an park bench. Partially broken now. I was

told to take off my dress. Standing naked but for the collar. Surrounded

by trees. The summer night not cold. Nipples hard. Whenever I was naked

for him my body was ready for him. Thighs against the uneven back of the

bench. Bent over. Made to offer myself. Asking to be fucked by him. He

roughly opened my cheeks with his hands and proceeded to rut me. I loved

him using me to pleasure himself. I loved his hard flesh dominating my

body. Something to the side caught my eye. Someone. Dark clothes, dark

hair. Secretly watching me being fucked. As we had watched someone once.

I loudly begged Michael to allow me to climax. He allowed it. Crying out

I came. Watched! And again.

 Semen dribbling from me again as I settled at his feet to cleanse his

cock. I loved that little task. The figure still secretly watched. I

shivered.

 At the flat he made me strip, kneel, took off the collar. Made me kiss

it. Held me for a long time and talked softly.

 My body felt alive. My body remembered. He was right. Not just

fantasy. It had been real. I had a gnat bite on my buttock. A submissive

slut frigged herself often. The modern woman cursed her weakness.

 In public, at work, I felt strangely rested. On top of things. Yet I

fought with myself all the time I was at home alone. How could I have

acted like that? I shouldn't have allowed myself to be used. Obviously he

had only wanted to use me, for my body. Yet I knew I had wanted it. Not

only wanted it but fully enjoyed being the submissive slut. I wondered if

I had been drugged, but I remembered everything, knew really that I hadn't.

At times I remembered too clearly. I wanted to be my own woman. Yet I had

luxuriated in the lack of responsibility, the strange freedom I had felt

when I was being told what I had to do to please him. I decided I wasn't

going to see him again. Wasn't going to allow myself to sink that low

again. I was my own boss. No one would own me. I wouldn't act out his

fantasies.

 He phoned me at work. Heat suffused my body on hearing his voice. "Do

you still wish to submit? " "Yes." Breathing ragged. Lower lip quivering.

A tear of sweat ran down inside my shirt. Knickers already wet.

 Knelt in the underground car park. Kissed the collar. Accepted it.

Bent over, knickers around my knees. I heard a car door close. Mouth dry.

His hard cock opened me, controlled me. My cunt was not dry. A car drove

away, without me seeing it. Being rutted. His hard flesh deep in me. I

loved it. Whispered pleas. Refused. Desperate. "Who decides upon your

pleasure?" "You. You do." Having me accept my role. Wearing the collar.

My body bursting for release. His. Enjoying him, his use of me. Almost

as good. Deeper somehow. Being driven to the house. Proud of the

slipperiness of his semen at the junction of my thighs.

 Hot for him all evening. He wouldn't allow me to orgasm. Had me use my

mouth and hands all over him, though not to his climax either. His eyes,

hands and mouth had been on and off me constantly. Playing my body like a

violin. Taut. Desperate. Nearing the point when I would not be able to

stop myself to orgasm at his touch. Tremors constantly running through my

body. Loving it. Not realising things could be like this.

 Made me get KY jelly from a drawer. Didn't need it. My cunt dribbling.

Smelt obviously on heat. Told to kneel on the bed, on knees and elbows.

Now. Take me now. Had to anoint my own bottom hole with the jelly. No!

Please no! Terrified. Shaking. I begged him. He told me that I needn't

do it. I could use the code. End the submission. Unable to do either.

Unable to move. Tears of frustration in my eyes. Felt his hand gently cup

my sex. Desperate. Felt his finger on my bottom. On that personal place.

Began to cry. Knew I was going to submit.

 Came behind me. Cock hard. Clasped my hands together on my back.

Breasts and face forced into the bed. Widened me by rubbing jelly around

and around the ring of my bottom. Gasping. He would allow me to come when

he was inside me. I knew it would never give me a climax. I knew. My

tight virgin rear.

 Told to push back. I did. Tried to relax. So tight. Wanting

desperately to please him. Slowly, gently pressed. Almost hurting too

much, just bearable. Thought about the words. Red? No! Had to please

him. Stretched so wide! Tried to relax. Slid inside. The pain! It

gradually diffused as he held still. No one had ever done this to me! He

slowly, oh so slowly slid deeper. It seemed to go on forever. So full.

Felt the pressure against my vagina. So stretched. Almost splitting. He

pushed a little further. A little more. I stiffened suddenly. Then it

passed. He had his cock in my arse! Then slowly withdrawing. Stuffed

full of cock again. Feeling so full! Slowly in and out. Gradually

increasing the speed. In and out of me he made use of me. I couldn't

believe what was happening. Could feel the heaviness of my cunt gaping

open. He could do to me what he wanted. He was doing. I wanted him to. I

wanted him to possess me in every way he wanted. Wanted him to enjoy me.

Suddenly spasms ran up my vagina. Again.

 I came! Cunt pulsed and spurted. With his cock up my arse! Gripping

him tight. Struggled and thrashed. He held me. Still impaled. Couldn't

believe it! I had come. Cock up my arse! I was so dirty. Oh God! Such

a slut. A cock filling up my arse. Being buggered. The idea excited. I

was enjoying it! He could make me enjoy anything! He could make me do

anything! Told to feel myself, inside. Felt his pushing cock through the

thin membranes of my insides with my fingers. Almost touching. As he

fucked me up my arse. Palm on my clit. Felt him come in me. So grateful

that he had come. Waves washed over me. Over and over they kept coming.

Semen dribbled out of me, down my thigh when he pulled from me.

 We lay in the bath together. Hot soapy water. Arms around me.

Confessed sheepishly that I had enjoyed it. Couldn't believe I had.

Laying with my back against his stomach sparing my blushes. He whispered

in my ear that he would use me again like that for his pleasure. I thought

of it as his fingers tormented my breasts. Thought of him buggering me as

he had me climax. Water splashed onto the floor.

 I had orgasmed again without permission. I had to be disciplined again.

I was looking forward to it! I deserved it. He should punish me. Over

his thighs again. My deflowered rear stung. He could tell. He slapped

harder but slowed it all down. Smacking me harder. The sound louder. In

short bursts, between touching up my fanny. The smacks hurt. Made me cry.

I sobbed. I deserved it. He was punishing me. The excitement came.

Expecting it, this time I could just hold it. Not allowed to orgasm. The

pain and the intense arousal blurred. My body shaking in need. Granted

permission.

 After, I was made to kneel on a low backed padded chair. Kneeling on

the edge with my chest on the soft back. He had me cross my arms behind

me. It left me feeling deliciously vulnerable, my breasts hanging down

against the insistent itch of the fabric; my buttocks and sex thrust back

and open. He put cream on me. He put cream all around my used anal ring.

It was embarrassing. It made me know that he owned even that part of me

too. He slipped a finger in deeply, then another. It stretched me again.

He fingered me there as he would my cunt. It felt humiliating. I was

embarrassed as I lewdly thrust back against his fingers. It was good, it

was wicked. I was grunting like a slut. I wanted him to take me there

again. I wanted him to. I wanted him to use me, make me feel so wicked.

Release my need.

 Morning. In the kitchen I was naked. He wore a thin robe. The

telephone. "Hello... Oh hello... Yes, of course... When... Well, I

think so... It will be the first time... Yes... Fine... Yes... See you

then. Bye." My mouth and hands at his cock and balls as he spoke.

 He sat. I had to stand by his side. His cock showing, hard and

glistening. Open my legs. Show myself to him. Made to keep my eyes open.

One hand pressing above and outside me on my mound, opening me. Showing

him my sex. Told me to play with myself. His cock hard. Oh God I

couldn't. It was so humiliating. I couldn't. "Please. Please." I

whimpered. My vagina pulsed. His hand slapped the inside of my thigh.

 "Oh yes. Oh yes." I had to. He was making me. I bent my knees

outwards. My fingers parted my lips. I sawed them quickly over my clit. I

was made to slow. He wanted to see. I was almost crying with shame. I

was so wet. So very wet. Made to push two fingers into me, as far as they

would go. For him to see. Stood rocking as he appraised me. Then in and

out. Over my clit. In and out. Over my clit. Slowly. The slurping

disgusting. My hand dripping. No dignity left. Tiny noises from my

throat.

 He made my throw a leg across his. Astride him. on my toes. Hands

behind me. He lifted his cock so that the purple knob was in my slit.

Then it was just inside me. Just. I hadn't to move. I wanted it all. I

wanted to be taken. He played with my breasts. Loud noises now, sobs of

frustration. My breathing all over the place. I was high, trying to keep

still, trying not to push down on what I needed. My legs screaming in

agony. Hands allowed to hold his shoulders.

 "I want to see you come in a minute." Oh yes. Thank God. "I want you

to slowly sink down on me. Slowly. And then I want to want you come."

"Yes. Yes. Thank you. Thank you." I felt his thickness stretch me as I

sank as slowly as I could. Feeling him filling me with his burning flesh.

Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. So full. So good. I felt his hairs, then his

body. I screamed as I rubbed myself up and down him frantically. My head

swung back and forth. He had to hold me, I had no control. He thrust up

into me furiously. My body jerking all over. My breasts thrown up and

down. His cock powering in and out until I felt like a rag doll.

 When he finished I sobbed my love and gratitude into his neck.

Exhausted astride my master.

 I cooked breakfast. Thankfully was allowed an apron as I cooked bacon

and eggs for him. He looked so good in his cotton robe. His thigh and

chest showing. After, I sat passive for him as he fed me. I was ravenous.

 In his arms. We talked softly. About our contentment with each other.

My surprise. Our relationship. My responses. Enjoying his use of me so

much. Finding myself always so ready. Tongue-tied, yet I was concerned

that he realised that I didn't say what I thought he wished to hear.

Looking up at him as I lay and spoke, my body, sore and tired as it was,

still pushed up to him, offering. I didn't know the road but I wanted to

be shown. I trusted him. He allowed me to be immoral. He made me

immoral. He made me feel special and safe. I wanted to please him. I'd do

whatever he wanted.

 Told to lay on the kitchen table. Felt his dominance. Feet beside my

buttocks. Rope tied wrist to ankle, ankle to table leg. Spread wide,

defenceless. Unable to move. It felt wonderful. So dreadful not being

allowed to come. Kissed, nibbled, bit my breasts. Over and over. Licked

my stomach, thighs. My pulpy mound. I was so frustrated for him. Bucking

in my bonds. Back to my breasts.

 "Please. Please." Moving around the little I could. "You want to

come?" "Yes. Yes. But it's not just that. It doesn't feel right. You

down there. Pleasuring me." Tears. Didn't know why. "Am I not allowed to

kiss your cunt?" "Yes. No. But... I should be... Oh.... Please. Do

what you want." "I am doing." "On my cunt. On my clit. Please." "Where?"

"On my cunt. On my clit. On my cunt. Nobody has ever kissed me there

before. " "No one? Ever?" Incredulous. "No. I've always been

embarrassed to ask. Nobody ever offered." "They don't know what they've

missed. Whose cunt is it anyway? Whose owns that cunt?" "You do. You do.

It's your cunt. It's all yours." "Yes. If I want to taste you I will.

And this?" A searching finger slid between my buttocks. "Yes. That's

yours too." "For what?" "To bugger!" He used his mouth on me. Sucked my

clit. Licked it. Ate me. Made me thrash about on the table. Keeping me

on the brink for what seemed like hours. Unable to stop him. Loving the

feeling of being so helpless. The pleasure and frustration building and

building. It was wonderful. He must have drowned in my juices.

Thankfully I was allowed a wild climax.

 On our journey to my flat we stopped again. At the wood. I wondered if

we would be watched. Same place. About the same time. Pulled off all my

clothes. Stood naked. He made me pleasure him. Astride him as he sat.

Move my body up and down on him as he roughly fondled my breasts. Yes. A

figure in the trees. Secretly watching again. I loudly begged release.

To be allowed to climax on his big cock. Displaying my wickedness to the

man watching. Crying it to the trees.

 A couple of days later I was telephoned by his P.A. to meet him at his

office. Found the building. Receptionist, young, bored, trying to look

smart. Up the lift, found his PA. Thirty-ish, attractive, controlled,

quality clothes, expensive perfume. I hated her. Asked me to sit for a

moment. She disappeared through to the inner sanctum. She reappeared with

Michael. He smiled at her. Called her Gwen. Returned. Ushered me

through. Smelt the warmth of her as I brushed past. Closed the door

behind me. With me now.

 He rose, didn't come around his desk to kiss me. Told to kneel. In his

office! I kissed the collar and accepted it's feeling of safety. Fear.

Excitement. Nipples tightening. Smiling, he contemplated me in silenced.

Relaxed a little at the smile. Tension in my stomach. He spoke softly.

Undress. Instruction.

 Stood by an empty chair before him. Removed my jacket. Laid it on the

desk. My blouse. Fingers fighting buttons. Never really undressed like

this for him before. Clothes off quickly often in the past. Looking up

before slipping it off my shoulders. Raised eyebrows. Feeling strangely

embarrassed as I removed it. Placed it with my jacket. It was almost the

afternoon! Proud of my bra. Feeling breasts swelling. Sitting passive.

Then hands behind me. Unclipped. Again needing to appeal with my eyes.

Same response. Letting the bra drop from me into my hands. Under his

gaze. Nipples hard, up-pointed. Breasts, rising and falling as my

breathing shortened, beginning to flush. On display now. Again. In his

office! I was his.

 Skirt. Zip. Button. Feeling the lining slide down my thighs. Long

passed, the point of no return. Stepping out. Feeling like a pin-up.

Proud. Another addition to the pile of clothes on the desk. Had he fucked

anyone on that desk? Thumbs inside the elastic, drawing down. Pulling

them away from the stickiness at my crutch. Stepping out. Smelling my

arousal. The stockings to stay. The hold-ups emphasising my nakedness.

My mound thrusting, my damp pubic hair stuck to me. Standing. Hands held

behind me. Collar warm. He smiled and nodded his appreciation. Pride.

He came over and fastened leather cuffs around my wrists.

 Told not to move or speak whatever he did. Unless told to. Asked if I

understood. Nodded. He buzzed his PA, Gwen! Told her to come in!!

Panic! Wanted to cover myself. Couldn't. Desperately forcing myself to do

as Michael had told me. Silently pleading. Closed my eyes. Opened them.

Looking at the carpet. Making soft noises. Shaking. Really shaking.

Breasts moving. She stood by Michael looking at me. Could tell that she

was appraising me. Looking at my naked body. In his office! She said

something I didn't catch. They laughed softly. Intimate.

 This was something new. In the past there had always been just the

vague possibility of someone coming across us, like in the woods. Seeing

my body, his use of me. Just a chance. It created anticipation, an edge.

This was different. Like me in the shoe shop! This was his intention. I

was being brazenly displayed. By him. My body. His control. My

submission. As I began to understand my shaking ceased and I became aware

of my arousal increasing.

 She left the room. He came around the desk. Opened my legs. Explored

my flesh in his palm. Sank fingers deep within me. Making me dance on

them. "That is very nice. You're very wet." He sounded proud of me! I

nodded. Guiltily. "Gwen says that you look beautifully flushed. She

wondered if it was because of her or me." She'd seen my arousal, it must

have been obvious. "Did you enjoy me flaunting you to her? Showing those

pretty tits to her? Showing her your fanny? This willing cunt to her?"

His fingers used me, keeping me in need. Falling against him, naked, as I

whimpered and grunted. He tormented my breasts. Until they were sore. On

that strange pain/pleasure divide. He wanted to see me needing. Oh I did.

 He took his pleasure in me over the desk. It was wonderful. From

behind. Thrusting hard into my cunt. He felt huge. The surface cold on

my burning breasts. Saliva and sweat on the wood. His hard hot flesh

spearing in and out of me. Possessed. My body welcoming. Permission. As

the fireworks exploded I idly wondered if the inter-com was still on.

 Afterwards Gwen returned. Standing, my body now displaying the use to

which it had been put. My labia feeling bloated and sticky, breasts

reddened. Her eyes like fingers over me. Half proud, half ashamed. She

stroked my cheek. Touched the collar. My shoulders moved, my breasts. I

wondered if she would touch them. She didn't.

 She took me to a lavatory at the back of the room. Suggested that I

wipe myself. Stood in the door. Told me to hurry as I sat waiting for her

to go. I had to do it as she watched.

 Allowed to dress. In front of them. Fastened my bra. Breasts felt

larger after being fucked. Blouse. Pulled up my knickers. "I can see

that she gets off on display." I wanted to curl up and die. "She's

learning. Things may come out later. She's been punished. Spanking.

Actually climaxed with it. She likes some humiliation, bondage, loves the

giving up of power." Talking about me as if I wasn't there. How far did he

expect me to go? I was juicing again. "Has she potential?" I shyly

fastened my skirt. Body pulsing softly. "Oh yes. No question." There was

pride in his voice. Tears welled in my eyes.

 We met socially of course. Weekdays. He took me out. Without the

collar. To dinner, cinema, theatre, began to meet his friends. He made me

laugh, was an amusing, caring and handsome man to be with. I realised that

he genuinely found me attractive too, physically and otherwise. We acted

like normal lovers in a normal vanilla relationship. I could flirt and

tease, appear demanding and could be loud. It may not have been realised

by those around us, however, that I always knew he was my absolute monarch.

We caressed and fondled but it never went further on these occasions.

 He fulfilled me. I had stopped masturbating when alone. I only wanted

to orgasm for him. He thought about me, thought about what was best for

me. However, as the working week drew to a close I was taut with

excitement. His mastery of me. The fear and thrill of how he dictated my

exhibitionism to him, of the unexpected, of being wicked. His use and

enjoyment of my body. The release more extravagantly physical when

allowed. I was happy to accept my sexual fulfilment, or lack of it, was

subservient to his will. I wanted him to enjoy me, that was so important

to me now. I strangely became far more confident, my self esteem grew

stronger. Now that I had the freedom of Michael taking over the

responsibility for the wildness of my sexuality from me I could relax. I

enjoyed the knowledge that he was training that wildness, stretching my

limits. Gradually having me do a little more than I had ever considered I

could or would, previously. Life before Michael was a vague, tasteless

memory.

 On the way to his house he stopped the car. He placed a blindfold on

me. I sat passive until he was satisfied with its fit. I felt my nipples

hardened. We continued on our way. I couldn't see. I felt every bounce

of my breasts, every sigh in my throat was loud in my ears. People may be

able to see, I realised. I held the sides of the seat and tried not to

squirm. Felt my breasts tighten in my bra. He helped me out and led me to

the door. As he had walked around the car I suddenly panicked, we could be

anywhere! The drive felt the same, the step. The smell of the house. I

relaxed.

 In the hall he stopped. Took off my jacket. Put my back against the

wall. Hands moving automatically now to beside my face. Legs parted. I

waited for him. I didn't know where he was. Breathing all over the place

due to the blindfold. He was there again. He did something to my skirt.

Pulling it forward. He was cutting it! Scissors cut through the material

until I felt the cold metal against my stomach. It dropped at my feet. He

cut through the top I was wearing. The metal grazing me. Cut the arms so

it dropped too. I was frightened. He cut through the straps on my bra.

Cut through the front. Cut my knickers off. I was trembling. I couldn't

see. He pressed the cool metal to my hard nipples, the outsides of my

labia.

 His fingers sank deeply into me. A grunt from me. Sucked my juices

from him. Waited. Heard him undressing. Made to open wider still. His

cock sank into me. Filling me. So hot. So commanding. My vagina spasmed

around him. Wanted him to enjoy me. He fucked me in my darkness. Fucked

me so well. My breasts bounced, cunt squelched and clutched at his cock. I

was eager to please him, my body was eager to please him.

 He led me to the bedroom, semen trickling down my leg. Put over his

naked thigh. His cock sticky against my thigh. "I'm going to punish you.

Do you know why?" "No. No, Master." It felt good saying that. "Because I

want to. Is that sufficient reason?" "Yes. Of course, Master."

 He didn't caress. He just spanked. Slowly. Building up. I sobbed

loudly. It built and built. The need for release came. "God you're a

slut aren't you? Your cunt is always the wettest I've ever known! You

want to come from being spanked don't you?" "Oh yes, Master. Oh please,

Master." "Yes, alright, I want you to show me how that cunt of yours can

really come." It wasn't a considered act. My body just obeyed his words.

My cunt spurted. I came loudly. I began to cry. The idea that he might

not be there to let me have pleasure was so scary. I needed him so much.

We were both wet with my leakage. He came again in my mouth.

 Saturday afternoon. In Michael's kitchen making coffee. Doorbell rang.

Froze. Wide eyes at Michael. Wearing only a slip. My nipples pushing

through the material. The slip resting just past my sex. Wearing my

collar. Told to carry on. He answers the door. Another man in the

kitchen too. Rob. Jeans, squat, ponytail. I'm not dressed. Friend of

Michael. A photographer. Felt heat on my face. Tried hard not to cover

myself with my hands. His eyes explored me obviously. Drinking coffee.

I've been fucked on this table where he has his coffee. His eyes hungry on

my body. Looked at my breasts, up my legs. Face burning. He knew I was

Michael's. I begun to feel proud of what he looked at. They chatted and

laughed. Suddenly found out that he was there to photograph me. Michael

wanted it done. Some nude. I would be naked before another man now! The

boy saw me. A little of me. Gwen saw me fully. The man in the woods.

Now another man. My chest tight. The list growing.

 Everything set up in the curtained lounge. Lights, reflectors, cameras.

Stomach fluttering. Michael gave me a glass of wine. Sat on the sofa.

Changed into silk top and underwear. Suspenders and stockings and

stilettos. G-string, thin bra. The hardness of my nipples obvious. I

checked the collar. Michael sat watching in the shadows. Rob looked at me

closely. All over my body.

 Standing. Kneeling. My top to go. Different positions constantly.

Nipples very obvious through my bra. Felt naked already. Stomach ached.

Rob grinned hungrily at me. I was hot. Sat again. Held my breasts.

Straps lowered. Bra off. Told to play with my breasts. Knelt on the

floor. Breathing shallow. Breasts hung. Displayed pale buttocks between

the dark suspender belt and stockings to the men, the camera. Tight

material deep within my crease. The photographs were rude, dirty. Rob

would see them as he develops them. Others might see them. Skin burning.

 On my back on the sofa. Legs thrust out. Bulging mound. Hands to go

inside my knickers. Wetness. Fingers touched myself. Rob and Michael

watched. Eyes caressed. Being so disgusting for them to see. I was so

wet. Dragging knickers down eagerly now. Smell of sex. Exhibited myself

openly. No need for direction then. Displayed my naked tits and cunt.

Offered myself to the men, the camera. Almost coming. Michael made me

take a break. My breathing erratic. Photographs of my face. I drink some

more wine. In Michael's arms, secure. Rob reloads.

 My top and knickers back on. Michael sat on a chair. I stood. I was

to be punished. Draped myself over his knees. Top pulled high. My

knickers pulled half way down thighs. I struggled to help. Felt Michael's

cock hard. Opened my thighs within the tight knickers. The humiliation

singing in my ears. Rob watching. My hands fastened behind me. Hot.

Michael began to spank me. I wanted it. Pushed up to it. Needing.

Squirming under the smacks. Being watched. The heat rapidly built in my

bottom. My cunt bloated between my thighs. Smacks. Being watched.

Whimpered. Smacks. Tears on my cheeks. Such a slut. Heat in my cunt.

Sobbed. Grunted. Tried to hold back. I was allowed. It burst in me. My

cunt sprayed again as I came. Someone was watching. I exploded.

 On my knees. Seem to have missed some time. Michael began to fuck me.

Realised he's naked. Against my tender bottom. Cock filled me, stretched

me, possessed, slid in and out of me. Wanted to make it good. I wanted it

to be as good for him. Wondered if we're being photographed. He lifted my

head up. A purple head, veins. It vibrated in the air inches from my

face. Another cock before my face. Darker skin. Smelt its masculinity. I

touched it, confused. Hard and hot in my hand, alive. I pulled on it. It

came nearer. It touched my face and I opened for it. Abandoned. Two

cocks inside me, using me, possessing me. Spun out of control.

 I thrashed wildly. I flew in a tornado. Pinned between two cocks. Two

cocks fucking me at once. Two cocks. I slid between orgasm and awareness,

back and forth. Semen all over my face and body. So tired. Someone

removed my stockings, covers me.

 Later, Michael woke me. Evening. We went out for dinner. We walked to

a cosy Italian. Wearing my casual long summer frock. Allowed a thong.

Michael in cream trousers and shirt. Not knowing whether to mention

earlier. If he decided to abandon me he would have a reason. Desperate to

be with him. Not knowing what to say. He seemed happy with me. In a good

mood. Amusing, flirty.

 "You should look good in the photos." Just slipped into the

conversation. Felt my eyes widen as I looked at him. Scared. "I'm proud

of your body." Breath escaped from me. "You look angelically virginal yet

totally sluttish. All at the same time." Scarlet. He carried on eating.

My stomach incapable of taking in food. "Rob enjoyed your mouth. You

enjoyed having his cock too, didn't you?" "I... I...." Eventually I nodded

to the table. Hiding as much as I could behind my hair. My mouth dry.

"He'd have had more if I had let him." "Why didn't you!? Don't you want me

for yourself!?" Anger flared in me. "You'll be punished for that later."

"I'm sorry." Looking at the table realising what I'd done. "Should I keep

the sight of your body to myself too?" He laughed. "No, you enjoy that

don't you? I wouldn't have you expose your body if it was ugly, would I?

No, I'm proud of it. Don't I want you for myself? Of course I do! You

know, can tell. I wouldn't offer you to others if I wasn't proud of you,

didn't feel your body wasn't an ideal gift for others to enjoy for a while.

I do not have to be the only one. Do you wear my collar?" "Yes!" "Do you

submit to me?" "Yes!" "And you knew it even when you had another man's cock

in your mouth. " "Yes." Desperately wanting him to believe me as I looked

into his eyes. I looked at Michael. He knew. He knew me before I did.

"You will know it, whatever I allow someone else to see or do." "Yes."

Disconcerted. Excited. Ashamed. Aroused. He had shown me that he was in

charge of me. Had me acknowledge that he could and would have me display

myself, that he could use and offer my body. He was proud of me! I knew

that I would carry out his requirements, as was his due. I would make him

even more proud, and I would enjoy it too.

 I admitted to him about the person in the wood.

 In the woods, our special wood, he sat at the bench. I spied our voyeur

as I took off my jacket, naked underneath. Lay across Michael's knees.

Skirt pulled up, knickers down, and he spanked me. Had known he would.

Spanked while being watched. Made to push high. Made to part myself.

Smacks sounding very loud in the small clearing. My submission. My sobs.

My cries. The display. The excitement. The pain. Both of them mixing

until I could barely stand that amazing sexual tension he gave me. Told to

climax. No caressing but it didn't stop my orgasm being loud in the

clearing too.

 Thighs and crutch wet with the juices that now seemed to spurt at every

orgasm. So hot. Half naked, had to walk toward the person hidden in the

trees. The air pleasantly cool on my breasts, whilst my buttocks tingled.

I stopped. "Would you like to come and join us. Please. We wont harm

you." The figure disappeared. I called out again. Eventually I walked

back towards Michael. Heard something. Turned. The figure standing in

the open.

 A female figure! A girl! I'd always presumed it would be a man. At

least a boy. Wanking as he watched. A girl! A ponytail of dark hair.

Black cotton peasant pants, baggy shirt, black trainers. A girl. Young.

Pretty.

 "You were watching us." Michael. "Yes. It is a public place. You

weren't hidden." "We wont hurt you. We don't mind." "Why did you beat your

girlfriend?" Curiosity. "You normally shag her." "Why don't you ask her?"

She cocked her head at me. Questioning. "I asked him to." "What do you

mean? Do you like being beaten?" Incredulous. "Sometimes. Sometimes I

deserve it." "Like now? Why?" "Because I didn't tell him that you watched

us. Don't you think it was appropriate to be punished in front of you?"

"But why should you tell him? You didn't need to." "Yes I did. I belong

to him." "What! You belong to him? You mean he tells you what to do? I

can't imagine... All the time?" Her eyes wide. "Well at least sexually."

She stared at me for a long while then seemed to decide that it wasn't

worth asking me questions. "Is that why you came here? To beat her? For

me to see? Were you going to shag her as well?" "Yes. To them all."

"Knowing I would be watching?" "Yes." Now she stared at Michael for a long

while. In contemplation. She came nearer. "Can I watch. From here?" Her

voice betraying her..

 Michael turned me to face her fully. "Would you remove her skirt?" We

all stood still. She considered whether she wished to take a more active

part. For an age. Stood behind me. The perfume of soap. Stepped out of

the ring of cloth at my feet. She stared at my body. My skin appearing

luminous in the half light. She looked me all over. "Will you lead her

over to the bench?" Michael not bothering to watch. "She should lay there.

I'll fuck her there for you to watch."

 Waiting. Took my arm delicately. With finger tips. She led me. This

girl. Taller than me. Faced her. Looked into her eyes for a moment. She

was excited, her eyes sparkling, yet strangely surprised. Not by us,

perhaps by herself.

 After everything I needed to be taken by him. Being outside, spanked,

naked, exhibiting myself. Sat on the edge facing her. Cool, rough wood

against my tender skin. Lay back along its length. Hips just over the

edge. Deliberately spread my legs. Let her eyes in. Wanton, wanting, as

she looked. I wanted to come!

 Michael naked. He moved her gently to the side of me. He knelt at my

sacrificial flesh. His cock opened me. Standing she moved her head to be

able to fully see him possess me. Would have seen his iron flesh enter my

lubricated opening. Impaled on him. Arching my body up to him. She

knelt. Almost reverence in her eyes. Michael took her hand. Rubbed it

over my tits. It hovered there. "I ... " Then she began to tentatively

explore and test. Took her other hand. To our joining. Watching and

feeling. He began to fuck me. Slowly at first. Her hand on my mound.

Electric storms filled me. Took me off in them. She was kissing me. My

open mouth. A girl was kissing me! Her hand on my face as she kissed.

Another squeezed my pulpy flesh around him as he pumped. Able to scream

silently into her laughing mouth. Neither allowing me to stop.

 After, Michael offered me his beautiful maleness to suck on. Offered it

to me. Not her. I wondered if one day I could ever accept that. Not

tonight. Her eyes continued to enjoy me. From a long way away I saw her

fingers touch the semen flowing from me. From the clouds heard the

conversation. "She's beautiful." "Yes. She is. A gazelle." I didn't know

whom they spoke of. "I'd like... I'd like... her to... You know! Make

me... give me. " Her face was alive with emotion. "You know she has a

master. She told you." "Yes. Yes." Dejected. Then sudden hope. "But

maybe I could help you. A girl I knew once. She had a horse. She let me

groom him. I could be useful. Make sure she behaves. " "But staff aren't

supposed to use the belongings of the household in which they work." He was

grinning. "She let me ride her horse. Let me ride because I groomed her.

It was my reward." "You put yourself in her power by desiring to ride."

"Yes. But not totally. I wasn't the horse." They laughed. "You'd need to

think long and hard about what you'll do for your desires."

 Gwen phoned me on a Monday. I had to meet her and Michael at his

office. Felt naked again in front of Gwen. Knowing how I looked the last

time she saw me. He came. Made to kneel! She saw me kneel. Kissed the

collar, allowed to stand. She came over to me. Touched my cheek again.

My hands heavy at my side. Her lips touched mine. A snakes tongue

momentarily slipped between my flesh. Her hand on my breast. Fingers

squeezing my nipple. Hard. Moaned into her mouth. Released. Michael

stood watching, smiling. Breathless, I felt taken.

 Michael told me that I had to go with her. Had made appointments. Felt

overawed being with Gwen. She was so beautiful, so certain. Caught a cab.

Felt like a child with a parent. She took my arm. Into a nondescript

building. Taken into a clinical room without any windows. A woman, a

nurse or technician. Gwen discussed me with her as though I wasn't

present. The nurse had me undress. There, not behind a curtain. I

realised I was looking for Gwen to look after me. Let me keep my blouse

on. Both of them watched me as I did. Shameful. Sat me on a chair with

stirrups. Like at the doctor. I looked at Gwen as my hands and legs were

strapped. Tested the strapping. Tight. Relaxed. It was the straps!

Gwen noticed, her eyes took in everything. They fell to my cunt. She

watched as each leg was pulled out wide open and raised. She looked at my

open cunt! I couldn't do anything. Seeping. The nurse came over and

wiped me with a tissue. God I wanted to die.

 She had a small machine in her hand. She was searching for hair roots.

First the few around my bottom, then my cunt lips. Electrocuting them one

at a time. It hurt. It concentrated my attention. There would be nothing

to distract from my orifices. Michael's. They were his. Given more

appointments for the electrolysis. The hair would never grow again. My

lips always showing. They were red and sore. On the street Gwen repeated

the kiss and touch of breast as she left me. People stared. Found myself

frightened by yet wanting that parting kiss and touch.

 Gwen took me each time. The hair would gradually reduce to nothing from

the sides and bottom. Then I would be really bare. Always would be. Cunt

lips always being shown. My mound totally naked. Gwen lightly ran the

back of her fingers over the cleaned area. Her face impassive, eyes

twinkling. It felt and looked so different. She didn't finger me. I knew

I would have had to let her.

 Standing in the kitchen, my limbs free but wearing a blindfold. I had

learnt how I loved the blindfold. Felt so vulnerable and yet so safe

within myself.

 He had told me that he would bugger me again. Fuck me up the arse

again. Scary and exciting. Now I had to prepare him and myself. I rubbed

olive oil up and down his beautiful cock. Couldn't believe I had already

taken this up my rear once. It was so hard, so beautiful in my blind

hands.

 I bent over the table, pushing up for him. His fingertip invaded me,

oiling my tight hole, playing with me, over and over. Shame and arousal.

His finger made me so excited, playing in my puckered hole. Wanting to

give to him. Wanting him to take his pleasure in my body. Not able to

stop myself knowing I want the indecent pleasure of him there too. I

wanted his cock up my arse!

 Fingers opened me, round and round, wider and wider, relaxing. Then he

was there. His length opened my ring, I remembered, I pushed back, opening

myself for him. It stretched me harshly, filled me so fully again. It

left me breathless. He pushed slowly deep into me. Pushing back onto him.

Onto his thrusts. Eager, so eager now. Enjoying yielding so fully,

enjoying him possessing me in every way. The strangeness of it, yet it

felt so good. My cunt bloated; open, pulsing emptily under me. Knowing I

couldn't give him more of myself. I desperately wanted him to come as he

fucked me up the arse! He violated me. Was his to violate. My body

throbbed. I babbled disgusting words and sprayed as he let me climax.

 On the table, the pile. The photographs were erotic. Large, black and

white, glossy. They were good. Better than any magazine. I would have

considered them art photography if it was not for the extreme content.

Initially I saw the top one only. Not daring to turn them over, yet

knowing I would look, needed to look at what I had become. The top one

showing a totally sensual woman in underwear and slave collar. Looking

hungry. Any man would immediately know what I needed. To be used and

punished. The eyes, the radiant eyes, parted lips, prominent nipples. Not

believing it was me looking like this. The total inability to hide my

arousal.

 He sat and watched me as I looked at each one in turn. My body leaking

and tender after its use. He knew my arousal. Saw it mounting again. I

was unquenchable. The photographs became more than erotic. Fingers in

close-up as they plunge between wet folds of flesh. Draped over knees, the

spray of liquids caught in the light. The plundering of cunt by cock. The

woman entered by cock from each end. I felt faint seeing myself. In clear

focus. Clearer than I had known. I wished that I had had my mound bared

first.

 He was going to have them on display in the house. Not only in the

bedroom. Visitors to the house would see. They would have evidence of my

uncontrollable lust. He came over to me. Kissed me. I belonged to him.

Rubbed the plumpness of my mound. Semen seeped from my rear still. He

allowed me to rub myself up and down his thigh, like a dog. Bestial,

filthy, immoral. I made his leg wet. I came for him as I begged him to

bugger me again and again.

 Friday. The day of Kim and Robert's party. It was strange, staying

here and yet socialising. They had never been mixed together before. I

didn't know how things would work out. Michael would decide. Yes.

 I am ready but not dressed. Michael sits me on the bed. He is dressed.

He looked gorgeous. Evening wear. "You are to be a waitress for half an

hour at the party as a favour to Kim." "Yes. I've never been a waitress

before, though." "That will be alright. At least half of the female guests

will be waitressing for at some time at the party. It is one of the

characteristics of these parties. They can be a little unusual." I look at

him. Realise that I am missing something. "You need to know something

else. At Kim's parties the waitresses wear only underwear." "What! Why

didn't you tell me? " Daring to suggest annoyance. My vagina twinges. Of

course. He sees the understanding dawn on my face and smiles. "You

bastard! Master!" "Yes." Smug.

 I panic as he unfastens my collar. "Don't worry. Even if I put a piece

of string around your neck it will be your collar. Anything. " He reaches

into a pocket. Fastens a velvet choker around my neck. It has a jet

circle with a thin gold surround. In the mirror I notice two crossed keys

inlaid in the jet. Two earrings have the same pattern. "There are other

women wear ones like this, but only a few. And they are special. Given to

them by men like me to women like you. Women who have submitted themselves

to the will of a Master or Mistress."

 I cannot wear the underwear under my dress on the way to the party. My

wonderful dress. Serving drinks in underwear as soon as I arrive. The

underwear to come off again after. Then again just the dress. The

strangeness of my bald mound constantly drawing my attention to it.

 Kim takes me upstairs on my arrival. Into her bedroom. Takes my dress,

hangs it in a wardrobe. Naked. I am shaking. Quickly put on the

underwear under Kim's gaze. People will look at me like this! Stilettos,

black hold ups, black bra and G-string! And the collar like choker. I am

blushing furiously. I have to do this. For Michael. She ties a red

ribbon around my neck along with my choker. "It's to let people know this

is your first time, that you are in training. They will touch but not too

much, perhaps only through your clothes. Only a little." What clothes!

They are transparent! If they touch me there it will be almost as if they

touched my skin! My buttocks are already uncovered.

 I sobbed. With trepidation. She took my chin and very firmly told me I

could do it and that I would. Then smiles. "You're gorgeous. Everyone

will love looking at you. You make even me jealous. Michael wants to see

people looking at you. He wants to feel proud of their enjoyment." I'm

guilty that I am damp with the idea.

 A knock. Kim let another woman into the room. She quickly undressed to

red basque, thong and stockings. Her breasts, larger than mine, are pushed

up high. Cleavage deep, dark nipples just on show. Kim and the woman

laugh easily. A hand slid over the exposed buttock. They turned to me.

Introduced me to Caroline. Kim kissed me lightly. Left. Caroline tried

to explain the ropes to me. Tried to relax me. She's nice. Gave me a

gulp of vodka from her bag as I dried myself on the lavatory. As I left I

saw an undressed innocent reflected in the mirror. Oh God, I hoped he

would be proud of me. I stopped a tear ruining my make-up.

 We both go downstairs together. Eyes attach themselves to us. Sliding

over us. Filling me with fear, exciting me. In the kitchen a girl,

dressed as we, filling trays of wine. She sees my ribbon, winks. Both

drink a glass quickly. Caroline takes a tray and is gone. The glasses

shake as I pick them up. My skin is hot.

 I carry the glasses, people take them or return them. I see Caroline

occasionally. They all look at me. Look at my body. Total embarrassment.

Gradually became more accustomed, never used to it. I give Michael a glass

as he talks. He looks proud. Kisses me. Maybe my acute embarrassment had

protected me initially.

 As it began to feel a little easier people touched me. The first few

times I nearly drop the glasses. So embarrassing standing with glasses in

my hands as strangers openly touch my body. Furtive hands on my bottom as

I pass. Caressed on my naked buttocks or thigh. I found it humiliating.

It made me hot. My hands having to hold the tray, glasses, not able to

remove them. Gradually the hands became more brazen. Touched my breasts

and belly as they look at me. Commented on the hardness of my nipples. My

lack of pubic hair. The plumpness of my mound. I learnt to keep my eyes

lowered. While I served them. Telling me about my body as they look and

touch me. The words worse than the hands. Knew my crutch to be wet. Had

to concentrate. Where is Michael?

 With an empty tray I looked for empty glasses. A woman pulled me over.

Trapped inside a circle of bodies. Strangers. I had no private places.

They touched me. A man behind me. Hands on my buttocks. Stood passive

for them. For Michael. Face pulled to kiss. Other hands on my breasts.

Nipples pinched. Both men and women voices near to me. Another mouth to

kiss. Lipstick. No time to react to how I felt about this. Then another

man. Lots of hands on me. My wet thighs. My mound. Clit rubbed through

the material. Hands. I climax and they laugh at their success. Allowed

to flee.

 As I escaped I ran into another girl. Familiar. Short red dress. Very

long legs. A thigh pressing between mine. Strange. Her body pressing

against me. Lips confident on mine. "Hello again." Into my mouth. Her

eyes crept upwards, over my breasts. Short tousled hair. The girl from

the woods! My breathing stopped. The memory was so strong. Of being

fucked with her there. The girl watched my shock with amused eyes.

 Kim suddenly appears. Freed me from my memories. Thanked me. Gave me

a big hug. Still stunned. She told me I could stop. That I'd done almost

an hour. The girl had disappeared. Did I imagine her? Suddenly, Kim's

husband, Robert, with a tray. He is only wearing what looks like a leather

jock strap and a collar and bow tie! He had a tattoo on his bottom. I ran

upstairs.

 Inside the room. I sat on the bed. Peaceful room. Body pumping madly.

Quickly showered my body, washed my lips. Discarded the underwear.

Slipped on the beautiful dress over my nakedness. Slowly everything

calmed. The dress devine. Hid my agitation. Breasts felt large, my sex

too, under the dress. The material slid over my curves, my pert fullness.

I needed Michael's arms.

 Eventually I found him. Talking to the girl in red! He kissed me

fully. I was his. Nothing else mattered, existed. Arm around me. He

calmed me. The girl gave me her wine, grinning.

 Michael invited the girl. Pia. Living with old aunts during the

summer. Parents abroad. Pretty. Only twenty. Does Michael want her? As

if understanding he kissed me again. Asked me if he could touch me as

everyone else had. Blushed. Mouth opened as he blatantly took my breasts

in his hand, felt me up. Was the silk still there? In front of Pia.

Pushing up to him. Display. Ownership.

 We drank and talked. Two men came to talk to Michael. Pia asked me to

dance. Does Michael agree? Michael nodded to my questioning look. Just

smiled at me. Even in my stilettos she was taller than me. Danced slowly,

together, in a dark room. She felt lithe. She felt confident. Hands

caressed the grey silk, my body underneath not hidden to any touch. A

thigh pushed against me. Long leg against my mound. My head rested

against hers. My breasts pressing to hers. She smelt young. Closed my

eyes. Peaceful.

 Took a glass from a woman undressed as I had been. Except her bra was

opened at the front. Blush of arousal on her skin. Voluptuous breasts. I

noticed she as wearing a choker! "Touch her breasts." Pia told me in my

ear. The woman's eyes were lowered. Not sure that I'd heard her

correctly. Looked at her. Pia gently held my hand. It was placed on the

warm flesh. The woman closed her eyes. I had never felt anyone else's

breasts. I didn't know what to do. "How would you like to be caressed if

it were your breast?" It seemed obvious. I massaged them. Gradually

firmer. Her nipples hard. I squeezed one. Firmer. Firmer still. The

woman sighed. "Stop." Pia gave me a glass. The woman moved on. "I'll

remember."

 Danced again. I remembered being with her before. With Michael. She

had seen me spanked, seen me fucked. Michael had allowed her my outsides

as he had taken my insides. He possessed my soul, allowing others the

image. I remembered her mouth on mine as had felt him hard and hot inside.

"I feel faint." "Take a drink. We'll sit down." "No. I can't." "Why?" "My

dress. I'm not... I'm not wearing anything under. I'll stain it." "Are

you so wet?" She laughed slyly. "Yes." I ran away from her. Find a

lavatory. I pulled off the dress needing to wash my sex. I looked at

myself in the mirror. Blushes of desire laced my neck and breasts.

 Returning through very dark rooms. Sensing Pia behind me. A man made

me dance. Danced close. Holding me with one hand, touching me with his

other. Hands ran over the thin skin of my dress. Couldn't stop him.

Didn't try to escape. Had to accept his hands exploring wherever they

wished. Wanted it. I was disgusting! Both hands moved to my buttocks.

An erection pressed to my belly. Rubbed himself against me. My face

pressed against him hiding my arousal. I wondered if he would force me to

do more. Would Michael be angry. He didn't make me do anything else.

Eventually he left me. I didn't know who it was. Couldn't see any wet

stains at my crotch in the dark.

 Grabbed a drink. Another mans arms. Michael. He kissed me. Rubbed

myself wickedly against him. Really horny. Really wanted him. Told him.

Teased about being so excited. Told him about the man, about the woman's

breasts, told him that I'd climaxed earlier. Told him that I needed taking

in hand. Thought about asking him to take me somewhere. To punish me,

love me. Now. My body needed his control. Mine evaporating. He told me

to accept others touching me, they knew I was not to be fucked. I thought

about what he said. Thought about hands on me. We danced slowly awhile. I

pressed myself against him. His mouth held mine for long little meals.

 Another man approached him. Talked softly to him. Michael gave me to

another. Eventually found myself dancing in Pia's arms. The dress felt as

if it didn't exist against her. Her hands explored me like the men's had,

though a little more gently, a little more tentatively. So tired dancing,

so tired being on the edge. We sat and I fell asleep.

 Waking behind closed eyes. Wondering where I was for a moment. My head

on a woman's thighs. Her hand on my breast. Pia's warm perfume, the

woman's smell of her. The feel of her tights.

 We danced again. Michael came by and kissed me in the near darkness and

was gone. I had a safe place. Pia's arms enveloped me. Breasts against

her. Her hands on my buttocks. Thigh rubbing my mound. A woman danced

with a man nearby. Her breasts were bared. He held one in his hand.

 "I've never been to a party like this before. It's what I would have

called an orgy." "You seem to have survived." "It's because you've been

with me isn't it?" Sudden comprehension. "When I haven't been with

Michael. He has had you look after me, hasn't he?" "Michael asked me if I

wanted to come. He'd let me be with you. He mentioned something about you

not being fully ready. Not yet. You needed to see first. He wanted me to

keep an eye on you, but to be honest he has been very conscious of where

you are and what you are doing." I looked around. Finally I saw him. He

was watching. I loved him so much. "You've not been before?" "No. I've

been surprised too at times. If it wasn't for you I wouldn't have realised

what goes on." A half giggle, wide eyes for a moment.

 She bent down and unfastened her shoes. Threw them behind me into

corner. My legs ached and the chance to do the same beckoned but she was

almost my height in my heels now so kept them on. I put my arms around

her. "I'm here now. I'll do the looking after for a while." "Can you

remember me kissing you the last time we met?" "Yes...." I could still see

the man holding the woman's breast. Pia moved against me. Unconsciously,

my fingers played with her strap. She moved a little and it suddenly slid

off her shoulder as I teased it. I was shocked. Her nipple didn't show,

though the top and side of her breast was displayed. I couldn't take my

eyes off it. She shyly took out her arm from the strap. A beautiful

breast on show. Her nipple was hard. I thought if it was so hard on me it

would hurt. Centimetres from me. Suddenly realised where we were and

turned her into the greater darkness and away from anybody else. She

laughed softly and kissed my cheek. "Touch me." More than a request. Or

was it simply my imagination. It seemed a lifetime before I allowed my

hand to move to the breast. It was wrong, but it felt so nice. I knew it

was wrong but I was so grateful. So hot. It was firmer than the breast of

the woman with the tray, though as large, her nipples hard, the aureole

large and prominent. Her mound pushed against me as I lost myself on her

flesh.

 I could feel her responses increase. She had told me to do it! It was

wrong. It was strange. I realised that she had began to take control!

The feelings of both touching another woman and of being in her control

were strange, disturbing yet exciting. The being naughty was exciting too.

 Her mouth came to mine. Her excitement more obvious as our mouths met,

opened. Slyly her tongue slipped into hers as Michael's usually did. I

touched her covered breast, she moved her arm so that I could slip that

strap off too. Her dress fell around her waist. It was as if it were me

that was being displayed. Both hands on her breasts now. She was pushing

onto me. I caressed and squeezed the flesh of her breasts in my hands as

she ground her mound against me . We kissed. On and on. She pushed my

face down. Making me realise I was to kiss her nipples. She was making

small noises in her throat. Suddenly she began making soft sounds.

Tremors ran throw her body. I could feel her muscles tensing. Her mound

pressed but otherwise she kept rigidly still.

 At the house. At his feet. Penitent. "Punish me for the things I did.

Please. Please. I need it." "What did you do that was so bad?" His head

cocked. A smile at the corners of his mouth. "All sorts of things. I

came in front of strangers. Without your permission. " "When?" "Some

people cornered me when I was waitressing. Everything became too much."

"OK. You deserve it. But not unexpected." He cocked his head. "There is

something else isn't there?" "Yes. I played with a woman's breasts....

Pia... and... and a man rubbed himself against me... felt Pia ...

she... I think she came. I was such a slut... I need to be taken in

hand... really firmly... You need to make sure I know my place."

 It all came out in a rush. He seemed a little surprised, a little

amused. I was made to stand facing the wall for a while. He put my

blindfold on me. I could hear him make coffee. Sit down. I waited.

Thinking of what I was. Hoping he wouldn't be too ashamed of me.

 Eventually called before him. Turned. Went toward his voice. "Yes.

I'll punish you." "Thank you Master." Tears welled in my eyes. "And you

still want to submit to me fully?" "Yes. Please Master." "You touched

Pia?" "Yes Master. I'm sorry. I'm really sorry." "How?" "Her breasts.

Touched them, kissed them." "You've never been with a woman before have

you?" "No Master. I would have told you. I feel so ashamed." "I want you

to learn. How to be with a woman." My face must have displayed my shock.

"Yes. And you will do as I tell you wont you?" "Yes, Master." I was

shaking. Tears welled. I was his. He was going to expect me to be learn

to be with a woman! To have sex with a woman! Even though I was his! "If

I am your Master I can do with you as I wish can I not? If I wish you to

be fully trained I will. You want me to be your master?" "Yes . Please

Master." Tears ran down my cheeks. "Are you sure that you don't want to

back out. This will be your last chance. You do know don't you? Are you

ready to be mine without silly preconditions?" I looked at him then. I saw

myself in his eyes. The world seemed to stop whilst my thoughts took on a

magical clarity. I knew what I wanted. "Yes Master. I want to be your

slave Master." "Yes."

 I asked for punishment. He spanked me for a long time. Until I was

sobbing. My breath hard to come by. Until I couldn't think. Until all I

was aware of was him, his hand, the pain and the pleasure. I cried. I

felt purged. Ordered to orgasm for him. My body his, it simply happened.

 Then he continued. At some point the pleasure turned back to pain. I

tried to escape, but suddenly realised that Michael was aware of what I was

feeling. This was amazing. He was aware of what he was doing, I was

aware. It was almost telepathic. I stopped fighting it then and let the

pain wash over me. His dominance was shown as reality to me then. He was

doing it to show me, to please himself and I wanted that. I had given up

my power to him then. I trusted him completely then. I knew I always

would. I knew he would never go too far. I accepted. My body relaxed.

It seemed that as he realised my acceptance of him he stopped. The lesson

learnt.

 After, he held me tight. Wiped my tears away. He put me astride him.

His hardness pushing against me. Against my open sex. My buttocks

tingling, bruised. Worked my lips and vagina over him before he took

possession of me. I knew that all I wanted was to be his. To be owned by

him. To give him pleasure. Wanted my body to give him pleasure. Wanted

him. I knew within every cell of me that I loved him as he used his flesh

embedded in mine to control me.

 In the morning he was busy on the telephone for a while, then, towards

lunchtime we went out in the car. We went to an office block that I'd not

been to before, in the legal area, "Maurice, Appleby and Brown,

solicitors". My nipples hardened beneath my dress in the cool air. Inside,

it being the weekend it was virtually deserted. It had an old fashioned

feel to it.

 Michael took me through a dark wooden door. Inside was an oldish man in

a dark blue suit who I had never seen before and Gwen, both sitting. I

blushed as I always did in front of Gwen. The old man rose and shook hands

with Michael and then, surprisingly with me as I hadn't expected to be

acknowledged. He introduced himself As James Appleby. I felt awkward. We

all sat around a desk. It felt as though a will was to be read.

 Michael turned to me. "It's time to end your probation. You have to

make a choice." He gave me a document. "Read it. Then you decide."

 I opened the papers and read the heading. My throat dried. 'The Slave

Contract'.

 I felt my breasts tremble as I read. Eventually I looked up. My mouth

was so dry. Everyone else had a copy as well. After I had read it Mr.

Appleby went through each paragraph aloud. I could feel Gwen attention on

me. At times he explained things if he felt it necessary. I was floating

above the room, yet my mind took in every word, every phrase and every

responsibility.

 Eventually he finished reading. I could hear traffic outside and a bird

singing. Inside there was a silence except for the thumping in my chest.

 "You have to decide." "I already have, Master." He gave me his pen and I

signed and dated all the documents. So did my Master, so did the

witnesses.

 Mr. Appleby turned to the computer and opened the Internet, passing

over the keyboard to my Master. He filled in details about me and about

himself as owner on a screen.

 We were all given a signed copy of the documents. Both his and Gwen's

were placed in the safe, my Master took his and mine and placed them in an

envelope.

 With that completed the formal smiles disappeared. Mr. Appleby took us

all through to an inner office and offered drinks, though not to me. My

Master told me to strip. Gwen declined the drink and, watching me undress,

apologised, as she had to return to her previous engagement. She hugged

and kissed my Master goodbye. I stood naked between the two men as they

sat and sipped whiskeys. I held my arms behind me, my legs slightly apart.

 "You need to be tattooed for the register. It is a bar code, you'll

have a number and the records will show the date and that you now

officially belong to me. I also want to have you tattooed with the cross

keys. Remember those?" I nodded. "The initials of your owner underneath.

My initials." "Thank you Master." I was so grateful. So proud. He was

really making me his. I didn't deserve him.

 "Others will know what the ring and the tattoos mean. That you are

owned. There aren't many. You have to accept their demands as if they

were mine. Whoever. Whenever. They will be Masters or Mistresses.

Whatever. If you do not totally satisfy it will shame me. You would have

to accept severe punishment at best. At worst I would have to rid myself

of you." I knew I wouldn't let him down.

 Mr. Appleby seemed quite taken with me, telling me to adopt a variety

of poses which displayed all my assets for him. "She's certainly got a

pleasing body, Michael, and you were obviously correct about her character.

I can see why you thought it worth the trouble to open her up to the

possibilities. She'll need further training of course but you do appear to

have found yourself an asset." "Would you care for her to pleasure you?" My

heart leapt into my mouth as I stood with my eyes down. "Ah. That's very

kind of you, but no. Another time I will take you up on that offer but I

have to go to see Millie in a little while." They both laughed for some

reason. I breathed out softly.

 The next day a man came round to the house. He brought a suitcase. He

looked a dissolute character. Michael told me what to do. I did as I was

told. I was naked in front of the man. I tried not to cover myself. I

hadn't been allowed clothes since getting up. The man looked at me, my

body. He never bothered to look at my face that was scarlet with

embarrassment. He had come to tattoo me. Michael's mark on me. I

fastened my leather wrist and ankle bands on myself as the man watched. He

watched my breasts sway, he looked between my thighs. Towels covered the

bed. Told to lay on it spread out, face down. Michael fastened me to the

corners. Restrained. Vulnerable. Even the vile man could fuck me now.

Wet. If Michael wanted him to.

 The man put his hand on my leg. I tried not to squirm. His hand moved

about. He took out his pen-like instrument. I felt him pull apart my

buttocks. I heard the hum of his tool as he tattooed me on the side of my

cheek. The bar code, the crossed keys and my Masters initials. They would

be seen when I wore a thong or was naked. It hurt, though not as much as

the electrolysis. It wasn't painless like they said it would be. The

man's hands on me, the pain. I was unfastened. I thought it was over, but

then fastened again on my back. He pawed me. Pulled up my breast. It was

frightening, humiliating. My climbing arousal embarrassing. Tattooed my

neck as he held my head to one side. I had to turn as he did another under

my left ear. Above my collar. This would be able to be seen even when I

was dressed. I wondered if my hair would hide it. Michael had debated as

to whether to have me marked on my labia or on my thigh. He had decided on

my thigh at the top. I was really thankful. It would be easily seen from

the front when I was naked, seen by the side of any knickers. The man

laughed and made a comment about my arousal. He took one of my lips in his

hand. I whimpered uncontrollably. It hurt. He tattooed my thigh. It

really hurt. Yet I knew there was something else with it. He stopped and

wiped me, laughing again. Continued. When he had finished I was sobbing.

Yet I wasn't sure if I was pleased when it was over. My body shook.

Shock. Felt proud. I wanted to look at them. The man had asked if I was

to be ringed. Didn't know what he meant. Michael said no, not yet. It

made me tremble even more. Thankfully the man left.

 The marks were very simple yet beautiful. The bar code looked like a

piece of modern art on me, but I knew it meant I was simply merchandise. A

circle, a couple of centimetres across, with two crossed keys inside. SW

underneath. He said that he hadn't wanted the image of my breasts spoilt

so he had decided not to mark my breasts, nor my hairless mound.

 Michael, my Master, examined them as I was spread out for him. He

seemed pleased. He fondled me and then sent me to bathe. I continually

looked at them in the mirror. Proud. Even wearing knickers I couldn't

hide them.

 Michael sat me on the bed and gave me a ring! It was a smaller version

of the broach on the choker. Jet with inlaid golden keys. He had placed

it on my ring finger. It felt like an wedding ring. I was never to be

without it. For some reason I knew that this was not a normal part of the

ritual. It was in his eyes. I cried. I was his. I was so thrilled.

Threw my arms around him excitedly. I kissed him forever. Rubbed my

excited body all over him. He wanted me! He wanted me to be his. It was

all I could have asked for. I trembled with excitement as I looked at his

ring.

 m xxx