**The Holiday Display Window**

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Two years ago, James opened a lingerie and sexual novelty store. An initial flurry of sales lead James to believe that he was on the fast track to profitability, but then there was a slow decline in sales. By the end of the 1st year he was creeping into the red and print, radio and TV advertising was not cutting it.

So, he decided he needed to take matters into his own hand. He thought about getting a model to show off the merchandise, but they were too expensive. He decided to see if there was gorgeous lady at any of the strip clubs that might be interested in some additional money. He knew they would be okay showing off their bodies and could easily display his wares.

James went to the three strip clubs in town and sat through all the shifts of dancers. In the first two clubs he found a couple of pretty women, but to be honest it didn't look like a model for his wares. In the third club he found Diane, but her stage name was Daisy Dukes. She had a body that would stop traffic, but more importantly she knew how to move to show it off.

When James first saw Diane, she was twisting and twirling and in general showing off her stunning body and her flexibility on the stripper pole. He was immediately mesmerized by her and invited her back for a lap dance. Her private dance was hypnotic with her breasts bobbing in time to the music and her nipples keeping time like a metronome. Her thin, muscular abs shimmied seductively as they shoved her hips from side to side.

The muscles in her dancer's legs rippled upward leading him to the most perfect tush he'd ever seen. By the end of the first dance there was a huge tent in his pants and even trying to think of business didn't diminish his erection. By the end of her three-song set, James cock was throbbing with need and his hands were itching to hold her spectacular ass.

He spoke to her throughout her dance about modeling his lingerie and she seemed vaguely interested in his offer. He left his card and told her if she was interested to show up the next day and they would work something out.

When she showed up the next day, he was surprised and had her put on a harem outfit that really didn't conceal any part of her body. She spent an hour strutting and dancing in the streets holding a sign for his shop. He watched her twirling along the street and drivers stopped to enjoy the show. He was surprised there weren't any traffic accidents, because she sure was the definition for distraction. He had triple the traffic he usually had and in addition to their previously negotiated hourly rate he gave her 30% of the stores profit while she was working. A deal had been struck.

Diana loved dancing naked in front of a crowd. There was a sense of power controlling every eye in the room and drawing their attention to any particular body part she wanted. She had been dancing since second grade and spent all of her spare time sculpting her figure with exercise. She had tried modeling, but was too short with too many seductive curves to be a clothes hanger. Here, dancing in front of a crowd is where it all paid off. She knew she could weave hypnotic spell and make any man yearn for her and she wielded that power sparingly.

When Diane had been on stage, she immediately noticed the incredibly handsome man that sat down in front to watch her dance. He wasn't the usual sleezy type the strip bar attracted. He was about a foot taller than she was with dark curly hair, his shirt was stretched tight trying to contain his broad shoulders, muscular arms. Something about him sent erotic shivers through her body.

His face looked vaguely Italian, with intelligent seductive golden eyes. She was immediately attracted to him and from that moment forward her dance was for him. She threw in a few offer most erotic moves and was rewarded when he stuck a $20 bill in her G string. She was glad her dance paid off when he invited her back for a lap dance.

As she rubbed her breasts and tush on him during the dance, she felt strong solid ropes of muscle underneath his shirt and pants. As she danced, she opened his shirt revealing a mat of soft chest hair that hid the bulk of his muscular abs and chest. She ran her hands through his delicious hair turning herself on as she did. As she rubbed her ass in his lap, she felt a huge piece of man meat that gave her goose bumps.

All during the dance he kept talking about her modeling for him and if it meant seeing him again, she was all for it. When she showed up at the store called 'Fantasy', she realized this is another opportunity to practice her exhibitionism. She danced up and down the street creating as many traffic jams as she could and in turn creating sales traffic in James shop.

Strippers rarely go out on real dates and it had been several months since Diane actually went out with someone. She was definitely interested in James, but could feel his interest as well. When he paid her for the day's work, he asked her out on a date for the next evening and she gleefully accepted. That was the start Diane's perfect romance.

The next evening, she wore a seductive little black cocktail dress that showed lots of cleavage and was a little too short. The whole night neither of them could take their eyes off each other and the heat between them built all night. When the night ended, he took her to his house where he proved he was just as accomplished a lover as he was handsome. Diane had not known she was multi-orgasmic until James gave her ten years' worth orgasms in one night.

From that moment on, she was his whenever he wanted her and however he wanted her. Within two weeks she had moved in with him and every night he seemed to find new ways to show her a nirvana she never knew existed. She felt submissive to his dominance and eagerly gave herself to the man that consistently showed her a rapture she had never known. She had even taken to calling him her master as they their sexual bond to a new level.

He seemed to invade her thoughts and she would catch herself daydreaming about how he made love to her, even when she was dancing at the strip club. She was compliant and even subservient at times as he made love to her with that inventiveness she had never known. He still ran his new shop and there were times that he was very late getting home. During those times she became very anxious, because she needed, no craved his body taking her over and over until she couldn't think.

Diane's time alone in their house was more torturous than anything she'd been through before. She had always been used to doing things on her own and doing whatever it took to survive, but James changed all that. As long as she knew she was by herself she didn't seem to be lonely or stressed. Her time with James had changed everything.

Being alone was not okay anymore. She needed James with her. She didn't care what else happened, but she needed to sense his warmth, hear his heart beating in his chest and feel his eyes making love to her. She didn't want to be alone anymore and being alone was eating at her very soul. Diane made a promise to herself to always be at James's side no matter what the peril. She knew where she belonged now.

'Fantasy' had ups and downs like any business, but Diane's modeling had made a huge difference in sales volume. With the holidays coming up James want to do something spectacular for black Friday as the Christmas season approach and worked with his window display designer to come up with something. As black Friday approached James was spending more and more time at the store and Diane was feeling neglected.

James had an especially wonderfully catered Thanksgiving dinner for he and Diane. During the desert he told her of his plans and that she was going to be the star of his new holiday display window. Diane got goosebumps thinking about being exposed to the crowd in front of the stores display window. She nodded her head enthusiastically as he asked if she wanted to do this.

When he got back to 'Fantasy' James had a quick meeting with is window designer and made sure all the preparations were in place. James and the sun walked around the display window looking at the setup and James found several things that needed to be modified. James envisioned Diane's form on full display in the window, and it filled him with fire. He thanked the manager for all the preparation and left to meet with his slave and bride. After day dreaming about her in the window, he was eager to feel her in his arms.

Diane was pacing like a nervous cat waiting for him. James hurriedly explained it was a demonstration of the bondage products and sex toys available at the store, with Diane as the live mannequin. James told her that he wanted to do this and kick off the holiday season with the bang.

He lay down for a few minutes with his mind still in a whirl. Diane came over, opened her robe and covered him with her silky skin as she slowly started kissing over his entire face. It didn't take long before he had completely forgotten everything else except his woman in his arms. He wrapped his arms around her and rolled over so that he was on top of her and looked into those brilliant, sparkling, and loving eyes. That was all it seemed to take anymore and after looking into her eyes he knew everything would be okay.

James caressed her face and she lovingly nuzzled into his hand. Diane slipped deeper into his grasp, rubbing her body against his as their eyes made love. She felt like a contented kitten as she wriggled against him and snuggled into his body. James swore he heard Diane purr as she preened against him. He was the reason she didn't feel alone anymore. Her life before had been all about her and her career. Now she didn't even seem to exist if his arms were not around her.

James knew how she felt. At this very moment with Diane in his arms all of his worries and problems went away. It was just them. "Thank you, my baby, without you in my arms I would be going crazy right now. Your love makes everything worthwhile and thanks for loving me the way you do. Your completely unselfish love gives me the strength to move forward and do what needs to be done."

James looked into her eyes and saw them glistening with 100 different emotions. He could see lust, trust, passion, belief, along with some anxiety, but all of them really boiled down to love. Her teeth grabbed his ear lobe and she sucked it into his mouth as she mumbled, "You are my Master, and I love you. You have done so much for me and you are always here when I need you. Now it's my turn. I will always be the beacon to bring you home and the warmth to erase all your troubles. Our love saves each other and when we are together, we are home."

They held each other close, feeling the love and warmth of their skin calming and soothing their doubts until 2:30 arrived. Then they reluctantly got up, with Diane retying the sash on her robe as they began making preparations for the show. As they got ready to go, they paused one more time, and gave each other long loving looks and light kisses before driving to the store.

James had just seen the arrangement earlier in the day, but it somehow seemed different with Diane by his side. All of his original plans came back in a rush as they stepped into the platform behind the display window. Despite everything else that was going on he felt a rush of excitement and anticipation. He looked over at Diane, and she was having much the same reaction.

She looked at the closed curtains which she knew would soon be open with an audience beyond watching as her lover took what belonged to him. As James stared hungrily her, she looked at the apparatus in the middle of the display platform and imagined herself strapped to it. She felt her breath start to quicken and catch in her throat. The knowledge and anticipation of what was coming created knots in her belly. Her nipples throbbed and hardened, her legs trembled and pussy wept as she ached to feel her Master's touch.

Diane looked around at all the toys she knew he was going to use on her and on a visceral level she trembled. However, this was not about toys; it was about two souls sharing their heavenly union. It was about two strong-willed people gracefully sharing their power with a bond that was uniquely theirs. Her every thought, emotion, and feeling included James, and that was when she knew he had claimed her.

Tonight, was about Diane who found her strength not only in embracing her femininity, but revealing it to the man she calls Master. It was about James, who is secure in his masculinity and strong enough to fight for his woman's heart and soul. When their two spirits met, the skies exploded in perfect splendor with fiery passion raining from the heavens.

Diane looked over at James and saw the loving heat in his gaze. It was easy for her to give him the gift of her submission. She was a strong woman and knew her true submission could never be forced, but only given. It came from deep inside her only when she was ready to obey without question. Right now, she wanted nothing more than to give her love, body, and submission to this man that she loved so deeply. He had made love to her heart and mind, now her body couldn't live without his touch

Diane looked back at the apparatus awaiting her and felt the throbbing between her legs. The anticipation, gasping breaths and the fiery passion in her core gave testament to one simple truth. She needed him. She wanted him to own her, to take her, break her and hurt her, all while loving and protecting her. Theirs was a bond like no other, powerful and strong, yet tender and demanding.

Diane stripped off her robe letting it cascade to the floor behind her. She felt his eyes sweep over her exposed skin and she trembled inside. Diane felt an irresistible urge to let him know that she completely belongs to him. She fell to her knees, cast her eyes downward and lifted her hands for binding. In a soft passionate whisper, she said, "I am yours and I will always be yours. I will always obey my Master, not because I am forced to, but because I want to. Please, Master, bind me, take me, use me, and show the world that I belong to you."

James knelt in front of Diane and put his finger under her chin, lifting it so their eyes met. With emotion thick in his voice he said, "You are the perfect woman and too delicious for words. You are my wife now and you don't have to do this, so if you don't want to, tell me now to stop. You are my love and you mean something very important to me, so tell me to stop because I won't be able to stop once I start."

James's lips slowly closed the distance between hers until he hungrily took her lower lip in his teeth. He ravenously devoured her mouth in a gluttonous kiss taking from her what he wanted. Diane's whole body shook with the power of his passion, and her eyes closed with the exquisite promise of his kiss. As their lips parted, Diane gasped trying to catch her breath, but she stayed in her slave presentation position.

James watched Diane quiver and shake as she stayed in position. He saw goose bumps all over her body with little tremors rippling beneath her skin. All of these things only made his hunger soar, but he gave her one last chance, "Tell me to stop, or else I will take what I want."

Diane lifted her eyes looking in his with the love and passion plain for everyone to see. She licked her lips nervously then held her hands higher saying, "Never stop, Master. Take what is yours. I have given myself to you, so use me anyway you want. Take me, Master, and please never stop!"

James reached over and grabbed the length of soft, cotton rope and bound her hands together with dominant tenderness. As he wrapped the rope tightly around her wrists, he stared into the luminous eyes of the woman who was giving him the greatest gift she had to give. Her wise strength opened herself, letting him reach inside her as she surrendered her mind and body. She invited complete intimacy, knowing she ran the risk of being harmed, but she trusted him enough to run that risk.

James felt humbled and even a little unworthy of this spectacular gift. Her eyes looked at him with bottomless love and he knew it was his responsibility to treasure her, respect and protect her with his last dying breath. He had a lump in his throat with the magnitude of her freely given gift. They were bound together with love and trust, knowing that they were the only bindings that would truly hold.

With their eyes still locked in a loving gaze, James stood, pulling on her hands so that Diane would rise with him. James held her bound hands in one hand while his other lovingly stroked her face. She felt incredible love pouring from his eyes as his hand left her face trailing lightly down her body. Her adoring gaze turned to a blazing, loving inferno as his fingers gripped her nipple in a passionate squeeze. It was only a quick squeeze, but for a moment her breath was locked in her throat just before a whimper escaped her lips. His hand continued down her form until it settled in the small of her back and he guided her towards the waiting apparatus.

What was sitting in the middle of the display area was a pole with a support bar roughly 3 feet from the ground. The cross bar could be adjusted up or down, depending on the height of the victim. On the support bar was mounted a Sybian vibrator with a dildo attachment and extreme clit stimulators. The Sybian provided extreme stimulation, especially to the clit area. It has been known to give women their very first orgasm or make women multi-orgasmic. James wondered since Diane already was multi-orgasmic, what might this due to her.

Diane had never seen one of these contraptions, but it still sent shivers through her already inflamed core. She had the feeling that this was going to be another one of those nights that he elevated her passion to previously unimagined heights. As she glanced between his hungry eyes and the device in front of her, the prospect of the night to come had her body quivering frantically. Then she remembered the window behind her and she became impatient to have him devastate her body in front of an audience.

She knew what James could do to her and very soon she knew he would be playing her body like a Stradivarius. She would somehow be strapped to this device, naked in front of an audience and tormented to the point of a tortuously delayed orgasm. The thought of what was to come made her knees quiver and she sagged in his grasp. Her imagination went even further as she imagined her Master making her cum uncontrollably and her knees gave out completely. Fortunately, James was holding her arms tightly as she began to slide to the floor.

She twisted in his arms as he pulled her to his body and he held her as she lay her head on his chest. She was quivering in his arms as she looked up at him with unwavering love and now a lot of fiery lust. Between excited gasps she whispered, "Master you've taught me so much over the last year, things I never dreamed or imagined. You've done things I didn't think my body was capable of, but you knew. You've always known how far I could go and what my body could take."

"Your love overwhelms me until my body can't do without you. I know you're going to push me to the edge again tonight, but I want you to know I will make you proud. I love you, Master, and I will always be yours. Thank you for making me yours and leading me down this path."

James looked at her knowing that the possibilities of the night were already starting to overwhelm her. He gave a sly smile as he was already making love to her with just a single caress or seeing her thoughts through her eyes. By accepting only, the very best from her, he had earned the gift of her submission, and she had found empowerment by yielding to him. Her submission was a gift that had to be earned through passion, trust and empathy.

James stroked her head with his free hand, his eyes blazing with passionate intensity and said, "Your submission is a perfect and beautiful gift. You are giving me your wide-open heart and mind as a measure of your trust. You also willingly give me your body without embarrassment or shame. I have accepted the gift and the obligation to respect, love, and honor your sacrifice, by protecting you from all harm."

"Deep inside you I see passion that fights to come to life like a flower searching for sunlight. You keep your heart and craving well hidden, but the seeds of your passion can only be seen by someone that loves you. As your master, I thirst to bring your desire into the sunlight and watch it blossom in a spectacular unbridled display."

"In those moments, when all pretense has vanished and all that's left is your intense joy, that's when I love you the most. There are times just to make love, but I know you, and I know you want the audience to know that you belong to me. So tonight, we are going to let the audience know that you belong to me and you are my property."

Diane trembled, feeling the heat from his eyes pouring into her trembling heart. The needful anticipation was almost more than she could bear. Her whole body shook with anticipation of what was to come. She longed for him to just rip her clothes off and stuff himself inside her. The eagerness was almost too much and she showed him the desperate heat through her eyes.

Diane had always felt exotically powerful when she was nude on-stage dancing, controlling every eye in the room. However, all that paled in comparison to the power she felt as she gave her heart and body to James. It was a powerful feeling to release complete control to someone else. She could tell James felt the power contained in her gift. With the fire in his eyes he told her he was going to take her, and make her feel things that others only dreamed of.

James lowered the support bar with the Sybian and helped Diane stand over the bar facing the pole. He began sliding the support bar up until the dildo contacted Diane's already soaked pussy lips. He wiggled it through her juicy lips to lubricate the dildo and began to slowly slide inside her. Once it was completely embedded in her and her clit was in contact with the stimulators, he raised the bar a little bit more until only Diane's toes were barely touching the floor. Only then did he lock the bar in place.

He took her bound wrists and attached the rope to a hook on the pole far above her head. She was stretched taut with her toes leaving the ground. Next, he worried her nipples with his fingers and when they were fully engorged and hard as a rock, he attached a nipple clamp to one nipple. Diane took a long shuttering breath as the pain threatened to take her breath away. James wrapped the nipple clamp chain around the pole then attached the other clamp to her remaining nipple.

With every step Diane felt her body's need escalate. The first was when her cunt was filled with the dildo and next when her clit was firmly pressed against the stimulators. Finally, as the nipple clamps crushed her already throbbing nipples, Diane felt the desperate yearning build inside her. This was what Diane wanted. She wanted James to show everyone that she belonged to him. Diane wanted him to drive her crazy, make her feel things she never dreamed of. She wanted him to dominate her, pulling the fire from inside her, making her give herself to him before he finally took her. James had her fully attached to the apparatus and stood back appraising her tantalizing form.

By way of a demonstration, he gave Diane a little swat on her tush and as she jerked away the chain held fast with her nipples receiving a hard yank. Diane squealed and whimpered just before she said, "Oh, Master, I see the genius of this. The vibrators and dildo will drive me crazy, causing me to writhe and jerk, which will in turn cause the nipple clamps to tug on my nipples. That will in turn cause me to push back on the stimulators, resulting in more tugs on my nipples. Oh, Master, I love you so. You are a virtuoso with the way you play my body."

James watched Diane squirm on the apparatus and a devious smile crossed his face. He gave her a teasing kiss while his hands caressed her taut belly. His fingers stalked down to her clit and up to her breasts trailing erotic fire everywhere they went. Her mouth opened and closed with facial twitches revealing her erotic agony. James watched her face intently as her fiery bliss began to blossom like a seedling reaching for the sun.

James took one more thing from his pocket and watched her eyes widen as he greased and began to work a medium-sized jeweled butt plug through her sphincter. As the plug slipped inside her, James saw a shudder ripple through her body and she softly moaned his name. He hadn't really started, yet her eyes were already glazed with her blissful thousand-yard stare.

Diane felt like she was on fire with a raw ache in her belly. Her nipples throbbed inside the clamps and despite not being turned on, the vibrator tickled her clit. Now her Master had filled her pussy and ass and she reveled with the fire building inside her. However, what was really driving her crazy was the anticipation of things yet to come.

The more he looked at her and the more he casually caressed her, the more her anxiety built. He was slow and methodical as he touched her, caressed her and continued his anticipatory torment. He slowly kissed down her face snapping her out of her lusty daze. The glint in his eyes and the lopsided smile on his face told her he was just getting started and she trembled at the thought of where he was going to take her.

She lovingly looked back at this man who could take her to heaven with just a touch. Right now, he was making love to her mind, but her body throbbed and ached for him to take it further. Her head shook back and forth trying to gain control of her desperate needy body. Her whimpers and moans were like music to his ears. Her passionate whispers of, "Oh, Master, Oh, please Master," only made the music that much sweeter.

James looked at this incredible woman whose passion soared to unimaginable heights when he touched her and he felt invincible. He wove his other hand in her hair and pulled her head back so he could look into her passion ridden face. In a lusty growl he said, "The way you respond to me makes me feel like a God. You have given me the power to love you the way I do and the power to drive you insane with ecstasy. You are mine! Remember that, my baby."

Diane looked at him softly and lovingly with her eyes starting to glisten despite her passionate stare. Then she tilted her face back in a silent plea for a kiss and James obliged with a greedy kiss that left her breathless. He reached down and turned on the Sybian control box and turned it to a clit throbbing setting as he said, "Are you ready for the show? Are you ready to show everyone who owns you and how well you obey your master?"

Diane was trembling with a passion he had already ignited inside her, but she shook with the anticipation of what was yet to come. She looked at James pleadingly and nodded her head up and down. As he pulled the drapes open.

There were at least 50 people waiting outside for the show standing four deep. Apparently, the social media campaign worked and the word was out because more were arriving every second. Within five minutes, the crowd had doubled and they were eight deep outside the window almost blocking the alley. James stepped back to the window and looked at what the audience was seeing.

With her hands stretched high above her head Diane's form was a taut line from the Sybian to the pole. Her back had a slight arch as she tried to control the pain from the nipple clamps. Diane's nipples were elongated with the chain around her nipple clamps stretched tight pulling on her tender breast flesh. Her toned dancers' legs were straddling the cross bar and tightly clenched as they stretched to find the ground. Diane's hips were rocking back and forth as the Sybian's constant torment titillated her clit. While her hips twitched to and fro the red crystal in the back of the butt plug glistened like a beacon drawing attention to her delicious tush.

James loved to watch Diane as she writhed and twisted erotically. Her head thrashed back and forth with her hair swarming around her neck and shoulders. Her mouth opened and closed in erotic spasms, but mostly he loved all the myriad of micro-tremors that cascaded through her body. At times, her arms would pull or the muscles in her back knot as she fought the tension. Other times it was her legs or taut stomach muscles that tried to rein in the ecstasy.

All of her movements mesmerized James, making him want to find new ways to drive her wild. She was the most beautiful and erotic thing he had ever seen. He memorized all of her sensual movements. Her steamy and suggestive gestures were incredibly arousing. Her impassioned carnal actions made his body ache and palms sweat with impatience.

James walked over to Diane knowing he would add to her arousal as he whispered into her ear, "There must be over 100 people watching you right now, my love." He got the exact reaction he expected as she moaned while a tremor raced through her constrained body. He knew the confirmation that she was on display in front of hundreds of people would kick in her exhibitionism, making everything more intense. All the erotic cues that he looked for in her were now on full display, as her mind and body convulsed in waves of suggestive torment.

This was why Diane loved this man and would do anything for him. He made love to her by combining love, passion and kinky ideas to create a reality that surpassed her fantasies. He first made love to her with his eyes and hands as he bound her to this medieval contraption. Next, he teased and titillated her with toys and lastly brought in the crowd to watch. It was all too much and she was insane with desire.

He knew her mind, her romantic desires, and bawdy sexual needs. He combined romance, lewd displays and constraining bondage to make love to her mind. He had barely even touched her, yet she craved his dominance and wanted him to just take her, pounding into her unyielding body. As desperate as she wanted that, she knew it was still far away. He needed to make sure that her mind was overwhelmed with the sensations, her heart was exploding with romance and her body hungered for his dominance.

Through it all she wanted to please him. She wanted everyone to know that he was her Master and he controlled her every movement. With her submission she wanted to bring light into his life and let him know that he was loved without measure. She kept herself ready to respond to his touches because she knew it pleased him. Diane whimpered and pleaded for him to take her, but he knew her inner desires and knew she could take more. She was strong so he could break her and her final submission to him showed her Master who she belonged to.

James whispered into her ear, "All those people are waiting to see you explode in orgasm, but they will just have to wait. You don't have permission yet to cum, do you pet?" After whispering in her ear James's hands caressed her silky skin, teased her nipples, navel, clit and ass.

While he was speaking, James gave a small tug on the chain connected to the nipple clamps. He slid a finger through her pussy lips next to Sybian's dildo and stroked her G spot. Diane's mouth opened and closed spasmodically several times before she finally responded, "Oh no, Oh Master ... Oh, Oh, Oh Master, no, no, no please ... I can't cum without permission."

Diane wanted to make him so proud, but the fire inside her and his rousing caresses were making it very difficult to follow his command not to cum. James could see the perspiration starting to glisten on her skin as she tried to rein in the carnal tsunami that was starting. Diane threw her head back in an ecstasy laden moan and took a deep gasping breath. James couldn't resist the temptation and stuck his tongue deep in her mouth in a hungry ravishing kiss.

Diane kissed him back with just as much hunger and James could feel her quivering as their tongues fought for dominance. James ended the kiss and started to pull back with Diane stretching her body to trying to follow his lips. She had forgotten about being tied to the apparatus. When she stretched her clit came into a deeper contact with the Sybian vibrator and the chain between her nipple clamps pulled hard on her already stretched nipples.

Diane screamed like a banshee in the throes of passion and she was pushed to the edge of her orgasmic abyss. She never wanted to disappoint her master and she clawed her way back from the rim of her impending cum. She gasped and whimpered, "Oh God, Master, oh God, oh God, oh God, please take me now, I don't know how much longer I can hold it."

James watched her legs and hips quivering on the edge of control, barely hanging on to her orgasm. He grabbed a deerskin flogger from the wall and slapped it against his leg as he said, "Remember my love, you still don't have permission to cum."

He stepped back to give her a few seconds to recover. Diane's chest was heaving trying to fill her lungs with desperately needed air, but each breath seemed to tug on either her nipples or clit. As badly as she needed to cum, she needed to please her master more. So, she fought the waves of ecstasy that kept trying to drown her and focused on her Master's love that could save her.

While Diane was trying to recover, James turned to the audience, "Good evening ladies and gentlemen. My passionate slave and I are going to demonstrate some of the items that you can purchase here at 'Fantasy'. First let me tell you about my extraordinary slave. As you can all tell she's extremely beautiful and sensuous, but what you can't see is the passion lurking inside. Throughout this evening's demonstration she will have to control that passion, because she can only orgasm when I give her permission. As you can tell by the apparatus that she is tied to, controlling her fiery passion is going to be extraordinarily difficult."

"The first item she is sitting on is called a Sybian vibrator. By sitting on it her pussy is the victim of this diabolical machine, stretched wide open allowing the clit stimulators to be in direct contact with her clit. It is meant to drive her crazy with extraordinary stimulation. In addition, this one also has a dildo designed to stimulate her G-Spot. I alone control the speed of the vibrator and right now it is a very low setting. My gorgeous slave has no idea when I'm going to change the speed of the vibrator and that unknown creates even more desire. You see, anticipation of the unknown is a most powerful aphrodisiac."

"The Sybian vibrator is also known to give many women their very first orgasm. Those that are already orgasmic have been turned into multi-orgasmic. My slave is already multi-orgasmic and we have no idea what this is going to do to her. The jeweled butt plug that you see glistening in her behind fills her ass and presses against the dildo inside her pussy. This only makes the Sybian's dildo press tighter against her G-Spot."

"The last device attached to my slave is a set of nipple clamps. They provide a kind of erotic pain that seems to go with any other kind of stimulation. As you can see the chain between the clamps is wrapped around the pole in front of her. This means whenever she squirms or twists or reacts in any way to the Sybian, her nipples are also pulled and stimulated. So, let's see what happens when I turn up the vibrator."

James took the dial in his hand and turned it up about 25%. Diane's body reacted immediately by trying to hurdle away from the extreme stimulation. As her back arched backwards the nipple clamps yanked hard on her elongated nipples. Diane's head fell back as she shrieked her torturous passion. Her body rocked back and forth between the vicious nipple clamps and the relentless clit stimulation. James turned down the Sybian's control back to its previous level and watched Diane once again regain control of her overstimulated body.

These are the kind of moments that James relished. It was extremely erotic watching Diane's mind trying to control the passion that rippled through her tightly stretched form. It was a battle between her body's need for fulfillment and her mind's desire to please her master. All the gasps, shutters, tremors and squirms showed everyone just what a battle it was. Most of the crowd focused on her lithe form and her erotic dance of passion, but James focused on her eyes and face. That's what showed him who was winning the battle and as soon as her eyes told him she was winning, he moved back in with the flogger.

James focused on the audience for a second as he added, "Everything you see here is for sale inside the store. I also have a very soft deerskin flogger. This is not harsh enough to damage my slave, but allows me to push her in the direction that I want. Let me demonstrate!"

James used the flogger and lightly swatted her butt setting in motion the cycle of nipple tugs and pussy twitches that Diane had previously experienced. Diane's mantra of "Oh God" was continuing and seemed closer together. James watched her eyes and every time he thought she was gaining control he would give her another swat, pushing her back to the edge. He kept up a languid pace, caressing her back, butt and belly with the flogger.

In between use of the flogger he would also use his fingers to tweak her nipples, caress her clit and twirl the plug in her ass. Diane's body squirmed and writhed, laboring to control the waves of organic fire that pulsed and coiled inside her sexual core. While her body was a convoluted mass of heaving pleasure, her face was a mask of painful concentration. Fighting the relentless Sybian was hard enough, but James's loving sensuous touches kept moving her towards the point of no return.

Diane used the pain of the nipple clamps to counteract the unworldly pleasure brought on by the Sybian. They were 20 minutes into the show and her nipples were elongated as Diane pulled against the clamps. The combination of pain and pleasure tore at the very fabric of her sanity and by now she was floating unaware of her surroundings. She could feel and smell her Master close by, but her eyes were lost in the agonizing battle. She couldn't focus on anything with both her mind and her eyes lost in her passion fog.

The pleasure invaded every cell in her body and she would gladly let her body succumb to the bliss that awaited her. If only her Master would let her cum, one agony would end and the bliss begin. The satisfaction that awaited her could be triggered only by her Master. Diane used the pain to push back from her orgasmic abyss and honor her Master. Her deepest and most overriding desire was pleasing her Master and making him proud of her. She voiced her ecstasy with a combination of whimpers, mewls, and deep throaty moans, but finally made a gasping plea.

"Oh Master ... Oh God, my devious Master ... Your driving me crazy ... Oh, oh, oh my Master ... Oh God, I love what you do to me! Please, Master, let me cum soon!"

James turned up the Sybian vibrator another notch and watched as the love of his life fought back another wave of torturous ecstasy. Her eyes popped wide open soon as he turned up the vibrator and he could tell she was dragged closer to her orgasmic abyss. However, very soon the startled ecstasy was replaced by her determined concentration. Her squirming and twitching would engage the chain attached to the nipple clamps, but her reaction to the tugs on her nipples had changed.

The nipple clamps were the dastardly part of this set up, because every time the chain yanked on her nipples, it broke her concentration. Each time she was dragged closer to her orgasmic cliff and had to claw her way back. At first there was pain, but that soon changed into high voltage jolts of passion every time she tugged on the chain. James made it worse for Diane when at odd intervals he would use the flogger on her trembling belly or quivering ass. Each time it would break her concentration for a second and she would slip closer to her impending orgasm.

James watched her body ripples, head thrashes, and facial twitches carefully, as the orgasmic tsunami was building into gargantuan proportions. He knew when it hit she would be swept away on the wave of bliss she had only known in his arms. James was very proud of her tonight. She had been in a passionate frenzy for close to 40 minutes now. With perspiration glistening on her skin, the pained concentration on her face told him she could not take very much more. James ran his hands over her trembling belly and slid his finger down to her throbbing clit and caressed the hard nub.

He slid his finger past her clit, slid it inside her alongside the dildo until he was caressing her G-Spot. James saw her body jerking as the added stimuli pushed her beyond her ability to cope. He leaned over and whispered in her ear, "The entire walkway is blocked with people watching you please your master. Are you ready to cum, my love?"

"MMMMASTER ... OH GOD MASTER, PLEASE ... CUMMING ... CAN'T STOP IT ... PLEASE MASTER, OH GOD PLEASE!"

James removed his finger from inside her and stood next to the Sybian's control box. He turned the dial to almost the highest setting and simultaneously use the flogger on her ass as he commanded, "Cum for me, my love, cum, my pet."

Diane's body immediately went rigid with every muscle locked in orgasmic bliss. As the cords on her neck strained against her skin in a silent scream, her chest and neck blushed bright red in testament to her cum's intensity. As her eyes rolled back showing the whites of her eyes, her legs shot out in an intense spasm trying to find someplace to hold onto. With her legs unable to find the ground or grasp anything, her clit was still firmly pressed against the unrelenting vibrator.

Diane's very sensitive clit throbbed hard against the remorseless vibrator and she let out a primitive, shuttering scream. The muscles in her taut form were rippling in orgasmic glory, making her perspiration-soaked skin sparkle like rhinestones in the light. Her legs shot out to her side as they trembled like buildings in an earthquake. Her mind was soaring in her wispy passionate clouds, totally divorced from her body's devastation.

The Sybian kept her at her peak, not letting her come down and only barely letting her catch her breath. With the onset of her orgasm, her mouth hung open in rapturous disbelief, but then convulsed, opening and closing as she tried to find ways to express her bliss. She finally let out a banshee like scream that let everyone know the overwhelming euphoria she was feeling.

James moved and stood next to her holding her lightly and she continued to convulse on the vibrator. Her uncontrollable thrashing became more violent as the machine continued to feed her unrelenting euphoria. He tightened his grasp just as a particularly hard spasm jerked her body backwards, ripping one of the nipple clamps from her nipple.

James held her tightly as another banshee like scream tore from her throat. This time it was a combination of pain mixed with pleasure. James continue to hold her tightly as he bent down and took the tortured nipple into his mouth, lovingly soothing and reviving her tormented breast flesh. When he was finished, he removed the other nipple clamp and repeated the loving revival of her tormented nipple. The throbbing pain in her nipples only seemed to add to the unending and unquenchable rapture.

Diane's orgasm didn't seem to decrease at all. If anything, it still seemed as if she was climbing into higher, more flesh consuming orgasms. While her body was being buffeted uncontrollably in an orgasmic sea, her face had morphed into an almost angelic heavenly bliss. She was glowing with a radiance that took James's breath away, but it was her erotic power that made him want to make love to her. He wasn't the only one as he heard her breathless whispering, "Master, oh Master, take me please, oh Master I need you I need you in me. I need you, please Master, I need you with me."

James felt his heart swell into his throat. He loved her like he had never loved anyone before and she was telling him the same thing. He looked at the clock and realized he only had a few more minutes left so he turned off the vibrator and detached her arms from the pole. She automatically draped her bound arms around his neck as he lifted her trembling body off the Sybian. James held her tight in his arms as he took a bow in front of the window.

The crowd broke into raucous cheers that reverberated through the alleys. Diane was still lost in her orgasmic wonderland and never heard the audience's reaction. James nodded to the manager before she closed the curtains and left the stage. James had extra staff side store all the requests and about 80% of the crowd did come inside and buy something. He later determined that they sold out the Sybian almost immediately.

Diane pulled herself tighter into his arms with her face quivering in the crook of his shoulder. Her body continued to spasm and twitch as she whimpered in his shoulder. He sat in a chair off to the side of the stage cradling her gently in his arms. He gently stroked her angelic face and lightly kissed her hair, forehead, and nose and caressed her wonderful quivering curves. As he held her again his heart ached with the overflowing love, he felt for her.

He pulled her body tighter to his in a loving hug. As he held her, he could barely hear a shaky audible whisper, "I need to feel you in me, Master. I need to feel your cock buried inside me; please make love to me, Master."

James looked at her tired and frazzled body, but the look in her eyes told him that she was serious. She wanted ... no, needed him inside her, making love to her. James stood up and sat Diane in the chair while he took off all his clothes. When he was finished, he picked up his stunning slave girl, sat back in the chair, draped her legs around him and began to slide his cock through her womanly folds. Her petite pussy had always been tight around his thick cock, but with the butt plug still inside her she felt like a velvet vise, rippling and clamping around his cock.

James eased himself inside her, going deeper and deeper until his entire cock was buried inside her, pressing hard against her cervix. Diane felt the air being ripped from her lungs as his cock filled her like never before. With both James and the butt plug inside her, she was stuffed and stretched like never before. She gasped, whimpered and squirmed on his lap, with renewed passion in her body language. Her eyes told him this was exactly what she wanted and they filled with joyous tears full of love and adoration. Her eyes stared through him melting his heart, bringing joy to his soul.

James grabbed her tight ass cheeks in each hand and began to lift her up and down his cock. As he slowly began to slide in and out of her, Diane was catapulted back into her orgasmic stratosphere. Her body shook and quivered, but these weren't the gut twisting orgasms she had just gone through. These were instead two hearts joining as one, two souls merging and the union of two bodies.

These were not left over from the previous orgasms, but instead these were new and they came from deep within her heart. Throughout it all their eyes and lips never left each other. This was a reaffirmation of their love and commitment to each other.

James started picking up the pace with long strokes from the edge of her pussy lips, ending as he slammed against her cervix. Her eyes stayed on his except during the hard-pussy cramping cums, when her eyes would roll to the back of her head. Her eyes stayed there for a couple of seconds, snapping back and looking into his eyes with renewed love. James was completely overcome by this woman who had him, and he would never let her go. Her cries this time were softer with more meaning with more love in them.

"Oh ... Oh Master ... So deep in me! ... Oh ... More Master ... Take Me ... Own Me ... Make Me Yours! ... Love me ... Oh So Big ... So Deep ... Love Me ... Oh ... God I need you so!"

She was cumming hard; her stomach muscles were cramping and trembling with the strain on her continuous orgasms. Her legs were trembling and shaking uncontrollably, and it felt indecently wicked like a vibrator was attached. Diane was having a hard time keeping her eyes attached to James as her body thrashed from side to side. He had to hold her tighter as he began to slam harder into her deeply against her cervix. James reached around and began to play with the butt plug as he pounded inside her.

The combination of James's large cock and the butt plug was too much as Diane was vaulted into a whole new level of orgasmic intensity. Her legs shook with earthquake-like tremors as they lost all muscle control. Diane felt like her heart was going to explode. Her whole body automatically tried to curl into a fetal ball to protect her rapturous core, but James held her tight as she suffered through bliss only, he could give her.

Diane had no place to go and her body could not respond even if she did. She sat heavy in James's lap with his cock filling her and pressing hard against her cervix. As he moved either his cock or the butt plug, they both felt movement through the membrane separating her two holes. It was all very sensual and erotic.

Watching the love of his life explode in ecstasy that he had never seen before made him feel as if he could do anything. For James, her continuously clasping and milking pussy was getting to him. It was all very erotic and primal as he wove his hands through her hair, pulling her head back, exposing her sensuous neck to his ravenous mouth. He nibbled, licked, and bit her neck as he growled like a hungry lion feasting on his prey.

His growls turned groans as he began planting his seed inside her. Pulse after pulse launched his cum against her defenseless cervix. Diane was still lost, with her mind and body still controlled by her unrelenting cums, but in a wildly primal way she knew he was filling her with his seed. For the next few minutes they were both lost in their own sensual afterglow. However, that quickly morphed into an amorous dreamy state that bound them together with love.

Diane was still moaning and shivering as James pulled his cock out of her. Diane whimpered at the sudden loss and she felt very empty inside. James stood from the chair with Diane in his arms and carried her naked to their behind the display window. He placed her on the mat they called their bed and laid down next to her. He pulled the butt plug from her ass then cocooned her body tightly in his arms.

As he held her in his arms his chest began to ache, he felt it radiate down his arms and through his entire body. It was his love for this woman; this pain in his heart could only be satisfied by her in his arms and his life. He felt very protective of this tiny woman who had captured his heart and he found he wanted nothing more than to take care of her.

James thought he had been in love before, but it was nothing like this. His need for her was like a powerful drug and he was heavily addicted. He physically needed her near him, but it was much more than just that. His heart ached for her and he found he couldn't ever stop thinking about her. It dawned on him that by giving herself completely to him, Diane had captured all of his heart, even the parts he tried to hide from people.

Diane had shown him what complete and total, selfless love truly was and it powerfully inspired him to greatness. The gift of her submission had made him feel omnipotent and powerful. Her total faith in him had given him the ability to do anything and achieve great things. He felt like he had to be a better man to be worthy of her unwavering trust and total belief in him.

It was a rather weird paradox that the submissive had all the real power, but the gift of her submission had changed him. It was a daunting responsibility to have this incredibly beautiful and selfless woman turn over the care of her heart, mind, and body to him. However, her gift made it a responsibility he would gladly bear.

Diane was thinking many of the same thoughts. Her heart and body were still being overwhelmed by the frenzied ecstasy, but her eyes were glued to his, still watching him, watch her. She could see the intense devotion, as well as the frenzied heat in his eyes. She could see that he loved her, desired her, cherished her and protected her, but what surprised her was that he knew her. He knew her fears, her darkest secrets and her fantasies.

Instinctively he knew when to push her and when to give her space. He knew when to slowly make love to her and when to take her like a bitch in heat. He seemed to know when she wanted to cuddle alone in their bed when she wanted to be publicly displayed as his slave. He knew that her strong spirit only made the gift of her submission that much sweeter. He was everything she desired, but he was even things she didn't know she wanted.

She had been afraid that a dominant/submissive relationship would make her lose who she was, but the reverse actually happened. She had grown stronger and the knowledge that she had someone she could always count on erased many of her fears. She felt a freedom to be herself, without fear, shame or humiliation. He loved her for just who she was and for Diane this was an exhilarating first.

She belonged to him, but he didn't try to change her. Through his dominance he had guided her to emotions she never before thought possible and to joys without measure. She had never known passion or love like this and her life with him was a wonderful dream. He made love to her mind and heart in such a way that her body ached and craved his touch. Throughout it all she felt safe and protected enough to give him all she was and put herself completely in his hands.

As she looked at him her eyes filled with tears of joy. She had long since given up finding someone that loved her just as she was, but now the man she had dreamed of was holding her in his arms. Tears trickled out of her eyes as she lifted her head and gently kissed his lips. She snuggled into his arms and in a quivering voice filled with love and adoration she said, "I've never known love or passion like this and it consumes me. You're all I want and I ache all over when you're not holding me. I never thought I would find someone that understood me and loved me for who I am. It seems like you can see deep into my soul and you are the inspiration for my soul's fire. You help me laugh; you teach me how to love and provide a safe place for me to dance my own dance. You amazement me, and every day I rediscover how much you are a part of me. I hope you know just how much I love you."