**The Prize**

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The Prize Ch. 01  
  
Mary Ann peeked around the curtain to look at Gotham's elite audience that awaited her performance. Butterflies fluttered in her stomach as she pictured herself naked in front of the crowd. The nightclub was sparsely lit, leaving the patrons in soft shadows that hid most of their faces. The shadows did not hide the fact that they were well-dressed in expensive tuxedos or flashy, revealing gowns.  
  
She began to close the curtain when she noticed several totally nude men and women, obviously submissive, kneeling next to their masters. Several of the submissives were servicing their dominant and a sexual charge entered her as she realized someday soon, she may be doing that.  
  
A shiver ran through her as she remembered that she would be subjected to bondage, submission and totally exposed to the audience before the night was over. She glanced in the mirror, quivering as she stared at her now trim seductive form. She had worked hard during the last year to hone her figure into a gorgeously desirable woman. Tonight, was the night she had been in training for during the last year.  
  
As she stared at her reflection wrapped in gauzy veils, she thought back to why she was there.  
  
For the last several years, she had been an over educated barista, a salesclerk with other menial jobs. She had a master's degree in English Literature and a double major in History and French. As a result, she had accumulated a massive student loan debt and hadn't come close to making a dent in her loans.  
  
A year ago, she had attended her fifteenth high school class reunion. The event was an eye-opener as many of the low-life's and underachievers ... like herself had succeeded in the business world. After a slight bout of depression, she began to reevaluate her life. The limited options she had made the financial mountain she had to climb seem insurmountable.  
  
About a week after the reunion, a courier delivered a package that contained an interesting proposal. A group called the Gotham Billionaires Club proposed that in one year's time she attend their annual ball and she would be auctioned as the grand prize. Normally she would have thrown it away except for the remuneration.  
  
The proposal stated that for the next year all her expenses would be covered. They included a posh apartment, gym, personal trainer and private chef, full health care coverage, as well as a half a million in clothing allowance. With her mouth agape she read on. She would attend the annual conference, be auctioned during the fundraiser and expected to be the winner's companion for a weekend. After the weekend was over, she would receive one million dollars per year for ten years and her student debt paid in full.  
  
In one fell swoop she would go from rags-to-riches and if she invested well, she would never have to work again. She talked to her closest friends and they all thought she would be crazy not to take it. She took it to a lawyer friend, Candice, who revealed several potential pitfalls. For example: what would happen during the show or during the weekend in which she was the prize. However, if they expected her to be a sex slave, she had multimillion-dollar lawsuits on her hands.  
  
For the next three days she stayed in her tiny apartment rereading the proposal over and over again. Finally, she wrote down her questions and made an appointment to meet with someone from this club and discuss her options. Her stomach flipped flopped as she approached the office the next day and she almost chickened out ... twice.  
  
She girds her loins and entered the office. The opulent offices stunned her. It looked like each stick of furniture cost more than the furnishings in her whole apartment. Mary Ann was met by a stunningly gorgeous blonde dressed in an elegant yet revealing dress that hugged every curve. Though Mary Ann felt at home in the luxurious office, she felt self-conscious in her street clothes.  
  
She almost turned to leave, but a soft lilting Southern accent that reminded her of her home in Nashville spoke up, "Don't leave, Mary Ann! I'm Cindy and I know this office can be intimidating."  
  
Mary Ann looked at Cindy. "I'm not sure this is a good idea."  
  
Cindy laughed melodiously responding, "I promise you're safe here. We've been expecting you. Would you like some coffee, tea, water or juice?" She took another look at drained Mary Ann and added, "Maybe a Mimosa would be better?"  
  
"A green tea would be great. Thank you."  
  
A tall distinguished, well-dressed, gentleman entered the room as Cindy turned to fetch Mary Ann a large Mimosa. The gentleman spoke in a deep baritone that sent chills through her trembling belly  
  
"Mary Ann, I presume?"  
  
She nodded as Cindy handed her very large Mimosa in a gold rimmed cup.  
  
The baritone continued, "I am Reginald Conway, the president and lead counsel for this very exclusive club. Please, this way"  
  
He gestured that she should follow as he led her into a conference room. The room, decorated in fine English leather and rich burled woods, was filled with thousands of leather-bound books. Mary Ann followed as if in a trance. Mr. Conway took a seat at the head of the table and motioned for her to take the seat on his right.  
  
She settled in her chair, took a sip of champagne and stared at Mr. Conway. He seemed to recognize her dilemma and began, "I know that you have tons of questions, beginning with. Why me?"  
  
The question had been bugging her. She was glad he brought it up first, so she nodded her head and smiled in anticipation.  
  
He smiled answering the unasked question, "I can only tell you that one of our members has taken an interest in you and thought you could use a break."  
  
Her face wrinkled with puzzlement wondering who could take an interest in her. She didn't know any millionaires, much less billionaires. As she looked at Mr. Conway, she knew she had received the only answer she was going to get.  
  
He continued with what he knew from experience would be her other questions. "The money at the end of the conference weekend will be put in an annuity and it is all yours. All expenses will come through this office during the year leading up to the conference. Cindy will be your shepherd during the year. By the way, she went through this process eight years ago."  
  
Mary Ann's head whipped around looking at the closed door and now she really wondered why she was chosen. If her competition involved women like Cindy, she shouldn't be here at all. She was dumpy, overweight and had no idea how to dress like Cindy.  
  
Her mind spun as Mr. Conway continued, "I'm sure you are wondering what would be expected of you during the conference and during the weekend with the auction winner? Well, most of that is up to you. You will not be required to do anything against your moral code, but there are stipulations. During the conference you will be required to sell yourself to the members and entice the auction bidding process. You see the auction must reach a minimum of thirty million dollars before you are eligible for the monetary prize."  
  
He looked at her making sure she understood. She looked confused, so he continued, "Sex sells. You have a year to hone your beauty, remake yourself however you want and have all the resources to make it happen. Then you can just taunt all the rich guys bidding for you."  
  
"There are all sorts of options: strip tease, a BDSM display, a fashion show, you name it, and it has been done here. Whatever you want to do is totally up to you. However, if you don't reach the thirty million mark, the deal for the prize at the end is void."  
  
Mary Ann understood now. She was expected to put on a sex show. The more risqué the show, the higher the bids. The thought of doing a strip tease in front of a crowd turned her stomach into knots. Like any sane rational person, she put her arms on the chair and rose to leave.  
  
Mr. Conway put his hand on her shoulder adding, "Wait. Think about it. Let Cindy take you to lunch. Let her know your concerns. She's been there."  
  
Mary Ann sighed in disbelief.  
  
"One more thing," Conway said as Mary Ann rolled her eyes. "You win the cash once bidding surpasses the threshold. Nothing can take that away from you."  
  
Mary Ann screwed up her face, "What do you mean?"  
  
"Once the threshold is met, the money is yours. The weekend with the winner only requires companionship for social functions. No sexual favors are required. At that point you can just be friends."  
  
Mr. Conway stood and opened the conference room door to reveal Cindy waiting for her. One look and Cindy knew Mary Ann was ready to bolt from the room. She offered Mary Ann a conciliatory hug and said, "Come have a free lunch with me before you skedaddle."  
  
She put her arm through Mary Ann's. Together they walked toward the elevators to the top floor and had a private three-hour lunch.  
  
Before Mary Ann had a chance to ask the question, Cindy answered, "Yes, it was worth it."  
  
She smiled seductively and continued, "I have met more incredible people and discovered love and a life I could have never dreamed of. You could have it too, but you will have to work at it, like I did."  
  
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Mary Ann's trance was broken as she heard her introduction begin. She took one more glance in the mirror with her trim luscious figure wrapped in brilliant colored gauzy veils. As her introductory sketch she would perform her interpretation of the dance of the seven veils. According to Cindy, most of the women in her position started with a strip tease. Well, she felt a classier strip was in order and there is nothing more classic than the dance of the seven veils.  
  
The announcer droned on, touting her degrees and academic prowess. She knew that was secondary compared to her now spectacular form. As she prepared to walk out on stage, she marveled at her change. If possible, now she was even more beautiful than Cindy and the billionaires would ogle what they were buying.  
  
As the announcer bellowed her name, Mary Ann sauntered onto the stage. She took a deep breath as she began to walk, and all the silky veils seemed to erotically caress her naked skin underneath. With each step, she felt the silk stroke her nipples, breasts, belly and legs. Her erotic excitement grew with each step and her legs trembled as the silky veils cuddled her sensitive skin.  
  
As Mary Ann arrived on stage, she is immediately lit by a spotlight. Despite her practice she is nervous, takes a bow and introduces herself. Butterflies of anticipation along with erotic eagerness churn in her stomach. She tries to look at the audience, but the spotlight obliterates the audience from her view. Over the last year her shyness has disappeared and has been replaced with a dose of exhibitionism. Her body seems to crave the performance finding a relief to the overwhelming desire pulsing through her.  
  
There was a mummer of approval from the crowd and that seemed to settle some of her nerves, but the exhibitionist anticipation was still there. She nodded her head to the stagehand and without any introduction, the music begins. Mary Ann's body starts to seductively shake and move. Soft sensuous, yet teasing movements claim Mary Ann's body with her hips swiveling independent of the rest of her body.  
  
In Mary Ann's excited state of mind, every movement caused the veils to caress her sensitized skin firing the passion that is already rampant in her body. Her muscle memory remembers the dance she practiced but being in front of the Billionaires club electrifies her sexuality. She started out emulating dances she had seen in old harem movies. However, in her practice, she decided to throw in a few strippers moves as well.  
  
She stretched her arms above her head and began to shimmy around the room. The top of her body sensuously weaved to and fro, while her breasts wobbled enticingly. Her engorged, thrusting nipples tented the veils threatening to tear the silky fabric asunder as they moved. Her hips moved independent from the rest of her body, like they are being held by a lover as he thrust into her. The sensuous veils caressing her sensitized skin drove Mary Ann to let her head fall backwards in a soft, openmouthed moan.  
  
Mary Ann unraveled the first veil and let it float to the floor. Her hands softly smoothed the remaining veils caressing her body through the silky fabric. The very act of touching her breasts and tiny waist almost sends her over an orgasmic edge. Her hands feel like a lover's urgent caress and her sensuous steps falter as her stomach and pussy muscles clench against the overwhelming sensation. She disguises her wavering steps by releasing the second veil, and as it flutters to the floor, Mary Ann does a pirouette leading her back to the edge of the stage.  
  
Her dance has taken her to the steps leading down to tables filled with patrons. She seductively slinks down the steps, until she is mixing with the crowd. Now she can see the club's members and their guests. As she dances, she scans the crowd noticing many prominent members of Gotham's elite. All their eyes are glued to her arousing figure wrapped in silky gauze. All those eyes caressing her body gives her an exhibitionist delight and she drops another veil on the patron at the table next to the stage.  
  
She has four more veils, and she dances seductively around the tables looking for a victim to tease. Mary Ann tries to use this time to regain her composure. Her body is trembling all over with desire, and the only thing on her mind is the massive orgasm looming on the horizon. She kicks in some stripper struts across the floor and winds up leaving the fourth veil on the table next to a stunning brunette with an hourglass figure barely concealed in an almost non-existent, sinky outfit.  
  
With that veil gone, some of the details of Mary Ann's sumptuous body are starting to be revealed. She brings her hand back above her head, shimmies erotically as she locates a gorgeous man sitting alone towards the back of the crowd. Mary Ann sees him ogling her, but his stare is not just lust. There is something else in the way he looks at her.  
  
Mary Ann dances over and swings around one of the stripper poles towards the back of the room. With her back against the pole facing her new target, she lets him take in her taut body. She shimmies up and down the pole ending arched in a backwards, body wave. At the top of the wave, she releases the fifth veil. Her new quarry is now leaning forward in anticipation, because her perfect, plump breasts and nipples can be seen through the diaphanous fabric.  
  
Mary Ann instinctively knows that the last two veils will require the most teasing. Mary Ann drops to her knees in front of his table. She arches her back thrusting her breasts towards him, and releases the sixth veil, but she doesn't let this one drop. She cups her breasts with the diaphanous silk still covering her breasts. She stands and lays backwards across his table letting the fabric slide off her breasts. She has revealed her dazzling breasts to him in all their glory, and they are magnificent.  
  
Mary Ann stares at him through her lust lidded eyes and in his eyes, she sees more than lust or desire. There is recognition, caring and maybe even love in his eyes. She realizes that he knows her, and maybe he could be her benefactor. But who is he? In her current lusty state, she can't think and only thinks of her impending orgasm.  
  
He reaches out and softly caresses her breasts and she gulps a passionate breath. He is not supposed to touch her, but she wants his touch. Desire floods through her sexual core and she wants his touch as badly as he does. She arches her back pressing her nipples hard into his palm and moans seductively as he pinches her engorged nipples.  
  
The act of sliding the fabric across her nipples had threatened to push Mary Ann over the edge into her orgasmic abyss. Her teased quarry thinks she is displaying herself as she lays across his table with her back bent and breasts thrusting upwards. While she is teasing him, Mary Ann is really pushing her orgasm back by force of will, every muscle in her stomach, hips, and pussy is fighting the oncoming cum.  
  
She has to get away, pushes herself up on wobbly legs, and tries to strut or shimmy around the room, but her legs threaten to give out as the sensations start to break through her resolve. She knows she doesn't have much time, so she places herself in front of her prey and releases the seventh veil. As the veil starts to release, she grabs it and pulls it through her legs as a last tease.  
  
This is her undoing. As the veil caresses her pussy lips and clit on the way through her legs, her body explodes and every nerve and muscle in her body screams in release. She falls to the floor, her body arching in a massive cum, quivering and shaking as she lay prostrate in front of her prey. Her body bows backwards with her head touching the floor, her breasts straining for the ceiling, and her mouth open in a silent scream.  
  
Her teased victim realizes what is going on. She has cum without him touching her.  
  
He watches her erotic display of passion and can't wait to get his hands on her perfect breasts with their pleading nipples. He feels like he can span her tiny waist with both hands, and her hips and ass are slim and muscled. For seventeen years his hands have been itching in anticipation of being able to love this stunningly beautiful woman. He stared hungrily at her clinched body full of writhing passionate temptation and he dreamed that she will soon be his.  
  
Mary Ann vaguely notices that her prey/benefactor is a handsome man in his late 30s or 40s. He seems muscular and very well built with light colored eyes and dark hair. His tuxedo fits perfectly and he has a two-day scruff of a bread. If this had been somewhere else, she might have considered going home with him, but now she didn't have a choice. She stands on wobbly legs, walks to the stage and amidst thunderous applause goes back behind the stage curtain.  
  
Behind the curtain she leans against a support beam and glances in the mirror. Her entire naked body is flushed with the aftermath of her orgasm and her blatant exhibitionism. As critical as she is about her looks, right now she doesn't think she has ever looked more seductive. Even if nothing else happens, Cindy was right this has been good for her.  
  
Mary Ann thinks of the handsome man she teased during the show and pulls the curtain aside. She glances at the audience and sees her prey still staring after her. He seems entranced and then as if he made a decision, he rises from the table and exits the room. Mary Ann wonders who he is and where she knows him from?

**The Prize Ch. 02**

Mary Ann went back to her dressing room, took a quick shower and while wrapped in a towel, slumped into an easy chair. She still didn't know how the bidding had gone, but she had one or two more shows before the final bids were tallied. She knew she had a half an hour before her next show, so she dreamily relaxed for fifteen minutes.  
  
Her mind wandered back to everything that has happened during the last year. Her conversation with Cindy opened her eyes to a world she had thought was demeaning and she had ignored. Cindy thought of her life as luxurious, full of experiences beyond her imagination and it was the opposite of Mary Ann's reaction. It got her to thinking seriously about the offer.  
  
Cindy described a world of sensual extravagance filled with excitement and indulgent marvels. Parties filled with sexually beautiful people spoiling themselves with incredible food, drink and wild sex. Mary Ann had never hungered for fame or riches, but endorphin filled sex with someone you loved was something she always dreamed of.  
  
Cindy talked Mary Ann into going for it and even helped set up a program that would help her get ready for her time on stage. The apartment the club provided was easily twice the size of her old apartment and opulent beyond her imagination. Since she no longer had to work, she could indulge in whatever she wants. For the next three months Mary Ann eats an incredibly healthy, mostly Vegan, diet that is also delicious prepared by her private chef.  
  
She exercises four times a week with two different personal trainers. One trainer works on her strength and endurance, while the other trainer sculpts her body into an athletic sexy temptress. On her days off, she rollerblades at least two hours a day. After three months she has lost thirty pounds and her body is a taut physique of sexy feminine muscle. Her face has thinned, making her cheekbones more prominent and striking and exceptionally photogenic. On the other hand, her bust shrank to a small 33 A. While her breasts had never been huge, she missed what she had.  
  
She discovered that cosmetic surgery was included in the medical package and she decided on breast augmentation. For two weeks she tried on different "sizers" in a sizing bra and determined that she wanted somewhere between a large B cup and a smaller C cup. She wound up getting a C cup and loved the new shape of her figure.  
  
After she healed, she went back to her exercise routine, something she was now addicted to. Next, she went shopping for new clothes to show off her new figure. She had never been an exhibitionist, but then again, she hadn't had that much to show. Now she did and it was exhilarating to see the ogling stares she received in her new workout gear. She snickered the first time she had two men run into each other because they were ogling her very sexy form.  
  
She added dancing on a stripper pole to her exercise routine. Once she became comfortable showing off her new physique, she actually became an occasional stripper at the club where she practiced pole dancing. She knew that this would be her first routine during the conference, and she needed to get used to actually stripping in front of a crowd. The first time she stripped in front of an audience, she couldn't believe the power she felt. Afterwards she was trembling with sexual excitement and power. All those eyes caressing her svelte form as the clothes came off made her sexuality come alive. Her rampant desire had to be quenched and she had to run to the restroom, masturbating to a satisfying orgasm.  
  
After that she became addicted to the power of exhibitionism. Her clothes became sexier, tighter and more revealing. When the weather was warm enough, she rollerbladed in a string bikini and loved the stares she received. Her sex drive ramped up to all time high levels and she craved the endorphin highs that came with orgasms.  
  
When she confided in Cindy, she smiled and let her know that she had gone through the same metamorphosis. Cindy introduced her to sex and BDSM clubs where she saw and experienced more sex fueled debauchery than she ever dreamed possible. Her education into the world of Billionaires was almost complete. As she gained more experience in the sexual arts, she knew she could never go back to the way her life had been.  
  
As Mary Ann began to try out different routines in stripping and bondage she learned more, and she began to hone her plans for the conference reveals. One would be a striptease, but classier than the normal tease. The second show would be a bondage demonstration that she knew would knock their socks off. The third show would be an orgasmic spectacular with wild unceasing orgasms leaving her limp and fully satisfied. Now she had become the star of the conference and the thrills had her soaking wet and ready for whatever came her way.  
  
She doffed her robe and began to dress for the next show.  
  
First, she rolled her hair then began the makeup process. She started with her body giving her skin a lustrous sheen, because she knew the audience would be staring at her figure first and foremost. Once finished with her skin, she donned her dress and only then finished her facial makeup. This dress was like nothing she had ever worn. It was well designed and easily the sexiest thing she had ever worn. The dress hid nothing, but only enhanced the incredible body displayed underneath.  
  
With all the body makeup, any perceived flaws she might have had were covered. All her skin from the tip of her toes to the top of her head was a scintillating expanse of erotic presentation. Her dress only enhanced the dazzling presentation by making her audience look through the dress to the naked body beneath.  
  
Mary Ann continued to look down at her body covered by the wide-open fishnet. She thought she looked like a mermaid caught in a fisherman's net. Her breasts were encased in the net with her swollen nipples pushing through the holes in the fishnet. Her breasts wobbled with her movements, providing an arousing show as they bobbed and trembled beneath the fishnet. The rest of her body was a naked poignant display of sensual womanhood, with not even a thong interrupting her hairless display of skin.  
  
As she gazed at herself in the mirror her nipples ached, her pussy gushed and her belly quivered in anticipation. She had designed the show, so she knew what was coming. The thought of all the crowd's eyes caressing her skin as she writhed in orgasm made her shiver in impatience. She was ready, opened her dressing room door and walked to the implement of her torment.  
  
The arch was designed to artfully frame her with lighting that made her look even more beautiful. The whole presentation seemed to hide any flaws and when they turned on the lights attached to the arch, she looked almost angelic. Her blonde hair glistened brightly with her taut athletic figure encased in the lighted arch. Her brilliant blue eyes sparkled with the mischief she was about to release upon the crowd. Mary Ann had designed the arch so that she was beautifully merchandised. Strange that she began thinking of herself as merchandise.  
  
She had been displayed in front of an audience before, but tonight there would be people watching and bidding on her. Just the thought of all those eyes, licking tongues and sweaty palms all drooling over her erotically displayed body had her womanly folds soaked in her essence. Likewise, her nipples were so hard they began to push between the holes in the net.  
  
Mary Ann positioned herself on the rolling platform and in the middle of the arch. She spread her legs and they were buckled to the bottom sides of the arch. Likewise, as she raised her arms they were buckled into the upper portion of the arch. During the last year she had discovered that she loved being bound and stretched. There was something erotic about being unable to move during orgasmic bliss. As the stagehands cranked her tighter into the arch, she felt her legs stretch. Her arms began to pull with her ribs pulling and her stomach shrinking.  
  
As her body began to elongate, her skin felt more sensitive. The stretching made her feel sexier, more vulnerable and passion began to build inside her. She looked to the side and saw Cindy watching her and she was gulping in breaths as if she were living what Mary Ann was going through.  
  
When they stopped the tightening, Mary Ann felt her waist narrow to almost nothing, with her abs tight. Her breathing became shallower and more difficult. She looked down and saw her breasts lifted high on her chest with her ribcage bulging hard against her skin. Her breasts quivered with her halting breaths and her nipples look as if they may explode. Her belly had disappeared, although her hips weaved a little dance as they begged for attention. God, she had come to love this.  
  
As they wheeled the cart through the curtains to face the crowd outside, Mary Ann felt every eye roaming over her. Nervous anxiety hit her square in the face, along with panic and a thousand other emotions as the curtain parted. She found herself gasping for breath, but still couldn't seem to get enough air in her lungs. Her head was spinning with her eyes darting to and fro looking for support. If she hadn't been bound, she would have been dancing in front of the crowd. She knew her life was about to change, but would it be for the good or bad, she didn't know and was scared to find out.  
  
As she slipped through the curtain Mary Ann saw a huge crowd amassed before her and it seemed as if there were twice as many as her first show. Beyond the tables were masses of people sitting on chairs or couches continuing further and further back until they faded into the darkness. The lights from the stage lit only a portion of those in the front rows. Mary Ann visualized hundreds more watching her that she couldn't see. As her eyes darted along the crowd, she noticed her image on Jumbotrons located on each side of the club. Those hadn't been there before.  
  
Her fishnet dress only made the audience stare harder to see everything they wanted to see. The silent stares made her sexual core quiver that much more. Then someone started clapping and the crowd joined in until a thunderous applause shook the conference room. Mary Ann didn't know if this was normal, but it made her feel special.  
  
Mary Ann's scrutiny of the crowd was short-lived as the auctioneer stepped in front of her. She released the breath she didn't realize she was holding as she looked into his expectant face. Based on what Cindy said, she figured the auctioneer would help her ratchet up the bidding.  
  
He reached out and caressed her face lightly and almost lovingly as he said, "My God Mary Ann, you really are incredibly beautiful. With that body, haircut and dress, you are the most gorgeous as well as the hottest woman I have ever seen. If I had the money, I would keep you for myself."  
  
As her eyes started to glisten in anticipation she chokingly said, "But you know what to do now?" She choked and felt her inner actress come alive. Then getting into character she whispered, "How could you do this?"  
  
The auctioneer didn't answer, just gazed wistfully as his eyes roamed over her bound and craftily presented body. He sorrowfully shook his head and then turned to the audience saying.  
  
"Ladies and gentlemen, we have Mary Ann and she will be auctioned tonight. The lucky bidder gets her all to him or herself for the weekend. This young woman, as you can plainly see, is an incredibly stunning and beautiful woman, but she is much more than that. She is new to this club and was noticed by one of our members. Until one year ago, she had never experienced any of what this life has to offer. She is foremost an enchanting exhibitionist and she needs bondage to release her inner fire. With the right training and the right master, she can become the most amazing submissive any of us have ever seen."  
  
He looked out into the audience and asked, "So, are any of you man enough ... or woman enough to take on the training of the most spectacular submissive I've ever seen? If you are, she will fulfill your every fantasy. Most of you know my reputation and I can easily say this woman is like none I have ever brought before you. She is special and demands special treatment and a special price."  
  
He continued to stare into the crowd for several heartbeats and then said, "Ok, let's see what we have."  
  
Mary Ann's eyes were moving from face to face, feeling their eyes pour their lust, passion and desire into her. She once again felt that craving fluttering in her belly, that throbbing hunger awakening her body and making everything feel sexually intense. She knew what was coming and part of it exhilarated her; however, the red-hot searing excitement overruled all common sense. She looked the auctioneer in the eye, defiantly telling him to do his worst.  
  
The auctioneer gave a crooked smile that told her he was going to enjoy this. He stepped to the side so that Mary Ann was fully exposed to the audience and with a pair of scissors in his hand began slowly cutting the knots of the fishnet dress. Mary Ann tried to look defiant as the knots were slowly opened, exposing more and more of her lustrous skin beneath. However, passionate goose bumps erupted on the newly exposed skin showing her true feelings and true desires.  
  
The dress was open from her neck to just above her navel when he stopped cutting. He studied her for a second, then reached beneath the dress for her left breast and toyed with her hard-thrusting nipple. Mary Ann moaned lustily as the cords of the fishnet scraped her nipple as it poked through the holes. The auctioneer teased her other nipple, just like he did the first nipple. Mary Ann quivered as both of her nipples were being incessantly rubbed and teased by the fishnet.  
  
Mary Ann watched the audience intently as her nipples came into view. The intensity of the audience's hunger escalated as more of her was revealed. Some of the audience leaned forward in their seats to get a better view while others looked to the Jumbotron for close-ups. Mary Ann felt the crowd demanding more from her and her body responded with an agonizingly intense, heated desire. She felt engulfed in the familiar but insatiable wanton ache between her thighs.  
  
His hand with the scissors moved towards the dress as though to begin cutting again, but before he did, a smirk appeared on his face and then he tugged on the dress. Mary Ann threw her head back as the tug on the fishnet pulled and scraped her enflamed nipples, sending white-hot jolts of ecstasy through her body. She gasped, sucking in a lung full of passionate air and moaned erotically as she stutteringly released her breath. Her chest was heaving trying to catch her breath, forcing her breasts to wobble enticingly and making the fishnet stimulate her nipples even more. Her belly clinched as she tried to rein in the insatiable desire in her womb, but the eyes of the audience demanded more.  
  
The auctioneer went back to cutting the knots of the dress and when he was an inch or so below her navel, he stopped. He repositioned the scissors and cut through the cords on her left shoulder that held the dress in place. The left side of the dress collapsed sliding down her breast with her nipple grabbing at each hole as it passed until finally the nipple caught a hole it could hold onto. Every caress and tug on her nipple electrified her body blazing a trail to her already soaked womanly folds. All of the anguish had been swept away on a tide of blistering passion. Left in its place was a craving hunger clutched in her belly and her womanly treasure ablaze with need.  
  
The auctioneer moved to the right side of the dress and cut the cords that held the dress in place. Once again, her nipple grabbed at each hole and the knots caressed her nipple, shooting flames of enraged passion through her body. Finally, her nipple grabbed an unexpected knot and both sides of the dress hung precariously from her taut, distended nipples. Mary Ann's head was thrashing back and forth as stimulating tremors raced through her sexual core.  
  
Mary Ann arched her back, thrusting her overstimulated nipples into the wrestling match with the knots and holes of the dress. The constant nipple play was making it hard to breathe and her deep gasping breaths shook her breasts to the point where her nipples could no longer support the dress. Her nipples released her hold on the dress with it sliding down her body hanging on her hips, leaving her topless and on display to the audience. Mary Ann gazed into the audience and their hungry appreciation for her flaunted body was readily apparent.  
  
The auctioneer continued to cut the knots of the dress until it parted completely cascading to the floor of the cart. The auctioneer stepped to the side to make sure the audience had a good view of Mary Ann's spectacular figure. He reached up and caressed her breasts, pinching and tweaking her nipples. Mary Ann tried to resist the arousing stimulation, but her body had thoughts of its own as her back arched, thrusting her breasts into more of the harsh treatment.  
  
The auctioneer lightly caressed her body before he snapped his finger and four dancers advanced on her. There were two women plus two men in their skimpy dancing attire as they moved in unison towards the bound and naked Mary Ann.  
  
With Mary Ann stretched and bound in the shape of an X, all within the confines of the arch, the presentation of Mary Ann's naked body within the arch was as spectacularly beautiful as it was erotic. The lights within the arch were positioned to highlight certain areas or creating dramatic shadows in others. With her arms stretched above her head, her breasts were lifted into the light with her turgid nipples pleading for carnal stimulation.  
  
Another light highlighted her nether regions with her arousing nectar coating her bald, succulent pussy lips, leaving it shimmering in the light. Her golden hair swirled around her face and shoulders making her look like an erotic angel.  
  
The auctioneer began to present various parts of her body like a hostess would on a game show. For a second, Mary Ann imagined a game show hostess presenting her breasts saying, "and these breasts will provide you many hours of erotic pleasure." It felt good to make light of her situation for a second, but it was brought back to reality on the other side of the stage.  
  
A light snapped on the far side of the stage and the house lights came up as the auctioneer began to continue the bidding process. Bidding started at thirteen million and Mary Ann assumed that this was the bid from the first show. The bidding continued fast and furious; it was soon at a number that Mary Ann thought was outrageous. However, there was a certain pride that people would spend this much money to possess her. As the bidding went on, she felt dejected as people focused on the auctioneer instead of her.  
  
The auctioneer noticed Mary Ann's passionate ardor beginning to wane and he gave a nod to the two men and women that had caressed Mary Ann previously. Mary Ann gave a small shriek as suddenly eight hands and four mouths were devouring sensitive flesh. The slightly diminished fire in her loins roared back to life and was soon an unstoppable bonfire roaring through her body, reigniting the desperate craving inside her.

The two men took her upper body with their hands caressing and pinching as their mouths latched on to her nipples. They used their lips, teeth, tongue and mouth to thrill and electrify her already sensitive and inflamed breast flesh. Her nipples were hard as diamonds aching with fanatical need. Her nipples were so swollen and enflamed that Mary Ann they felt like they were going to burst.  
  
The women concentrated on her lower body with mouths ravenously attacking her pussy and sphincter. They were soft and gentle, but at the same time hard and challenging that she gave into their demands. She felt deliriously wanton, sexy and even dirty as their mouths probed her pussy and anus. She whimpered as they started, but these turned into deeply erotic moans as they continued their onslaught.  
  
Without her willing it, her hips started to move up and down as their mouths and long fingers sawed in and out of her most intimate parts. Her mind could no longer think; there was only the women's mouths, their tongues, and their fingers, sliding deep into her. As the men chewed her nipples, they joined her loins in surrendering to the rapture that enthusiastically tormented her entire body.  
  
As if she needed to their approval, her lust lidded eyes probed the audience for their reactions. Most were dividing their attention between her and the auctioneer, but when they looked at her there was fire in their eyes and lust in their heart. As her eyes probed the crowd several were licking their lips wishing they could be the ones ravishing her. The crowd's lust poured into her, driving her lust higher and more desperate. Then her heart jumped in her chest, with her torso twisting with a heart stopping surrender.  
  
He was there in the third row, the incredibly handsome distinguished gentleman that she had tormented during the dance of the seven veils. As she met his eyes her breath caught in her chest as his dark ravenous stare went straight to her heart. He was not listening to the auctioneer, but paying attention to only her, watching every shutter and every passionate gasping breath. Her breath locked in her chest as she waited for his reaction and his approval.  
  
She couldn't look away as the audience, the stage, the auctioneer, everything faded away. There were only his eyes commanding her. His eyes were telling her to let the fingers and mouths sweep her away, let the bliss consume her. As if obeying his commands her body tingled, letting the tease carry her engorged pussy and ass to the crest of a wave. She did as he commanded, letting the erotic wave crest, feeling it crash over her with her illicit pleasure sending her body into blissful contortions.  
  
She passionately screamed her completion, letting the audience know that she obeyed the command in his eyes. She let everyone know that her body and her orgasms belonged to him as she screamed, "God, OH my God, Yes, OH God Yes Master."  
  
As her body shattered into a mind numbing cum, her eyes never left his dark demanding gaze. But the mouths and fingers of the four dancers continued their devilish torment of Mary Ann's body, despite her writhing spasms. The dancers switched places with the women gently teasing her breasts and nipples and the men harshly demanding more from her sensitive and burning pussy and asshole.  
  
The handsome stranger's eyes told her to let the wave build and Mary Ann felt flush all over as the heat inside her continued to build. As if he could see inside her heart, he frowned and shook his head from side to side, telling her not to cum yet. Somehow, she pushed the orgasm back, but it continued to build until Mary Ann thought she would lose her mind. The volatile power inside her was like nothing she had ever felt and she knew she would die if she didn't cum soon.  
  
Her whole body was quivering with the barely contained explosive power ready to be set free. Her eyes pleaded with him to let her cum and he shook his head no with his eyes giving her a hard look warning her not to fail him. Mary Ann closed her eyes trying to keep balanced on the ridge of her colossal climax. Then the man licking her pussy sucked her clit into his mouth began to roll it between his lips and tongue.  
  
Mary Ann's eyes flew open in terror as the wild pulses in her clit pushed her over the edge and she started her uncontrolled slide into orgasmic oblivion. She was cumming, couldn't stop it and in a panic her eyes begged the stranger to let her cum and with a single nod he relented. In that moment, every cell in Mary Ann's body rejoiced as they simultaneously detonated in an explosive cum the likes of which she had never felt before. In that moment, she felt like a rocket with her orgasmic blast lifting her free of her earthly bonds. She was floating through the heavens with fireworks surrounding her in her blissful journey.  
  
Mary Ann's arms and legs pulled and jerked against her bonds as the commanded orgasmic tidal wave washed through her. She was thrown into a weightless abyss where nothing mattered except the nirvana that seized body and soul. As her climax surged through her, all of her body's muscles knotted fighting the engulfing intensity that clutched her very soul.  
  
Her body bowed tight as a violin string as she let the breathtaking rapture carry her away on the crest of her orgasmic tsunami. Her eyes were still pointed at the dark stranger, but her climax had blinded her to anything except the firework display in her head. Her mouth hung slack jawed in a breathless scream of passion, with only little squeaks with bits of air escaping rigid lungs. Mary Ann was lost in the space where only the only thing that mattered was glorious sexual pinnacle that the stranger had ordered her to achieve.  
  
The auction came to a stop as Mary Ann exploded in the most awe inspiring cum anyone in the audience had seen. Everyone watched with mouths agape as Mary Ann was consumed with an orgasmic fervor that few had ever seen. Only one man sat in the crowd with a self-satisfied smile as he gazed at this most perfect woman, a perfect submissive.  
  
The dancers continued to tease, suck and probe Mary Ann's spastic body, driving her higher and higher. She couldn't stop cumming and she was past the point of reason. Her mind was lost in her special area of space with stars and supernovas swirling around her. She didn't know where she was and only knew the rapture that the dark stranger had given her and now controlled her. Her body was glistening with perspiration as her muscles continued their euphoric celebration in fine Olympic fashion.  
  
The audience was aghast as the stunning woman bound in front of them shattered into the most incredible show of orgasmic athleticism. The heads of the ravaging dancers obscured her breasts and loins, but her undulating belly demonstrated her exquisite rapture. Her stomach would knot in six-pack revealing clinches and then ripple as she thrust her hips back into the voracious mouth for more of the continuing onslaught. Her already gorgeous face was glowing with her overwhelming bliss plainly there for all to see. Her eyes were wide open as though surprised but stayed wide open in an unseeing stare. Her mouth stayed open in an oval shape as she alternately gasp trying to catch her breath and then moaned, whimpered and screamed her intense rapture.  
  
The next cum piled on top of the last one and as that orgasmic tsunami rushed through her, she threw her head back and screamed unintelligible sounds. As her thrashing head and banshee screams announced her latest gut twisting cum, her hair swirled around her head like a golden cloud. Her golden locks began sticking to her neck and shoulders, grabbed by the perspiration from her jubilant body.  
  
The auctioneer clapped his hands twice and the dancers backed away from Mary Ann's euphorically spastic and quivering body. The auctioneer started again, and the bidding quickly rose to new heights on renewed enthusiasm. Very quickly a new record bid had been achieved and the auctioneer was gleefully smiling. Four anonymous bidders wanted Mary Ann, but the high price soon eliminated one, then another until there was only one. A new record had been established, one that shattered the old record and was unlikely to be broken any time soon.  
  
Mary Ann's body began to calm, but the passion still coursing through her veins sent shivers down her still convulsive body. As her eyes cleared, she sought the approval of the stranger whose orders she unhesitatingly followed. Her eyes only found an empty seat where he had been sitting and, in a panic, she began scanning the audience. She did everything he wanted, and she had given him the show he needed from her. He couldn't leave her, he was supposed to buy her, she wanted to be his.  
  
She turned her head and watched the bidding conclude with an anonymous bidder being the high bidder. Her eyes began to mist as reality sunk in. She had been bought by someone too fat or ugly to show themselves and she had given herself to a man that didn't want her. Tears rolled down her cheeks and a sob broke from her lips as her heart lay shattered in her chest. Suddenly she felt ashamed to be naked in front of the audience, ashamed of what just happened, and her tears became a torrent as she cried her eyes out.  
  
A deafening standing ovation erupted from the crowd that never seemed to end. The stagehands rolled Mary Ann back through the curtain and they took their turn caressing, probing and playing with her nude body. She watched in a mirror as she writhed in left over climaxes. Her taut athletic body was crisscrossed with dozens of red marks from her knees to her neck. Her breasts were wobbling excitedly as she gasps deeply in her attempts to overcome her orgasmic anguish. Her chest, neck and face were a strawberry red from the evident heart pounding cums that had been heaped upon her.  
  
However, it was her face in the mirror that Mary Ann couldn't stop staring at. She had a rapturous glow that made all other emotions pale in comparison. Her eyes were lost in a distant euphoric thousand-yard stare, but the smile on her face told everyone that she was exactly where she wanted to be. Mary Ann looked at her face and felt a little jealous of a submissive enraptured look, but the look was on her face. She knew she loved it and wanted more, much more.  
  
The stagehands finally relented and unbound her arms and legs from the arch. Her wobbly legs couldn't hold her, and she fell to the stage floor. A large burly man easily picked her up and carried her to her dressing room. She thanked him as he placed her on a couch and left. Mary Ann's head was still swimming with orgasmic aftershocks still controlling her body.  
  
A knock on the door broke through her reverie. "Co... Come in."  
  
The auctioneer entered the room and softly knelt in front of the couch, "Mary Ann, you have surpassed the thirty million mark ... by quite a bit. So, you have a choice. Even though you were scheduled for one more show, you have reached your threshold and can quit. The current high bidder will have the pleasure of your company for the weekend if you quit. The decision is up to you and we will give you twenty minutes to decide."

**The Prize Ch. 03**

Mary Ann bask in her orgasmic afterglow as she pondered whether to go through with the next show or not. She knew what she had just been through would pale in comparison to what she had planned for the final show. Yet a huge part of her wanted more. She wanted the audience to watch her explode in uncontrolled rapture, over and over and over again.  
  
If she was honest with herself, she wanted nothing more than to have her body filled blissful orgasmic seizures. She wanted to wake up in the morning sore from endless orgasms, still trembling from the night's idyllic onslaught. What she really wanted was a lover that would take her to the heights of ecstasy and then hold her tight as she came back from the passion.  
  
She had decided that despite her desire to give the Billionaires one more show, she was going to take the money and run. A knock on the door changed all that. She knew it was most likely the auctioneer, so she rose to cover her naked body with a white, starched, man's dress-shirt. To her this was one of the sexiest things she could wear. She sat back on the couch with her legs folded underneath her and answered, "Come in."  
  
In walked the man that all of her attention had been focused on; her benefactor or her prey. He stood in the doorway and his eyes roamed over her barely concealed form. He stood for several seconds drinking in her spectacular body and gave a low whistle. Mary Ann felt trembling desire washing through her body. His hungry stare lit a fire inside her with her nipples aching, womanly folds gushing and stomach churning in excitement.  
  
He pulled up a chair and sat with the back between his legs. As he spoke his voice reminded her of home, "Mary Ann, my name is Jeff and I am the high bidder." He let that sink in a bit before he continued, "You do not have to do anything else, but I would love to be your partner on stage if you still want to present your third act."  
  
There was a familiarity in his speech and the way he moved, but she still couldn't place him. His eyes were a light green and she felt his eyes probing her heart. She saw kindness and sincerity in his eyes and immediately felt a bond and a trust. Somehow, she knew that his word was his bond and he would never hurt her. The thought of having him on stage with her sent a tingle through her and the more she thought about it the more she loved the idea.  
  
"Well, I had already decided to take the money and run, but I do love the idea of your proposal. How do you know what I was going to do?"  
  
Jeff looked a little sheepish, then answered, "I don't know what you're going to do, but being there with you, would fill my heart. Besides you are so incredibly gorgeous I just want to be with you as long as I can. So, if you say yes the weekend starts now and I get an extra couple of hours."  
  
She giggled, "So you just want to get your money's worth."  
  
His face turned serious, "No, not at all. Money has nothing to do with how I feel about you."  
  
She couldn't wait any longer, "I know you, but how do I know you?"  
  
He smiled, "I saw you at our class reunion. I had been in love with you in high school, but we ran in different groups. I knew there was no hope, but when I saw you at the class reunion it rekindled my old feelings for you. I lost track of you after you went to college, still I remember you as a true friend ... for those in your group. Do you remember a guy named Jefferson Jackson or JJ?  
  
Her mouth fell open, "You mean that skinny geek that won every math award there was?"  
  
"Yep, that's me."  
  
Her mouth opened stuttering, "You ... You 've changed. Oh my God how you have changed."  
  
"You have too you know. You were pretty and even a little sexy, but now you are stunning, gorgeous, delicious, ravishing, beautiful ..."  
  
"Stop ... You know how much I've changed over the last year ... wait you're my benefactor. The one that got me into this."  
  
"Yes, Baby I am. I have way more money than I need and I wanted you to reach your potential. You have always been smart as a whip, as well as beautiful. This money will let you start a busines or whatever you want to do. It's a new start and you have earned it."  
  
She stared at him like she was seeing him for the first time. She remembered him as being a little shy, but kind and caring. He had tutored her in math for a few months, but she moved on because all her friends teased her about his obvious crush. High school was always based on your group and his geeky persona meant that she couldn't be friends with him, but she always felt close to him. Now she saw what he turned into and she regrated her dismissal of his friendship.  
  
His eyes truly were the window into his soul, and she saw a beautiful but scared heart and an open giving soul. She could tell he had been hurt deeply over the years, but it hadn't kept him from giving and loving. In high school she couldn't go out with some skinny geek, she would have been the laughing stock. But now ... what a hunk. Her heart began to melt, old feelings came back, and she began to feel a yearning to get to know JJ better. She blurted out, "How did you turn into this hunk?"  
  
He blushed as he responded, "I joined the Marines after high school and rebuilt my body and mind. I automatically saw opportunities and started a software / hardware company catering to the military. Only after my first billion did I get a chance to go college and I went the engineering route. Now you know my whole story."  
  
Mary Ann wasn't going to let him get away with that, but before she could grill him further the auctioneer walked in. He looked between them, realizing that he interrupted something but asked, "Mary Ann what is your decision about the third show?"  
  
She glanced at Jeff and felt a tremor in her sexual core. She realized just how much she wanted to feel his hands or lips on her. What would it be like to have Jeff assist her in the last show? Hell, what would it be like to give herself to him and have him make love to her? She felt a visceral response as her body shuttered telling her that she craved his touch. Jeff was smiling an impish grin and she knew he wanted it too. She turned to the auctioneer and responded, "Yes we are going to do the third show! We need twenty minutes."  
  
He glanced at Jeff, raised his eyebrows and muttered, "WE!" His head swiveled between them, he shrugged his shoulders, then turned and left.  
  
As the door shut Jeff asked, "Are you sure about this?"  
  
In a sultry tone seething with wanton desire she said, "Oh yes, I think I've wanted this since I ended my strip tease in front of you. I want to feel your hands on me and your lips driving me crazy. Yes, angel I want this. No, I need this."  
  
Mary Ann trembled, feeling the heat from his eyes pouring into her trembling heart. The needful anticipation was almost more than she could bare. 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.  
  
Mary Ann 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 Jeff. It was a powerful feeling to release complete control to someone else. She could tell Jeff 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.  
  
He knelt in front of her and while his loving eyes melted her heart. His hands slid his hands through the opening in her shirt and both hands cupped her breasts. Mary Ann took a deep halting breath as his hands caressed her sensitive breasts. Chills ran through her body as she moaned, "Oh God, Oh my God!"  
  
A lusty film veiled her eyes as she blankly stared at her lover. With his hands teasing her nipples, his lips descended on hers and they locked in a passionate battle of dominance. She broke the kiss when she arched her neck and moaned, "Oh, Jeff I want you, but we have the show to do."  
  
Jeff nibbled down her neck sending even more chills flowing over her. He felt her blood hammering through the veins in her neck and her moans vibrated against his insistent lips. Jeff stopped kissing her staring into her lust lidded eyes. She licked her lips seductively as if she craved more. Her nipples were like pencil erasers and her hips rocked back and forth pleading for stimulation. He knew he could take her now and she would not resist, but she was special and when he made love to her it needed to be special as well.  
  
"Tell me Baby what the third show is all about and how can I help you wow the club?"  
  
Mary Ann looked at him with her heart pounding in her chest. She felt old feelings of love bubbling to the surface. She had long ago banished her feelings for Jeff, but now they came back with a force that made her tremble. She knew what she really wanted and that was for him just take her here and now.  
  
Mary Ann tried to calm herself with several deep cleansing breaths, but it didn't work she still wanted him desperately. In a quivering voice full of desire, she said, "I need you to conquer me, devastate me and love me in front of the audience. This show is like the last show. I had planned to ride a Sybian vibrator and wow the crowd with multiple orgasms. Now I want you to take it to the next step and become my master."  
  
The passion in her body and desperate desire in her eyes told him all he needed to know. He took her in his arms, stripped the shirt from her luscious body and lifted her into his arms. As he cradled her deliciously naked form, his lips latched onto hers in a deep loving kiss. When the kiss ended, he gazed at perfection in his arms and the love in her heart showed through her eyes.  
  
Jeff effortlessly held her in his arms and asked, "Are you sure this is what you want my love? Because as tempting as you are, once I start, I won't be able to stop?"  
  
Mary Ann was choked with emotion, longing, and expectation. She couldn't talk and only nodded her head.  
  
Jeff kissed her gently, and confirmed, "Tonight you will be mine completely. I will love your heart, devastate your body with uninhibited passion and cherish your gift of submission."  
  
He carried her to the backstage where the auctioneer was waiting for them. He looked at Mary Ann and asked, "Mary Ann you have already won and do not have to do another show. By the way it is against the rules for a member to assist you in your demonstration. Do you understand all of this?"  
  
Mary Ann looked at Jeff pleadingly and he answered for her, "I have already won the auction and the show that we are doing now is not part of the auction. Mary Ann and I want to do this show together and we have that right."  
  
With that Jeff walked past the auctioneer to the contraption that had already been setup for Mary Ann. It consisted of a Sybian vibrator mounted between four chains hanging from the ceiling. The purpose was obvious. Mary Ann would be sitting on the Sybian and swinging back and forth as the vibrator devastated her pussy and clit.  
  
The curtain was still closed, and Jeff had some additional ideas to complete Mary Ann's submissive request. He set her in a chair while he went backstage and gathered several items. When he returned Jeff lowered the support swing with the attached Sybian vibrator and helped Mary Ann stand over the device facing the crowd. The auctioneer watched with interest from the wings.  
  
Jeff began sliding the support swing up until the dildo on the Sybian vibrator contacted Mary Ann's already soaked pussy lips. He wiggled it through her juicy lips to lubricate the dildo and began to slowly slide it inside her. Once it was completely embedded in her and her clit was in contact with the stimulators, he raised the swing a little bit more until Mary Ann's toes could not touch the floor. Only then did he lock the swing in place.  
  
He took her arms behind her back, slid them both inside a bondage sleeve. As he began to tighten the sleeve her shoulders were pulled back arching her back. The effect pulled her shoulders back presenting her breasts artfully as he tightened each notch on the sleeve. She was stretched taut with her toes swinging above the floor.  
  
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. Mary Ann took a long shuttering breath as the pain threatened to take her breath away. Jeff wrapped the nipple clamp chain around the chain holding the swing, then attached the other clamp to her remaining nipple.  
  
With every step Mary Ann 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, Mary Ann felt the desperate yearning build inside her. This was what Mary Ann wanted. She wanted Jeff to show everyone that she belonged to him. Mary Ann 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.  
  
Jeff had her fully attached to the apparatus and stood back appraising her tantalizing form. With her arms in the bondage sleeve her posture was perfectly upright. Her breasts were lifted and offered up to the audience and if she moved the nipples clamps would pull her back into position. Her tummy was tight as it kept her posture in an upright position.  
  
By way of a demonstration, he gave Mary Ann a little swat on her tush and clit was jammed into the clit stimulators. As she jerked back the nipple clamp chain caught on the support of the swing tugging on her nipples trapped in the jaws of the nipple clamp. Mary Ann 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, Jeff, I love what you are doing to me. You are a virtuoso with the way you play with my body."  
  
Jeff watched Mary Ann 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. Jeff watched her face intently as her fiery bliss began to blossom like a flower reaching for the sun.  
  
Jeff took one more thing from his pocket and watched her eyes widen. He greased and began to work a medium-sized jeweled butt plug through her sphincter. As the plug slipped inside her, Jeff 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.  
  
Mary Ann 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 gorged on 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, caressing 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 right now could take her to heaven with just a touch. 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 desperately 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.  
  
Jeff 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."  
  
Mary Ann 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 Jeff 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?"  
  
Mary Ann 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 Jeff pleadingly and nodded her head up and down. He nodded to the auctioneer who pulled the drapes open.  
  
The crowd was massive with everyone waiting to see what Mary Ann had planned. The minute the curtains opened the audience left their seats and crowded around the stage to get a better look. The stunningly beautiful woman was trapped in a diabolical contraption that tormented every part of her body. But she wasn't alone, a member was with her and this was against the rules.  
  
Jeff herd the murmurings and addressed the crowd, "Mary Ann has already been purchased during the auction, by me. Once we talked, she decided that she wanted us to a show. The show is not part of the auction, because that is over. This is her way of saying thank you for this opportunity."  
  
With her hands stretched behind her back she was forced into perfect upright posture. If she slouched or moved her nipples would be tormented inside the clamps, or her clit would come in contact with the vibrator Mary Ann's form was a taut line upright in the Sybian. Her back had a slight arch as she tried to control the pain from the nipple clamps. Mary Ann'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 Sybian with her muscles tightly clenched as they searched for the ground. Mary Ann'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.  
  
Jeff loved to watch Mary Ann 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 Jeff, 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.  
  
Jeff walked over to Mary Ann 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 Mary Ann was falling in love with 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 while 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. Mary Ann 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.  
  
Jeff 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 Jeff's hands caressed her silky skin, teased her nipples, navel, clit and ass.  
  
While he was speaking, Jeff 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. Mary Ann'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."  
  
Mary Ann 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. Jeff could see the perspiration starting to glisten on her skin as she tried to rein in the carnal tsunami that was starting. Mary Ann threw her head back in an ecstasy laden moan and took a deep gasping breath. Jeff couldn't resist the temptation and stuck his tongue deep in her mouth in a hungry ravishing kiss.  
  
Mary Ann kissed him back with just as much hunger and Jeff could feel her quivering as their tongues fought for dominance. Jeff ended the kiss and started to pull back with Mary Ann 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.  
  
Mary Ann 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."  
  
Jeff pushed her and she began to swing back and forth. He watched attentively as her abs and legs tightened trying to keep her posture correct in the Sybian saddle. She jumped back as her clit came in deep contact with the vibrator, but that tugged on her distended nipples.  
  
Jeff 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. Mary Ann'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 Mary Ann was trying to recover, Jeff turned to the audience, "Good evening ladies and gentlemen. My passionate slave and I are going to demonstrate some of the items we have in this club. 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 her passion lurking inside."  
  
"Earlier this evening you saw her passion on display, but throughout this demonstration she will have to control that passion. 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 arm sleeve has her arms trapped and pulled tightly behind her. This pulls her shoulders back and presenting her tantalizing breasts seductively. It also forces her to sit in an erect posture.  
  
If she slouches the vibrator and the clamps will correct her posture. 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 swings support cable 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."  
  
Jeff took the dial in his hand and turned it up about 25%. Mary Ann'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. Mary Ann'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. Jeff turned down the Sybian's control back to its previous level and watched Mary Ann once again regain control of her overstimulated body.  
  
These are the kind of moments that Jeff relished. It was extremely erotic watching Mary Ann'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 Jeff 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 a push on the swing.  
  
Jeff used the flogger and lightly swatted her butt setting in motion the cycle of nipple tugs and pussy twitches that Mary Ann had previously experienced. Mary Ann's mantra of "Oh God" was continuing and seemed closer together. Jeff 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. Mary Ann's body squirmed and writhed, laboring to control the waves of orgasmic 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 Jeff's loving sensuous touches kept moving her towards the point of no return.  
  
Mary Ann used the pain of the nipple clamps to counteract the unworldly pleasure brought on by the Sybian. They were fifteen minutes into the show and her nipples were elongated as Mary Ann 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. Mary Ann used the pain to push back from her orgasmic abyss and honor her Master. Her deepest and most overriding desire was pleasing Jeff 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!"  
  
Jeff 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. Jeff made it worse for Mary Ann 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.  
  
Jeff 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 never known. Jeff was very proud of her tonight. She had been in a passionate frenzy for close to thirty minutes now. With perspiration glistening on her skin, the pained concentration on her face told him she could not take very much more. Jeff 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. Jeff saw her body jerking as the added stimuli pushed her beyond her ability to cope. He leaned over and whispered in her ear, "Everyone is crowded next to the stage 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!"  
  
Jeff 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 pushed the swing as he commanded, "Cum for me, my love, cum, my pet."  
  
Mary Ann'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.  
  
Mary Ann'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 and had her second squirting orgasm.  
  
Jeff 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.  
  
Jeff held her tightly as another banshee like scream tore from her throat. This time it was a combination of pain mixed with pleasure. Jeff 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.  
  
Mary Ann'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 Jeff'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."  
  
Jeff 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. She automatically fell into his arms as he lifted her trembling body off the Sybian. Jeff held her tight in his arms as they both took a bow in front of the audience.  
  
The crowd broke into raucous cheers that reverberated through the conference hall. Mary Ann was still lost in her orgasmic wonderland and never heard the audience's reaction. Jeff nodded to the auctioneer before he closed the curtains and left the stage.  
  
Mary Ann 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. After he unbuckled her arms from the sleeve, he gently stroked her angelic face. He marveled at this incredible woman as he 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."  
  
Jeff 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. Jeff stood up and sat Mary Ann 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 was 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.  
  
Jeff eased himself inside her, going deeper and deeper until his entire cock was buried inside her, pressing hard against her cervix. Mary Ann felt the air being ripped from her lungs as his cock filled her to overflowing. With both Jeff 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.  
  
Jeff 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, Mary Ann 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.  
  
Jeff 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. Jeff 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. Mary Ann was having a hard time keeping her eyes attached to Jeff 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. Jeff reached around and began to play with the butt plug as he pounded inside her.  
  
The combination of Jeff's large cock and the butt plug was too much as Mary Ann was vaulted into a whole new level of orgasmic intensity. Her legs shook with earthquake-like tremors as they lost all muscle control. Mary Ann 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 Jeff held her tight as she suffered through bliss only, he could give her.  
  
Mary Ann had no place to go and her body could not respond even if she did. She sat heavy in Jeff'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 Jeff, 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. Mary Ann was still lost, with her mind and body still controlled by her unrelenting cums, but in a wildly primitive 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.  
  
Mary Ann was still moaning and shivering as Jeff pulled his cock out of her. Mary Ann whimpered at the sudden loss and she felt very empty inside. Jeff stood from the chair with Mary Ann in his arms and carried her naked to her dressing room. He placed her on the couch 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.  
  
Jeff had been in love with her for most of his life, 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, Mary Ann had captured all of his heart, even the parts he tried to hide from people.  
  
Mary Ann 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 petite, 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.  
  
Mary Ann 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 Mary Ann 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."