

Tess's Fetish Training

A Latex Christmas

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Amelia Stark



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Tess's Fetish Training – A Latex Christmas

The Latex Point 5 Club

Part Four

By Amelia Stark

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First Smashwords Edition 25-11-2022

Published by Amelia Stark

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Introduction.

Tess wakes on Christmas Eve and discovers that she slept in the guestroom. Unable to remember much about the party the previous night, the in-home digital assistant, Roxanne, tells her to get up, shower, don a pair of shorts and go to the fitness room.

Tess is shocked when she spots Zoe in her Master's bed and suspects that he had sex with her friend. Her exercise session is supervised by a digital trainer while Peter and Trevor are busy racing against each other on the treadmills. Wearing only a skirt, the Roth twin chastity device and trainers, Tess is put through her paces.

When Zoe finally shows up, the girls are expected to perform a different kind of exercise for Peter and Trevor. No sooner had the men sated their appetite for sex, Doctor Henry, a black friend of Tess's Master and a physiotherapist, arrives.

He is there to administer a session of physical manipulation on Tess. The clinician has unusual methods with female patients which include anchoring the naked girl on the table while he massages her back and butt.

This is the start of an eventful day for Tess. Peter introduces Tess to his boy's room in the basement, then when they arrive at 'Fetish Where?' Tess makes another visit to the dungeon.

Chapter 1.4 ~ A new life.

Waking with a hangover wasn't one of my favourite pastimes. My head was buzzing like a chainsaw and my mouth was as dry as an old sock. I slowly pushed myself up into a sitting position and wondered why I was alone in the pink room. I was naked under the covers so it looked as though I had slept alone, for the other half of the bed was undisturbed.

Recalling a fleeting memory, I lifted my hands to my neck. The gold collar was back! Was I restricted to four-word sentences again? If I was, I would complain to Peter. It wasn't a nice way to treat a girlfriend. Especially one living with him. I liked him being bossy and playing latex sex games, but restricting my speech was a step too far.

Then, remembering more of my actions, I reached down, under the covers. After parting my legs, I stroked my sex. The plug and tail were gone. My memory was hazy, but I recalled Zoe helping me in the toilet. I was feeling ill at the time and was in a state of drunken bliss,

I remember dancing and fooling around with Zoe and Petra on the podium and another girl who came with the Elders. It was barely large enough for the four of us to move around on. Peter spent a long time in the office with Trevor, then the pair came out and danced with Zoe and me. For two guys in their late thirties, they could move well to the music.

Zoe encouraged the warehouse lads, who had changed into their smart clothes, to mix with us. Brian was there, trying to get me to go downstairs with him, but I resisted him and stayed on the dance floor. Then, after about my tenth drink, I went and sat down for a rest. That was the last I remember until I was in the bathroom with Zoe and Petra.

That's when they removed the butt plug and tail. They also removed the latex suit while I laid on the bedroom floor, then they must have put me to bed. I couldn't remember having the collar fitted. That must have happened while I was out for the count.

The digital clock read 7:15. I immediately wondered why no one had woken me. Then I remembered Peter's digital assistant.

"Roxanna, can I speak?"

'Tess, there are currently no restrictions on your speech.'

"Roxanna, where is everyone?"

'Tess, the Master is in the fitness room. You will find a pair of airpods on the nightstand. Fit them in your ears...' I rolled my eyes. The fitness room was the last place I wanted to go with my bear head.

I found the blue tooth earphones and pressed them into my ears. 'The Master wants you to shower, then fit the Roth Twin device which is on the dressing table. Select a skirt and trainers from the robe, then join him in the fitness room.'

I threw the covers back. I was already fed up with a digital voice ordering me around.

“Roxanna, where is Zoe?”

‘Tess, the clock is ticking.’

“Fuck! Roxanna, how long have I got?”

‘Eleven minutes, twenty seconds to the first marker and counting.’

“Fuck, Fuck!” I raced into the bathroom, did a wee and stepped under the shower. “This isn’t happening to me,” I muttered.

I hurried as fast as I could. I took a towel back into the bedroom with me so I could continue rubbing my hair. I refitted the airpods, then noticed one of the wardrobe doors opening.

‘Tess, select a skirt from the top drawer and trainers from the bottom drawer, then put them on.’

“I know, I know,” I muttered. “First things first.” It was annoying having ‘Big Sister’ talking in my ears.

I took the trouble to loosen my anus and apply plenty of soap in the shower. My heart sank when I found the four parts of the chastity devices lying on the dressing table. I guessed the other one was for Zoe. Where the hell was she? I

wondered. Every time I looked at the stainless-steel plug and curved dildo, they looked larger. Still, it was an easy device to fit, but bloody uncomfortable!

I squatted to push the dildo home, from below, as though I was doing a shit in reverse. “Oooo,” I groaned when the cold steel stretched my anal muscles, then shot in past them and nestled in my rectum.

The curved dildo was larger in girth than the one I used to play with in bed, but smaller than Peter’s magnificent cock. Strangely though my quim gripped the ribbed design and because I wasn’t sexually excited, it needed a firm thrust to push it right in.

I then had to spread my major lips before I could press the jack home into the plug and the shield against my clitoral flesh. A click told me that I had effectively temporarily blocked myself from any form of masturbation. The whole process took less than thirty seconds.

I went to the wardrobe, pulled the top drawer open and took out a white skirt. I chose that one because the baby pink one I wore the previous day hadn’t been replaced. The pleated skirt was tight around my waist and only just covered my butt cheeks. I found a pair of trainers that fitted me. My hair was still damp, so when I rushed from the bedroom, I took the towel with me.

I was supposed to turn right, along the landing, but I noticed that the door to the master bedroom was ajar. I couldn’t resist having a nose, so I pushed it open. There, laying naked on her front, on Peter’s bed, was Zoe. I felt a sudden pang of intense jealousy. There was no sign of Peter, so I guessed I was meeting him in the fitness room. I set off along the landing.

‘Attention, Tess. Ten seconds to the first marker.’

I was relieved to be pushing the door open and thus avoid being punished. The threat from Roxanne had worked and brought my senses to life.

“Roxanna, I’m ready,” I called out as soon as I was inside.

The long room was dark apart from an area at the far end where two cycling machines had been placed in front of a huge TV screen. The light from a large, curved screen, illuminated the two men, Peter and Trevor, with an eerie glow. They were racing each other on the bikes, while watching a virtual screen that showed them cycling along a forest track.

A light switched on, over a running machine quite close to where the men were cycling. It was one of two facing another screen.

‘Tess, bringing a towel to the fitness room, from the bathroom, is a minor infraction,’ a man’s voice informed me through the airpods. Tess, my name is Douglas, I am your digital trainer.”

“What the fuck?” I muttered. “Douglas, what’s going on?”

‘Tess, your first exercise is on the running machine. The seconds are ticking.’

I could see the machine but I wanted to speak to someone. Anyone! There wasn't an aisle through the fitness machines, so I had to weave past several before reaching the running machine. The console was lit while a red number was flashing as it descended. It had reached 22... 21... 20... I didn't doubt that I would be punished if I didn't start using the machine.

I dropped the towel on the floor at the front and stepped onto the black rubber conveyor belt. The moment I started walking, the whole console lit up. The display showed a circular red pie and above it the readout – 0%. There was more information on the console, like speed and distance but my attention was grabbed by the brilliant graphics on the huge screen in front of me.

They were so good, it actually felt as though I was walking along a rough path, through a sparse forest. To my amazement, the sound of my feet treading on the forest floor came through the earphones, adding to the realism. I jumped when Douglas interrupted my thoughts.

“Tess, today, you will be tested, then your fitness will be assessed. Pick up the grips from the tray and hold them in your fists, then start jogging.”

I complied by holding the metal grips and increasing my pace to a gentle jog. The digital fitness instructor kept silent while I trotted along at an easy pace. I had never attended a fitness centre, but I was fit, and I was comfortable jogging.

I was slim and 5'5" tall. My shapely average sized tits had very little bounce which meant I could get away without wearing a bra. All the men I had dated complimented my large firm nipples and usually homed in on them at the earliest opportunity.

‘Tess, a runner will pass you, try and keep up with her. Fall behind and you will be punished.’

“Ow!” I exclaimed when a sharp pain stabbed inside my back passage. “That fucking hurt,” I complained.

‘Tess, that was a sample,’ Douglas informed me.

‘Tess, any future swearing is a minor infraction. This is your final warning,’ Roxanna added.

Anger was welling inside me when a digital runner – a girl dressed in a white skirt, t-shirt and sneakers – entered the screen from the right. The digital figure overtook me and jogged off down the track. When I increased my pace, I was pleased to discover that I could keep up with her.

After a minute, I glanced at the console. It showed I had completed 5% of the journey. The darkened room and the crystal-clear screen almost made the exercise enjoyable. The forest scenery changed frequently from sparse to densely populated. From gloomy, overhead canopy, to bright open skies.

I had heard of the term ‘rocket up your ass’. Well, I received the first stabbing pain just after the halfway stage. As my legs tired and my puff ran out, the digital runner started to get away. She wasn’t running any faster, I was slowing.

“Nooooo!” I cried the instant the anal plug zapped me internally. It was a

horrible, sharp sensation that brought tears to my eyes and a reaction from my legs.

It had the desired effect, but even though I closed the gap, it wasn't long before I started to flag again. "I can't keep up," I wailed. "Douglas, don't shock me again. Pleeeezzzzz..."

Peter and Trevor, who were still cycling, didn't even glance in my direction. They too were wearing airpods and probably listening to music while they cycled. The digital trainer remained silent, but the runner I was following began to slow down. A sign flashed up. 'The exercise is finished. Warm down'.

I glanced down at the pie chart. It read 65%. After five minutes of walking at a brisk pace, the screen went blank.

'Tess, return the grips to the tray and go to the rest area. I will inform you when to go to the next exercise machine.'

I stumbled off the rolling road, picked up the towel and walked over to the small rest area. The light came on as I stepped onto the ceramic tiled area. There was a padded bench, a sink and a water dispenser. I helped myself to a plastic cup of water and sat down. I was sipping it when Zoe entered the room.

"Roxanna, I'm ready," she said loudly.

She was dressed in a red skirt and trainers and made her way to the running

machine. Her hair was wet like mine, but she had left the towel behind. We exchanged waves, then she stepped onto the running machine. I was surprised that she was being treated in an identical fashion to me. I could understand Peter wanting to get me fit, but not Zoe. After all, she was a guest, wasn't she??

Chapter 2.4 ~ Two Elders

I wasn't sure where Peter and Trevor got their energy from, but they were still cycling when Zoe staggered off the running machine. The pair, both muscular and bronzed, were sweating, but they didn't look tired as they continued their race. After fetching a cup of water, Zoe came over to join me on the bench.

"Can you believe those two," Zoe said, after sipping from the cup. She studied my serious face. "What's wrong Tess?"

I was in a bad place, what with the enforced exercise and seeing Zoe lying on Peter's bed. "Did you sleep with Peter last night?" I blurted out.

"Well, I didn't want to, because of, you know, er, well, yes, I did..." She looked at me sheepishly. "Tess, you were unconscious..."

"That's not the point."

"I know, but it's going to happen if we are both living here."

"Living here? Both of us? No, Peter said that you were only staying for the holiday."

She moved closer and placed a hand on my thigh. "Well, it turns out I'm homeless."

“What do you mean? You live with Simon, don’t you?”

“I did.” Some of her usual exuberance was suddenly missing. “Tess, Simon has rejected me for Jenny. I should have seen it coming when he kept going out at night. He came up with a load of crappy excuses. I’ve suspected for some time that there was something going on between the two of them. He’s been fucking her behind my back...”

I put a finger to my lips. “We’re not allowed to swear.”

Zoe’s hair was all over the place, like mine, but her cute features radiated vitality and character. She had a smattering of freckles across her cheeks and an adorable, small, turned-up nose. It was impossible not to like the complicated teenager. Quite why Simon was rejecting Zoe for the plainer Jenny was a mystery to me.

“What’s with all the computer voices?” Zoe asked. “It’s like living in a bloody spacecraft!” She was trying to change the subject.

“The collars and his digital assistant are Peter’s way of training us to be obedient. He must have a powerful computer for it to be able to issue so many commands.”

“Maybe. Simon’s got a less expensive one in his flat. It turns the lights on and plays any music you like.”

“So, Simon gave you the elbow last night?”

“No, he didn’t have the bottle. He spoke to Peter. Apparently, he told Peter that because I’m staying here for the holiday, it was the perfect opportunity for me to find a new place to live.”

“What a bastard,” I said absentmindedly, because I was deep in thought.

I was annoyed that Peter had offered Zoe a home without telling me; and angry that he had fucked her while I lay asleep.

Zoe saw that I wasn’t happy. “You’re still angry with me for going to bed with Peter, aren’t you?”

As I gazed into her bright eyes, I realized that I felt safer with her around. “Not really. I’ve only known him a couple of days and this isn’t the first time that he’s surprised me; and not in a good way.”

“Like what? “What’s he done?”

“Well, he spanked me on the first night for nothing. He didn’t waste any time to discover if I was submissive. Then, he chased me in the snow and cheated to win the race.”

“Huh, typical bloke!”

“When I arrived at the shop the next morning, the Roth chastity device was waiting for me. You helped him with that.”

“Wait, Tess. Peter told Simon who told me.”

“I know. What about surprising us with the doctors. That was an awful mauling we took...”

“Is that all?” I nodded. “I don’t mean to belittle your concerns, but they all seem like minor difficulties. The doctors surprised even me, but I’ve had to put up with much worse than the other stuff from Simon. He can be a real cunt when he gets drunk. Your Peter is a fucking millionaire consultant and seems to be in total control!”

“I know, that’s what I’m afraid of. He’s so dominant and he expects me, us, to have sex with the Fellowship members whenever they want.”

“You saw me blowing that guy in Petra’s office... It’s what goes on in the Point Five Club. I’m used to it, Tess. I joined in with the club’s activities to please Simon. At first, it was hard, but the rewards always outshone the deeds and punishments. Now, it’s Peter that’s expecting stuff from us. I guess if it goes against your principals, you’d better tell him.”

“We should do it together. I’m scared of him in a good way.”

“I know what you mean... Tess, it’s hard to explain, but even though I’m the one being punished, I like the way the men drool over me.” Her eyes expanded. “I think we should stick together.” Her hand had been stroking my thigh while we talked. I felt a thrill when her fingers neared my sex.

“Do you know what Trevor Miller is doing here?” I asked.

“He and Petra are staying for a few days. I was looking after you in the back row of the seats, in the car, but I overheard some of what they were discussing. He, like Peter is an Elder in the Fellowship and seemed to be in charge...”

“What else did you hear?”

“Peter told Petra that the four houses on this gated estate all belong to members of the Fellowship. It seems as though we’re isolated from the world here and surrounded by Peter’s friends.”

Just then, the race between the men came to an end. Their rapid peddling suddenly slowed to a walking pace and the guys started chatting to each other.

“It looks like they’ve finished their race,” I muttered.

“I wonder who won...”

I didn't know but we would soon find out. The men dismounted from the bikes, then walked over to us. Both men were only wearing blue shorts and white trainers. Both men were muscular, bronzed and had huge sets of tackle which were only just contained in their brief shorts.

We stood up. “Master. That was some race,” I said.

He leant down, cupped my chin and kissed me on the lips. It was warm but a fleeting kiss, then he straightened. “Do I detect a trace of sullenness, Tess?”

Was I that easy to read? In fact, I had already come to the conclusion that Peter was as sharp as a pin and always got to the point. Both Trevor Miller and Zoe stood silently. I was on the spot.

“Um, Master, I was disappointed to discover that I wasn't in your bed when I woke up.”

“And, that Zoe was?”

My face heated up. I glanced at the teenager. “Um, well I'm human. I didn't know what to think.”

“Tess, you’ve got to learn how to take your liquor. I don’t take unconscious girls into my bed. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“On the other point, I want you both in my bed. Should I have relegated Zoe to the guest room?”

Another glance at Zoe didn’t help. “No, Master. I will make sure that I don’t get blind drunk next time.”

“Good, then that’s settled. Are you both happy?”

We nodded. “Yes, Master,” we chorused.

He focused on me. “Tess, you’ll find out that we, in the Fellowship, don’t dwell on the past. If there have been indiscretions, you will be punished, then we move on. If you confess to a wrongdoing, the punishment will be lighter. Do you understand?”

The idea of him punishing me sent my emotions into overdrive. I could feel a pulsing throb as my vagina tightened its grip on the stainless-steel dildo. What was it all about? I was a coward and hated pain, so why did the thought of him hurting me turn me on?

“Yes, Master, I understand. May I ask a question?”

“Of course. What do you want to know?”

“What are we doing this evening?”

“We’re going to the local Fellowship Party. Why do you ask?”

“I want to see Kelly’s parents. They are arriving today... I... I told them I would see them at Christmas. They’ve been so good to me over the years, and I know they were looking forward to seeing me. I really don’t want to disappoint them.”

He showed no emotion, then surprised me. “I could put you and Zoe in a taxi, later this evening, then pick you up later?”

“Yes, Er, that would be great. Um, Zoe doesn’t have to come if...”

He stopped me. “Yes, she does. I want you and Zoe to continue with your new image. I want you to both wear latex and behave like lesbians.”

Zoe clapped her hands. “Oh, that would be fun.”

I wished that I hadn’t mentioned Kelly’s reaction to Zoe’s playfulness just before

we left the house with my gear. Kelly really thought that there was something going on between us.

“Um, Latex? I haven’t got anything in latex that’s remotely suitable to meet Kelly’s parents.”

“Then you must choose a new outfit. Zoe too. ‘Fetish Wear’ is open till four o’clock today. Petra left earlier to finish a stock check she started with the warehouse staff yesterday morning. Trevor and I will take you both in at ten. We need a few hours to go through the books with Petra and Simon. While we do that, you two can pick your outfits. First though, we are going to sit down and watch you two convince us that you’re lesbians.”

That confirmed in my mind that Peter got off on watching girl-on-girl action. I had been trying to work him out ever since I met him. Lesbian, schoolgirl, bondage, were just a few that I knew of...

Zoe jumped up and clapped her hands again. She was delighted. “Come on, Babe.” She grabbed my hand and pulled me to my feet.

I was less enthusiastic, only because I was thinking about my friend’s parent’s reaction when I showed up at Kelly’s house in latex garb. Naked above our skirts, apart from our collars, the first thing that happened when Zoe pulled me to her for a kiss, was that our tits pressed together.

It was something I had imagined but had no idea how it would feel. Because she put her arms around my neck, her tits were stretched, but no matter; and when I felt her hard nipples rub against my equally aroused nubs, I quivered with

excitement from head to toe.

Zoe proved that she was an incredibly passionate girl. She took my breath away before she broke the kiss. The teenager bent forward while moving her feet back so she could suck my left nipple and areola while showing the guys her cute ass.

“Zoe, that feels amazing...” She switched to the right and gave it a thorough mauling by sucking and nibbling it.

“The skirt, Tess,” Peter said.

“Oh, yes...” I unfastened the catch and let it drop to my feet, whereupon I kicked it away.

Zoe kissed my chest between my breasts then trailed kisses down, across my stomach and cupped my peach with her little hands. It felt so strange to have a girl take an interest in my body. By the time she reached my mons, she was on her knees.

“Oh, Zoe, that feels wonderful,” I said while running my fingers through her hair.

The Roth chastity device stymied her progress, but the sensations she generated with her tongue while she lapped my labia were sensational. The guy’s reaction was to ease their shorts down and release their massive cocks in readiness for when Peter called a halt.

Chapter 3.4 ~ Getting better.

Peter clapped his hands. "Enough, girls. Get on your hands and knees and come over here." We crawled over like two puppy dogs. He waited until we stopped about a foot away from where they were sitting. "Trevor won our race, so he will choose which one of you has the honour of wrapping your lips around the end of his cock. Make an 'O' and let us see your tongues so he can make a better judgement."

Zoe was still wearing the red pleated skirt while I was naked. We stood side by side shaping our lips in readiness to latch onto one cock or the other. I was anxious because of my inexperience and worried that I wouldn't be as good as Zoe. Mr Miller examined our efforts, then simultaneously touched our tongues with his forefingers.

"Suck them girls."

Naked, bar the collar, on all fours, it was a bizarre situation to be sucking a man's finger to test my oral abilities.

"What a difficult choice between two such beautiful girls." He removed his finger from Zoe's mouth and touched me on the nose. "Tess, you have a rare quality that is hard to describe. Wanton sexiness, coupled with youthful innocence is a rare find. "Tess, move forward and please me."

I was disappointed that he chose me, but I could close my eyes while I sucked his cock and imagine I was pleasuring Peter. Knowing that Zoe would once again be satisfying Peter irked me somewhat. Surely Peter would have told Trevor that I wasn't very good at oral sex...

Trevor's cock was right in front of my face. I grabbed it with both hands. My small fists left about two inches to spare, but it helped me focus on his important plum-like knob. I wrapped my lips around it and began, sucking and licking.

"Very good, Tess. Watch how Zoe uses her lips." Trevor said, taking on the teaching role.

I glanced sideways to see the teenager rubbing her lips up and down the end of Peter's dick. It wasn't what I wanted to see, but I copied her style and got a pat on the head for my efforts.

"Excellent. Suck and lap harder... That's it, Tess, you've got the hang of it..."

It wasn't difficult. I had sucked hundreds of lollypops. The taste was different, but the principal was the same. However, it wasn't long before Trevor wanted to penetrate my throat. I took my time to prepare myself and finally took the plunge.

Zoe, on the other hand was much further down the road, or should I say, down Peter's cock. I tried and succeeded in swallowing about three inches, then I started to bob my head with a firm thrusting motion.

"That's very good, Tess, for a beginner," Trevor said softly.

I was relieved that he was aware of my inexperience. The sensation of such a blunt object stretching my throat was frightening, but Trevor allowed me to stay in control until his big moment approached. Only then did he take hold of my head and urge me to thrust harder and deeper. I must have gone down a couple of more inches in those last throat stretching moments.

“Good girl. Yessssssss,” he said softly while holding my head still as pulse after pulse of hot jiz was deposited into the depths of my tight oesophagus.

After sitting back on my heels, Trevor and Peter got to their feet and waited for Zoe to compose herself. Trevor then signalled to us. “Zoe, remove your skirt, then I want you both standing on the bench, with your feet apart, your hands behind your heads and your elbows back.

As soon as we had stepped up and adopted the posture, Trevor stepped forward and gripped Zoe’s hips. Our tits were just a few inches lower than his eyes. “I think you two came out of the same mould,” he said with a smile.” He moved his hands up to her stretched tits and gave them a squeeze.

“When is breakfast, Master?” Zoe asked.

“Punishments first, then a shower, then breakfast,” Peter said. After breakfast we’ll leave for St Albans.”

The mention of punishments worried me. “Um, we’ve tried very hard to please you, Sir,” I said.

Peter moved in front of me and after placing his left hand on my belly, he rubbed my mons with his thumb. “Tess, you both have a lot to learn, some of which we will explain at breakfast. First, before we leave, I’m going to show you the ‘V’ frame. Roxanna, are there any outstanding punishments for Tess and Zoe?”

He listened in silence to the digital assistant in his earphones. When he glanced down at the damp towel on the end of the bench, I knew the computer had snitched on me.

He turned to Trevor. “Roxanne has just let Doctor Henry in. Would you pop down and bring him up.” He waited for his pal to leave, then turned his attention to us. “Girls, come on, let’s get this over with.”

“Peter, um, Master, this isn’t fair,” I said while following him across the room. “This is our first day. We weren’t given enough time to prepare...”

He stopped at a piece of equipment that terrified me. I glanced at Zoe to see that she was looking anxiously at the complicated tubular contraption. Peter went around to the other side and rested his hand on the three-foot-high padded roll, which was the highpoint of the device. The two foot long, cushioned rest was supported by a vertical box frame. On the front and back were narrow, padded sections which I guessed could be raised.

Four tubular steel struts reached down to the four corners of the base of the device and could possibly be moved from a control panel on the side. Near the end of two of the struts were adjustable footrests and at the ends of the other two were handles. All four struts had open, padded cuffs, ready to be snapped onto the unlucky person’s ankles and wrists. One or both of us were in trouble.

“Tess, Zoe hasn’t reached the threshold yet, so it’s only you this time,” Peter informed me.

The contraption looked as though it had similar functions to the cross in the store’s dungeon. “Um, what are my crimes, Master?” I asked.

“Basically, you’re both guilty of untidiness, but you, Tess, removed a towel from the bathroom. Climb aboard the ‘V’ frame. That’s what Roxanna and Douglas will call it.”

“How many have I accumulated, Master?”

He frowned at me. “Four, Tess. Get on the frame, now.” I didn’t want to antagonize him and yet, I wanted to register my unhappiness at being punished for what I considered to be a trivial mistake. I stepped up onto the footrests which were about a foot apart. “I will try harder to please you, Master, but it would help to know the rules.”

“If in doubt, ask Roxanna.”

I had to go up onto tiptoe, so I could rest my tummy on the padded roll, then reach down and grab the handles, which were also a foot apart. As soon as I relaxed, the four metal cuffs closed on my ankles and wrists.

“Girls, the ‘V’ frame operates in tandem with the digital assistants. You will be told when to mount the ‘V’ frame. As soon as the frame senses you are ready, it

will cuff you. The computer will know that you are ready to be chastised and will inform the person in charge at that time. If you are on your own, you will have to punish each other. I'll explain that option later."

My rounded butt cheeks were at the summit of my folded body and ready for whipping. There was no sign of a punishment instrument until Peter reached into the side opposite the control panel and pulled out a thin swishy cane. When he tested it in the air, I quivered with dread and anticipation.

"Girls, this piece of equipment can be turned into a massage table. I'll show you another time. For now, I going to administer four strokes of the cane. Have you got anything to say, Tess?"

"We need more time to shower and change, Master."

"Your comment is noted." Switt! Switt! Switt! Switt!

"Ahhhhhhhhhh! I cried while the cane seared four white hot lines across the high point of my raised, defenceless peach.

Heavy, hot tears rolled down my face as I continued to wiggle and writhe within my restraints until the initial fiery heat started to wane. "That hurt, Master," I sobbed.

"Good. It was supposed to. I will not tolerate tardiness and untidiness. Do you understand?"

“Yes. Master,” we both replied.

Not far from where I was restrained on the ‘V’ frame, three men entered the gym. Trevor was with Doctor Henry and a man I had never seen before. Peter, instead of releasing me, left my side and went over to meet the group. There was shaking hands and laughing, as my Master welcomed the stranger to his house.

I prayed that they weren’t going to show any interest in me and would leave the room while Peter released me. Unfortunately, that wasn’t the case. I cursed under my breath when Peter pointed over to where I was pinned to the ‘V’ frame.

I caught the end of a sentence. “...yes, Rodney, the girls have completed their associated member assessments. This is Zoe...” Was she the lucky one to be introduced to the attractive middle-aged white guy, while I remained pinned to the punishment apparatus? I wondered. “Welcome Mr. Mears properly, Zoe.”

She went up onto tiptoe and after placing her hands on his shoulders, kissed him on the lips. “It’s nice to meet you, Sir.” He gently cupped her bubble-like cheeks for a brief moment, before she stepped back.

“They are just as you described on the phone, Peter,” Mr. Mears said as he strolled around the equipment I was secured to. He returned to his position beside Zoe, then reached out and traced one of the hot welts on my posterior with a single finger. “Sorry to disturb you, Peter, in the middle of a fitness session.” I just lay folded, trying not to think about my exposed, splayed sex. The finger did a detour and rubbed my labia. “Interesting chastity device...”

“It’s no problem, Rodney. Doctor Henry has arrived at an opportune moment. I’ve finished, so he can have half an hour with Tess, while we go and discuss the girl’s timetable. I’ll also tell you all about the new Roth twin the girls are wearing.”

“Good idea, Peter. Just when I thought the numbers were going to be disappointing. Two fine young ladies enter our community.”

“Zoe, fetch your skirt and catch us up,” Peter ordered.

Zoe seemed eager to please when she hurried away to get her skirt. She was still carrying it as she ran past me on her way out. “See you later, Tess,” she called out just before the door closed.

I was unhappy about being left alone with the black doctor. It was no consolation that he was a professional clinician who was used to working with naked or semi-naked patients. There was only one way the half hour session was going to end, and it would have nothing to do with physiotherapy...

Chapter 4.4 ~ Manual therapy.

Doctor Henry, dressed in a pair of brown slacks and a dark blue sweater, was examining the control panel. “Um, are you going to release me, Doctor?” I asked.

He looked up. “No, Tess, this piece of equipment was designed so that patients can receive manual therapy in many different positions. I’m just programming the one I want for you.”

“Manual therapy? Is that the same as massage, Doctor?”

“Yes and no, Tess. While I manipulate your muscles, I will be assessing what additional exercises you need.” He moved behind me and felt the muscles in the back of my thighs, then massaged my ass cheeks. “Your last exam was a brief one to see if you were suitable to join the Fellowship. I was able to assess some of your needs, but I need to go much deeper.”

The leg supports started to move. “Oh, what’s happening?” I gasped.

“The machine is lifting your legs up and outward, Tess, so that I can easily access your muscles.”

He continued to massage my peach until my legs were parallel to the floor and spread at an angle of about 120 degrees. It meant he could get a lot closer and when he was ready, he could spear me. While he massaged the under slopes of my buttocks, his thumbs moved up and down, rubbing my labia lips which were gaping. My clitoral flesh was hidden from him, beneath the perforated shield, as

were my orifices.

I felt reasonably secure while wearing the Roth twin, until I felt a click. “Oh, you’ve unlocked the Roth.” My voice must have sounded slightly alarmed.

“Yes, Tess. I am a convert to this device for normal use, but not during a therapy session. You’ve become frustrated with a static phallus buried in your vagina. I will ease your frustration by taking you to orgasm, then I can begin work on your musculature tension while you simmer.” He located the disc on the end of the dildo and slowly withdrew it from my quim.

“Ahhhh, Doctor, I don’t feel frustrated...” My portal issued a sucking sound as it gave up its grasp on its curved and ribbed stainless-steel occupier. “Oh,” I gasped softly as once again an empty sensation filtered up from my nether region.

“Tess, mentally, you’re anxious not tense. It’s the physical that I’m concerned with.”

“Oh!” I gasped when he prodded my soft, unresisting entrance with a domed blunt object. “Doctor, I think...” I fell silent as the intruder burrowed deeper and deeper. “...I think it’s bigger...”

“Tess, relax while I prepare you for the session.”

I thought it was a limp excuse for shafting a patient, but the man was determined

to take advantage of me while I remained secured to the ‘V’ frame. As soon as his knob was prodding my extremity, he eased into a slow thrusting motion. I was absolutely static, so each thrust was firmly delivered. The constant stretching of my youthful quim and the bottoming out sensation, quickly sparked the birth of an orgasm.

“Oh, Doctor, I’m coming... It’s coming...” I whispered as the growing sensation spread out and enveloped my fragile senses.

“That’s it, Tess, let it out. As soon as you’ve released the tension, your muscles will be ready to respond to some intense manipulation...” He sped up and became harder, as he became more excited, which I didn’t think was possible.

“Oh, yes,” I muttered, as the intensity grew, until the doctor reached his climax during a series of thundering piston strokes that almost drilled into my stomach.

Slightly softer, the doctor left his cock anchored in my vagina, while he began to massage the backs of my thighs with his fingers. My legs were forming an angle of 120 degrees so he could massage the entire length of my legs without moving from the apex of my thighs. I gripped the handles and scrunched my eyes together while he went to work on my lower body.

He worked quietly, gripping my legs in various places to knead my muscles, then changed tack and began rubbing them furiously, generating high levels of heat. I didn’t like either method. Each had its own level of discomfort. Thankfully, I was distracted by the movement of his cock, which slowly hardened as it eased back and forth while he went about his business.

The word simmer was the best way to describe the place where I was during the twenty minutes that he massaged my legs and ass. I was surprised and a little disappointed when he finally withdrew his cock and brought the session to an end.

“Tess, that’s it for this morning...” I felt the cold steel of the Ross twin ease into my salivating quim, then a click signifying that it was once again secured in place.

It didn’t save me from the physiotherapist, but it might stop others from taking advantage of me. After Doctor Henry lowered the legs of the apparatus, he released the cuffs and helped me stand upright. I was shocked to see that his black glistening cock was still out in the open standing erect in all its glory.

“Tess, put your hands behind your head and open your stance.”

“Um, shouldn’t we be going to breakfast, Doctor?”

“Tess, there’s one more exercise. Then you can go. Bend forward until your back is parallel with the floor, then dock you lips with my crown. A diligent student will always clean her exercise equipment before leaving the gym. Give it a good clean while I massage your back.”

My ‘exercise equipment’ was coated with my juices, so it wasn’t too distasteful an act to have to do. I wanted to be out of the gym and away from the physiotherapist so the quicker I went down on him, the sooner I would be free, I reasoned.

I bent forward and wrapped my lips around his knob, then began sucking and licking it. The doctor placed his hands on my back and began massaging it.

“Good, girl. The deeper you take it, the more you’ll clean, Tess.”

“Ugggh,” I groaned softly as his huge strong fingers dug into my back as they travelled back and forth.

I would have liked to have used my hands, but his cock was hard and solid enough for me to guide his knob into the first inch of my throat.

“Very good, Tess, you’re making good progress.” He paused the massage for a moment to encourage my head to bob. “You see, Tess. Rapid movement is better and more effective.” His hands returned to my lower back, then as he leant slightly forward, he concentrated on my firmly rounded buttocks.

“Ugggh” I groaned softly while he squeezed my cheeks and manipulated them apart and then back together.

“Your prize is close, Tess. Bob harder...”

My head was a spin as I increased my effort. Sure enough, he began to make soft noises of satisfaction just before his cock began to spasm while spurting copious amounts of jiz down my tight oesophagus.

As he lifted my head, his long black snake slipped from my mouth. “What do you say, Tess?”

“Thank you, Doctor,” I muttered, while wiping droplets of cum from my lips. “I’ll get my skirt.”

He waited for me to trot across the room and fetch the white pleated skirt that I had discarded while Zoe and I were playing Peter’s lesbian game. That got me thinking of my new friend. I had donned the skirt and buttoned it by the time I joined the doctor by the door. My legs felt fantastic, so at least I knew the man wasn’t a fraud.

He opened the door and ushered me through. “I think you had better go and shower, Tess. Apparently, the digital assistant will take it from there.”

“Yes, thank you, Doctor.” I paused on the landing to watch the doctor descend the stairs.

When I turned, I was faced with two doors. The pink room on the left and the blue, master bedroom on the right. I entered the latter. It was huge and decorated in shades of blue. The navy-blue curtains were closed and matched the bed covers. The shagpile carpet was sky blue and the paintwork white. There were oil paintings of nude women hanging on the wall and 18” tall white porcelain figurines of women in all sorts of lewd poses.

After dropping my skirt in the laundry basket, I placed the trainers by the

wardrobe door, then went to the bathroom to take a shower.

I was pleased that Roxanne had remained silent, thus avoiding putting any pressure on me. But that changed the moment I returned to the main bedroom.

‘Tess, refit your airpods.’

I returned to the bathroom to refit them. “I’ve done that, Roxanna.”

‘Tess, your collar is activated. You are allowed to say one four-word sentence per minute. They must contain one of the following words, Roxanne, Zoe, Tess, Penny, Master, Sir or Ma’am. Any deviation will result in a punishment. Do you understand the instruction?’

“Yes, Roxanna.” Penny was a new name, but I was sure I would soon discover who it belonged to.

‘Tess, dry your body and hair. Zoe is on her way with the Master’s instructions.’

“Oh, okay, um, Roxanna.” I nearly over spoke.

I was using the towel to dry my hair when a wardrobe door opened. ‘Tess, the hairdryer is in the bottom drawer,’ Roxanna announced.

I had almost finished when Zoe strode into the room. She was dressed in a maroon tartan, pleated miniskirt, white blouse, maroon tie, thick, thigh length white socks and black strap over shoes without a heel. She wasn't wearing any makeup and her hair had been pulled back and tied into short bunches. The teenager looked three years younger and about to go to school.

She placed the case she was carrying on the rug and did a twirl. The pleated skirt lifted far enough for me to get a fleeting glimpse of her white panties, which were made from a shimmering, transparent material.

“Do you like the outfit, Tess?”

“It's very smart, Zoe.” It wasn't what I was expecting. Peter clearly had a thing for girls in uniform.

She came to me and claimed a kiss from me. She put her arms around my neck while I hugged her slim body. “Are you okay, Tess?” she asked after breaking the kiss.

I touched the collar. “Zoe, this annoys me.” When she released me, I picked up the case and placed it on the bed.

Zoe stood back while I opened it. The contents were a cornucopia of maroon and white items of uniform. The clothing items on top were the same as what Zoe was wearing.

“Zoe, are these clothes mine?”

She nodded “I’ll help you, Tess.”

I watched while Zoe selected clothes from the case. She picked out a pair of socks, panties, a vest, blouse, tie, skirt and shoes, which were in a cloth bag. There were also trainers and sports items beneath the normal wear. I had so many questions but was stymied by the annoying collar.

“All for me, Zoe?”

The teenager nodded. “Master hasn’t explained yet.”

I picked up the gossamer thin panties and stepped into them. The sleeveless vest was made of the same material. Both items were tight and diaphanous. So much so, they failed to hide any of my girly secrets!

It was a while since I wore a blouse and tie. I had to while I was in the sixth form for a couple of years, but I hated it. The top of the blouse’s collar was low, so the punishment collar remained on show.

The long socks were welcome in wintertime, but the short skirt was going to be draughty. Zoe demonstrated how careful we would have to be in windy conditions when climbing stairs. Surprisingly, the shoes fitted me. When I stood

up, I had become Zoe's twin, apart from our hair.

"Zoe, should we worry?"

She shrugged. "Tess, I'm not sure." After showing me her hair, she guided me over to the dressing table where I sat down.

I was amused to see Zoe plaiting my hair. I couldn't remember the last time someone did it for me. "The Master helped me," she informed me.

"Roxanna, we are ready." Zoe called out.

'Tess, Zoe, go to the Kitchen where Mrs Carter is waiting for you.'

We hurried out of the room and down the stairs. It was great to be wearing normal clothes again, but even then, I had a nasty suspicion that the uniforms and the contents of the suitcase signified yet another uncomfortable surprise for both of us...

Chapter 4.5 ~ Induction course.

Staying silent, we both hurried along the hall to the kitchen doorway and stepped inside. We could speak freely inside the kitchen, hence the relief I felt on entering. There was not only a middle-aged woman preparing food, there was also a girl dressed in a black satin maid's outfit. It wasn't the full-on kinky version, but the skirts were short enough to make a man's heart rate climb.

They were both standing at the countertop and gas hob, with their backs to us. There was a heavenly smell coming from the stove, where two frying pans were on the go. "Mrs Carter?" I called out.

She turned and wiped her hands on a cloth. "Ah, you two must be Tess and Zoe?"

"Yes, Ma'am. I'm Zoe and this is Tess," my companion said before I could respond.

"Well, girls, this is Penny. She's arrived from the States and is staying here until Boxing Day."

I blinked in surprise on hearing the new piece of information. About our age, height and build, the girl was very attractive and innocent looking, almost sheepish in her response to our interest. Her long blonde hair was tied in a ponytail, like mine, while her face was free of makeup. She was wearing a plain apron over the maid's dress.

"Hello, Penny..." I said.

She raised a hand and gave us a wan smile. Mrs Carter clapped her hands. “No time for chit chat.” She pointed at two trays laden with plates, glasses and cutlery. “Tess, Zoe, take those trays to the breakfast room and lay the table for eight places. Penny and I will bring the food through.”

The breakfast room mainly consisted of a huge conservatory at the back of the house. Powerful warm air heaters were positioned in the corners, either side of the narrow room that the conservatory was attached to. It looked as though a whole wall had been removed to accommodate the huge, glazed extension.

The Edwardian angled front section of the conservatory was where all the lounge seating had been arranged. The four men were sitting and chatting while drinking coffee. They all got to their feet when we entered and watched us take the trays to the long table and place them on the surface.

Peter came over while the other three stayed back. “Girls, you look very smart.”

“Thank you, Master,” we chorused.

“Your collars are live in here, girls so be careful what you say. Lay the table with three each side and one at each end.”

“Yes, Master.”

While we performed the task, all four men watched us intently. As soon as we had laid the table, Peter told us where to sit. Peter sat at the end with Trevor Miller on his left and Doctor Henry on his right. I was seated next to the physiotherapist and Zoe was next to me. The stranger, Mr. Rodney Mears was seated opposite me. That left two spaces, one on the end and one opposite Zoe.

It was Peter who started the conversation. “Tess, Zoe, Mr. Mears is the principal of the Red-Mill Hall Academy. RMHA for short.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Tess,” the principal said, suggesting he had already met Zoe.

I flushed when an image of my rear end sticking up in the air, while I was draped over the ‘V’ frame, popped into my head. “Thank you, Sir.”

“I’ve had a chat with Zoe. She was telling me that you two became friends after meeting in a retail fetish store.”

“Yes, Sir, that’s correct.”

“I’m not very keen on the word, fetish. I prefer ‘passion’ as a better description for the practice of dressing to either please yourself or another person. Where do your passions lie, Tess? Does the scent of latex rubber give you a thrill?”

I couldn’t deny that I was turned on when wearing latex. “Yes, it does, Sir.”

“Tess. Zoe,” Peter interrupted. “The RMHA is an exclusive finishing college for young associate members of the ‘Respect Fellowship’. I’ve booked you two in for a foundation course that runs from the twenty-sixth. That’s the day after tomorrow.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. “Master, that’s,” I began, but I stopped because I hadn’t thought through my comment. I cursed the stupid collar.

“Master, it’s the holiday,” Zoe said.

“Yes, I knew you would be disappointed, but this is an opportunity that you must not miss. It’ll only be for a few days and shouldn’t impact you starting at Thomas, Smith & Bakers on the second.”

“Master, how many days?” I asked.

“Tess, that depends,” Mr. Mears said. “We have course evaluators who will decide at the end of the first day.”

“Where is RMHA, Master?” Zoe asked.

“Near Bedford, Zoe. Not far from here. Mr. Mears kindly brought a set of clothes for each of you. Penny already has her case and will be joining you. You three have everything you need for your stay at the academy.”

“Any questions?” the principal asked.

“Master, we lose holiday,” I pointed out.

“That’s true. It’s a good time though, at the beginning of our relationship. I’m particularly busy during the next seven to ten days, both on the medical side and with the fellowship. We’ll be having a holiday in the states in a couple of weeks’ time when I take Penny home. We’ll chat about that over dinner this afternoon when you’re not wearing your collars.”

There were so many questions about the academy and Penny that I wanted to ask. “Just two days, Master?”

“Before you go? Yes, but we’re going to fit a lot into those two days. The plan is for you to do some shopping this morning. We’ll leave here at ten. We’ll return here at four for a Christmas meal. Then, at seven-thirty, I’ll call a taxi to take you to your ex-housemate’s. I’ll call by at eleven and take you to the Fellowship’s party. Christmas Day will be a day at home, opening presents and eating turkey and playing games.”

“Master, I haven’t called...”

“Your friend?” I nodded. “You can do that in the car.”

The arrival of the food brought the conversation to a halt. Mrs Carter and Penny delivered bowls of bacon, scrambled eggs, sausages, beans, Rice, fries and several pots of coffee. It was help-yourself, so we all dug in. I tried to put a brave face on, but inside I was deeply disappointed that Peter was side-lining me by sending me on a course that may last several days. A course I knew nothing about.

I was midway through my meal when a large black hand settled on my thigh beneath the table. “Tess, how are your legs feeling after the treatment session?” His hand travelled back and forth from my knee to the gusset of the flimsy panties, seemingly continuing where he left off. The man couldn’t keep his hands off me.

“They feel great, Sir.”

He gripped my left knee and pulled it toward him so that my thighs were parted. His hand returned to my softer, upper inner thigh. “I live across the road, Tess. Peter has tasked me to get you up to peak fitness, so we’ll be seeing plenty of each other when you return from Red-Mill Hall.”

By the time he finished speaking, his fingertips were pressing against my imprisoned labia lips. Moments later, I sighed with relief when he removed his hand so he could continue eating his breakfast.

“Isn’t that amazing, Tess, Zoe, Penny, that we have a top-notch physiotherapist within a stone’s throw of where we live?”

“Yes, Master,” we all chorused.

Penny still seemed nervous. I guessed she was about Zoe's age, maybe still a teenager. She had soft blue innocent eyes which kept darting around the table and settling on me every now and again. I wondered to myself whether Doctor Henry had got his paws on her. If he hadn't then it wouldn't be long before he was manipulating her musculature!

Mr. Mears waited for Penny to finish her breakfast. "Penny. Go and get changed into your uniform. I want a picture of you three together."

I was slower eating my food, so I had only just finished when Penny appeared dressed identically to Zoe and myself. I glanced at the clock. It was 8:45. An hour and a half had passed since I woke, and there was an hour and a quarter to go before we left.

Peter got to his feet and clapped his hands. "Girls, go to the lounge and line up in front of the patio door. You know the way, Tess. Remember your collars are active."

I led the way back to the hall and then the lounge. The curtains were drawn open but, of course, the huge patio doors were closed, keeping the freezing weather out of the comfortably warm room. A huge log fire hadn't been lit so the central heating must have been working overtime. I gazed at the snow covered lawn and the footsteps heading for the tree at the end of the lawn. I desperately hoped and prayed that Peter had no plans to send us on another race.

I turned to my friend. "Zoe, just two days..."

She shrugged. “Master thinks it’s important.”

I was slowly realizing that Zoe had fallen on her feet after getting the elbow from Simon. She was a bold kid, but I suspected she had deep feelings of insecurity. Consequently, she was prepared to do what Peter wanted, in the hope of gaining a permanent relationship with him and more importantly a roof over her head. The hard, unpalatable fact was that I was in competition with her for Peter’s affections and long term friendship.

“Tess, is he nice?” Penny asked.

I regarded the youngster at close quarters and noticed my eyes kept dropping to her moist full lips which were naturally strawberry pink. They and her blue eyes were gorgeous. “Penny, Peter is firm,” I replied.

“But, nice, Penny,” Zoe added.

I nodded in agreement. I glanced down at her blouse and noted that her tits were larger than Zoe’s or mine. Her nipples and areolas, like ours were faintly visible through the double layer of thin materials.

I pointed at the footprints in the snow. “Zoe and I raced.”

“We were, naked, Penny.”

She looked shocked. “In the snow Tess?”

“Yes, Jenny, Tess lost.” We turned around to find Peter and Mr. Mears approaching. Doctor Henry and Trevor Miller had seated themselves on the sofa.

The academy principal had a camera in his hand while Peter was carrying our uniform jackets. When he handed them out, we saw that he also had leotards draped over his arm. “Put them on and stand together, holding hands.”

My heart sank because I knew what was going to happen after the photographs had been taken...

Chapter Six ~ Leotards and favourites.

I was in the middle. All three of us were the same height and build. We looked extremely smart, once we had donned the maroon jackets. They had piping around the lapels and a white crest sewn onto the left breast pocket. Beneath a unicorn and lion were the letters, RMHA.

“Roxanna, close the curtains and switch the spotlights on.” Penny looked around in wonderment as Peter’s order was followed within seconds.

“Excellent, girls. Smile,” the principal said once he had us standing against the gold curtains. He took a couple of snaps. “Girls, I need a picture of you in your leotards...” He waited for Peter to hand one to each of us. “Choose an armchair to put your uniform on. I’ll take your jackets and hang them up.”

We slipped the jackets off and handed them over, then walked to the other end of the lounge. We were all glancing at each other to see who was the most embarrassed to change in front of the men. The young American won hands down! I chose a chair on the end and Zoe went to the other end. That meant that Penny had to change next to one of the men. She had to choose Doctor Miller because he was the nearest.

“Girls, you can leave your socks on, but remove your shoes,” Peter said just before he seated himself in the remaining chair.

The principal stood behind the sofa, waiting patiently while the three girls that would soon be attending his academy, removed their clothes. Frankly, I was appalled at having to undress in front of four men who were old enough to be our fathers. Zoe and surprisingly, Penny, were quicker to change than I was. Zoe, changed calmly, not worrying about the audience, while Penny turned her back

to face me when it was time to draw her panties down.

Mine followed soon afterwards. The leotards were light pink and made of a thin, stretchy material. It had to stretch because the short sleeve bodysuits were tiny. The seams however were strong, so pulling the body up wasn't a problem. Once I had my arms and shoulders in it, the lower part pulled the single layer gusset tight against my sex. Also, the back disappeared into my ass crack and no matter how hard I tugged, it only covered half my butt cheeks.

The panties we had just removed were thin, but at least they had a reinforced gusset. The result was a lewd visage from the front because our labia were more prominent, due to the Roth shields in our furrows. Once again, our nipples and areolas were another focal point for the onlookers.

Peter waited until we had finished. "Stand in front of the TV, girls." He waited until we were in line. "Penny, you committed an error while changing..."

"I'm s... sorry, Master," she stuttered.

"Do you know your mistake?" She shook her head and looked petrified. "You turned your back on my guests. Have you not had any training in the States?"

"Yes, Master. I forgot."

"You let your shyness colour your behaviour. Now, Penny, take your leotard off and bring it to me."

The youngster didn't like the command, but she responded to it by easing the material off her shoulders, then pushing the leotard down her body and legs. She picked it up, unravelled it and handed it to Peter. I got my first sight of her extremely cute butt. There was evidence of recent and historic beatings, but they didn't diminish the sexiness of her derriere.

"Let's start again, Penny. Do it right and you will only get two strokes of the cane. Stand where we can all see you."

"Yes, thank you, Master." Trembling, the youngster retreated to a spot where all four men had a good view of her intimate body parts, then drew the leotard up her body.

The four critical sets of eyes softened once she had finished. "Better, Penny. It's important to remember this lesson," the principal said. "While attending the academy, your behaviour will be under extreme scrutiny, so that you return to your Master a more obedient submissive. That is what you want, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir, it is," She replied in a soft voice.

"Good, so your misdemeanour has earned you two strokes of the cane. However, Penny, you can opt for four hand slaps on your posterior. If you misbehave at the academy, you will often be given the same choice. "What's it to be, Penny?"

She clasped her hands together anxiously. "Um, four slaps, Sir."

“Good, let me take your picture,” the principal said. “Then, I’ll ask Doctor Henry to administer the punishment.”

Again, I stood in the centre. I could feel Penny’s hand trembling in mine. I felt sorry for the girl, but I wouldn’t mind if after her punishment, the black doctor took more interest in Penny than me. So, while we were wearing just the baby pink leotards, gold collars and long white socks, the principal took another couple of snaps.

“Have you finished with the girls, Rodney?” Peter enquired.

“Yes. You can take over now, Peter.”

“Good. Punishment first...” Doctor Henry beckoned to Penny, who walked over to where he was sitting.

The clinician had moved forward in the chair and prepared his legs so that the youngster could drape herself over them. Zoe and I stood together with our back to the curtain, thankful that we weren’t suffering a similar, embarrassing fate.

The cut of Jenny’s leotard ensured that the upper half of her peach was covered, but not for long. The moment she was in position, the doctor grabbed the material, bunched it and pulled it into the deep valley of her pert ass.

“Ohhh, Sir?” Penny gasped at the unexpected exposure of her pearly white cheeks and their trophy bruises.

“Penny, you will be expected to bare your own cheeks during your stay at the academy.”

The physiotherapist ran his hands over the girl’s ripe cheeks. He used the same methods as he did with mine, parting them, squishing them together and kneading them with both powerful hands. Her butt was a nice shape but difficult to see when his huge black hands were completely covering it.

He pinned Penny’s shoulders down with his left forearm. “Rodney, it looks as though this girl’s training needs to get back on track.”

The principal nodded, then looked at us. “She’s not alone.”

I grimaced when the doctor raised his hand. Slap! Slap! Slap! Slap!

“Whaaaaaah!” Penny cried. She beat her hands on the floor and kicked her legs dramatically while Doctor Henry held her ass still.

Watching another girl have her ass brutally slapped by a huge guy like the physiotherapist wasn’t painful, but it was unnerving to such a degree my knees felt weak. Zoe squeezed my hand while we watched the young American shed a lot of tears.

Finally, the doctor helped her to her feet. “Go and stand with the other two.”

She hurried over to us, rubbing her ass rather than her tears away. Her moist blue eyes sparkled but her face told another story. She was miserable.

Peter got to his feet. “Girls, take your uniforms up to your rooms and place them on your cases, then return wearing sneakers.”

I couldn’t ask the question that was on the tip of my tongue lest I wanted stabbing sensations in my neck, so I followed the other two out of the room and up to our separate rooms. I was pleased that I was in Peter’s room. It gave me hope that he favoured me over Zoe. I placed the outfit on the closed case, then retrieved a pair of trainers from the wardrobe which Roxanna had opened for me without asking.

I almost bumped into Jenny, as I rushed out of the room. “Oh, sorry, Tess,” the blond youngster said when she stopped to let me go first.

I saw that look again. Guilt and furtive interest while studying me. “Are you okay, Penny?”

She nodded and touched my arm, then pushed it gently to encourage me to go first. When we arrived, Zoe was already standing in front of the men. The lights were off and the curtains were drawn. The freezing conditions awaited us.

Peter got to his feet and gestured to us. “Penny, Zoe, you two are going to have a race.”

“In the snow, Master?” Penny asked.

“Yes, don’t interrupt me. The first one to run around the tree at the bottom of the lawn and get back to the steps on the hot tub is the winner. When you get there, leotards, socks and sneakers off, then the tub is all yours. The loser will receive two strokes of the cane. Is that clear, girls?”

“Yes, Master,” the pair replied in unison.

“Something I didn’t tell Tess before I raced against her was that there are no rules, apart from running around the tree. The first back is the winner. Do I make myself clear?” Peter asked.

Both girls stared at our Master and slowly nodded, then faced each other. They were lucky to be wearing leotards and long socks, I thought, but unlucky to be chosen to run in such cold weather. I wasn’t jumping to conclusions, for Peter might send me on my own, but my stomach was beginning to settle with the belief I was only going to be a spectator.

“Roxanna, open the patio doors.”

I was standing between Trevor Miller and Peter, about six feet from the doors. When they opened, a waft of ice-cold air washed over us, sending a shiver up

my spine.

“Girls, step out onto the patio and wait for my command.” Holding themselves, they stepped out into the grey weather. “On your marks, GO!”

Both girls raced off across the snowy landscape. It was a bizarre sight, but one I suspected the men had seen many times. Jenny was faster, but only just.

“My money’s on Zoe,” Peter said.

“A hundred pounds on the blond,” Doctor Henry said.

“I’ll take that,” Peter replied.

A few moments later, halfway to the tree, Zoe rugby tackled Penny. They both went sprawling onto the snowy ground.

“This should be interesting,” the physiotherapist said. “It looks like our Penny, knows a few moves.”

It was clear that the young American could wrestle, for within a minute, she had overpowered Zoe and pinned her to the ground. One minute she had her knees on Zoe’s shoulders, then she suddenly rolled forward and sprung to her feet. By the time Zoe had gotten to her feet, Penny had a healthy lead.

“Well, I’m fucked,” Peter said softly. “I did not expect that.”

Penny slipped rounding the tree, but she had a five yard lead on the return journey and maintained it despite Zoe’s best efforts. The blond American easily won the race to the hot tub. The men stood and watched her strip her leotard off and kick her trainers away, then climb the steps moments before Zoe arrived.

“I’ll settle with you later...” Peter patted his fellow doctor on the back. I’m taking Tess to my den for a chat. Would you organize towels for the girls in ten minutes? Roxanna will organize the girl’s clothes once you get them back to their bedrooms, I’ll see you back in the conservatory in half an hour. We’ll be ready to leave.”

“No problem, Peter, we’ll take care of the girls.”

My Master guided me out of the lounge and into the hall. I had spotted the door beneath the stairs, but thought it was a cupboard. In fact, after he had unlocked the door, it opened onto a staircase into the basement. It was a black hole until Peter switched the light on. Then, I was on the way down into Peter’s very private den, or was it a dungeon??

Chapter 4.7 ~ Boy's toys.

I didn't know what to expect as I descended the stairs. I heard Peter lock the door, or maybe it was just the latch closing. I stopped at the bottom when I found myself in a hall similar in size to the one above us. I waited for Peter to catch up and put more lights on.

"This way Tess..." He led the way into the gloom.

As we approached a light, it came on. That happened three times before we reached the door facing us. He placed his hand on a square glass panel by the side of the door. The door slid aside, then moments later the lights sprung into life.

"Oh, Master!" I exclaimed when the interior was revealed to me.

I didn't know what I was expecting, but I was pleasantly surprised to see that it was a man's den. The eye-catching item was a billiard table. There was also an air hockey table, slot machines and a basketball hoop. There was even a short bowling alley down one side of the room.

"Do you like what you see, Tess?"

"Yes, Master. It's awesome."

"There'll be plenty of time to play with the toys tomorrow. Come over here. He

led me through an arched alcove into a study/office area. The back wall was a huge print of Marilyn Monroe appearing in one of her black and white movies. A large mahogany desk faced the arch. There were two green leather chairs facing the desk, two more against the wall and a large swivel executive chair behind it. Peter went straight to it and sat down, facing me.

“Take your leotard, socks and sneakers off, Tess. By the way, you are free to speak in this part of the basement.”

“Oh, that’s a relief,” I responded.

When he looked up, over my head, I turned to see a line of wall-mounted, flat-screen monitors above the arch. There was CCTV coverage of various rooms as well a view from outside the front door, but the one that caught my eye was of Tess and Jenny splashing about in the tub.

“Oh, the girls are having fun...” Maybe one of Peter’s fetishes was voyeurism.

He was certainly getting an eyeful of the naked teenagers as they jumped and splashed about in the hot tub. I caught my breath when the naked black figure of Doctor Henry arrived at the side of the tub and climbed the steps. He paused to let the girls get an eyeful, then his huge cock led the way into the water.

I was mesmerized as I watched the girls retreat to the far side. The views on the other five screens kept changing about every ten seconds but not the one watching the tub.

“Do you want to watch, Tess?” I jumped at the sound of his voice.

“Um, er, no...”

I hurriedly pushed the material off my shoulders while I continued to watch the trio. When I turned, naked, Peter was relaxing in the chair behind the desk. His right hand was on a control panel on a sloping panel on the righthand side of his chair.

“From here Tess, I can see dozens of locations both inside and outside of the house.” There was a joystick on the panel which he placed his fingers on.
“Watch the screen, Tess.”

I turned and watched as the camera focused on Zoe. Doctor Henry had steered her to the side and was about to massage her back while she clung onto the side. He pushed his cock into her butt crack instead of her quim because he was stymied by the Roth Twin.

“You can relax, Tess. Both girls cannot be penetrated, but I suspect, Doctor Henry will test their oral skills before he brings them back inside. Come, we have better things to do than watch them frolicking about.”

I turned and surveyed the desk. It was clear apart from a wire basket on each side, which contained different coloured folders. A box of tissues sat on top of the folders on the right hand side.

He patted the desk in front of his knees. “Come and sit here, Tess.”

I hurried around and eagerly eased myself up into position so that my shins were against his knees. He had chosen me over the other two and I was determined to try and impress him.

“Lean back onto your elbows and lift your feet onto the desk, Tess. It’s time to extract the dildo part of the Roth.”

“Yes, Master.” I was embarrassed to spread my legs as wide as I needed to adopt the position he demanded, but I was supple enough.

“Good girl.” Peter reached in his pants pocket and pulled out a remote controller.

The push of a button, followed by a click, signified that one part of the chastity device had disengaged from the other. “It will be nice to feel the real thing inside me, Master.”

After withdrawing the steel, fake cock, he reached for a tissue and wrapped it, then placed the parcel on the files in the lefthand tray. He studied my unveiled sex for a moment. Then, after gripping the back of my thighs, he flabbergasted me when he dipped his head and docked his mouth on my splayed sex.

“Oh, Master, I didn’t...” He attacked my tender folds with a ferocity that took my breath away.

He concentrated on my clitoral ridge rather than penetrating me. His strong tongue flew back and forth, up and down, then he drew my ridge and clit between his lips. When he sucked it hard and nibbled it gently, he triggered the reaction I was hoping for. I thought it was going to be the warmup act, but he went further and waited until I was trembling through an intense orgasm. Only then did he retreat and climb to his feet.

“Are you ready, Tess?”

“Oh, Master, I’m desperate to have your cock in me,” I replied in a low insistent voice.

I lifted my head so that I could witness the moment when he steered his massive knob into my hot and gushing quim, thanks to his aggressive oral attentions.

“I’m tasking you with managing the other two girls, Tess, in the coming days.” he said as his cock burrowed deeper and stretched my youthful muscles, until my body wouldn’t let him go any further.

I looked up from my groin. “Are you really sending me to that academy?”

“Tess, it’s all arranged. I need to know now, that you’re totally committed to being with me. Living with me and loving me as a man and your Master.”

“Oh, I am, Master, it’s just that...”

He lifted his finger to my lips. “I don’t want any ifs, buts, or maybe’s, I’m asking for you to totally commit to me. To let me mould your life. You’ve already had an example of the power I wield when we had your boss eating out of your hand. Time is short. What’s it to be? Total commitment or go back to living with your friend in a spare room?”

While he talked, he began to slowly thrust his shaft with long languid strokes. “I’m all in, Master, but there are things I want to discuss with you.”

“Tess, there will be plenty of time for that. For now, today, I want you to look after Jenny and Tess until you get back here later this afternoon. I want you to befriend Jenny and come on to her when you get a moment at the store.”

“What if she repels me?”

“Jenny has strong lesbian tendencies. It is one of the reasons her Master sent her over. He wants her to be broader minded and that’s why she’s going with you two to Red-Mill Hall academy.”

I didn’t think that I was going to have a problem with Jenny, for she had been making eyes at me. However, I wanted to make Peter think that the task was a difficult one.

“I’ll try, Master.”

“That’s all I ask...” He increased the tempo and clasped my tits.

“Oh, Master, that’s a heavenly sensation...” I sank onto my back and gently held his upper arms while his hands squeezed and manipulated my tits.

While enjoying the orgasmic sensations generated by his stout shaft pumping back and forth, I realized that my quim had hardly been vacant since I met him. In fact, I had a dildo buried deep within my vagina when I met him on the train, on my way home to Legrave. The dildo, then the Roth, had in fact trained me to acquire a fetish for dildos.

The same could be said for the anal plug, for I no longer thought about it until I went to the toilet. I was thinking about it while Peter shafted me because it constricted my quim and caused more pressure on my ‘G’ spot. The orgasm was spectacular, and long-lasting, until Peter finally couldn’t keep the tide back. His eyes glazed over while he emitted a low growl as he anointed me with spurt after spurt of hot, masterful jiz.

Having put the academy to the back of my mind, I was excited and then ecstatic when he waited for me to sit up so he could embrace and kiss me. It wasn’t a crazy passionate kiss, it was aggressive and brief, but I saw it as a sign that our relationship was deepening. Tasking me with broadening Jenny’s outlook showed that he wanted to give me responsibilities in our relationship.

He lifted me off his cock and set me down on my feet. “You’ve got to shower and get changed, Tess.” He pointed into the games room. “The bathroom is on the far side and your clothes are stacked on the countertop. You’ll see that I’m continuing with the student theme. You may have guessed that uniform is one of

my fetishes.”

“How many have you got, Master?”

He grabbed some tissues to clean his cock, then, when I bent over to pick up my clothes, he slapped my ass.

“Ow,” I exclaimed.

“Tess, that’s for untidiness, now hurry and no more talk of fetishes until we are in bed tonight.”

I was in a much better place as I scampered across the room, holding the dirty items to my tits. Peter had finally shown me some affection, so I was in a good place. I dropped the items in the laundry basket and stepped under the shower. There wasn’t a cubicle, just a dip in the corner of the marble tiled floor. It was a decent sized shower room and was decorated to a high standard with grey marble tiles, silver accessories and taps. The man was clearly wealthy and never did anything in half measures.

He hadn’t refitted the dildo part of the Roth. At first, I thought it was on purpose, but then I began to wonder if he forgot. I wanted a spell without it, so I decided not to say anything.

Chapter 4.8 ~ His number one.

The pile of clothes was stacked on the small section of countertop beside the white inset sink, while a brown jacket was hanging on the back of the door, on a clothes hanger. There was no badge on the pocket, but the jacket was tailored to a high standard, unlike normal school uniforms.

I dried myself and took the time, before I touched the clothes, to think about my feelings. Peter got a kick out of seeing us looking younger. Zoe was only nineteen and I suspected that Jenny was the same age. I thought I was more mature than the other two, so I was going to have to work harder to impress him.

The clothes had been stacked thoughtfully. A pair of Long black socks sat on top. Beneath were a pair of white cotton panties. I hadn't worn similar underwear since I was in the seventh grade. They were tight, as was the white vest. I donned the white blouse, a brown and white tie, then a brown, box pleated skirt which was short; but the length teenage girls often wore. The final item was a brown cardigan that buttoned down the front.

When I stepped into the flat, black shoes, which had been placed in front of the sink cupboard, I got an uneasy feeling that I was being watched. I looked around the room casually and didn't spot anything that looked like a camera; but there could have been one behind the fixed mirror for all I knew.

Peter was waiting outside and was clearly delighted by my appearance. "Tess, you look sensational..." He grabbed me, so I threw my arms around his neck and made sure the kiss was longer and more passionate.

When we parted. I was breathless. "Apart from the tie and cardigan, it doesn't feel like a uniform," I said.

He grabbed the knot of the tie and straightened it. “Tess, at the moment you are my number one girl, but don’t take that position for granted. You’ve got to learn how to take charge of a situation, how to accept authority, and finally, how to deal with disappointment. I want to see your true character in the next couple of days and I will test you.”

“I understand, Master.” I didn’t really, but I wanted time to think about what he said.

“It’s time to take your collar off...” He produced a small set of keys and unlocked it at the back. He then showed me a slim controller. “This is the remote which will unlock the girl’s Roth restrainers...” He placed it in the righthand side pocket of my jacket. “...and this is a camera that will record everything you do today.” He held up a gold pin, studded with tiny diamonds, which was in the shape of a heart. He then pinned it to the lapel of my jacket so that only the heart showed. “Come...”

He led the way back to the ground floor and into the lounge where the other two girls were waiting, sitting either side of Trevor Miller on the sofa. As we entered, the Elder took his hands off the girl’s thighs. There was no sign of the black doctor or the principal, so I assumed they had already departed.

The girls were dressed in a blue version of what I was wearing, except their outfits were standard schoolgirl uniforms. Their socks were white and only knee length. Their skirts were daringly short, but not outrageous in length. Like me, they weren’t wearing make-up so looked as though butter wouldn’t melt in their mouths.

Peter waited until we were standing in line. “Girl’s, the brown uniform signifies that Tess is in charge. That may not be the case next time. The authoritative position is gained on performance so it’s up for grabs.” He looked from Zoe to Penny. “Tess will make decisions and pass on orders from me. You two must respond to her orders eagerly and without argument or complaint. Whoever wears this brown uniform speaks for me and I will not accept any disobedience. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Master,” we chorused.

He had two more hearts which he pinned to the girl’s lapels. These are my gifts to you. You must always wear them.

“Oh, we will, Master,” Zoe said, staring down at the sparkling heart.

“Yes, Master. It is beautiful,” Jenny added.

He led us out into the garage. We three sat in the back of his flash Mercedes, while the men sat in the front. The Journey was an easy one because the private estate that Peter lived on was near a junction of the motorway. We left a few minutes after ten and arrived in the store’s delivery yard. just before eleven.

I rang Kelly and had a brief chat with her about calling by later and staying for a couple of hours. She was in a good mood and apologized for her remarks. She wanted to see me and told me to bring my girlfriend over even before I mentioned Zoe. I didn’t think I was being dishonest telling Kelly that Zoe and me were a pair because I liked the idea.

I chatted with Kelly for about ten minutes, then Jenny spent the rest of the time giving us the lowdown on her background. As I suspected, she was nineteen. She was adopted at age twelve, after her strict father had died of an illness. She lived in Florida and was glowing about the living conditions there. She was hesitant to say much about her teenage years except to say she went to a special school that concentrated on sport over education.

Sitting in the middle and being shoulder to shoulder with the teenager, I couldn't fail to feel her desire to know me. She put her hand on mine several times and when I briefly touched her bare thigh, she parted her knees an inch. I was sure it was an involuntary act that was a result of the training she had received from the 'Respect Fellowship' in the States.

Brian opened the door soon after Peter had pushed the bell. His handsome black face lit up when he saw me and Zoe standing behind the men. "Doctor Finch, Mr Miller, welcome back to 'Fetish Where?'."

Peter led the way inside and stopped beside the young man, "Brian, has Mr. Bamber arrived yet?"

"Yes, Sir. He and a young lady arrived at Eleven, about five minutes ago. Simon took him to your office."

"Thanks, Brian..."

"Hi, Tess," Brian said flashing a row of immaculate white teeth.

Peter interrupted us. “Tess, take Zoe and Penny to the showroom and choose your frocks for tonight’s party, wear them to my office when you’ve dressed.”

“Master, can we go and buy presents afterwards?” I asked.

“Sure, but I want to see you in your outfits first.”

“Yes, Master.” I hung back with Zoe and Penny, while the men scooted up the stairs.

“Who’s your friend, Zoe?”

“This is Penny. She’s from Florida.”

“Near Disneyland?” Brian asked.

She shook her head. “No, south near Miami.”

“Cool. I’ve seen Miami Vice...”

“Brian,” I said firmly. “Can you put our coats and bags in the cloakroom?”

“Sure, Tess...” He watched us take our winter coats off, ready to hand to him. “Love the uniforms. Are you going somewhere special?”

“We’re going shopping later.”

He lowered his voice. “Can I have a word with you, Tess, in private?” He took our coats and bags and put them in the tiny room behind the desk.

I turned to the other two. “Zoe, take Jenny and show her the latex gear. You and I need outfits we can wear to Kelly’s. They must be decent.”

She put her thumbs up. “No problem, I’ll go and see if Simon and Petra have put the new merchandize out.”

Brian came out of the cloakroom, passed me, and crossed the room to the other side. “Come over here, Tess.”

What do you want?” I asked after sidling up to him.

He lifted his hands and held my upper arms. “I know you’re with the Doctor and... well, er, are you and Zoe...?” I looked around at the position of the cameras. “This is a blind spot, Tess. No one will see us kiss.”

I shook my head. “I like you, Brian, but that time we had sex was a one off.” I wondered what Peter would want me to say to the lad. He would want me to be firm, but I also wanted to be kind to him. “Brian, the Doctor is my Master now. If you respect me, you’ll forget about the sex.”

“Fuck, Tess, I aint ever going to forget that...”

“I’ve got to go and select some clothes and you’ve got a job to do. You don’t want to get me into trouble, do you?”

He shook his head, then let me go. “I’ll see you later, Tess.”

I walked along the corridor toward the changing rooms and the showroom back entrance. I paused when I heard a noise in the punishment room (My name for it).

It was Petra, the tall, German manageress. She was wearing a tight, black latex minidress, that hugged her curves, showcasing her stunning figure. She was delving into a box of stock and deliberately delayed rising so that I could examine her fig-like labia at the apex of her thighs.

She was wearing a thong, but it was so brief the band had pulled into and disappeared between her lips. She rose slowly and then tugged the tight latex down. When she turned her head toward me, her blond hair swirled around her shoulders.

“Tess, good to see you.” She took a step toward me and studied my clothes with her sparkling blue eyes. “Uniforms suit you. Not my cup of tea but your youthful beauty creates an illusion that would make most men’s dicks stand to attention.”

“Thanks, Petra. I feel like I’m in the army, rather than a teenager attending school.”

“Good observation. Peter wants us to sell uniforms. Maybe there’ll be some in camouflage and khaki. Where’s Zoe and Jenny?”

“Oh, in the store. We’ve got to select a dress for tonight and then show Peter to get his approval.”

“You’re going to the Christmas ball, so yes, it’s got to be eye-catching when you’re on the arm of a man like Peter.” She couldn’t hide a trace of jealousy in her voice.

“Oh, yes, of course.”

“There’s a lot of new stock, Tess. Go and check it out. I’ll be interested to see which one you choose.”

I found Zoe at the back of the store, holding up a blue latex dress against Penny to get an idea of its appearance. The ‘V’ neck, wrap, minidress, zipped all the way down the front. It was classy.

“It’s from the new stock, Tess.”

“I like it, Zoe. I think I’ll try it on.”

“Wait a minute, I was going to...”

I held my finger up. “Listen to me, Zoe. I like the dress. Find another one for yourself and Penny.”

She made a face at me. “Huh, authority has gone to your head.” She handed it over and gave me a wry smile. “Here, it’s all yours and it’ll fit you.” Zoe should know, she had been working in the store for over a year.

I liked the dress, but I mainly took it off Zoe, because I was in a hurry and wanted to get out of the store. I had presents to buy and time was running out. As I headed for the changing room, I wondered what Peter would have made of my assertiveness. I also wondered if there really was a camera in the sparkling pin.

Chapter 4.9 ~ Putting on a show.

I chose the first of a line of changing rooms. Petra must have heard me enter it, for within 30 seconds she took a peek around the curtain.

“Oh, it’s you, Tess, that was quick.” She looked at the dress I had just hung over my jacket. “Wow, you’ve got good taste.”

“I hope Peter likes it on me, that is if it fits.”

She entered and looked at the label. “It’s a six, so should be okay. I’ll get you the accessory pack.”

I put my hand up to stop her. “Um, I think I’ll just be wearing the dress, thank you, Petra.”

“Nonsense, Peter is going to want to see you in the complete outfit. I’ll find you a pair of blue stilettos too. He is going to love it.”

The woman drove me crazy with her unreasonable bossiness. She was the manager of the store so had some authority over me, but surely, she had better things to do than boss me around, didn’t she?

I removed my tie first, then my blouse and laid them on the worktop. I placed my skirt on top, then the socks... That’s when Petra entered. She put the box down and while she studied my body, she lifted the top off the box.

“You look cuter than cute, Tess. I’ll wait just in case you need a hand.” Petra removed a pair of blue stilettos from the box and placed them on the floor, then fished out a blue latex thong.

I was embarrassed to strip naked in front of the German dominatrix who I was sure had lesbian tendencies. However, I felt Petra sensed my uneasiness and let me quickly get on with it. As soon as I had picked up the white cotton panties and put them on the pile, she came closer and held out the thong. She didn’t let it go when I went to take it from her.

“I see Peter has removed the Roth twin.”

I blushed, knowing that she had been studying my sex. “Not all of it,” I said lamely.

“Tell me, Tess. Do you miss the dildo?”

“I’m not sure...”

She dropped her free hand and slipped a finger along my damp furrow. She exerted pressure on my hood and clit, then teased my wet entrance. “Tess, your quim definitely misses it. That’s a good sign.”

“It’s the latex, Petra. I find the scent heavenly...”

“You and me, both.”

She released the thong and leant forward to kiss me on the lips. It was brief but a sign I was on her radar. I pulled the thong up, then sat down on the chair to pull the dark blue latex stockings up my legs. I hadn't put the dress on, but I was already becoming overwhelmed by the intoxicating aroma of latex rubber.

“I'll hold the dress for you. The sleeves are going to be tight.”

She was right. Her holding the dress by the shoulders, enabled me to push my hands into the tight sleeves until they emerged from the ends. Once my arms and shoulders were wrapped in latex, Petra came around to face me, then pulled the sides together level with my tits.

“Notice how the latex is thicker beneath your tits and thin over them. The dress lifts your perky tits nicely.” She located the zip and began the journey down.

“Oh, wow, that's tight,” I said when the zip reached my waist.

“The latex is thicker again around your midriff...” The dress finished at mid-thigh, but the skirts didn't flare out which meant I would be more comfortable among company. “Tess, I can hear Zoe and Penny in the next cubicle. I'll go and give them a hand.”

“Oh, okay.” I was relieved to see her go.

The latex dress was mid-blue and had inch wide, dark blue edges around the ‘V’ neck, the cuffs and the hem. I stepped into the shoes. And studied my appearance in the mirror. The dress had the wow factor and would turn heads. It looked less like an item of fetish wear than most of the other gear in the shop. I was pleased with it and decided that I could wear it to Kelly’s and avoid shocking her parents.

When I stepped out of the cubicle, I felt like a completely different person to when I entered. Gone was the submissive, teenage student, shrouded in a dowdy uniform. I had been transformed into a sophisticated woman who looked powerful and possibly dominant in nature.

I almost bumped into a girl, about my height and age, in the narrow corridor, outside the last cubicle in the line. “Sorry...” I said to the dark haired youngster.

“Oh, are you Tess?”

“Yes, what do you want?”

“Um, I’m Molly. Doctor Finch wants you to bring your clothes up to the office, once you’ve changed.”

I held my arms out. “Well, I’ve changed. I’d better get my clothes.”

The youngster, who was wearing a red 'V' neck sweater, a red tartan pleated skirt and white knee-length socks, followed me to the booth. "Can I help?" she asked.

I gave her the jacket while I carried the rest of the items. I paused to look at the accessory box, then decided to take it with me. We had to pass Brian, who was standing between the two flights of stairs.

"Going up or down?" he asked.

"We're going up to see Peter."

"That cool dress looks super-hot on you, Tess."

"Thanks, Brian."

I noticed Molly place her hand on the back of her skirt on the way up the stairs. She saw me glance down. "This skirt is so short, Tess."

"Are you wearing panties?"

"A thong. It doesn't cover much."

“Neither does mine so we’re in the same boat.”

Simon was behind the bar studying some paperwork near the till. “Tess!” he called out. “Merry Christmas!”

“You, too,” I responded with a wave.

I lifted the section of bar, ushered Molly through, then knocked on the office door. Peter called us in. He was sitting behind the desk while Trevor Miller and a stranger were sitting facing Peter. Their heads turned so they could see me.

“Tess! Wow, that dress is spectacular,” Peter said. “Come here...” He swivelled his chair as I approached.

“It’s from the new stock. Um, it costs two hundred pounds with the accessories. I didn’t put them all on, Master.”

Peter turned to the other two. “Tess is still learning the ropes here at ‘Fetish Where?’ She has a lot to learn.

I placed my clothes and the box on the end of the desk while Molly hung my jacket on a wall hook. Peter picked up the box and peered into it. He lifted out the contents – a matching hood and gloves along with a dark blue leather collar. I waited while he examined the full hood. I didn’t want to wear it.

“No, you were right not to put it on, Tess. You can wear the gloves and collar tonight and we’ll take the hood just in case someone wants to see the whole outfit.”

“Of course, Master.”

“Are you comfortable in the dress?”

“Yes, Master. It fits me perfectly.”

Peter sat forward on his chair and ran his hands over the smooth latex, testing the tightness and feeling the effect the dress was having on my curves. After squeezing my tits, he turned me around, then felt my butt cheeks. He was far enough from the desk for his two guests to see what he was doing. After turning me again, he reached down and clasped the zipper. I thought he was going to unzip it up to my thong, but he went all the way to the top.

“Oh...” I glanced at the pair on the opposite side of the desk who hadn’t taken their greedy eyes off me.

The stranger was younger than Trevor Miller and better looking. He had thick unruly straw coloured hair and twinkling blue eyes. All three men were wearing smart pants and casual jackets.

Peter pulled the sides apart to check out my body and the thong. “Tess, I want you to change back into your uniform, but instead of your cotton underwear, I want you to wear this latex leotard.” He picked up a cellophane packet sitting on the desk and handed it to me. A box containing a new Roth-Twin remained on the desk. I hoped it stayed there.

“Um, do you want me to change here, Master?” I glanced at the men again.

He was revelling in my embarrassment. “Of course. Trevor and James are both Fellowship Elders.”

He expected me to relax because of their status, but I was far from happy about having spectators. However, I wanted to maintain my position of authority in Peter’s pecking order, so I had no choice but to put on a show for his friends.

“I’ll go over there,” I said, pointing across the room.

“No, Tess, do it here. I want to see if this leotard fits you. If it does, then I’ll take a few home.”

“Can you help me remove my arms from the sleeves, please, Master?”

With Peter’s help, I extricated myself from the tight arms. The Elders sat forward and leant on the desk so they could see what I was doing. Molly, who looked sympathetically at me, stood behind her Master. I folded the dress carefully and then placed the thong on top of it. Peter grabbed my hips and steered me back so

that I could sit on his knees while removing my stockings.

No one was offering to help so I had to unwrap the leotard myself and unfold it. “Oh, it has a slot,” I said looking down at the gusset. It also had reinforced holes for my nipples. They would be under my clothes, so I wasn’t too alarmed by their presence.

I stood up and stepped into the leg holes. It was already powdered to make it easier to pull on. The cream latex was thinner than the dress and became almost transparent as it stretched into the shape of my body. It felt as though I was donning a second skin. The sensation and aroma of the new latex started me trembling with excitement.

It was a tight fit and because it had short sleeves, it was a little awkward to pull on while steering my nipples through the holes. My dark nubs looked obscene against the light translucent latex.

As soon as it was on, I had to deal with the gusset, but I wanted to do it in private. The reinforced edges of the slot were pulling hard against my lips. I was going to continue dressing, but Peter had other ideas.

“Tess, bend over and touch your toes so that I can check out the slot.” He saw me hesitate. “Petra explained the design to me. Bend over.” I turned around and bent right forward, thus revealing the slot flattening my labia lips. “Tess, the opening is designed to spread your labia lips, not crush them.”

I squeezed my eyes shut while he pushed each lip sideways, beneath the latex, thus leaving my pudendal ridge and hood standing proud down the centre of the

slot.

He gently slapped my latex clad butt. “Up, Tess. Let me check out your nipples.” I presented myself for inspection. The tight latex almost flattened my tits, but my nubs looked as though they had grown.

“Oh!” I exclaimed when Peter pulled them and gave them a twist.

“That’s better, now go and show my guests. Then, you can finish getting dressed.”

I didn’t know where to look, after walking around the desk and standing between the two men. Molly stepped back to watch both men run their hands over my latex encased body. Four hands playing with my nipples and squeezing my butt cheeks sent my arousal levels into orbit.

“Oh,” I gasped when one of Trevor Millers fingers stroked my line of clitoral flesh and teased my clit, after poking through my thigh tunnel from behind.

It was only a brief playful examination, but it lasted long enough to ignite a deep orgasmic tingle in the pit of my belly. If the finger had penetrated me then I might have climaxed.

“Peter, it fits her body perfectly,” Trevor said, then squeezed my ass. “You can get dressed now, Tess.”

“Um, shall I take it off, Master?”

“No, I want you to wear it for a few hours and then tell me whether it was comfortable.”

“Can I wear my panties while I’m shopping, Master?”

“No. For the moment, you are in charge of the other two. Imagine punishing one of them by making them perform oral.”

Peter’s reply kickstarted my imagination. I returned to stand in front of him. I slipped the blouse, skirt and socks on. By the time I was tying my tie, my face felt cooler, so I was able to look at the men again. They had both seen and felt my most intimate parts, and like me, were aware that when I walked around, until I went home, my clit was visible and unprotected.

Peter reached out and after placing his hands on my hips drew me to him. “Tess, I want you to take Mr. Bamber and Molly down to the dungeon and show them around. After a tour, choose a cubicle, then demonstrate the Roth twin. I have a new one here...” He slid it along the desk. “If Mr. Bamber is impressed, he will want Molly to have this one fitted.”

Shocked to be given such a task, my mind was racing to try and think of an excuse. “Um, Master, I was going to go shopping. I haven’t got a present for my friend’s parents.”

Peter, still holding my hips, squeezed them to signal his displeasure to me and not his friends. “I know Tess, but this task is more important; and besides it isn’t twelve yet. There will be plenty of time to go shopping this afternoon. Most of the shops are open till five. We’ve also decided to keep the doors open here till five. Take the box and get Brian to switch the lights on in one of the cubicles. You can leave your jacket here. There’s a controller in the box if you need one.”

I had to behave as though I was carrying out a task that I would normally do during my work at the store. I may have already stepped over the line, so I had to impress Peter before I left the store to go shopping...

Chapter 4.10 ~ Bound and gagged.

My brain went into overdrive while we exited the office and crossed the mezzanine floor to the top of the stairs. “Tess, is it really like a dungeon?” Molly asked as soon as we started to descend the stairs.

“Well, I’ve only seen them on TV. Ours is a copy.”

“Do... do you go down there with customers?”

“To show them around...”

We arrived at the rear lobby, whereupon Brian came out from behind the desk. “Tess, Mr. Bamber, are you going down...?” He looked in the direction of the dark steps to the basement.

“Yes, Brian,” I replied. “I’m giving Mr. Bamber and Molly a tour of the dungeon. Can you come down and turn the lights on for us?”

“Sure, Tess. Anything in particular you want to demonstrate?” His eyes fell to the box I was carrying.

“I just need the lights, Brian.”

He reached up and threw a switch on a small panel. The stairwell was bathed in red light while the steps were highlighted with tiny white halogen lights. The moment we set off down, Brian assumed the role of tour guide.

“Notice the classic photographs taken right here in the dungeon. Virtually every local member of the club is somewhere on the walls and in the lobby downstairs.”

“That’s impressive, Brian,” the Elder said as he perused the pictures on his side of the wide staircase.

He and his companion focused on the pictures until we reached the bottom. We had to turn into the lobby before it split into the two sections of the dungeon.

“Oh, is this you, Tess?” Molly asked.

I turned to look at the large picture on the far side of the small room and got the shock of my life. The framed photograph was of me upside down on the cross while I was wearing the full latex catsuit.

Because it was taken from above and forward of the cross, I guessed that the camera was located among the spotlights. I had lifted my head to look up my latex clad body while Petra demonstrated the stainless-steel Roth-Twin. The slightly curved and ribbed dildo was almost withdrawn from my juicy entrance when the picture was taken.

“My God...” I turned to Brian and was going to demand an answer to how it got there, but he was making a shushing motion with his finger up to his lips.

“Yes, Mr. Thomas, that is Tess,” Brian confirmed as the elder went closer to the picture. “In my opinion, Sir, Tess is the company’s best product ambassador.”

Brian was enjoying himself and had most likely been responsible for putting the framed A3 picture on the wall. It was positioned where everyone would see it when they chose to go to the south aisle, or the north, for the sign was above the grossly lewd picture.

I pointed at it. “Was this your idea?”

The young man shook his head. “Simon thought that this was the best location for such a superb picture.”

“I agree, it’s an amazing piece of art. I’m impressed, Tess. I can see that you have a passion for embracing your own personal fetishes. Which way to the cross?”

“This way, Sir.” Brian switched the lights on and set off.

We followed him into the aisle. He must have switched on the spotlights aimed at the cross with the main red lights. It was my worst nightmare, so I had no intention of being strapped to it again. However, I couldn’t stop Mr. Bamber from approaching it to get a closer look.

“Tess, are you going to climb aboard and demonstrate the Roth-Twin, to me?”
He asked.

“No, Sir. Doctor Finch suggested we go into one of the cells.”

“I’ll put the lights on in cell three,” Brian said, then hurried away to the panel of light switches.

For once, I was grateful to the lad for not egging on the Elder because if the man insisted, I would have had to do it all over again. A light came on in a cubicle, then the spotlights were extinguished. I led the way to the fake dungeon cell.

The main item was a padded bench which looked innocuous compared to the cross and stocks which were specialty pieces of BDSM equipment. The bench had leather straps for arms, wrists, neck, midriff, thighs and ankles. The lower part was also divided into two.

There were cuffs attached to a fake stone wall, cuffs hanging from chains attached to the ceiling. There was a bench with dozens of leather restraints piled on it and also a stout trestle with attached cuffs and a rack of punishment instruments.

I placed the boxed Roth-Twin on the bench beside the other restraints and opened it. It contained the normal sized dildo which was a relief.

“How does this work, Brian?” the Elder asked while running his hands over the black latex surface of the table.”

“To demonstrate the controls, I need one of the girls to lie down on it,” Brian replied.

“Tess, would you do the honours, then I’ll decide if Penny can have a go,” Mr. Bamber requested in a friendly manner, as though he thought it was something that I did on a regular basis.

I wanted to show him the Roth-Twin first, but I wanted to do it after Brian had gone back to his station. “Okay, Sir.”

I was about to climb on when Brian held his hand out. “Um, Tess, you need to take your skirt off.”

I frowned at him, then released the catch on the waistband and stepped out of the skirt. When the lower part of the latex leotard came into view, the reality of the situation hit home. Brian’s eyes almost popped out of his head when he saw that I was wearing latex underwear that had a slot in the gusset.

“Make it quick, Brian,” I said, hoping beyond hope that he wouldn’t prolong my agony.

Both men were standing together by the control panel, so I was climbing on opposite them. I kept my legs together as I hoisted myself up, then laid down on

the latex surface. The heavy aroma of rubber, all around me, was making me feel lightheaded.

“I’ll help you with the straps, Brian,” Mr. Bamber said.

“Oh, there’s no need to fasten me down, I’m not going to fall off.”

“It’s health and safety, Tess,” Brian pointed out. “You have to be strapped down.”

Both men gave me the hard stare, then began fastening all the leather straps on my limbs. My arms were fastened by my side and my legs were secured with my feet about six inches apart. There wasn’t much room in the cell, so even though I could see the lower part of the table split, I didn’t think the table would be spinning around.

“Brian, there’s no need for that...” He was fastening the leather belt around my waist.

“Tess, this thing moves so the straps need to be secure...” He tightened the restraint, then came to my head. “I’ll just get the ring gag, Sir, then I can show you the bench’s features.”

“Brian, no gag. It’s not necessary...”

Mr. Bamber put his hand on my tummy, just inches away from my sex. “Tess, calm down. Your demonstration will help me decide whether the journey up from London will be worthwhile in the future.”

Brian hadn't waited. He came back with a ring gag and without any preamble, offered the plastic ring up to my mouth. I was seething but I dutifully opened my mouth and let him ease it in behind my teeth. After he had buckled the band behind my head, he fastened the strap over my neck.

My God, I thought. Having stepped into the world of bondage and rubber fetishes, I was being sucked down into a fiery hell of sexual depravity. I was furious at Brian and yet I lay there with butterflies of excitement in my tummy, wondering what was going to happen next. I guessed the table could be moved up and down, maybe tilted and spread my legs. I was concerned that I couldn't demonstrate the Roth-Twin while they fooled around with me on the table.

“So, what's the table's main feature, Brian?” When I turned my head, I saw that the Elder was itching to get his hands on the controls.

“Well, Sir, as you can see, there are two sets of controls. The table's computer knows whether the girl is lying on her front or back, so the controls on the left are dead.”

I didn't like the sound of the table's capabilities. I clearly lacked imagination and was naïve when it came to judging what men were capable of.

“What a clever bit of kit.”

“If Tess was lying on her front, the centre of the table can be lifted and the ends dropped until she is doubled over. Then it can be tilted backwards so the client can use both of her holes at their leisure.”

“What about when the girl is on her back?” Mr. Bamber asked.

“She obviously won't bend as much, but the human body is very flexible...”

“Ugggggh!” I exclaimed when the centre of the table started to rise and my feet and head drop. Also, simultaneously, my legs began to move apart.

I lay there helpless as the table reshaped until my body was bent into a curve and my legs were forming an angle of 90 degrees. With my head almost upside down, I found myself staring at Molly, who looked as though she was going to wet herself.

“Well, Brian, this is an excellent position for vaginal and oral sex...”

“Yes, Sir. We have members who double up when they share a submissive. Some members find it difficult to locate a talented girl like Tess. She is a rare phenomenon.”

He glanced at Molly who had a wan smile on her face. “That's a fact, Brian. We need to release her though, so she can demonstrate the chastity device, unless

you know how it works.”

“Sir, Simon trained me and I’ve been present many times when they’ve been fitted. It’s very simple.”

The lad was full of bullshit and his latest lie made me see red. “Ugggh!”

“Go fetch it then...”

“Sir, Tess probably hasn’t been penetrated for several hours. Her quim needs to be prepared prior to insertion of the hard stainless-steel dildo.”

“Are you saying that I should penetrate her first to... er... warm her up?”

“Exactly, Sir. I know that Tess will expect you to follow the normal recommended procedure...”

“Yes, of course. I’ve got to admit that ever since Tess climbed aboard, I’ve been trying to keep myself in check.”

“Can I suggest, Sir, while you prepare Tess, I secure Molly to the trestle in readiness to have the Roth fitted?”

There was a moment's hesitation, then he agreed with Brian's suggestion.
"Molly, remove your skirt and thong, so Brian can secure you to the wooden horse."

I felt sorry for the youngster who looked as though she was holding back the tears while she unfastened her skirt. I had my own problems because my back was beginning to ache. Tethered and unable to move, I was in a fix because the men hadn't even started to mess around with the steel dildo...

Chapter 4.11 ~ Used again.

I could just see, over the curve of my body, Mr. Bamber's head and that he was staring down at my sex.

"Uggh!" I exclaimed when a thumb stroked my proud clitoral ridge.

He targeted my erect nub by rubbing it back and forth, then crushing it with his thumb. "Tess, this leotard is perfect for opening up a girl's secrets to their Master. I shall be buying a couple for Molly before we've finished today."

I couldn't see what the Elder was doing after removing his thumb, but I felt him prod his knob against my succulent entrance. Then he exerted just enough pressure for his cock to penetrate me by an inch, then three, and on until he had run out of cock.

"Tess, I think your vagina is almost ready..." He began a steady, powerful thrusting motion while stroking my latex clad belly.

Then, his hands travelled upward, under my blouse until he was able to clasp my hard, jutting nipples. "Ugggggggh!" I gasped.

When he began to twist them, he triggered a body shuddering orgasm that had been threatening to materialize ever since I stood between the men wearing just a latex leotard.

“Urrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.” It was a guttural sound that signified I was experiencing a mixture of disgust and pleasure.

Disgust that I was a weak woman being dominated by all the men around me; and pleasure because of the sensations that wracked my bowed body, from the roots of my hair to the ends of my toes. Wave after wave of sparkling sensations raced around my nervous system. I imagined myself secured over a huge barrel as the aggressive elder continued to thump his stout shaft into me and brutalize my aching nubs.

“Sir, I think Tess is ready,” Brian said after he appeared in my peripheral vision. He was holding the dildo part of the Roth-Twin and the red controller ready to test it.

“Oh, yes, of course...” the Elder slowed, then reluctantly withdrew. I saw disappointment on his face.

Brian took his place between my legs. I felt him touch the short connecting piece that nudged my perinium. “Sir, this socket has to connect to the anal plug here...” He started to insert the slightly curved and ribbed stainless-steel dildo. “The gubbins, like the GPS and the batteries, are in the butt plug. When this connects, the steel cock becomes live.”

I felt a click, signifying that the two parts had become one. “That seems straightforward enough,” the Elder said.

“Yes, it was easy because Tess’s lips are drawn apart by the leotard. You will have to part Molly’s lips as the two parts connect and lock.”

Mr. Bamber ran his fingers around the edges of the metal disk that covered my entrance. “This gadget really does block little fingers from trying to wheedle their way into their honeypot. Amazing!”

“Also, see how the shield completely flattens the girl’s pussy meat. No more playing with her happy button until you say so.”

Brian’s crude remark went down well with the Elder. “Yes, got that.”

“Okay. Finally, this button on the remote, controls the strength of the vibrations.”

I felt the familiar sensation of the dildo buzzing deep in my quim. It was designed to vibrate next to my ‘G’ spot and would drive me crazy if Brian didn’t switch it off.

“Fetch the butt plug, would you, Brian.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Master, I don’t feel well at all,” Molly wailed.

“Oh, wait a minute, Molly.”

When Brian returned, the Elder took the plug from him. “Brian, you can leave us now.”

“Oh, shall I remove the dildo from Tess’s...?”

“No. I’ll deal with that. You can go back to your duties.”

“Yes, Sir. Thank you.”

I just caught a glimpse of Mr. Bamber giving Brian a hefty cash tip. “Thanks for your help.” As soon as Brian had left us alone, the Elder turned his attention to his submissive. “This won’t take a minute, Molly.”

“Ugggggggh,” the girl groaned. “That hurt, Master.”

While he was inserting the plug into her rectum, The vibrating dildo had returned me to a euphoric state. I was simmering nicely on the low setting, even though I was distracted by Molly being upset about what was happening to her.

“Okay, we’ll leave the dildo out until we get home.”

“Thank you... Master,” she said between sobs. “It... it feels uncomfortable. I

want to get dressed.” He clearly wasn’t a very dominant Master.

“You’ll get used to it,” he said trying to reassure her. A minute later the Elder led the sobbing skirt-less girl around to stand beside my upside-down head. “Molly, would you like Tess to give you a cunny licking while I sort her dildo out?”

The pretty youngster looked down at me. “How... how will I do it?”

“Just back up and sit on her face so that your pussy lips dock with the ring.”

The guy had got it all worked out, a thought that was confirmed when he returned to stand at the apex of my thighs. By the time he had unlocked the Roth-Twin, Molly was sitting on my face, squirming her smooth lips against mine.

I lapped them through the gag and managed to locate and penetrate her entrance by an inch or two. “Oh, Tess, you’re good at this,” she muttered, then started to grind her ass against my face to spread her plump lips wider.

At the other end, my quim was only vacant a couple of seconds. As soon as Mr. Bamber had withdrawn the dildo, he eased his cock in and resumed where he left off.

“One day, Molly will be as confident as you, Tess. Because of your selfless demonstration, I will be bringing her back for some more lessons, so we’ll be seeing each other again.”

“Urrrrr,” I moaned softly, but it was difficult to register my displeasure with a girl sitting on my face.

Thankfully, the Elder reached his peak, ejaculated while gripping my nipples, then sagged forward and kissed the latex covering my tummy. “Tess, this has been a morning to remember.” He stood up and withdrew. “Molly, come around here and clean my cock”

I was relieved to be able to breathe again properly, but there was nothing I could do about the girl’s juices covering my face. I had to wait patiently while the girl performed her task, then while they got dressed. The Elder packaged up the dildo, then came over to me.

“Tess, I’ll send Brian down to reverse the table and release you. I’m sure he won’t be a minute.”

“Ugggggggh!” I raged, but he hardly heard me because he was on his way.

I lay there for five minutes wondering why it was always me that ended up on the receiving end of a thorough shagging while pinned to one infernal contraption or another. What would the young black lad do when he found his favourite girl still spreadeagled on the curved table? I had rejected his advances, so he was likely to take the opportunity to shaft one or both of my holes before releasing me from the table.

Then I had an epiphany. I was actually hoping Brian would take advantage of my

gaping sex while I was gagged, tethered and helpless. As the seconds ticked by, my anticipation grew. My moral crisis evaporated though, for it wasn't Brian who came to rescue me, it was Zoe and Penny. They were still dressed in their college girl uniforms and tried to look sorry for me.

Zoe placed a food bag on the bench, then leant over me. "Oh, my god, Tess. I didn't expect to find you trying out this bit of gear. Brian said you were showing an Elder and his companion around. He didn't tell us what you've been getting up to."

Penny placed a hand on my belly and stroked the latex. "This is nice, Tess." Her hand brushed against my nipple which prompted her to pull my blouse up. "Look, Zoe. Her nips look great in this latex bodysuit."

She turned her head. "Fuck, yes..." Zoe went around the other side. "They look very suckable..." She leant forward and closed her lips on it, then began to aggressively suck my bullet hard nub.

Penny did the same with my right nipple, then Zoe reached down and started to aggressively rub my swollen and juicy clitoral flesh. I just laid there, stunned by the surprising turn of events. Why was I so relaxed when two of my friends were finger fucking me and sucking my nipples after the experience I had just suffered?

"Penny, I think that will do. We have food to eat and places to go. Release the straps while I sort this table out," Zoe instructed the blond American.

It only took Zoe a few seconds to return the table to its original state. She then

came around and removed the gag. “Babe, you do take your work seriously.”

She helped me up into a sitting position on the side of the padded table. “This was not my idea. I’m fucking angry with Brian.”

Zoe put a hand on my thigh. “He’s got a thing for you. Don’t go hard on the lad. Like you, he has to do what our Masters tell us to do.”

“Here, Tess, put this on.” Penny handed my skirt to me.

“I don’t know if I’m strong enough for the things Peter wants me to do,” I said softly as I sorted the skirt out.

“Huh, that man is a saint compared to some of the fuckers I’ve been down here with.”

“Have you been pinned to this table, Zoe?” Penny asked.

“Loads of times. It’s worse when they want you face down. That usually ends in a thrashing and being speared in all three holes. Tess, I have a message from Peter that you’re not going to like.”

I rolled my eyes. “What is it this time?”

“He wants you to go and pick up a file at your old company, from your old boss, at one o’clock.”

“Fuck, why me?”

She shrugged. “Peter and Trevor have had to go out for a meeting with some fellowship members and won’t be back till three...”

“Meeting, huh! They’ll be stuffing their faces and getting drunk,” I responded. “Did he say why I’ve got to go at one o’clock?”

“No, but he said the file was very important,” Zoe replied. “Oh, he said to remind you not to forget your jacket. I don’t know why he said that. You’re hardly going out in the freezing weather without it.”

“He probably wants the file before the firm closes for the long holiday,” Molly suggested.

“The firm closed yesterday. Peter must have made a special arrangement with my old boss...”

“We’d better eat the food. I bought some sandwiches from the deli three doors down.”

The three of us sat munching our sandwiches and discussing the things that went on in the dungeon. Zoe did most of the talking and I listened, but my mind was on 'Thomas, Smith & Baker'; and in particular Roger Baker, who was my old boss.

After the Holiday I was going to have to work with him – a man who had wanted to have sex with me and then got his chance in the dungeon. That dark moment was thanks to the conniving and bitter ex-owner of 'Fetish Where?', Simon, who I was also going to have to work alongside if I spent time in the shop helping out.

Was it just a case of picking up a folder or was there more to the errand than Peter was letting on...?

The End of Part Four

Sample of Part Five.

Chapter 5.1 ~ Into the Lion's den.

After we had eaten the wonderful beef sandwiches that Zoe had fetched from the Deli, we returned to the office which we found empty. Simon was hovering around, at the bar, but he didn't bother us. The girls already had their jackets on and pretended that they weren't envious of my superior college-style uniform. They avoided discussing it, possibly because they had plans to change places with me in the near future.

It was easy to work out a shopping plan, because we both knew St Albans well. Zoe told me which shops she was going to visit and in which order, so that if I got waylaid, I would be able to track them down. Zoe also informed me that Peter had changed the schedule slightly.

He planned to leave the store at 3:30. The meal at home would be at 4:30 and he would call a taxi at 8:00, but still pick us up at eleven. Zoe and I would have half an hour less with my friend and their parents, but that would be okay.

It was 12:55 when we finally left the store and headed up the hill to the city centre. When we arrived at the traffic lights, I went straight across while the girls turned right. The coats we had been given had fur trim and fur lined hoods. I pulled mine up and trudged onward with a bitter wind blowing in my face. It was grey overhead, but thankfully we hadn't had any snow for a couple of days.

When I arrived at the 300 year old building, the double front door was closed, so I went down the alleyway to the back of the building and pressed the button beside the back door. I heard the distant bell ringing in the main hall, then

waited. I could see the rear of the hall through the window, so spotted the man before he reached the door to unlock it.

It wasn't Roger Baker, it was James Thomas, the son of Arthur Thomas, the original founder of the solicitor's firm, 'Thomas, Smith & Baker'.

He opened the door. "Quick, Tess, it's freezing out there." He ushered me past him and closed the door.

I turned to face the dark haired solicitor. "Hello Mr. Thomas. I was expecting Mr. Baker to meet me."

"I will explain everything when we get to my office. Come..."

He was going to let me climb the stairs first, but I declined. "I'll follow you, Sir."

We negotiated one flight of stairs, then walked along a landing to Mr. Baker's office. My boss's name was painted in black lettering on the opaque glass door. The secretary's ante room was empty. We walked through it and entered the office I had visited countless times.

He turned. "Let me take your coat, Tess."

“I... I’ve come to collect a folder for Doctor Finch, Sir.”

“Look, Tess, call me James. I know we hardly know each other, but by the time you leave that will have changed.”

James Thomas was a charismatic young man. He was about six feet tall, slim and nothing like his father who was a miserable old man. I guessed the son was in his early thirties. He was wearing brown chinos and a black sweater with a small gold crest embroidered on it. The rumour was that his father was one of the wealthiest men in England.

I had met the father three times and the son probably six or seven times during the time I worked at the firm. I was in awe of the young man which was why I was trembling with an acute case of nervousness. I let James help me off with my coat and shoulder bag and waited while he hung them on a coat stand. When he turned, he paused to study me and my outfit.

“Is that a schoolgirl or a college girl outfit, Tess?” He asked the question with a cheeky grin on his clean shaven face. “You’re more formally dressed than I am.”

I gripped the lapels of the jacket. “These are clothes I like wearing, Sir,” I replied cautiously, aware that he was broaching an uncomfortable subject that I wanted to avoid.

In fact, I wasn’t comfortable at all being in close proximity to the young solicitor while my body was encased in latex rubber. After donning the latex leotard, I initially luxuriated in the sensation of having my body gripped by the fragrant latex.

Those sentiments were changing by the second as I began to experience uncontrollable sparks of excitement from my sex and nipples. I began to fear that something in my behaviour might reveal my secret to him.

“That’s as good a reason as any, Tess. Come and sit over here.”

Two armless leather chairs had been arranged facing each other with not much space between them. He guided me to one and waited for me to sit down.

“Before we start, let me get you a drink, Tess.”

“Um, could I have a glass of water?”

He frowned at me. “Tess, it’s Christmas Eve and freezing out there. What about a glass of brandy? I have a fine Courvoisier that I’m dying to open.”

I glanced at the small bar situated in the corner. “Yes, okay. Maybe a little.”

I sat and waited anxiously, while the solicitor poured the amber liquid into two brandy glasses. He returned to the chairs, sat down and handed a glass to me. “Merry Christmas, Tess.”

“Merry Christmas, Sir.” We both sipped our drinks. The liquid fire raced down my throat and made me gasp.

He took my glass and placed it with his, on a side table nearer his chair. There was a twinkle in his brown eyes. “Powerful stuff, heh?”

I nodded but couldn’t reply for a second. “Yes...,” I finally gasped.

He waited for a second. “Better?” I nodded. “Tess, first, let me tell you that earlier this morning, Roger Baker sat where you’re sitting and gave me his version of the events that led up to his decision to make you redundant.”

“Oh, so you know about his sexual indiscretions?”

“Well, I have his version, but I would like to hear yours.”

“Um, I thought everything had been smoothed out and that we were going to move forward with me working here in the new year.”

“Part of that is true, but if you want to work here, Tess, I need to hear what happened from you.”

Should I embellish or tell the truth? “Well, Sir, I rejected his advances twice after he put his hand on my thigh and tried to sexually molest me.” I wanted to be

clear and precise in case he was recording me.

He nodded wisely. “That tallies almost with what Roger said.”

“Almost?”

“He claims that he was just being friendly during two business lunches and wasn’t trying to touch you intimately.”

“Huh, friendly? If I hadn’t gripped his wrist, he would have gotten his fingers inside my panties. His fingers were millimetres away.”

“Be honest, Tess. Was that the extent of his sexual assaults on your person?”

I didn’t want to lie. I just wanted to satisfy James Thomas’s curiosity and get out of the building. “Yes, Sir. Roger... er, Mr. Baker touched me inappropriately twice.”

“So that I understand the facts, Tess, the offences happened in restaurants and not in the office?”

“Correct, Sir.”

“Did he ever invite you to his house or suggest having sex with him?”

“No, Sir.”

The young man nodded. “I accept your account as the truth. The two occasions were despicable acts by a man who was your boss and had limited information about your lifestyle. You showed extreme self-control in a situation that could have benefited you.

“Benefited me? Lifestyle? I don’t understand your reasoning, Sir.”

He sat back and handed me my glass, then took a sip from his own. “You’re very good...” I hadn’t got a clue what he meant by that remark. “Tess, at this point in the conversation, I need to bring up your darker side. In particular, your fetish for latex rubber and bondage.”

I had just sipped my brandy, so I had an excuse for the gasp I expelled. “My... my...” I was at a loss for a response.

He leant forward and placed a hand on my sock clad knee. “Roger didn’t know that you have a proclivity for wearing latex and practicing bondage, when he tried to molest you, did he?”

I shook my head slowly while I tried to compute the fix I was in. “Um, no, Sir, he did not. But...”

He held his hand up. “Tess, he admitted as much. He was out of order and crossed the line. It showed that he is a danger to any young woman in the firm’s employee. After that stupid mistake, I have a solution. If we can come to an understanding, I will make sure that he will never work in this office or any of our offices where he has access to impressionable young women. Would that move by the company please you?”

“Sir, I am not a vindictive person, but I agree that Mr. Baker may stray again and pick on another young woman. However, I was willing to accept what we negotiated.”

“Tess, as for the financial award he made, to silence you, the board knew nothing about the sums he transferred to your account. When you put pressure on him, he wilted. Good for you, and speaking purely from a lawyer’s point of view, very poor from him.”

I relaxed a little, but I knew I wasn’t out of the woods. “Can I go now, Sir?”

He gently squeezed my knee and chuckled in a friendly manner. “No, Tess, we haven’t finished yet. You, see, Roger didn’t know about your fetishes when he decided to make a move on you. He found out about your bondage and latex desires yesterday. The same day you out-negotiated him for a settlement.”

“Um, what did he tell you?”

“What do you think?”

“I... I think I should be going. Maybe we can talk about this in the new year?”

“No, we need to sort this out now. So that you know, I have a nose for unusual scents.” He looked for my reaction. “The moment you passed me when you entered, I knew you were wearing latex clothing. I can smell it now, Tess. Are your panties made from latex rubber?”

I nodded slowly. I could feel my face heating up. I sipped my brandy which slid down my throat with less effect. “Sir, I’m feeling...”

“Tess, your new position at ‘Thomas, Smith & Baker’, could be our first Property Analyst. If we can work out a good understanding, then you will be working directly under me. You’re a beautiful, talented advisor and I want your expertise at T S & B.”

“A good understanding. What does that mean?”

“Tess, you look stressed. The office is too warm. Take your jacket and cardigan off...” He squeezed my knee again. “...then you can relax and tell me all about ‘Fetish Where?’ and when you first realized you loved the feel and smell of latex rubber...”

End of the Sample.

Thank you for reading my work. I really appreciate it.

I hope you enjoyed the third part of this multi-part series.

Thanks again. Amelia.

This book has been published by Stark Books

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