



# **Kayla's Training**

**By JJ Argus**



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Kayla's Journey - 2

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**Smashwords edition**

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*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

It seemed an incongruous place to be tied up and naked.

But everything about Kayla's very precisely ordered world seemed to have turned upside down for this weekend, this bizarre shocking, outrageous weekend during which she was being tutored closely on the fine art of obedience.

When she was a small girl she remembered the lawyer showing up from the bank, the lawyer and his sneering look as he'd dismissed all her mother's arguments and ordered them out of the house for failure to pay the mortgage.

They'd moved from one small, badly maintained apartment to the next, always short of cash, never having any degree of security, either at home or at school, since a move often meant leaving whatever school she was at.

She had set her mind on becoming something other than her mother, on becoming someone ... important, which to Kayla meant a lawyer. And she'd succeeded. Oh, it hadn't been easy. She had needed help from a couple of her high school teachers to get her marks up high enough to qualify for the scholarship.

Sleeping with them, and a member of the board which maintained the scholarship had helped.

She'd slept with a number of teachers in college, using her body as much as her mind to claw her way up to the ranks of top graduates who might be considered by the major firms. And she'd succeeded there, as well.

Harrold - Milkin had over eight hundred lawyers. That included twelve senior partners, and thirty seven junior partners. In the normal course of events, if she was very good, and worked the ten and twelve and fourteen hour days expected of her, she might aspire to the junior partners table in twenty years or so, maybe thirty.

Kayla wanted it now, or at least, much, much sooner. And so she had used her familiar coin, her body, to get it. Sleeping with Colin Forrest was, in fact, not much of a sacrifice. He was tall, which at five foot ten, Kayla appreciated, handsome, well-built, and ... there had been something about him, something very stern and commanding which had excited something deep inside her.

Kayla was rarely excited by men. Men were there to be used to get what she wanted, and her body was the lever. She worked very hard on that lever, on keeping herself in top shape, dressing herself in a sleek, fashionable way, on expert use of makeup and hair styling.

But at that moment her hair had been roughly braided by Forrest, and pulled back behind her, tied to a ring set low on the wooden frame she was tied to.

Sex with Forrest had been rather surprisingly good, and she was impressed with him in other ways, as well. But then she'd made a mistake. She'd dismissed his order to place an article in a contract she was completing for him as unnecessary. She'd been wrong. And Forrest was not a man to allow such impertinence to pass without punishment.

The punishment had been – shocking, though given their already existing sexual relationship, not as outrageous as it might otherwise have been. He'd made her bend over his desk and strapped her bare bottom until it was red!

That, of course, was no big deal. But she'd shown him a lack of obedience to his directives which could have seen their relationship – and her hopes of rapid promotion – severed. Which was what this weekend was all about. She was going to prove she could obey his orders – no matter what they were.

And they were – outrageous!

His demands had often left her jaw slack, shocked, but she had never considered refusing. The thing was, despite how degrading it was to obey such orders Forrest turned her blood to fire! Obeying him in his kinky sexual demands had made Kayla feel more intense sexual heat and passion in one day than in most of the rest of her life combined!

She'd never even considered doing such wicked, demeaning things! And yet, doing them had put her into a sexual fever where her mind had soared away from the dull routine she was used to, away from the contracts and books and research and paperwork, the long hours in the library and staring at computer screens.

And now she was tied to a carved T-shaped frame in his back yard, not far from the swimming pool. It was one of several, and each end of the T had held a flower pot. Not now, though.

The T rose to just about the height of her armpits, which was why they were pressing down against it, her arms drawn straight back down the back side. Her ankles were raised up and pressed back against her buttocks on either side of the T, tied to it, and her hair was drawn back, tied back, to a fat round metal hook which he had pushed up into her back opening.

That left Kayla's body arched sharply back across the top of the T, her eyes blinking up at the sky behind her.

She had no idea why he had felt it necessary to also wrap the surprisingly soft black rope he'd used to tie her wrists and ankles around her chest and hips as well. It wasn't like she wasn't firmly tied in place already. But the additional loops did add something to her psychological feeling of complete helplessness and immobility.

Forrest sat next to her, examining her well-displayed body, breasts taut and thrust out for his inspection.

“Your time in the water seems to have rinsed off some of the suntan lotion, Kayla,” he said in a mild voice. “You have very fair skin,” he said, his hand sliding over one thrusting breast.

Kayla felt the soft warmth of his skin, and the slickness of the oil he was layering over her. The tactile feel of his hand gliding back and forth over her breasts was soothing and sensuous. He was so different, she thought, from the other men she'd slept with. She was familiar with her breasts being excitedly groped, but Forrest was calm and controlled.

His hands caressed her skin, his big hand following the curves of her breasts, circling slowly, patiently, stroking across aching firm nipples which tingled at every touch.

He slipped off the chair and knelt before her, though Kayla could no longer see him. She felt his hands coasting up and down her body, along her ribs and over her firm belly, down her thighs, and up the insides. She gasped as his hand pushed in between her thighs to rub against her pussy, while his other hand slid up her body over her breasts.

“You have very soft skin, blonde girl,” he said, one hand sliding up over her breasts, caressing her exposed throat, then sliding up along her cheek.

“Th-Thank you, sir!” she gasped.

Suddenly both hands were on her nipples, stroking them between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers.

“Did I not tell you to speak only when given permission?” he asked with patient reproof.

Kayla gasped as she felt both nipples burn, his fingers pinching down on them, then pulling them up and out. She moaned and trembled against the frame, her arms pulling instinctively against the soft, firm rope binding them in place.

“If I do get you promoted to the junior partners table, blonde girl, knowing when to keep your mouth shut will become extremely important,” he said, twisting her nipples so they burned. “You think you know something about the politics at work, but you're wrong. Just as you thought you knew better than I did about that contract, you know little about the backstabbing at the partners tables.”

He released her nipples at last, which throbbed powerfully.

“I need someone who will say what I tell them to say, and keep her mouth shut otherwise. That is what this weekend is about, Kayla. You learning obedience. Do you understand, blonde girl?”

Kayla quivered uncertainly, but then decided he had asked.

“Yes, sir!” she gulped.

His hands caressed her body again, sliding up and down, fingers lightly circling her throbbing, aching nipples until they tingled hungrily again, rubbing insistently against her hairless pussy so that her clitoris swelled and thrummed with energy.

Then he sat back on his chair, leaving the younger woman panting and moaning softly.

“Now then, you are able to deep throat. I'll give you that. But I think every skill can be improved upon. And this one is important in that it really is a matter of the strength of your mind.”

She saw his hand rise overhead, holding the dildo. It was a long dildo, a double headed dildo, she realized, as he slid it back and forth along her cheeks and over her forehead. Her mouth gaped open simply because of how tightly her hair was bound back, and now he slid the head into her mouth and caressed her tongue with it.

“Fighting against instinct is a good mental exercise for your future development, blonde girl,” he said, sliding the dildo deeper.

Kayla gulped in air, preparing herself, knowing the thing was going to be pushed down her throat, but not overly anxious about it. In fact, under the circumstances, she felt a heady sense of excitement, her body almost unconsciously trying to grind her hips against the ropes.

It pushed into her throat, and she swallowed, feeling and seeing inch after inch sliding downward. But this was far longer than anything she'd ever taken, and she felt it touch her deeper, down past her neck, down into what felt like her very chest, down, down, down, until his fist was laying against her lips!

She trembled and moaned and gurgled, the dildo in her very stomach. But she felt a sense of exultation at the same time. She had taken the whole thing down her throat! It slid slowly back up, inch by inch, but then pushed back down again, and she gurgled weakly.

Her chest began to burn, her head began to throb, and she began to feel a sense of panic. Yes, she'd long ago learned how to deep throat. It was one more weapon in her sexual arsenal, after all, an important one. But it wasn't her deciding when to come up for air, now, it was him.

He pulled the dildo back up again, six, ten inches, then slid it back deep once more, and she gurgled again, her head pounding. He pulled it back up most of the way, and she prayed he was going to pull it completely out, but again he slid it deep.

She twisted helplessly, her body straining against the ropes as he slowly drew the long thing back up again, and this time, right out of her mouth. She coughed and gulped in air, sweating even under the lotion, chest heaving as she sucked in deep, shuddering breaths.

“You need to learn to breath around a cock, blonde girl,” he said, no matter how

thick..

He let the saliva coated dildo slide back and forth over her face as she breathed, then drew the head back against her mouth and slipped it inside. Kayla gulped in a deep breath as he slid it down into her throat, and moaned as she felt it traveling deep, deep into her chest.

“Relax your throat, and then exhale. Do it. Exhale slowly, and you'll see that you can indeed get air around it. Simply relax your throat.”

She obeyed, exhaling, but panicking while doing so. What if she couldn't inhale afterward!? But he didn't move the thing, and after a few seconds of panic, she found she was able to slowly suck in air around it. They experimented for long minutes with this, and she felt an odd sense of conquest, of elation.

She had thought she knew how to deep throat, but had always had to come up for breath. Now she didn't have to! At least, not in this position, a part of her thought uncertainly.

“It should be even easier when the cock is moving,” he said.

He slid the dildo into her, then pulled it out almost at once, but then pushed it in, then pulled it back, then pushed it in. The dildo was now in continuous motion. It wasn't moving very quickly, but it was definitely moving, up and down, up and down, as if it were fucking her throat!

It was much more difficult to control her gag reflex like this, and she half gagged and gurgled and twisted as the dildo slid up and down inside her throat. But she was able... mostly... to breath, in fits and starts.

He pulled it out, letting her breath deep, then slid it back in once more, again, pumping in and out for long, long seconds. As she got used to it, he pumped faster, and she gagged and coughed and half choked. But he continued, and eventually, she began to get used to it, though her head pounded and her chest burned and she was light-headed from lack of air.

“And now your reward,” he said.

Panting, moaning, she saw him pick up another dildo. This one was thicker, but shorter, and had a spongy round base. He slid the dildo into her open mouth,

pushing down into her throat. Kayla gurgled weakly, though her throat muscles were much more relaxed by then. This was a thicker cock, and she struggled to accommodate it, her throat feeling full and aching.

He pushed it all the way in, until the round, spongy base was pressed against her mouth, then pressed that in too! He had to squeeze and squash the base to get it past her teeth, but then it filled her mouth completely!

A moment later she heard a buzzing sound, and her body jerked as something pressed in against her pussy. It took only an instant to recognize the feel of a vibrator, and she moaned around the cock filling her throat.

Forrest had discovered her weakness for the swift, buzzing devices only the previous evening, and now she felt it pressed heavily against her already excited, slick, overheated pussy, moaning as it slid up and down against her clitoris.

Her eyes were wide as she tried to suck in air around the thick dildo filling her mouth and throat, and only partially succeeding. Her head pounded and her chest burned, and as her heart beat quickened and her pulse raced she felt the need for more and more oxygen to keep pace.

His hand squeezed her breasts now, sliding back and forth from one to the other as the vibrator ground against her, and she began to sob and moan as her body pulsed with the growing fire of sexual need. Her body felt sheeted in sweat, not lotion, as she overheated from the inside out, and a crackling sexual electricity danced along the surface of her skin and in through her lower belly as her muffled cries filtered softly around the thick cock filling her mouth and throat.

The orgasm exploded, hitting her like the clash of cymbals – with her in between! She bucked violently against the ropes, her head thrashing and pulling against her own tightly bound hair, causing her scalp to burn.

A storm of sensations overwhelmed her mind, thundering through her body as she shook and trembled, forgetting even to breathe as the clamor of it all stunned her dazed mind. Then she seemed to blank out, losing touch with the world, only to slowly, groggily snap back to reality as she lay on the grass, panting for breath.

She groaned, her head still aching, but her mouth was mercifully empty at last, and she relaxed in her ability to breathe without resistance.

That was not the end of the lesson, however. Her arms were still bound together behind her, and he quickly took the rope at its end, guided it between her thighs, and up her abdomen, then held it in place with one thumb as he circled her hips, and tied it in place.

And pulled.

Kayla groaned as the rope dug up between the lips of her sex, drawing her arms down sharply at the same time. Then she was pulled into position between his legs as he sat down.

“Now we'll continue the instructions,” he said.

Kayla considered herself to be very good at oral sex, or at least, had once. Now she realized how much more she had to learn, which was both curious and interesting, as he guided her to his balls, and drew the oral sex out for more than half an hour. The sensuous and gentle use of her teeth, the soft sucking on the underside of his head, the licking and twirling of her tongue, now joined her ability to bob up and down with him deep in her throat.

And still he hadn't come!

Of course, he had stopped her several times along the way.

Now he pushed her off and pulled up his sweatpants before standing. He untied her completely, then moved to another chair, one on the stone patio near the pool. He sat down and picked up a remote control. There had been music playing softly from hidden speakers. Now it changed into something more seductive.

“Dance for me, Kayla,” he said.

She blinked uncertainly.

“Pretend you're a stripper. Let me see your best, most seductive dance. It will end in you giving me a lap dance.”

She smiled understanding, but still felt a little self-conscious. Then again, she had just this morning been made to pee while he watched, so she supposed she had little to hide from this man.

She began to dance. Kayla had always taken a narcissists pride in her body and its sexual attractiveness, and had danced many times in the mirror of her bedrooms and bathrooms. Her sex with men tended to be, at least before this, a fairly hurried thing, however, more of a payment for services to be rendered than anything with passion.

So she realized, belatedly, that this was the first time she had ever danced nude in front of a man.

But then, she recalled, he'd made her masturbate in front of him the previous evening.

That gave her a degree of confidence around him as she moved in time to the music, her hips grinding slowly, seductively, her hands sliding up and down her glistening body as she licked her lower lip and gave him a passionate look.

She turned slowly in place, feeling, despite the recent orgasm, a breathiness, a rising sexual tension, a thrumming in her lower belly. She'd always previously been the mistress of her body, but now, it seemed, her body had other ideas, and she wasn't at all sure why.

It was outrageous, but she did it, bending over to grasp her ankles as she peered through her open legs at him. She straightened, turning, fingers sliding up her body again, then through her hair as she made her body undulate in front of him. She brought her hands down, then up beneath her full breasts, cupping and squeezing them up and together, then sliding up again as she bent over him, letting them swing lightly from side to side.

“Straddle me, stripper girl,” he said. “Let me see if you grind as well as you dance.”

She was pleased at the hunger in his voice, very pleased! She straddled his chair, sliding herself in and down to sit astride his lap. Her hands grasped the back of the chair, and she ground herself against him, easing her body up and back, to arch before him, then in, sliding her nipples up delicately across his face.

“Nasty little girl,” he said in a throaty growl.

His hands slipped onto her bottom and rode it as she continued to grind, to rise and turn and rub herself against the erection she could feel inside his sweatpants.

“I think you have a natural talent at this, blonde girl,” he said.

Again Kayla felt a surge of pleasure, except for a small voice at the back of her head which said, somewhat plaintively “But I'm a lawyer!”

She swept that protest aside. This was far, far and away more exciting and interesting than law books and writing research papers! And that was pretty much all she'd been doing for the last three years of long, dull workdays.

Besides, she was proving she could obey him. The difference in salary between what an associate lawyer made and what a junior partner made was immense. She'd be a millionaire! A multimillionaire!

Nothing was going to stand in her way!

She ground herself down against him, brushing her breasts against his face again as he slid a hand down between her legs and began to rub against her clitoris. The result was an instant surge of delicious pleasure rolling up through her abdomen and belly, and she moaned softly, grinding herself even faster against him.

“Stand up, stripper girl,” he ordered.

Panting, and reluctant, she eased back and stood before him, watching as he pushed down his sweatpants and his long, thick cock sprang up hungrily.

“Keep dancing,” he said. “I didn't tell you to stop.”

Kayla started in surprise, then began to grind her hips once more, sliding her hands up and down her body as he held his cock and looked at her.

“Now, while you continue to dance, bend over. Don't use your hands, just slide your lips right over my cock and take it deep,” he ordered.

Kayla complied, her hips rolling as she bent further and further. She slid her lips over the head and began to suck immediately as she slid lower and lower, then took it into her throat. She stopped with her face in his groin, her hips still rolling from side to side, her bottom grinding excitedly back.

“Up, and get on,” he ordered.

She slid up gratefully, gasping, and straddled him. She sank down with a moan as she felt him pushing into her, and began a delighted ride, grunting and gasping in heated excitement as she rode his cock and his hands moved over her body. He took her nipple and the center of her breast into his mouth, sucking and chewing as two oiled fingers pushed into her back opening and pumped in and out.

And another massive orgasm swept through her.

Kayla cried out in heated passion, riding desperately, frantically, her body consumed by the hot fires of sexual pleasure as the orgasm washed over her in long, crackling waves of energy!

\*

*Is this what I went to law school for?*

It was an unhappy thought, for Kayla was feeling indignant. But at the same time, almost on its heels, came the unbidden thought that she had had four tremendous orgasms since she'd wakened this morning, and it wasn't yet noon!

He had attached a leash to the collar around her throat. He'd put the collar on last night when she'd arrived, along with the matching studded leather restraints on her wrists. They had remained on the entire time. Now she was crawling back and forth on the soft, deep green grass next to the glistening water of the pool.

While he held the leash in one hand, and a long, thin crop in the other, a crop which stung whenever it hit her bottom, which happened all too often.

He wanted her to crawl at a certain speed, at his heels, and with a grace she seemed unable to master. She was not, after all, in the habit of crawling anywhere.

“Think like a leopard,” he said. “You're a leopard on a leash.”

*I think I'd be pretty pissed off if I was a leopard on a leash, Kayla thought sulkily, and likely to turn and bite the guy holding it.*

But at least the grass was soft on her knees, and it was a lovely day outside. She'd rather be laying by the pool, though, or swimming in it, rather than

crawling on the grass.

Admittedly, there was something darkly exciting about how outrageous this was. Her pussy was thrumming softly. Then again, almost everything they'd done – no, strike that – everything he'd done since she'd met up with him after work had caused her pussy to thrum.

He stopped, and she quickened her attention, ready for whatever order he gave.

“Face down,” he said.

She dropped her face low, her chin to the grass, raising her bottom high and spreading her arms out in front of her.

“Legs spread.”

She shifted her knees wide, pushing them forward a bit, quickly analyzing her position to make sure her belly was back and her legs straight up, her knees wide enough apart, her back curved properly. She must obey instantly and assume exactly the position he'd instructed her to take to avoid the sharp sting of the thin crop.

“Good blonde,” he said. “Now on your knees.”

She shoved herself quickly up, only to wince as the crop bit into her bottom.

“Try again. I want it done quickly, but fluidly, gracefully.”

She dropped low, then pushed herself up and back until she was sitting back on her heels, knees wide, back straight, hands on her outer thighs, head tilted down a bit.

“Neck,” he said.

She arched back, fingers interlinking behind her neck, head staring up at the sky, then gasped as the crop rubbed back and forth across her erect nipples.

“Good blonde,” he said.

He was using the word 'blonde' as if it were 'dog', she thought. The realization

both outraged and excited her.

“Let's go inside. Wouldn't want that lovely skin of yours to burn. Crawl.”

She fell forward onto all fours and crawled beside him back towards the house, then into it.

“Stand.”

She stood up gracefully, and he drew her wrists together behind her and locked the restraints, then led her, still leashed, up the corridor and into a bathroom that seemed almost as big as her apartment. Certainly she could fit her double bed in here without a problem, she thought.

“We've had an energetic morning, gotten a lot of exercise in, but it's time to clean you up.”

She half nodded. She usually washed her hair in the morning, but hadn't even brushed her teeth today.

“Bend over the toilet and spread your legs,” he said.

She obeyed, though it would have been easier if her hands were free to support her.

He had turned on the water as they entered. Now he reached under the counter and drew out – she flushed as she recognized it. It was an enema bag! Her face reddened further as she saw him beginning to fill it, and her lips pursed as she fought against the need to protest, to say something!

But that would be disobeying, and this whole weekend was about her learning to obey him, and not to substitute her judgment for his about whether she ought to do as she was told!

And after all he'd already seen and already done...

She gasped as he pushed the nose into her bottom, working it in fairly easily due to the oil. Then the warm, soapy liquid began to flow down into her bottom. He turned and reached for the wall, turning on the music as he filled her bottom with warm, soapy water. But then he opened a drawer in the long cabinet and drew

out a dildo.

How many of the things did he have anyway, she wondered.

She grunted as he slid it deep into her pussy. And a moment later he had a vibrator and was using it on her. She groaned, her her pounding as she leaned further over, swaying a little as her insides began to cramp.

“Nasty little blonde girl,” he said softly.

She moaned in agreement.

Her belly was starting to ache, but her pussy was thrumming hotly!

“All right,” he said. “We're going to remove this and you're going to turn and sit on the toilet to empty yourself.”

She moaned, fresh embarrassment hitting her as he pulled the thing free and she turned and sat down. Surely he would leave! But he didn't!

She groaned as she emptied the contents of her bowels into the toilet, her face beet red. But Forest was entirely casual, pulling her to her feet, wiping her off, flushing the toilet, and bending her over once again. He filled the enema bag, and slid the nozzle into her bottom again.

Then came the vibrator.

Kayla shuddered as he worked the thing up and down against her oiled pussy, as it pressed up against the base of the dildo impaling her.

Then it was time time to again empty herself.

And bend over again.

This time he inserted a thick butt-plug into her bottom before leading her over to the sink. He picked up a toothbrush, put paste on it, and pulled softly back on her hair as he stood behind her. Kayla opened her mouth as he brushed her teeth for her.

She was thrumming with sexual heat once more, even during this utterly routine

task. And it didn't help when he leaned in and began to lick and kiss up and down the nape of her neck.

He brushed carefully, then had her bend over to spit. Had her rinse, then gave her a small paper cup of mouthwash to use and spit out.

From there it was into a huge glass shower, both of them. The water soaked her, but she had little to do as he poured shampoo and washed her hair, then rinsed it off. He filled his hands with soap and soaped up her body, paying particular attention between her legs.

The slick feeling of the suntan oil was replaced by the slick feel of soap as his fingers massaged her, and her bottom began to grind helplessly back against him.

He rinsed her off, then soaped her up again, and this time he roughly jerked her hair up and back as his fingers masturbated her to a hip bucking climax that had her crying out in wild, shuddering pleasure!

That was five, she thought dazedly, as he rinsed her off.

He had soaped himself up during all of this, and the water poured down around them as he turned her around and pulled her body in against his. She looked up at him, still panting, and he bent to kiss her, his lips soft but determined, his hand in her hair again as the kiss went on and on and on while the water poured down on them.

He pulled her out of the shower and dried her, then brushed out and blow dried her hair before attending to his.

He dressed while she knelt on the floor of his bedroom. She remained naked – and silent. He led her downstairs, then, and pointed to the front door.

“The paper should be there. Go and get it,” he said.

She blinked in surprise. “But my hands are tied,” she said instinctively.

He frowned at her, and she gulped.

“Bend over.”

She bit her lip but obeyed, and then winced as the crop snapped across her bottom in short, sharp, stinging blows. Two – four – six – ten. Her bottom ached and burned as he pulled her upright again.

“Go and get the paper,” he said, eyes boring into hers.

She gulped and padded to the front door, then hesitated.

How – ?

She quickly realized she could turn to the side and thrust her shackled wrists out to grasp the doorknob and unlock it. She eased it open a bit, peered out, and saw the paper on the porch. The only visible neighbor, given the height of the hedges surrounding Forest's property, was across the street. And that house was set back a ways and behind a huge pine tree.

She eased through the door and squatted on the porch, heart pounding as she looked out at the street. She reached down, grasped the paper, and stood up, then hurried inside, closing the door behind her.

She carried the paper to where he sat by the fireplace, turned and handed it to him.

“Good blonde. Go and make me a cup of coffee. One cream, one sugar,” he said, opening it.

She didn't try to protest again. She went into the kitchen and examined the coffee maker. She turned and drew her hands up sharply to the side, working the controls.

“While you're waiting for it kneel on the floor,” he called from the other room.

Kayla turned her head towards his voice, then sank to her knees, spreading them wide, kneeling as he'd taught her. She felt a hot little flutter of something dark and thrilling through her belly as she did so, and had her first fleeting thought of whether he was really only concerned about her learning that she had to obey him at work.

Given he was a guy, and he was having sex with her, she supposed it wasn't unnatural for him to use sex as a way of her proving her obedience, but where

had he gotten the collar and restraints and chains and rope from? Surely he hadn't just gotten them all recently, for her? He'd only just discovered her error on the file yesterday after all.

That certainly suggested he had an ongoing interest in this bondage stuff, and that there was more to this than ensuring she followed his instructions after being promoted to the partners table – assuming he could get her promoted. She had her doubts given her age. Most of the junior partners were at least in their forties.

Yet he was married, and she hadn't heard a peep that suggested he had any intention of divorcing his wife. So was this just a fun hobby for him or something!?

Whatever it was, she thought, standing up as the coffee maker signaled it was ready, she was going to do whatever he wanted. She wanted to be a partner so bad she could taste it!

And... the dark, delicious, exciting thrill of all this kinky sex had really caught hold of her imagination. It was Saturday morning. If she'd been at home now she normally would be just finishing the groceries and starting in on one of the other myriad chores she had to save up for the weekends.

This was considerably more exciting. She glanced at the leather restraints on her wrists as she twisted her arms out to the sides to pour the coffee, mentally giving herself a bemused head shake at why she was finding this so damned exciting. She was supposed to be a very zealous supporter of women's rights, after all. Letting herself be treated like his bitch didn't sit well with that at all.

And yet, the sheer outrageousness of it all had often left her breathless, her mind deliciously caught up in how dark and kinky it all was.

She brought his coffee back to him, walking carefully as she held the cup out to her side, then had to kneel to place it on the table next to him.

“Very good, blonde girl. Now I want you to kneel, facing away from me, raise your bottom and spread your legs.”

She licked her lips but obeyed, unsurprised to feel him rubbing something which felt like a silicon dildo up and down against her naked sex. She felt herself

penetrated with a kind of familiar sigh of something approaching contentment, grunting a little as the dildo twisted and turned inside her and pushed ever deeper.

She then felt his fingers at the base of the butt-plug he'd put into her bottom. He tugged it slowly out, and a moment later she felt another dildo sliding into her, driving deep, deep enough she gasped and grunted and moaned as she began to feel cramps inside her.

“Now close your legs,” he ordered.

She obeyed, and a moment later was startled to feel weight on her lower back. After another moment she realized it was his feet. He had propped his feet on her as though she were a foot stool!

She felt indignant, but was certain he was just doing it momentarily. However, she heard the paper rattling as he turned pages, and he neither said nor did anything further.

Obedience training, he'd called it, she thought, putting a damper on what had been a rising sense of indignation. This was very obviously his attempt to see how long she could sit here fuming without disobeying his orders to not speak. Well, she was not about to fail the test!

The television was on to CNN, and he seemed to be dividing his attention between that and the paper, for he occasionally changed the channel over to FOX, then back, even as he continued turning the pages of his paper. The minutes ticked slowly past, and Kayla began to feel a rising sense of that outraged excitement she'd felt before.

She was a foot stool! Okay, maybe it was just a test, but that didn't change the fact that she had been kneeling with her bottom in the air for long minutes now, while he rested his feet on her and read the paper! Of all the gall!

But it was that gall, that sheer effrontery, that outrageousness, which aroused her. It had before, and it began to arouse her again. He was so... so... arrogant! How did his wife stand him!? She was quite sure, from what she'd heard of the woman, she would never for a moment have consented to kneel there as a footstool!

And her back was starting to ache, for it was arched sharply. Her breasts were throbbing, as well, pillowed out beneath her chest with her weight atop them. Her hands pulled a little restlessly against the leather restraints, and she was tempted to turn her head and look at him.

*Bastard!*

But there wasn't any real anger behind the thought. It was, rather, more of a delighted sense of almost admiration! Forrest was a strong man! She had thought she was strong, but Kayla was realizing the difference. Then again, Forrest had everything. She was merely willing to... bow to his will in order to get something.

It was easy to be strong when you were on top, she thought cynically.

He shifted his feet. His heels had been resting comfortably on her. Now the soles of his slippers were flat against the curve of her bottom. One of them pressed against the base of the dildo he'd inserted into her rear, and she gasped softly as he forced it deeper.

“So tell me, blonde girl, how do you like working for Harrold - Milkin?” he asked casually.

She blinked in surprise at the question.

“F-Fine, sir,” she said.

“Was it pretty much what you expected?”

“Yes, sir...” She hesitated.

“Except for being strapped across my desk, you mean?”

“Yes, sir,” she said.

“The hours were about what you thought they were?”

“Yes, sir,” she sighed.

She'd known since early in law school she would be trading away her youth for

the financial security and power she would get in her older years.

“Not a lot of time to party and enjoy yourself when you're working ten and twelve hour days,” he said.

“No, sir,” she said.

She gasped as his heel began to press rhythmically against the base of the dildo. The nose was jammed deep in her belly and could surely go no further, but the rhythmic pressure made it seem to grind and push repeatedly into her belly.

“When was the last time you fucked anyone other than me?” he asked.

“I... in college, sir,” she said.

“That long!? What a waste,” he said. “You know how hot you are, blonde girl. You know what kind of an incredible body you have. Hiding it all that time? Sheer waste. No orgies? No threesomes? No wild, kinky sex with handsome young men?”

“There wasn't much time for that, sir,” she said.

“I suppose, but that doesn't make it any less wasteful. A hot little blonde sexpot like you, Kayla, should be fucked at least several times every day.”

Kayla wasn't sure what to say that. Not long ago the suggestion would have outraged her, and not in a good way. Now, kneeling as she was, in this situation, it didn't seem at all strange.

His other foot slid down and the heel of that pushed against the other dildo. She groaned as it pushed a little deeper, then jammed against the back wall of her pussy. He started casually, slowly, and rhythmically pushing on it as well so that the two ground against her insides.

“What did your father do for a living, blonde girl?”

“He died when I was young, sir,” she said.

“I didn't ask that.”

“He was a truck driver, sir.”

“And your mother?”

“She was a waitress, sir.”

“And now?”

“She died five years ago, sir,” she said.

“Ahh. Siblings?”

“No, sir,” she said simply.

“All alone in the world?”

“Yes, sir.”

“And wasting your time reading law books. A luscious thing like you should have tons of friends and be going out partying all the time,” he said.

“The law is important to me, sir,” she gulped, her insides aching and throbbing, partly in pain, partly in dark heat.

“No it's not. The law, to you, is a means to an end.”

“It's a way to make a lot of money, sir,” she gulped.

“That, too, is merely a means to an end. You should consider what your goal actually is, blonde girl.”

He pulled his feet off her and stood up, and a moment later Kayla gasped as she felt him grasp her thick blonde hair and pull. She scrambled to her feet before him, and he released her hair then unlinked her wrists and pulled her into the center of the room.

“Raise your arms up and spread them,” he said. “Spread your legs. Form an X.”

She obeyed uncertainly.

“Arch your back. Push those lovely breasts out for me.”

She sucked in a breath of air but obeyed.

“Lovely,” he said, his hands sliding over her breasts.

“You are a sculpture of beauty, Kayla. And sculptures don't move. You will not move either.”

His hands moved casually over her body, stroking her nipples, fingering her clitoris, caressing her bottom as he moved around her.

“Have you ever had sex with a woman?” he asked.

She hesitated. Could he know? He probably didn't but...”

“Yes, sir.”

“And how did that go?”

She almost shrugged. “It was... an experiment, sir.”

It was actually an experiment to see if she could influence her female torts teacher. She hadn't particularly enjoyed it, and felt dirty afterward, the way she hadn't with men.

“You didn't enjoy it?”

He moved around in front of her again only now he had that little crop in his hands and was caressing her breasts with it.

“N-No, sir.”

The tip of the crop was flat, made of stiff leather. He rubbed it against one of her swollen breasts, then slapped it down sharply. He only used his wrist, not moving his arm, and the distance was only a few inches, so the force of the blow was minor. It stung, though, and it stung when he did it again.

“You didn't enjoy licking her pussy?” he asked, slapping at her other nipple.

“N-No, sir!” she gasped.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

“Why not?”

He shifted back to her right breast.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

“I-I just d-didn't!” she gulped.

“Sir,” he said, slapping the crop itself, the shaft, across her breast.

“Sir!” she cried, for the shaft stung a lot more!

“Maybe you're just a cock lover. Do you think that could be it, Kayla?” he asked, sliding the crop in between her thighs and angling it up and in so that the shaft was forced in between her pussy lips.

“Yes, sir!” she gasped.

He let the shaft slide in and out, pressing up against the top of her sex, against her clitoris.

“You love cock, do you?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Say it.”

“I love cock, sir.”

“Louder.”

“I love cock, sir!”

“Shout it.”

“I love cock, sir!”

“Louder still.”

“I love cock, sir!” she cried.

He chuckled softly and moved around behind her.

*Crack! The crop slashed across her buttocks.*

“Ohw!”

“Push your bottom out more,” he ordered.

She obeyed, trembling slightly, then gasped as he thrust the crop in beneath her, letting it angle up so that the tip was rubbing against her clitoris.

“If you loved cock, blonde girl, how come you abandoned it for the last few years?” he asked.

His other hand slid up and down along her spine, over the soft skin of the bare back.

“I-I don't know, sir!”

“You don't love cock, blonde girl. If you really loved cock you'd have had a lot more of it. A girl that looks like you could have a dozen different cocks every day.”

He moved around in front of her again, the tip of the crop rubbing against her nipples. Then it started to slap against them again.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

“This is why men and women will never understand each other about sex,” he said, shifting to her other nipple.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

“A woman who looks like you can walk into a bar, crook her finger, and walk out with a good looking guy in a few seconds. Sex on demand. No guy, no matter how good looking, can do that.”

He switched back to her other nipple, which was throbbing and swollen and hot and tingling.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

“Oh, maybe some famous movie star or basketball player,” he said, “but no ordinary guy.”

He bent and his open mouth enveloped the center of her breast. She gasped as his teeth dug into her soft flesh, as his tongue began to twirl around her aching nipple, as he began to suck, and his other hand rose to caress her other breast. She felt the heat rolling through her as she stood in place, her breathing ragged now, her pulse racing.

He shifted to the other nipple, and she groaned aloud, for his mouth felt incredible against her swollen, over-sensitive nipples now, his sucking made them throb and burn with pleasure!

She felt the tip of the crop sliding down her belly, felt it rubbing against her clitoris, then it began to slap against her there.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

She shuddered helplessly, her hips starting to grind and jerk as he slapped her, as he rubbed her, as her nipples crackled with sexual electricity.

“Please!” she moaned.

“Kneel on the sofa,” he said.

Trembling, she turned and half fell into the sofa, groaning as she jammed her face into the cushion at the back. She didn't have to be told to raise her bottom high and spread her legs. He moved behind her, and she moaned as she felt the crop sliding between her thighs again. It rubbed against her clitoris, and she felt his fingers grip the base of the dildo in her pussy.

He started to slide it in and out, in and out, faster and faster, using long strokes. His hand began to hit her pussy now as he drove the dildo into her with deep, powerful motions.

“Let me hear you say you love cock, Kayla,” he said.

“I-I love cock!” she cried weakly.

“Louder!”

“I love cock!”

“Shout it out!”

“I love cock!” she cried.

“Keep shouting it.”

I love cock! I love cock! I love cock! I love cock! I love cock!” she cried as he drove the dildo into her.

*Slap-slap-slap-slap-slap-slap!*

The crop starting slapping against her clitoris, sending sharp little bursts of stinging sensations up into the churning mass of sensory overload that was her lower body. Kayla's hips bucked and ground wildly, as she continued to chant her love of cock, and then the orgasm rolled over her in waves of scalding heat and pleasure and her voice dissolved into guttural cries of passion and pleasure as he rammed the dildo into her with aching force.

\*

Kayla made lunch, under his direction. He had at least shackled her wrists together in front of her for the task, for unsurprisingly, he wanted more than a bagel. He wanted roast chicken with sage and garlic butter and sage salted fries.

But he was to outrage her again, to awe her with his arrogance, when she had finished and placed everything neatly on the table. For he immediately locked her wrists together behind her again and ordered her to kneel on the floor next to his chair.

And watch him eat!

Given she'd had nothing to eat other than the shake he'd had her drink that morning, and given the level of energetic activities she'd been engaged in, Kayla was ravenous, and stared at him hungrily as he ate.

“These fries are nice and crispy, blonde girl,” he said casually.

“Thank you, sir,” she said.

“Would you like one?”

“Yes, sir!”

He held it out to her and she took it from his fingers gladly, chewed and swallowed.

He cut a piece of roast chicken for her next, but put it in his fingers before holding it before her lips. Kayla was far more interested in assuaging her hunger than anything else, and licked it eagerly from his fingers.

It was only after several minutes of his occasional feeding her, of her licking food from his fingers or out of the palm of his hand, after her hunger had eased, that she really began to think about the fact she was kneeling there naked and eating out of his hand. She was amazed her pride hadn't twigged to it at the start, that she'd hardly even considered that aspect of it.

Was she that used to doing as she was told, to submitting to his directions, that she would just kneel and eat out of his hands like a ... dog!?

Apparently!

And the food was good, she thought reluctantly. And she was hungry.

And besides, after a man gives you an enema, just what level of pride and dignity was there to protect?

So she continued to eat from his hand, feeling a strange, almost serene sense of comfort with what was happening. The dildos were still stuffed up inside her, the base of each of them resting against the floor. The backs of her feet were against the floor, with her bottom resting half on her heels, half on the floor. Every time she leaned forward she felt the pressure on the one in her pussy and the soft ache deep inside.

After lunch he clipped her wrists together in front of her again so that she could clean everything up. When she had finished she called out to him.

“I'm finished, sir!”

He came back into the kitchen to inspect her work.

“You believe everything is clean, blonde girl?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Lick the counter.”

“Sir?”

His hand slid behind her neck and he bent her over the granite counter. She felt her breasts cooled against the hard stone as she began to lick.

“Long slow licks,” he said.

She licked slowly up and down along the counter at his order, then did the same at the table.

“Good blonde,” he said. “Now I think you can clean the floor. But first, hands up.”

She raised her arms and spread her legs, feeling a low thrum in her stomach given what had happened the last time. He took several small balls, something like small, metal-ping pong balls, or large marbles from his pocket and held one up against her right breast. She could see it had a small chain attached to it, perhaps inch long. There was a small loop in the end of the chain and he slipped it around her nipple, then tugged it tight.

She winced, then again as he placed a second ball on her other nipple. They dangled there like Christmas tree ornaments, heavy enough to feel, but not heavy enough to pull her firm breasts down.

The third one had a clip and he slid it between her legs. She gulped as she felt him spreading back the hood over her clitoris, felt his fingers rubbing her clit, then felt the steel jaws of the clip close against her clit. It squeezed softly, then harder, until she started to gasp and moan.

“On all fours, blonde girl,” he said.

Gulping, Kayla got down on all fours, gasping and wincing, because as she moved, the balls swung and tugged on her nipples and clitoris.

“On your elbows, bottom high.”

She obeyed and he left the room. He returned with a pail of water and placed it on the floor next to her, then dropped a sponge on the floor next to her hands.

“Get to it, and remember, I'll be inspecting your work, and you'll be proving it to me when you're done.”

Once again Kayla had one of those moments of disbelief, of unreality, of thinking that she didn't go to law school to be washing floors on her hands and knees. But then, the washing wasn't really the point, she knew. It was the obedience. She was sure there was a long handled mop somewhere he had chosen not to have her use.

She would not protest, not complain, not second guess him by pointing out the job could be done much more efficiently with a mop. That was what he was waiting for, she thought with a certainty. He was waiting for her to question his judgment with her own, as she'd done the other day!

Well, it wasn't going to happen!

She started in the corner. The kitchen was no small room, though, and she had only a sponge. She dipped it into the hot, soapy water, then began to scrub the floor, working her way backwards inch by inch.

She quickly discovered that scrubbing was a particularly movement intense exercise, especially with her wrists bound together. That meant the little weighted balls were continually swinging and pulling at her nipples and clitoris.

Added to the feel of the dildos stuffed inside her she was, despite six orgasms already that morning (!! ) she was starting to feel a sense of arousal, and that sense deepened as she began to fall into an almost dreamlike state, focusing her actions on the floor even while her nipples throbbed and her pussy burned, a naked, collared, shackled girl scrubbing the floor on all fours.

Like a slave girl, she thought with a sense of breathlessness.

Colin Forrest's slave girl!

She hadn't really thought about it like that before. She'd been awed, amazed, intrigued, excited, and outraged by his demands, all of which, she had thought, were simply designed to test her obedience, to taunt her into disobeying, to

prove she couldn't keep her mouth shut. Oh sure, they were all sexual, given he was a guy, but still..

Now she thought of herself as a slave girl, and a thrum of sexual energy seemed to roll along the surface of her skin. A slave girl! A sex slave! The idea was deliciously erotic, and quite absurd compared to her drudgery like existence in formal clothing reading books and tapping at keyboards.

She scrubbed her way across the kitchen, wrapped in a dark fantasy to such a degree that she finally succumbed to temptation and slid her wrists down beneath her and up between her thighs, gasping as she touched the clip over her clitoris, moaning as she eased her finger along the side of her clitoris not covered by the clip and started to rub.

She whimpered helplessly, her other hand grasping the dildo, pumping it slowly in and out as she fingered her aching clitoris, and felt the heat surging higher and higher as she gasped for breath.

“Stop!”

She gasped as he walked into the room.

“Did I tell you to masturbate?” he demanded.

She moaned softly.

“Did I?”

“N-No, sir!”

*You didn't tell me I couldn't, she wanted to whine.*

“I told you to scrub the floor. Are you finished?”

“No, sir!”

“But you decided you'd rather masturbate instead. Is that it?”

She cringed, twisting her head back at him and staring anxiously at his stern face.

“Yes, sir!”

He reached down and grasped her hair, dragging her up on her knees.

“Give me your hands.”

She raised her wrists and he unlinked the shackles before pushing her back down onto all fours, then moved back, pulling at her hair, wrapping it around his fist. Kayla crawled after him on all fours, gasping for breath as he led her into the front room and then over by the doorway which led to the hall.

The doorway had an elaborately carved molding around its curved opening, and two narrow columns framing it. Forrest led her over to it and pulled her to her feet, then reached up to each column. With the flick of a finger, rings she hadn't known were there flipped out into view. He went to a nearby cabinet and pulled out several chains, then, as she stood there, half anxious, half darkly excited, he shackled her body into a spreadeagled pose.

“Nasty girl,” he said. “Aren't you.”

“Yes, sir!” she moaned, the pressure on her wrists and ankles filling her with heat.

Now she was totally helpless! The studded leather restraints around her wrists, which matched her collar, had been joined by another pair around her ankles!

Slave girl!

He had something else in his hands. She thought, at first, it was the crop again, but while the first eighteen inches or so resembled it, there was a long tail attached, even thinner, more flexible, more like the rope he'd used to tie her before.

He casually removed the weighted balls from her nipples, then from her clitoris. Kayla gasped and moaned, her wrists and ankles pulling against the restraints as she writhed at the sudden sensations. Her clitoris throbbed powerfully, stinging, at first, but then with relief. Her nipples were little different.

He swung his arm suddenly, before she was ready. She saw it out of her peripheral vision, and saw something flying towards her. The long, thin tail of

the ... the whip cut across the small of her back and she cried out, arching, pulling sharply against the restraints as she felt a line of stinging heat across her lower back.

“What kind of a girl would masturbate on the kitchen floor?” he demanded.

*Crack!*

The thing swung out again, and this time curled around her waist, leaving another line of stinging heat.

“A slut, that's what kind,” he said.

*Crack!*

He swung his arm again and the whip cut diagonally across her back.

Kayla yelped, twisting helplessly.

“A whore,” he said.

*Crack!*

*Is this really happening?! she thought, wondering, dazedly.*

“Are you a whore, blonde girl?”

*Crack!*

“Yes, sir!” she cried.

“Say it.”

*Crack! The whip cracked down across her bottom, sending her hips lurching forward.*

“I'm a whore, sir!”

*Crack!*

The whip sliced through the air and this time curled around her ribs to leave a

sharp, stinging line of pain across her breasts. Kayla cried out, arching and twisting, gasping for breath as felt her heart pounding with dark, anxious excitement.

And it was raw, wild excitement. She felt tremors of anxiety from not knowing how hard he would hit her, or whether the blows would begin to hurt more and more, but just then the pain, though it stung, did nothing to push back her inner heat. On the contrary, it added to the dark fantasy of being a slave girl. For weren't slave girls whipped?

And she was being whipped! Whipped!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The whip sliced across her shoulders, then around her ribs to bite at her breasts again, then curled across her right hip to snap down along the soft skin of her abdomen and in between her legs.

“Ohw!” she cried, head thrown back at the sudden outrageous burst of pain.

“Nasty girl,” he said. “Nasty little blonde.”

*Crack! The whip curled around her left hip this time, but snapped in between her legs again.*

“Please!” she half sobbed.

The whip curled across her right hip, then her left, then around her ribs, then down across her right hip again as Kayla twisted and writhed and cried out, her mind pounding with frantic heat, anxiety and wild, nearly uncontrollable passion.

“Are you going to obey me, you blonde slut?”

*Crack!*

“Yes, sir!” she cried weakly.

*Crack!*

“Obeying me means you do nothing without permission.”

*Crack!*

“Do you understand, slut?”

“Yes, sir!” she cried.

*Crack! The whip sliced down between her legs again, and Kayla cried out, back arching.*

“You do exactly what you are told and ONLY what you are told, do you understand me, slut?”

“Yes, sir!”

“Push your bottom out as far as you can, slut.”

Panting for breath, her skin scalding hot, her insides churning wildly, the trembling girl obeyed, and the whip cut across her smooth, firmly rounded buttocks with a sharp, stinging blow. Her hips jerked forward helplessly as she cried out.

“Push your bottom out as far as you can,” he ordered.

Whimpering, she obeyed, and another blow snapped across her buttocks. Her hips jerked forward, but she pushed them back again as the whip cut across her bottom a third time. Again she jerked forward, and quickly pushed her bottom back.

His hand moved slowly across her heated bottom, squeezing and kneading it, then slid beneath to the dildo in her ass. He slid that out, and Kayla shuddered as she felt the unmistakable feel of his hard, erect cock pushing up into her in its place.

His hands gripped her hips, pulling them back as he worked his cock into her with short, steady strokes.

“Have you ever been fucked in the ass before, blonde girl?”

Kayla moaned helplessly, head hanging forward as she gulped in air. One of his hands seized her hair and jerked her head up and back.

“I asked you a question, blonde girl.”

“N-No, sir!”

“Waste,” he said. “You have a gorgeous ass. Don't tell me men haven't wanted to drive their cocks up into it before, haven't wanted to pound you hard.”

He released her hair, gripping her hip again, pushing himself deeper, so that she felt a dark, delicious cramping sensation deep inside.

“Nasty little blonde girl,” he said, jamming himself deep between her buttocks and grinding himself against her. “Filthy little blonde slut. You're deliciously tight and warm inside.”

Kayla moaned, feeling him deep inside her, then gasped as he jerked back on her hair and bit into the nape of her neck. His other hand slid around her, groping her breast, then sliding down between her legs to rub against her throbbing clitoris.

His hips moved in and out, then ground against her, moved in and out, then ground against her.

“Keep your ass pushed back, you nasty blonde whore,” he said.

He thrust in hard, sharp and fast, so that she squeaked and shuddered, then slowed down again.

“It will be difficult to get the senior partners to promote someone so young,” he said, licking and biting his way up along the side of her throat. “Maybe if I promise they can all fuck your ass whenever they want to that will help.”

She moaned dazedly, her body writhing and twisting now as he rubbed her clitoris and pumped in and out of her ass. Given he had already used dildos on her it was not so shocking or strange a sensation as she would have imagined. In fact, the real difference between this and the dildos he'd used was psychological. It felt ... different... knowing it was his cock, and not some plastic toy.

Up in her ass! Up deep inside her ass! It was perverted and wicked and

demeaning and horribly arousing at the same time!

He worked himself in and out with harder, longer strokes, his fingers stroking her clitoris at the same time, and she felt the sexual pressure grow more intense, her chest tight, her head pounding, her nipples crackling with sexual electricity.

His hips were now slapping against her buttocks with bruising force, his cock spearing her as she gurgled and shuddered and moaned in the grip of dark fantasy and wild sensation. When the orgasm hit it was surprisingly small, but she twisted and writhed and cried out helplessly, gurgling at the raw sensation pouring through her.

She sagged weakly, groaning, half hanging from her wrists as it eased, but it eased for only moments, then it surged forward again, and she sailed into another, astonishingly intense orgasm that had her trembling violently, hips bucking against him as he drove his cock into her ass, crying out again with the force of the whirlwind of sensations sweeping through her mind and body.

She sagged again, fully hanging from her wrists, gasping for breath as his hands slid down to grip her thighs from the front. He pulled her up and back, until the pressure against her wrists and ankles became taut again, still thrusting up into her as she shuddered, jaw slack, eyes glassy.

He finished with a series of hard, shallow thrusts, his hips slapping against her and causing her body to shake, then pulled back. Groaning, Kayla's dazed mind fumbled to get her legs under her again, her body throbbing and aching inside and out.

“Perhaps time for a little more training again,” he said, fingers combing through her hair. “A fit mind and a fit body, after all.”

\*

Kayla posed as directed, out in the sun, on the lawn again, arching, bending, bowing, turning and laying back to spread her legs wide. Forrest stood over her, negligently holding the crop, not hesitating to lay it across her bottom if she was slow, or posed incorrectly.

He leashed her and she crawled back and forth at his heel, pausing to sit back on her heels, then rise on her heels, then slide 'gracefully' forward onto all fours,

then onto her belly, before rising once more and crawling.

Whereupon Forrest locked her wrist restraints together behind her back, then, for good measure, locked her ankle restraints together as well.

“Crawl,” he ordered.

She looked up at him in disbelief. Clearly she couldn't crawl with her wrists and ankles locked together. He looked back.

“Crawl,” he said again.

“But – I can't!” she blurted.

He frowned. “First, you have disobeyed me by speaking.”

“But – .”

He held up his hand to silence her, then squatted next to where she lay.

“Second, you are once again substituting your belief, your opinion, your judgment, for mine. I have given you an order, and rather than carefully considering how that order can be carried out, you have instantly dismissed it as undoable.”

His hand slid along her glistening skin, prodded at the dildo he had reinserted in her bottom, then at the one only slightly protruding from her pussy, before letting his finger slide up across her clitoris.

“Do you really think I'm stupid, blonde girl? Do you think I don't know what is and is not possible? Do you believe I would not consider such things when giving directions? Don't answer me. That was a rhetorical question.”

He slid his hand back and extended the crop instead, sliding it over her breasts.

“Now crawl.”

Kayla gulped and tried to wriggle forward. She shifted her hips, and pushed against the grass with her bare feet, rolling and wriggling forward.

“You see, it is, in fact, possible. I set you no particular time limits, no speed

requirements. I merely said to crawl, which was an attainable objective,” he said, standing and watching. “You need to learn to do what I tell you, blonde girl, and stop thinking you know better than I do.”

He walked away, going back towards the pool, then sitting down on a lounge chair.

“Keep crawling,” he said. “I want you to crawl towards me.”

Gasping, panting, Kayla wriggled forward, inch by inch, her body rolling and twisting on the grass as she slowly worked her way towards him. It was not easy work, and the sun had climbed higher in the sky and was hotter as she crawled.

“Don't try go to around the pool. I want you to keep going forward,” he ordered.

Kayla bit her lip for she had started to angle away from it, and the stone which bordered it. It was far easier to slide across grass than stone, after all, however smooth that stone was. She knew there would be no point in protesting. She crawled over the edge of the interlock stone, her body now wriggling and sliding heavily across the smooth stone.

The problem was, the pool loomed right ahead. He had told her not to go around the pool. What then, she thought anxiously? This was the deep end of the pool! If she kept moving forward she'd wind up in the pool and unable to swim with her arms and wrists shackled!

But if she stopped, she would be disobeying him again. Her mind raced, trying to consider what he wanted, and what was possible for her to do. He was right in that she had not considered crawling on her belly. She had dismissed his order and substituted her own judgment. She saw that clear enough.

What she couldn't see was how she could swim with her arms behind her and her ankles shackled together. Yet... he had to know that. Forrest was a very smart man. He certainly didn't want her to drown. So what was his intention? And was it necessary for her to even know his intentions? She often wouldn't, at work, if he was playing political games.

No, all she needed to do was follow his orders and trust that he knew what he was doing, and it wouldn't cause her to, well, drown. It's not like he wouldn't pull her out, after all. And besides, she had never tried moving through water with

her arms bound behind her and her ankles shackled. Maybe it was possible.

She waited for orders to turn as she reached the edge of the pool, but they didn't come, and she drew in a deep breath as first her head, then her shoulders slid over the edge of the pool. She continued pushing forward, and as more of her body moved over the edge, she fell into the deep water, still shackled hand and foot.

She kicked her legs, and was indeed able to move forward, not quickly, perhaps, but she was moving – underwater – unable to breath. She pushed herself towards the surface, gasping for breath, gulping in a quick breath as her head broke the surface, but then she was under water again, still kicking her feet wildly, but with a growing sense of desperation.

She kicked her way to the surface again, her face breaking the water long enough to gulp in a quick breath, but then was below the water again, kicking forward and trying to reach the surface again. She kicked up, and suddenly a net dropped over her head! It pulled her towards the side of the pool, and then a hand reached down and gripped her first by the hair, then the arm and pulled her up.

Sputtering, gasping for breath, light headed, she gulped in air, but then as he shifted his grip her head and shoulders fell back into the water. She could feel his big hand around her ankle, though, lifting her foot and thus her leg up out of the water. Her hips and belly and chest followed, and finally, her head, coughing and gasping as he held her with one hand around the ankles, dangling over the pool.

He swung her back over the side, and dropped her on the grass and she lay there, gasping, panting, chest heaving, rolling over and staring up at – a black man!

Kayla was stunned. She gaped at the man who stood there.

He was tall, very broad shouldered, very black, very bald, and wearing a black suit with a blood red tie and a high collared white shirt! And now she recognized him! He was the ... the man she'd thought was a pimp the other night when Forrest had ordered her to dress like a hooker and wait for him on a downtown street corner.

He was there, Forrest had said, to make sure nothing happened to her in her too-tight, cleavage baring top and too-tight, too-short miniskirt. And, she was sure,

to add some drama to her waiting around for Forrest to pull up in his Porsche and 'pick her up'.

She gaped at him as stunned realization gave way to a sense of humiliation that finally caused her to duck her head away, face flaming red and hot.

He squatted beside her and she felt his hands on her ankles briefly before he unlinked her ankle restraints. A moment later he unlinked her wrist restraints, and she half curled up, trying to hide as much of her naked body as she could.

That was when the crop appeared in his hand.

“On your heels,” he ordered, standing.

The familiar order startled her and left her momentarily breathless.

“On your heels!” he said again, this time his voice a low, deep growl that made her gasp in fear.

Helplessly, heart pounding, Kayla uncurled her body and pushed herself up onto her knees, sitting back on her heels, head very low. She yelped as the crop sliced down and stung her hip.

“Hands on outer thighs. Knees apart,” he growled.

She jerked her knees apart, blushing furiously.

Another blow made her gasp.

“Head back, blonde girl!” he ordered.

She jerked her head up, though still not looking at him, heart pounding like a drum, fingers trembling as they settled on her outer thighs.

“Knees,” he ordered.

She rose on her knees, finally jerking her head around to stare towards Forrest, but he was no longer in his chair! She was alone with this... this black man!

“Head forward, blonde girl,” he growled, the crop snapping across her back.

“Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced,” he ordered.

Her mind squirming horribly, Kayla obeyed.

“Back arched,” he ordered, slapping the crop down across the center of her right breast.

She winced and obeyed, chest heaving, water still trickling down her slick body.

“Hands and knees,” he ordered.

She fell forward onto her hands and knees, and yelped as the crop snapped down across her bottom.

‘You call that graceful? Try again.’

She rose back onto her knees, then slid forward onto all fours.

“Better,” he said, the crop sliding slowly down along her spine before pausing to slap lightly on the base of the dildo protruding from her back passage.

“Now on your belly.”

She slid further forward, onto her knees, then her belly, arms sliding forward ahead of her as she drew her knees forward, raised her bottom high, then shifted her knees to the side, still blushing furiously.

She gasped as she felt the tip of the crop slide up to rub against her clitoris, her mind churning with wild emotions and broken off thoughts!

“Nasty little girl,” he growled.

There was no question he was doing this because Forrest had told him to, she knew. He was even using the same words! Therefore, Forrest had set him as part of her 'test'. So what was it? Obedience, that was it. What else could it be?! She had to obey this man because he was obviously doing what Forrest told him to do.

Kayla was not particularly shy about her body. In fact, she was narcissistic, and very proud of the way men lusted after her and wanted her. But this! This was

insane! This was perverted! This was shocking!

He snapped a leash to the ring set into the collar around her neck.

“On all fours, and crawl,” he ordered.

Feeling overwhelmed by it all, Kayla pushed herself up and forward, crawling, wincing as the crop snapped down against her hip.

“Gracefully, blonde girl,” he ordered.

She crawled more carefully, the stinging bite of the crop able to focus her spinning mind where nothing else could.

He walked her across the grass, then back.

“Stop. Belly,” he ordered.

She slid forward onto her belly, arms outstretched, knees wide, hips raised high.

“Do you love cock, blonde girl?” he asked.

She cringed wildly, yet she knew the answer she was required to give.

“Y-Yes, sir!” she squeaked.

“Say it.”

Heat flooded her face again.

“I love cock, sir,” she gulped.

“Louder, blonde girl.”

“I love cock, sir!”

“Shout it out.”

“I love cock, sir!”

“Knees,” he ordered.

She rose on her knees, almost trembling with the wild, raw emotions sweeping around in her head.

“Say it again,” he said.

“I love cock, sir!”

“I want you to pull down my zipper, blonde girl,” he ordered.

Kayla felt a jolt of shock, even though she had been half expecting something...

Her fingers rose, trembling, and gripped his zipper, then drew it slowly down.

He reached down, still holding her leash tightly, and reached into his black trousers, then pulled out a very thick, very black, partially erect cock that hung there before her.

“Take it into your mouth,” he ordered.

The thoughts fluttered in Kayla's mind like hummingbirds in a cage, but her hands rose as if in a dream, and gripped his cock, then she leaned forward, helped by the pull of the chain attached to her collar, and slid her lips over the head.

As if a dam had given way, she slid her lips further forward, and, the decision made, much of the wild, scrambling confusion within her mind eased. She gripped the base and sucked and licked, feeling him growing thicker by the second as she slid her lips slowly up and down. He hardened into a thickness which even surpassed Forrest, and she moaned, starting now to feel a sense of almost giddy arousal.

*I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought dazedly, wildly, sharp pulses of sensation and excitement and heat rolling up through her belly.*

She had never had sex with a black man before. There had never been one she wanted anything from. Now she slid her taut, straining lips up and down the long length of him, eyes finally flicking upwards to his grim face, then dropping down, blushing as she sucked.

He pulled himself out, pulling back on her leash at the same time.

“Hands behind your back, blonde girl.”

Panting, she obeyed, and he leaned over casually, clipping her restraints together. There was something familiar and oddly reassuring about having her wrists locked together, even as he jerked in on the leash and gripped her hair to guide her mouth back onto his now thick black spear of flesh.

It was the... helplessness of it, and accompanying that a kind of freedom from guilt or the need to think about what she was doing. She had no decisions to make, after all. She had only to – obey. His big hand pushed against the back of her head as he pulled on the leash, and her lips slid down his cock, further and further, until the head pushed into her throat.

She gagged a little, but the wildness, the dazed state of her mind helped, as he pushed his thick black cock deep into her throat and then mashed her face against his black trousers. He held her there for long seconds, then slowly drew back, inch upon inch as she stared at it, cross-eyed. He came free, finally, and she gasped, saliva pouring over her lower lip as she coughed and drew in shaky breaths of air.

“Are you a whore, Kayla?” he asked.

“Y-Yes, sir!” she gasped.

“Say it.”

“I'm a whore, sir!”

“What kind of a whore are you?”

She hesitated, then remembered.

“I'm a blonde whore, sir!”

She gasped as he jerked back on her hair, tilting her head up and back so that she had to look up at him.

“In my experience, those two words are redundant,” he said, his eyes dark and cool. “They mean the same thing. Exactly the same thing.”

She flushed, and felt an incredible sense of squirming heat in her belly, a tightness in her chest, and a growing thrill of the forbidden in her mind.

“Belly,” he ordered.

Kayla whimpered, but obeyed, heart pounding, head pounding, blood racing through her system.

“Do you love cock... blonde?”

“Yes, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I love cock, sir!”

“Beg me to fuck you, then.”

Another powerful jolt hit Kayla, and she shuddered.

“Please fuck me, sir!”

*Crack!*

She gasped.

“Again, blonde.”

“Please fuck me, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Louder... blonde.”

“Please fuck me, sir!”

“What should I use to fuck you with, blonde? My big black cock?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” she moaned, her voice cracking.

“Beg for it then.”

“P-Please fuck me with your big, black cock, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Louder, blonde girl.”

“Please fuck me with your big, black cock, sir!” she cried.

Her pussy was burning, and the flames were melting her very mind!

He moved behind her and knelt, and Kayla shuddered as she felt his hands sliding over her buttocks. One slid under her, fingers roughly stroking her clitoris. Then he gripped the base of the dildo all-but buried in her and drew it slowly up and back and out. She felt... vacant.

Then another jolt, as she felt his warmth pressed against her, pushing firmly, the pressure forcing the lips of her sex in and back. They stretched wider and she moaned as he began to enter her. She was overwhelmed again! For up until that very moment she wasn't one hundred percent sure he would do it, that Forrest would have allowed him to do it.

She shuddered as his thick cock moved remorselessly down through the tight sheath of her pussy, stretching the walls wide as it burrowed deeper.

“What a tight little cunt you have,” he said.

His big hands just about encircled her waist, and he drew her back as he thrust deep. Kayla let out a startled cry of pain, then began to gurgle and grunt as his hips started moving in and out, pulling her in and out to meet him.

She felt waves of heat and pleasure and raw sensation sweeping through her, and her mind flipped over into that dark, glittering realm of sexual fever, where nothing else mattered. A crackling sexual electricity gripped her, and even as he started to thrust, even as he started to jerk her back, the orgasm tore through her.

She shuddered and gurgled and twisted and thrashed on the ground before him, but he held her steady, thrusting in and out, forcing himself deeper with every stroke, ignoring her twisting and writhing as he continued to drive himself into

her overheated body.

He released her waist, a hand grasping her bound wrists instead, jerking them up and back, raising her upper torso off the ground as he jerked her back to meet every thrust. Kayla's mind, was tumbling through a churning sea of dark heat as he plunged himself deep, ground himself against her, drew back, and did it again.

Her head hung low, jerking in time to her body's movements, her jaw slack as he pumped into her faster and faster. Then his hand gripped her wet, tangled hair, jerking her head up and back as he increased the pace.

Kayla's grunts turned into cries each time he drove himself into her, each time he yanked back on wrists and hair. Her body shuddered to the impact of his hips against her soft buttocks, and her scalp burned from her pulled hair.

She hardly noticed.

Forrest was there again, sitting down in a chair a dozen feet away, watching calmly, a glass of something in his hand as the black man thrust into her with growing speed and power.

She cried out dazedly as she was roughly shoved down again, her face against the grass as he slammed his hips into her. He still held her wrists, but abandoned her hair, reaching under to roughly grope her breast instead, alternating between that, and slapping her bottom as he rode her.

“Nasty little slut,” he growled.

*Crack!*

Her insides felt volcanic, like they were being churned into a burning stew! Kayla's glazed eyes stared out sightlessly at the grass as his hips struck her bottom, as his cock drove deep into her pussy, as she bathed in the dark, forbidden nature of what was happening, of her submissive, helpless state while Forrest looked on.

The strong, pounding penetration of his cock began to ache more and more, but that ache only inflamed her more. He was riding her like a wild bull, and treating her like...

A sex slave!

Her mind filled with the thought, as her body shuddered to the hard blows, and another, massive orgasm tore through her, wrenching a breathless scream of pleasure from her open mouth as the world disappeared – all but the deep, aching fullness inside her – into a storm of sensory heat and pleasure. She cried out all the air in her body, then gurgled breathlessly, shaking and twisting and writhing as he pounded into her, not drawing another breath until the alternative was losing consciousness.

And still the orgasm howled inside her as she howled in pleasure, and the black man continued to pound her into the ground!

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It was surreal again, as the two men sat in chairs, sipping their drinks, and took turns throwing the dildo for her to chase. But Kayla did it, gasping, panting, and sweating, returning it in her mouth. Then she had to lay on her back and masturbate while they looked on. Both of them. The arousal within her was such that the only problem was in not coming.

Then came the dancing. It was the same as with Forrest, only now there were two men there watching, and she didn't even know the second, except his name now. It was Paul. That was all she knew about him.

She had to give him a lap dance, though, grinding herself over his lap as he began to grow beneath her, then she had to do the same to Forrest.

She returned to suck Paul's cock, sinking to her knees, and then Forrest thrust into her from behind as she sucked Paul. The heat was scalding!

They dropped the lounge chair flat, and Paul stripped, displaying a powerful, muscular body which only incited her dark hunger more. He lay back, and she straddled him, but not facing him. And not to slide her aching pussy down onto him, but her tight bottom.

“I want that beautiful white ass wrapped around my cock,” he had growled.

And so she sank slowly down on him, shuddering, moaning, rubbing her clitoris as Forrest gripped her hair and buried his cock in her throat. She worked her way

slowly down, then began to ride up and down, which was when Forrest pulled himself free of her mouth.

Black arms wrapped around her, drawing her back, and Forrest knelt in front of her, gripping her thighs, pushing them up and back, and thrusting himself deep into her pussy. Then the two of them worked themselves in and out, faster and faster, deeper and harder, until Kayla frantically wondered whether her body would be torn apart before her mind was!

Had it only been yesterday, she thought, that she'd had a normal life!?

And then the world blew away as another massive orgasm tore apart her mind.

She served them dinner, naked, of course, then knelt, taking food from the fingers of whoever held it out to her, then they watched TV for a bit, discussing the game, as Forrest propped his feet on her bottom. Then Paul 'walked her' out back, and she peed while he looked on.

After that he left, and Forrest took her into the bathroom, washing her, shampooing her hair, drying it, brushing her teeth, douching her, and giving her another enema before shackling her wrists tightly behind her and putting her across his lap.

For the next few hours he watched TV, occasionally talked on the phone, and asked her about her life, about where she'd grown up, what her favorite subjects were in school, the friends she'd had, how she'd thought of everything, when she'd lost her virginity, who she'd had sex with, when, and why, and what had given her pleasure.

It didn't really occur to her to lie about anything.

Sometimes she lay belly down across his lap. At other times, she was sitting across it. His hands caressed her, stroked her, idly, casually, or sometimes with more purpose, and he was able to arouse her yet again, though he made no effort to make her climax.

She told him everything. She told him things she'd told no one in her life, like how she masturbated, and what her sexual fantasies had been, and even confessed her deepest, darkest secret.

That she had been lonely for some time.

She hadn't really thought about it much, hadn't even really been all that aware of it most of the time. But she hadn't been close to anyone since her mother had died. After that, her single-minded determination to get good marks, to get a scholarship, to place high among the graduates of her law school, to get ahead at work, that had all completely brushed aside the importance of any sort of social life.

She had gotten everything she'd wanted to. Sort of. The only thing left was the main reason she'd set forth to seduce people, to bury herself in books, to get ahead. She wanted to be a partner, to be rich.

"I told you before, that being rich isn't the end, it's just a means to an end," he said, his fingers idly caressing and kneading her breasts.

"I do want to be rich, sir," she insisted.

She gasped as he jerked back on her hair, forcing her head back, her chest out. His fingers rubbed and gently rolled her nipples.

"Never dismiss what I say, blonde girl," he said. "That's substituting your judgment for mine again."

"Yes, sir!" she gasped.

He eased his grip on her silken hair and his fingers stroked her cheek, then her lips, then slid into her mouth and along her tongue. She sucked softly on them, eyeing him.

"You want security," he said. "You want a place you can't be evicted from. Money will bring you security, well, enough of it anyway, at least you think it will. You'll buy your own place, a nice place, and people will treat you with respect."

He pumped his fingers slowly in her mouth.

"But the richer you get, the higher the bills. You'll buy a big place, even though you'll be all alone in it, and if you irritate someone, and get fired from the firm, you'll still have to sell it, because of the high taxes and maintenance. So you'll

still be at someone's mercy. You still won't have the security, the assurance, somewhere you are completely confident of your place.”

He slid his fingers out of her mouth and then slowly pushed them up into her pussy, pumping them slowly, twisting them, sliding his thumb up to casually rub her clitoris.

“I think I know what you want, what you've been missing all your life. And I think I know how you can get it.”

She looked at him, distracted by his words despite the rise of sensations he was causing.

“It will take a little more than obedience,” he said.

“Wh-What?” she gulped.

“Submission,” he said. “Total submission.”

She stared at him uncertainly. What did that mean.

“Time for bed, blonde girl. Tomorrow will be another exciting day for you.”

END

### **Kayla's story**

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[\*Kayla's Seduction\*](#)

[\*Kayla's Training\*](#)

[\*Kayla's Submission\*](#)

[\*Kayla's Discovery\*](#)

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