

# *Master's Fine Leather*

*By JJ Argus*



*Stories of Bondage and Submission*

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**Smashwords edition**

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

The sign said 'Masters' Fine Leathers'. It was the place I was looking for, the place where, I had heard from a friend of a friend, they were looking for someone. The only problem was that I had no experience as anything but a waitress. And looking at the place was intimidating. It certainly didn't look like Wal-mart – where I had already applied and not found work.

The exterior was weathered brown brick. It had a mullioned bay window, the frame of which was made of some dark, glossy wood, like mahogany. The door was of solid wood, with a small, discrete plaque. This was certainly no cut-rate shop, and from what a glance through the lightly tinted window showed – leather gloves and boots on red velvet, unlikely to hire a novice.

I looked at my jeans with the frayed bottoms and my bright yellow shoes with the orange laces, and decided that it wasn't likely a look which would enhance my credibility at this kind of shop. No, this place screamed “snob”. Still, I was desperate for work, so I hurried home and ransacked my closet looking for something appropriate.

And then I remembered my sister's closet, and darted across the hall to look through it. Yes, Sara was always more into leather than I was, and she had a pair of leather pants – which were way too small, and a leather skirt, which was merely too small. Oh, and a leather vest which was cute.

I bit my lip with indecision. Going in wearing a short skirt was not my idea of a good introduction – though I do have great legs. On the other hand, if it was a man hiring it might help. And at least if I wore leather it might show an interest in what they sold!

I wound up in my mom's blue silk buttoned shirt under Sara's black leather vest, her too-short leather skirt, my high-heeled leather boots (though they really did make me too tall) and one of my mom's business suit jackets, which, like Sara's things, was a bit small.

I was a freak at five feet eleven. You know how hard high school is when you're five feet eleven? You can only date really tall boys, and most of them are on the basketball team, which means they're arrogant jocks and treat you like you're an accessory. They mostly pay attention to you when they want sex, and aside from that they don't care.

My previous job had been at O'reilly's pub. I wore a short kilt and a too-tight, midriff baring top I was grateful my parents had never seen. The tips were great, but it was still all about carting dishes of food out and dirty dishes back. Not very exciting except when one the drunks started getting touchie feelie. And then the pub had closed last month so I was out of luck and out of money. My parents were far from rich, so I definitely needed to find something. Now!

I bit my lower lip (a bad habit I haven't been able to kick) while examining myself in the mirror. I didn't look very sophisticated. I needed to do something about my hair, maybe apply some makeup. I did my hair half up, half down, with cute bangs, and donned lipstick, eyeliner and rouge, then put on the leather and hoped for the best.

\* \*

The first thought as I stepped through the door into the tasteful and subdued lighting (no fluorescent lights in this place) was that it really was a store that catered to the moneyed set. The shelves and counters were of dark wood, and the walls were of dark brick and wood paneling. A pair of boots by the door had a price tag of four hundred and eighty dollars!

Urk!

My second thought is kind of hard to describe, because as my eyes swept over the store I realized that some of the boots had absurdly high heels, while others were incredibly, ridiculously high, as in thigh high! The gloves were the same. Some clearly went up past the elbows. There were leather skirts and leather pants too.

And leather bondage gear. A lot of it. There were a lot of different kinds of leather collars and restraints. Various whips dangled from the wall in a long row which seemed divided by length and thickness. One counter had a number of mannequin heads all with different types of leather blindfolds, hoods and gags.

“May I help you, miss?”

I was speechless for a long moment, just absorbing it all, and then absorbing the guy talking to me.

He was, I don't know, maybe mid thirties. He was taller than me, which I always

appreciated, wearing a dark, stylish three piece suit which seemed to be tailored to his ... his really well-built body. I mean, he had broad shoulders without being too wide, you know, like football players. They angled down to a nicely built chest and slim hips.

It was a man's body, sleek and powerful, but not bulging, with a short, graceful neck leading to a well-shaped head. He had high cheekbones, piercing blue eyes, a short, aristocratic nose and full lips. I felt myself going momentarily breathless just taking him in, and that was on top of my shock at realizing what kind of a store this was.

I think if I'd had the time to think I'd have found a way to lie about why I was there. But my instant, flurried thinking was that if I said I was a customer he'd think I was some kind of perve looking for handcuffs or something, so I had no choice but to confess!

“I uhm... I heard you were... looking for someone,” I gulped, wide eyed.

He kind of cocked his head a little, encouragingly.

“I mean, for a sales person,” I said.

“You heard incorrectly,” he said.

“Oh, okay,” I said, starting to back out.

“Or at least, not entirely correctly. I am looking for a person, but not for sales. And truth to tell, you don't seem the sales type. You give up too easily.”

He had a nice voice! I mean, it was masculine and deep, but also melodic, and not too deep, if you know what I mean.

“I uhm, you are looking for...”

“I do need an assistant,” he said. “To handle stock, for the most part, see to displays, perhaps run a few errands and be my general gopher.”

I could be a gopher! I mean, but then I remembered, and looked around nervously.

“I see you like leather,” he said, looking down at me.

“Well, uhm, yeah,” I said. “I just hadn't realized that uhm...”

“What kind of leather we sold?” he asked.

“Uhm, yeah.”

“Does it offend you? Shock you?”

“Oh no!” I said hurriedly.

I wasn't about to confess that anything shocked me. I mean, I was almost twenty! That made me extremely sophisticated and world-weary! Sort of. At least I my mind. Or at least, I felt the need to put up the front.

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You'd be surprised how quickly you become blasé about stuff. Within a week I was sliding gags into the open mouths of mannequins, tugging hoods down, adjusting codpieces (really!) and counting the different whips and flogs to make sure we had enough in stock for the week. Hey, it was like any other store, when you came right down to it.

Nor was the clientele anything to be worried about. Mostly, they were dressed like my boss, and didn't look like perverts at all. Mind you, I didn't see a lot of them at first. I spent most of my time in back opening and unpacking, then labeling things with price tags. When no one was out front I'd scurry out to replace stock.

Not everything Master sold was leather. He had some handcuffs and shackles, and some stuff made of PVC. He also had a few outright sex toys discretely located off in a corner on lower shelves. Dusting them was an experience, I assure you! Especially when he was around to see me!

I did do some peeking when he had customers, just to see what they looked like, but they mostly looked pretty normal, though rich-normal. Nothing in this store was cheap.

Master... and that was our little in-joke, because his name was John Master, was

suave and smooth-talking. He walked that fine line between pushing the product, and being attentive and obedient to the will of the customers. As he said, not without humor “Sometimes I'm a dominant, and sometimes a submissive”.

One day, fairly early, I was stocking the spankers. We had a lot of different shapes, sizes and weights of leather spankers. They were designed, as you can imagine from the name, for spanking people's bottoms. They generally consisted of a handle, then a long, length of leather, sometimes with holes in it like Swiss cheese.

“I don't get it,” I said, on my knees, placing them in careful rows on an angled shelf.

“What's not to get?”

“Why would people want to be spanked?”

“It takes all kinds.” Which was a phrase he'd used often enough.

I looked up at him. “Have you ever spanked anyone... master?” I asked in a kind of jokey way.

“Of course,” he said deadpan. “Especially some of my assistants. But only when they've been bad.”

That did something strange to my lower belly, and I felt myself flushing. Sure I knew he was kidding... probably, but I gulped and turned away anyway.

Master was a very stern man and yet had this deliciously ironic sense of humor that often confused me and made me feel like I was just too dumb (or unsophisticated) to fully get it. When I say stern what I mean is he would speak extremely decisively about what I was to do and when and how. There was no argument invited or accepted. I knew that instinctively by his tone.

Yet he was extremely polite about it. He was never overbearing or insulting and never raised his voice. It was just this... this presence. It was like, I wouldn't even think of not doing what he said! But at the same time he was considerate and thoughtful, towards me.

Like when he saw me spending time leaning over a group of restraints as I did

the inventory he went into the back, brought out a chair and put it down. Then he gripped my shoulder, and pushed me firmly down into it. He didn't say a word. So in a weird way it was like he was being very thoughtful, but also very firm in what I was to do.

He was a very impressive man, and I started feeling more and more impressed with him the more I was around him. But there was no way I was in his league. Fanciful thoughts of me and him just couldn't seem to come together in my mind. It was silly. It would be like a maid dreaming about dating the great lord of the castle.

I did anyway, of course, but any such thought always had him in complete control. So when he joked about spanking me, well, my little daydreams began to move in another direction, one which seemed to make more sense given the disparity between our ages and levels of sophistication.

What would it be like to be spanked by Master? That was a thought which immediately began to make my stomach flutter, and did so every time it came to my mind.

And those thoughts began to make me look at some of the stock in a different light. I admit that I tried on some of the leather restraints, when he wasn't looking, and even a collar or two, just to see what I looked like in them. And I imagined what it would be like as Master's little sex toy, and what he'd be like in bed.

Hey, I have an active imagination, and always have had. I had to think about something while stocking shelves and unboxing supply! They were only daydreams, after all. And kind of exciting ones.

One morning, early, Master let me in and then left, saying he'd be back by opening time in forty five minutes. I went in back and started to unpack, then had a wild thought, and got my favorite pair of wrist restraints and collar and scurried to the bathroom. There I stripped completely, put them on, and looked at myself, kind of exhilarated.

Wow! I looked so hot and sexy and sexual and... and.. hot! The collar was thick and dark, without adornment except for the thick stainless steel ring in the center. The restraints were studded, and also had rings. I managed to lock them together easily, since each had both a ring and a clip, and held them before

myself, just above my breasts, looking soulfully into the mirror.

Sighing, I removed them all, got dressed, and within five minutes was back at work. There was a twenty percent discount for anything I wanted to buy, but no way was I going to buy stuff like that. First, it was expensive, second, he'd know I had them, and third I had no use for them anyway. It wasn't like the guys I knew could be trusted with me all helpless. Even less could they be trusted not to blab to everyone I knew about what a little perve I was!

It was cool outside, but hot in the store that morning. I had worn clothes which were comfortable and easy to move in: tennis shoes, yoga pants, a sweatshirt which dangled well past my bottom. I had a t-shirt under the sweatshirt, though, which I pulled off. I spend a lot of time sitting cross-legged on the floor going through boxes and putting on price tags, getting only occasional glimpses of Master as he came back from time to time.

Master came back and opened the store, and the day started up fairly normally. Then there was a lot thumping sound, like something had fallen quite a way. I scrambled off the chair I'd been sitting and hurried to the curtained door, then peered through.

Along one wall, or I should say, high along the one wall, there were a row of chains which dangled about two feet from the ceiling. They were attached to plastic arms, or, to be more precise, to padded leather restraints which were wrapped around the wrists of those arms. One of the arms had fallen to the floor.

Master noticed me.

“Get the stepladder please, Emily,” he said.

The store was empty, and he'd want that fixed before a customer showed up, so I hurried, grabbed the stepladder, and carried it down the narrow aisle and out front to where the arm sat. I looked around for him and saw he'd gone into the back as well, and was now emerging with a toolbox.

“It looks like the screws gave way,” he said.

He opened the box and got out a screwdriver, then a long screw and handed them to me. I blinked in surprise, but took them. Then again, I thought, it made more sense for someone dressed casually like me to go up on the stepladder and not a

guy in a fancy three-piece suit. Unless you were an incredible sexist, of course, and thought a girl couldn't handle a screwdriver!

I climbed up the stepladder while he casually reached out to hold it, just in case, and examined where the bolt had been screwed. Yes, the small holes looked frayed and wide.

“Think you can reattach it?”

“I suppose,” I said, “But the screwed would need to be bigger than what was there already.”

I pushed the screw in but it went in easily.

“This one is too skinny.”

He was already fishing in the box, and came out with two more of thicker sizes. He handed them to me and I tested them.

“This one is perfect,” I said, handing them both back, showing which I meant.

He handed me the bolt with the attached chain, and two screws and I took them, then began to screw the bolt in.

I glanced down once, just casually, and then back at my screw, and kind of froze, feeling a rush of heat to my face. He hadn't been looking up, you see. He'd been looking at my ass! I immediately recalled that I was wearing the tight, thin gray yoga pants, and started to feel a squirming in my lower belly and a sense of breathlessness!

I mean, sure I'd had lots of these little daydreams and thoughts about him, but hadn't for a moment thought he'd reciprocated at all. I felt a rush of ego, as well as embarrassment. I mean, he was looking at my ass! But then again, I had a nice ass! Or at least, people told me I did, and I had no reason to question their honesty!

The position I was in on the stepladder was bad! I was two thirds up so my hips were about level with his face, and was leaning forward across the top to screw in the bolt. So my bottom was kind of pushed out very... attractively. I felt a whirling storm of conflicting thoughts and emotions. On the one hand, I felt like

a slut pushing my ass out like this, right in his face! But on the other hand I knew I had no choice and that it was all happenstance. And I knew he knew it too.

Was he still staring at my ass!? I didn't know and wasn't sure I dared check!

In my distraction I half lost my balance, and his hand shot out and grabbed my leg high up between my leg and bottom to steady me.

“Are you all right? Do you want me to take over?”

“N-No, I'm fine!” I gulped.

I imagined that hand sliding up to give my ass a squeeze, and felt my nipples hardening within the cups of my bra. But after a few long seconds, he withdrew his hand. I gave a sigh of both relief and disappointment and finished screwing in the bolt.

I reached down for the chain and attached it, then for the arm, but he was removing the restraint as I watched.

“Might as well put up the new XM-14,” he said.

He walked into the back and returned with another restraint, sliding it over the wrist, and then locking it in place. He handed it up to me and I noticed a little key sticking out of it.

“Do you want to keep the key in it?” I asked.

“Best place for it to not get lost,” he replied.

“Do people really hang themselves from the ceiling?” I asked as I put it in place.

“Oh yes, it's quite popular.”

“Why?”

“For the dom it's the visual appeal, for the sub it's the emotional and psychological appeal. They don't always have to be physically hanging. They can be standing, with arms upraised. It's the traditional sort of thing and insights

a lot of feverish fantasies in certain people.”

I started to climb down, distracted again by the thought of myself hanging naked by my wrists. He moved behind me and I felt a surge in self-consciousness about my ass and turned in mid step, lost my balance, and fell. I didn't fall far, though. As I said, he was right behind me so I wound up falling right onto his shoulder.

He simply held my legs, stepped back, and then bent forward and set me on the floor.

“Sorry,” I said, a bit breathless, my insides swirling.

“You have to be careful on ladders,” he said neutrally.

I carried the ladder into the back, my insides still gripped by the will dark thrill of memory of when I had been across his shoulder, almost like... you know, a caveman carrying his woman. He'd certainly held me easily. But then, I'd seen him without his jacket on numerous occasions, and he looked like a very strong man.

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I just didn't get how women could walk around in five and six inch heels! And so, on those occasions, early in the morning, before the shop opened, when Master was away, I'd often try on a few and try walking around in them. The most interesting was the thigh high stilettos.

The floor in the shop was hardwood, which was good. I don't know how I'd have done on carpet. It was hard enough as it was. I don't think the thigh highs were meant to be worn with pants. But I put them on over my jeans, and tried walking in them. They were a little tight because of the pants, and they also kind of pushed the material upward above the tight tops, which meant up against my pussy. Not a lot, but enough to feel.

I was wobbly at first, but got the hang of it soon enough, and then got the idea of putting on a pair of the shoulder length leather gloves too. The mirror in the bathroom was okay, but not full length. So I kind of walked around a little out front, looking at myself in the mirror. Of course, it was impossible not to imagine doing it without any clothes.

I was in the back of the store, and the windows were tinted, and most of the store lights not on. I felt my pulse rising at the thought, and finally put on a collar, then unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it and my bra off. I slipped out of the boots and slid my jeans off too. I left on my black thong, though, as I put the boots back on.

God I looked hot in the mirror! Was that really me!?

And then the door rattled!

With a squeak of horror I snatched up my things and raced into the back and into the bathroom as Master returned early. I quickly stripped off boots, gloves and collar and then shoved them into the cupboard below the sink. What else could I do?! I couldn't go out front and put them back on the shelves!

I came back out dressed properly, if a little breathless, and popped my head out front to see him at the counter inspecting the mail.

I wandered over, a little flushed, and saw he had a couple of boxes there as well.

“Want me to unpack those?”

He looked up and made a face. “I don't know,” he said.

“What are they?”

“Straps.”

“Straps?”

He pushed one over to me and I opened it. They were indeed straps, but gathered together in a shape I didn't quite comprehend, and with a kind of hard plastic plate near one end.

“What... do they do?”

He put down the letter and showed me how the one strap went around my hips and buckled in front. Then two more straps came down under my buttocks and up between my thighs to fasten tight. A final strap went down between my buttocks and up front to fasten to the belt in front. I was blushing a little as he

did this, but he hadn't asked permission nor hesitated, and I wasn't sure I wanted to stop him.

“What... is it?” I asked, examining them.

It didn't seem to be anything. I mean, the straps didn't do anything or restrain me in any way. It was a little like the stuff that went around you when you did rock climbing, which I had done once with a boyfriend.

He grinned faintly, and opened the other box.

“This attaches to the front,” he said, pulling something out.

It was round and long and wrapped in opaque material. I unrolled it and gazed at a black leather dildo. It was long, and thick, and had studs running down two sides. It apparently fastened to the plastic plate on the thing I had on. I blushed darkly and he smiled in amusement.

“More popular among the ladies than the men,” he said.

“Urk,” I replied.

“I don't think I want to sell it, however. It seems too... crude, too blatant. On the other hand, I've been asked before, and I don't like my customers having to go elsewhere. I may carry it but under the counter, not on display.”

I felt a little less embarrassment, perhaps because of how casual he was. I placed the base of the dildo against the plate, flushed but giggling at the thought of having a cock, a big cock!

“I suppose if you're a lesbian,” I said, trying to be as casual as him.

“Not just lesbians use them,” he said, reaching forward to undo the straps for me.

I thought about that in confusion. If it wasn't lesbians who would be using them?!

His fingers were awfully close to ... to certain places as he undid the straps, and I felt that hot swirling in my lower belly, even though he was far too polite to

'accidentally' slip or anything. He soon had it back in the box and the dildo safely put away without incident.

“Soooo... who else would use them?” I asked, feeling brave.

“Oh well, men who can't keep themselves ... functional for long enough, or even women who want to use them on their men.”

“Women on their... ick!” I said.

He looked up at me, smiling. “You think all this involves men spanking and restraining women?” he asked. “Some of it is the reverse, you know. There are some very strong willed ladies about”

I hadn't really thought about it! That was so not my style!

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“I don't know about this,” I muttered.

“You asked.”

I shrugged helplessly.

What I'd asked was if I could kind of, be promoted to sales girl. I mean, business had picked up, and often enough he was too busy dealing with one person to deal with another. At the least, I could go and work the cash register for someone who had helped themselves.

“How can you sell something when you bluish whenever you talk about it?” he'd asked quite reasonably.

“I don't blush,” I said, blushing a little.

So he had played the part of the customer, and asked me questions about the different whips, which I had dutifully answered, having read the material and listened to him. Certain whips had more effect than others. Some were more playful, others more painful. Some left welts, while others didn't. It depended on what the person needed, usually the person who was going to be receiving the impact of the whip or flog.

I could answer him that, but I wasn't sure about a stranger!

And then, as a customer, he'd asked to see what a collar looked like around my throat. That made me flush and then made me a little angry at myself because I was doing exactly as he'd predicted. But then he'd asked to see the restraints on me. So had put them on.

“You don't try stuff on for people,” I muttered.

“Occasionally I will, but you're right. But that's because of culture. Our culture treats men and women differently. IF you want to make sales, want to persuade the customer, you fall into the role that will be most inclined to do that. For an attractive young woman, given our clientele, that means adding a certain sexuality and flirtatiousness to your manner.”

I couldn't accuse him of not flirting with the women, for that he certainly did!

“You have to judge how to act based on how the customer reacts. I was only half joking about being sometimes aggressive, sometimes attentively obedient. Women clients will often prefer dealing with you, but they, for the most part, are dominants. They'll accept a strong man, but tend to be territorial with a strong woman, so you're probably better playing a mix of competent but submissive to their needs. That's not universal, though. Some might discuss with you how a certain whip would work on a woman, for example.”

I was having second thoughts about this...

I had to change how I was dressed for best effect.

“You think I wear this monkey suit every day by choice?” he asked dryly when I complained.

“I could wear a three piece suit.”

“Yes, but it doesn't mean the same for women as for men. Both men and women think a man looks his best in a good suit. Men do not think the same about women.

“What about women?”

“Again, it depends on them, but overall, given the type of female clients, a more feminine look would be far more suitable.”

The feminine look consisted of high heels, four inchers, in black leather boots which came almost to the knees. I wore a black leather skirt which was short, but not as short as the one I'd worn for the interview, and a thin white blouse with a too-tight black leather vest. I didn't wear a collar, but did wear a thin leather choker, which he said was both tasteful and suggestive.

And yes, I blushed, just at the thought that it sort of 'suggested' a collar. But there was a certain amount of avarice involved in my thinking. I mean, it wasn't like we girls at the pub weren't well aware that our tips could be influenced by how short our skirts were, or how tight our tops. And it wasn't like we didn't use that to good effect.

This outfit wasn't really revealing at all, especially compared to what I'd worn at the pub, but it seemed more sexual. Certainly the vest was tight against my boobs, and I wore no bra, nor needed one, underneath. The vest, unlike the one I'd borrowed off my sister, was built to shape breasts up and together.

“How is this?” I'd asked.

After a long moment of inspection, Master reached over and unbuttoned one more button on my blouse, which made me blush.

“Not actual cleavage,” he said, “but the suggestion.”

It looked like more than a suggestion to me! But, gazing into the mirror, I saw that really, it wasn't very much. It just felt like more because I had no bra on.

At first, I just helped at the cash. So I was still in back most of the time. I got used to walking in the four inch heels easily enough, and would mostly unbutton the vest for comfort.

The first time I worked the register for someone, though, I felt a kind of squirming sense of sexual awareness. I mean, it was a guy, a middle aged guy, and he was being these studded leather restraints. They happened to be the same ones I'd worn when playing around, so I had a hard time not blushing, even though he seemed fairly casual about them.

But he looked at me, you know, in that way that men often did. Only this time I wondered if he was picturing me as some sort of sex slave! Okay, I get it. I'm attractive. I know it. God knows people have told me often enough. But this was... different.

And as I started to actually go out onto the floor to ask people if they needed help I continued to get his weird sexual awareness whenever they looked at me. It was especially weird around the women. At first, it was only the women I waited on, because Master thought some of the men would be uncomfortable asking certain questions from a 'pretty young girl', as he put it.

The women made me kind of uncomfortable. They certainly weren't hesitant, were, in fact, very blunt in what they wanted. And they looked at me even more obviously than that first middle aged male customer. Now I've got nothing against lesbians, and in fact, have my share of... well, curiosity about what it would be like to be with a girl. But these weren't girls!

My first female customer was tall, though not as tall as me, with dark hair cut in a very severe fashion and straight bangs across her forehead like Betty Page. She had dark red lipstick and heavily lined eyes, and looked at me in a way which made me worry about whether I should back up.

“May I help you, ma'am?” I asked as politely as I could as I tried to hide my nervousness.

“I'm looking for a whip,” she said.

“Ahm, do you have any particular preference?”

She folded her arms across her chest and looked at me. “No. Suppose you suggest something.”

“Well that would depend on your needs, and on the preferences and tolerance of the person or people you intended to use it on,” I said, having rehearsed this sort of thing.

“Its for use on me,” she said.

I blinked in momentary surprise.

“Ahm, well, can I ask what you're used to? I mean, the impact of each is quite distinctive,” I said.

“I like pain,” she said.

God!

“But what level of pain? Have you, uhm, experience with being whipped?”

“Yes,” she said, unhelpfully.

I began to suspect she was toying with me in some fashion, but carried on.

“It would help me to know what kind of whip you presently are making use of so I could use it as a point of reference,” I said.

“What kind of whip do you like?” she asked.

“I personally don't enjoy pain,” I said.

“Have you ever been whipped?”

“No.”

I've never been punched in the face either but I'm fairly certain I wouldn't enjoy the experience.

“And if you were going to start, what would you recommend?” she asked.

Was she testing my knowledge? I looked anxiously towards Master's back but he was busy with another customer looking at gags.

“Well,” I said, glancing up at the row of them along the wall, “we have a number of novice flogs and whips, some of which cause very little pain or marking. They're more for psychological impact, if you get my meaning.”

“So which would be your junior miss flog?” she asked, looking me up and down.

A product is a product, I told myself.

I reached up and put my hand on one of the 'play' flogs, as Master called them.

“This is very light weight, the individual tails or thongs are made of leather, and the handle is hollowed out wood wrapped in leather.”

“And how much does that hurt?”

“Oh hardly at all,” I said. “And would leave no marks beyond thin red impact lines which would fade in minutes depending on how hard the whip was swung.”

“What does ‘hardly at all’ mean? If I brought this down on your bare back would you scream?” she asked with a dark smile.

“Uhm, well, I’m kind of a baby,” I said uncomfortably, and knowing I was blushing.

“So it would be too strong for you?”

“Well, I don’t know. I’m sure it wouldn’t be too hard, but then I don’t get off on pain anyway so...”

“What about on your breasts? Have you ever thought of being flogged across your breasts?”

Oh wow!

“Uhm, not really,” I said, rolling my eyes towards Master again.

“You look like you’re nicely gifted there,” she said, ‘Inside that tight little vest. I’m sure a little light flog would do no damage.’”

“Ahmm, maybe, but you were looking for something for you,” I said, a trifle desperately.

Her dark lips rose in a smile, and she leaned forward. “Don’t worry, dear. I wouldn’t whip your breasts until you were so incredibly aroused it would drive you over the edge.”

“Uhm...”

What did a person say to that?!

“Besides, for a novice a spanking would be a better introduction,” she said. “I

noticed you had a lovely bottom.”

“We have some very nice spankers,” I said, blushing.

She smiled again. “No, I think a medium weight snake-tail whip would be what I'm looking for.”

She reached up for one and pulled it down, then slid the long leather through her fingers thoughtfully. She eyed me again, with that dark smile that made me feel nervous. But I knew she was just, you know, teasing me. Still, it made me blush. No way, lady, I thought.

The next client was an tall, richly dressed man looking for collars who wanted me to try them on to see what they looked like. I didn't know how to respond to that. I mean, they were already on mannequins but... I was reluctant, and blushed, but I agreed to try on a few just so he could see them. That felt really weird!

He was fairly casual about it, though, and didn't come on to me or act all suggestive like the Betty Page chick. And he did buy one. For his wife, he said.

After he left Master came over.

“He didn't pressure you into trying on those collars, did he?”

“Well, maybe a little,” I said. “But it didn't seem like that big a deal.”

“You don't have to try anything on,” he said pointedly. “I don't mind if you do, but don't feel you have to.”

“Oh I didn't mind,” I said, brushing it off.

He nodded. “You did look very sexy in those collars,” he said with a smile.

“Uhm, thanks,” I gulped.

“You could wear one if you wanted to. I'm sure the clients would appreciate it.”

“Oh uhm, maybe later,” I said, “When I'm more used to this stuff.”

“Okay. But you have to stop blushing so much.”

He tapped the bridge of my nose with his finger. "It's very cute, but doesn't reassure the clients of your level of knowledge."

"I'll get better," I promised.

He nodded, and went into the back while I looked again at the collars. Yeah, I did look sexy in them. I bet I'd look sexy in a lot of this stuff if – .

I remembered the stuff I'd stuffed under the sink in the bathroom almost a split second after I heard Master's voice calling out to me, sounding more than a little angry.

Master didn't raise his voice, but when he was not happy with me I knew it simply by the tone, which got stiffer and cooler depending on how unhappy he was. I felt a sudden tightness in my breath as I headed through the curtain and my stomach sank when I saw him standing in the bathroom doorway holding the thigh-high boots, the collar and restraints.

His eyes were chilly as he glowered at me.

"What is this?" he demanded.

I was momentarily speechless, uncertain whether I could hope to lie and get away with it, and if so what the lie might be.

"Were you planning on stuffing these into your bag and taking them home?" he demanded.

"Oh no!" I gasped. "I wasn't trying to steal them! Honest!"

"Then how did they get from the front to back here?"

"I uhm... I was... I kind of was curious," I said, blushing and squirming. "I tried them on and ... and just wanted to see what I looked like."

"And why did you not return them?" he demanded.

"Because you came in suddenly and I had to run back here and change and... and I forgot them!" I said anxiously.

He glared down at the long boots.

“Look at these?” he growled. “These are four hundred dollar boots made of Italian leather, and you've had them scrunched up and jammed between the drain pipe and the wall for how long?”

“J-just a few days!” I gulped.

“And they're scuffed. I can't sell these like this.”

He glared at me and I felt a looming doom, like he was going to fire me or something!

“What should I do with you, Emily?” he demanded.

“I-I'm sorry, Mr. Master!” I gulped.

“Sorry doesn't cut it when there are real consequences,” he said. “There have to be real punishments to balance things out.”

What did he mean by – ?

He gazed at me thoughtfully, standing there anxiously shifting my weight from foot to foot and blushing.

“Perhaps we can combine two problems,” he said. “Your continued blushing virgin look out front, and your damage to my property back here.”

“I-I don't...”

“Go out front and bring back one of the leather spankers there.”

I stared at him, suddenly going breathless.

“Wh-why?” I squeaked.

“Because I'm your boss and I told you to do it.”

Well, looked at that way – .

Feeling a sense of creeping panic I backed up, then hurried through the curtain

and out front. I went over to the spankers and stared at them helplessly for a long minute.

“Now, Emily,” he called impatiently.

Surely he wasn't.... surely he didn't intend to... I mean, he would never... But what if... !

I pulled one down, a lighter one, about a eighteen inches long and three inches wide, then turned and walked back through the curtain, feeling my stomach fluttering wildly.

I handed it to him, eyes wide, and he considered it with a frown.

God, did he intend to use it on me!? I mean, I could say no, of course, but that might get me fired! And... and... what would it be like if I said yes!? I mean, there he was standing there all stern and cold eyed but I had had fantasies about this kind of thing many times and they'd all ended in fantastic sex and wild orgasms!

There was a small alcove off the bathroom which held a small wooden table and an upright chair pushed in against it. Master pointed at it.

“Bend over the table.”

“Wh-wh-why?” I squeaked.

“I think you know why.”

“But... but you can't do that!” I gasped.

He eyed me sternly. “I can't make you do it. But on the other hand I'll then have to consider other remedies to the little issue of trust you've now raised.”

Which might include getting fired, I thought anxiously.

But ... but.. Oh wow! Oh God! I could do this. I mean, little boys got spanked. They used to cane boys in private schools! It would sting but I'd get through it. It was more the shame that I felt than the fear of pain. On the other hand, bending over and having John Master focus on my ass was a thought which made me burn way down low.

My mind was spinning with it all. I was indignant and embarrassed, but also really feeling this tremendous sense of anticipation for what might happen, and a growing feeling of sexual electricity creeping along the surface of my skin.

“Now, Emily,” he growled.

I bent over the table, my blush deepening. The chair back was about three inches higher than the table, and dug into my abdomen, forcing my bottom up even higher as I lay my chest down on the table. I felt my breasts flattening against the wood, and could feel that my nipples were now rock hard as I imagined him standing behind me staring at my ass!

“Of course, spankings for naughty little girls have to be on there bare bottoms,” he said.

My eyes widened further and I gasped in shock as I felt his hand on the hem of the skirt, and felt it pulled up. I squealed, starting to rise, but his hand between

my shoulder blades kept me pinned down as he tugged the skirt up over my bottom. All I could think was 'thank God I wore panties and not a thong this morning!' but a moment later he tugged the panties down!

"Much better," he said coolly.

My face felt as if it was on fire! But a moment later, any ability to form words which I might have been able to piece together fell apart as the spanker cracked down against my upraised bottom.

"Ow!" I cried, jerking up against his hand again.

He held me down easily.

"Don't be a baby," he said.

"It hurts!" I protested.

"It's supposed to hurt. But it doesn't hurt very much."

"It does too!"

"Baby," he said.

I thought very unflattering things about him, but then the thing struck my bottom again, and I yelped again.

My mind was kind of discombobulated, though, by the knowledge he was standing right behind me staring at my bare ass! And not only that! I mean, now I had no panties on, so he could certainly see my little kitty peering out from between my thighs, no matter how tightly closed they were!

Should I be grateful I'd just shaved the previous night!?

"I'm not going to hold you down, Emily," he said. "Take your punishment like an adult or we'll consider other things."

His hand came off my back, but I didn't move, bracing myself for another blow. It arrived, and I winced and gasped. Another followed, then another, then another, in a slow, measured pace that started to set my bottom on fire! Yet after

the first one I realized that it didn't really hurt that much. I mean, it stung, but it wasn't exactly torture.

And my awareness began to shift more from the stinging to the knowledge of him standing behind me staring at me half naked!

Then I felt his presence right up against me and I felt my pulse racing. He squatted low, and I felt his hand on my left leg. I gasped as my foot was raised up off the floor and the boot was pulled down and off.

“What – ?”

“I think part of your punishment will be that you wear these boots for a while,” he said. “It will get you more used to things, and while you’ll be a bit more embarrassed at first, you’ll get used to it much faster. Think of it as a crash course.”

He slipped the left boot back on, only it wasn't my boot but the stiletto one. He slipped it up to my thigh and zipped it up, then removed my other boot. I kind of straightened up, trying, red-faced, to pull the skirt back down over my bottom, but he grabbed my hand.

“We're not finished yet, little girl,” he said.

He zipped up the other boot, then removed the choker and slipped the leather collar around my neck, doing it up behind him.

“You can wear this out front for a while.”

Then he pulled my arms back, one at a time, and slipped the leather restraints around them. He locked them together, then pushed me back down.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Are you going to be a good girl from now on, Emily?”

??!

*Crack!*

“Ow! Yes!” I gasped.

“Are you going to show the proper respect for my property?”

*Crack!*

“Yes!”

My bottom was even higher now with the high heels, and the pressure of the leather squeezing in tight around my upper thighs was making my pussy throb... even more than it had already been throbbing!

It was a testament to the shock I was feeling that I didn't even really react when I felt him undoing the metal buttons on the side of my skirt, then unzipping it and pulling it off.

“Don't move.”

I could hardly to much in the way of moving like I was!

He wasn't gone long, and when he returned he jerked me upright, then had me step into another skirt. This one was tighter and shorter. He tugged it up over my red bottom and then did it up. It was not only shorter but hung much lower on my hips. It was so low if I had pubic hair, well, some of it might be showing!

Then he reached around front of me and unbuttoned the vest, pulling it back over my shoulders.

“Wha-what are you – .”

He undid the cuffs, that is, they weren't locked together any more, and pulled the vest off. Then he reached around me again and began to undo my shirt!

I gasped and my arms clamped immediately up against my chest. He ignored them and continued to unbutton the shirt, then pulled it out from under me so my arms were simply clamped down across my suddenly bare breasts!

I felt the vest going over my back again, and he pulled an arm out so he could

slip it through one of the openings. I didn't resist, of course. Having the vest on was better than nothing! I buttoned it up quickly, afraid to turn around until he turned me. I spun awkwardly and almost fell, but his strong grip on my arm helped me balance.

“Much better,” he said. “You should get acclimated to our customer base much faster dressed like that.”

Dressed like this!?! I gaped at him. The skirt was a thin, tight strip of leather across my buttocks and my groin, and the best displayed more cleavage than anything I'd ever worn in public short of maybe my bikini bathing suit!

I clutched at that thought. I'd been more naked than this before on the beach! Sure! This wasn't so bad! And it wasn't out of place! No, no! I could do this! I could parade around on the beach in my little bikini I could walk around the shop like this!

Then I realized... Eek! Side boob! I'd have to be very careful about what direction my sides were pointed at!

“I-I can't...”

The sound of the bell going off over the door indicated a customer, and he smiled and pointed.

“But I – .”

“Go and see if the customer requires assistance,” he said sternly.

But... but... and then I kind of stumbled out through the curtain, only remembering at the last second that I had no panties on beneath the way-too-short skirt!

The woman there turned to look at me, then turned away, then turned quickly back, as I flushed red. Master came out behind me and stood behind the counter, and the woman smiled slightly as I kind of bashfully went over to see if I could help her.

“M-May I help you, ma'am?” I gulped.

“I'm looking for nipple clamps,” she said.

“Uhm, ah, we don't have much of a selection,” I gulped. “Just a few under the counter there.”

I pointed at the glass counter behind which Master stood, and the woman walked over to it, ignoring him as she gazed through the glass.

“Which one would you recommend?”

“I uhm, I ahm, don't really... have a preference,” I gulped, red-faced.

“You've never used nipple clamps?” she asked, almost as if surprised.

“No,” I said, terribly embarrassed.

She looked at Master. “You should train your staff better, Mr. Master,” she said.

“I'm in the process,” he said calmly.

“She should have familiarity with your product lines, after all.”

“Yes, I can see the benefit of that,” he replied.

I was kind of easing back away from her, and around the counter, hoping to head back through the curtain now that she was dealing with Master, but Master caught me and pulled me back, then drew my arms back and locked the restraints together. I gasped as he turned me around to face the woman, then reached under the counter and pulled out a chain with a pair of clamps on the ends.

“This is gold plated, as you can see,” he said. “The tips are brass, with a leather coating around the base, and have a variety of adjustable stimulation levels.”

And then he undid the buttons down the front of my vest! Ohmygod!

I gaped at him, frozen in place as the vest came open and he slipped the clamp on one side of the chain around my left nipple. I felt it close, then felt the tight pressure as it locked on. Both my nipples were extremely hard and straight, and when my nipples are erect they stick out quite noticeably, so he had no difficulty

getting the clamp around both of them.

“You can see the visual appeal,” he said.

Then he reached in and I gasped as he tightened the clamps, first on one nipple, then on the other.

“As I said, it has a variety of levels, and is quite easily adjustable.”

He shifted to the first one and it squeezed more tightly. I gasped even more, feeling the hard, hot pinch squeezing my tender nipple. Then he did it with the other as I began to kind of, shift and wriggle a little at the pain.

“If you want to punish her, you can tighten them severely,” he said, “or if you simply want ongoing stimulation, you can leave it more lightly closed.”

He tightened them further and I hissed and clenched my teeth, my heart beating faster and faster. But then he loosened them a bit and the aching eased off.

“I'll take one,” she said, smirking at me.

My face was hotter than my nipples as she paid for her purchase, and then said goodbye.

Master looked at me dourly, then pulled my vest up together and buttoned it. He hadn't touched me at all, that is, hadn't touched my skin as he'd put on and adjusted the nipple chain.

“I should spank you again,” he said, turning me around and undoing the restraints. “Don't tell a customer we have very little selection in something. What kind of a sales girl are you?”

I gaped, my hands free again, not knowing what to say! I looked down, but the chain was hidden under the vest. My nipples still ached, though!

It was so weird that he had basically looked at my bare breasts, not even touched them, then did up my vest so casually and without any reaction. My face was still flaming, and I was feeling this wild dark kind of heat swirling and churning in my lower belly like it didn't know where to go!

“And don't look at me like that. She's right. How can you talk about a product having had no experience with it?”

I started wondering if maybe he was gay. On the one hand, that would make it less embarrassing that he'd seen me, basically naked! I mean, because, well, it was different being seen naked by a gay go who had no real sexual interest in me. On the other hand I didn't want him to be gay!

He let me handle the next two customers, who were men, and neither was at all hesitant about staring at my ample cleavage! I felt like an exhibitionist! It was embarrassing! But... it was also weirdly exciting too!

And my nipples wouldn't stop throbbing! The chain pulled on them as I moved, and the tips of my hard, bare nipples then rubbed against the soft leather fabric!

Even between customers Master had me walk around in the shop to get used to walking on the six inch heels! That kept me moving, kept the chain pulling and shifting, kept my nipples rubbing...

Finally, red-faced, I worked up the ability to protest.

“I... my nipples are hurting!” I said, my voice unfortunately whiny.

He raised his eyebrows. “Very well, perhaps now that you've had some experience with the product you'll be better able to discuss it with the customers.”

He looked up along the walls, then reached up for a small harness and handed it to me.

“You can wear this instead. Put it on. Or would you like me to help?”

“I can do it!” I gulped quickly, snatching it from him and hurrying behind the curtain.

I opened the vest and removed the nipple clamps, wincing as my nipples throbbed and burned!

“Ow! Ow!” I whispered.

I looked at the harness, then glowered towards the curtain and went into the bathroom to close the door. There I removed the vest and slipped on the harness. It was much like a corset, really, except made of straps, and except that the cups were formed of leather straps held together by thin metal rings. And of course, it left my breasts virtually naked to the eye.

In fact, the thin straps, four of them, attached by rings, basically just encircled the base of my breasts. Then four straps crossed between the sides, meeting in the middle on one round metal ring. Of course, my nipples pushed right out through this ring, stiff and throbbing!

I pulled the vest back on, though my nipples were now tingling with relief from the lack of the squeezing clamps, giving me a pins and needles sensation which seemed to slide right down my belly into my groin!

I went back out front, blushing when he looked at me.

“Feel better?” he asked.

I nodded helplessly, and then to my shock and surprise he smiled and quickly unbuttoned the vest! I grabbed at his wrists, but too late, and it didn't stop him from opening the vest to gaze in at my breasts... at least until I jerked my arms across them!

“Good. That looks very sexy on you,” he said.

He released the vest and I jerked it closed again, turning around to button it up.

There were more customers, and I started to get used to being looked at like I was meat and they were all hungry dogs. That was embarrassing, but also exhilarating! Master set me to a variety of chores, which I did in a kind of strange fog made up of equal parts stress, anxiety, arousal, outrage and anticipation. My nipples stayed very hard and poking through those rings, and my pussy continued to thrum.

Master came back through the curtain and I jumped up from where I'd been sitting putting price tags on arm binders. He had a chain in his hands!

“All ready to try out another bit of the product?” he asked.

I stared at the chain, wide-eyed.

“Don't worry. It won't hurt.”

He took my left hand and fit the wrist restraint to one of the ends of the chain, then did the same for the other one.

“Over here,” he said.

He led me to one blank brick wall which a hip high shelf set against it. The shelf held manuals, pamphlets and files, and was maybe a foot deep. He raised my arms up high, pulling my hands forward to attached them to a hook I'd never really noticed before. My hips were held out a bit by the shelf, so I had to lean back as he pulled my arms up fairly high before locking the chains in place.

“I-I don't understand!” I gasped.

“More in the way of your education, my dear,” he said with a smile. “The more you know about our products the better a sales person you will make, and the more commissions you will get.”

Humming to himself, as if this was the most casual thing in the world, he turned me to face the wall, then reached around and quickly unbuttoned the vest, pulling it up my arms and wedging it up near my wrists.

“But I—I can't – !”

Then he undid the 'harness' and pulled it completely off, leaving me bare breasted! I was pressed against the wall, of course, but still!

“Now let's give you a few touches of a few of our better flogs,” he said.

“No!”

“It won't hurt. Don't be a baby,” he said. “You want to be able to speak knowledgeably to the customers, don't you?”

I gasped as the first one struck me. It was one of the little play flogs, and he was right. It didn't hurt, even when he swung harder. But there was a sense of 'oh my god!' to it as the flog struck my bare back and my body flinched forward, my

breasts squeezing against the wall.

Another blow followed, and another, and I gulped and gasped, my body flinching each time, my breasts squeezing, pillowing against the brick wall. My nipples ached and burned, my breasts throbbing and hot as my breaths became more ragged.

The thin laces struck my back lightly, but after a number of blows I began to feel my skin warming and getting sore. Then he stopped.

“This is our introductory model, the CX-5,” he said.

The flog struck my back with more weight, though he wasn't swinging heavily, and I gasped, flinching more, grinding my breasts against the wall. This flog heated up my back much more rapidly, and stung, if only a little! Another blow followed, and another, and I sensed he was swinging harder as the blows landed more heavily. I gasped and moaned, but the stinging was still not really severe.

God, this was bizarre! What was I doing letting him flog me!?

Because I was frantic, but incredibly aroused, embarrassed and anxious, but feeling a breathless sense of sexual excitement and a wild dark thrill!

The flog snapped across my back, the thin laces spreading out, and I cried out at the increased power, my breasts jamming into the wall as my body jerked against the sting.

“That hurts!” I gasped.

“Well, some of our customers offset the pain with something like the Vibrawand,” he said.

The vibrawand was a drum shaped vibrator on a foot long handle. And before I could do more than grasp his words I heard it buzzing. Then it was thrust in between my thighs and brought up against my naked sex below the short skirt. I squealed and my hips twisted and jerked, trying to escape the powerful vibrations, but a hand against my back pushed my hips in tight against the low shelf to hold me in place as he slowly ran the wand in and out between my legs.

The silky feeling drum buzzed furiously against my sex, and I shuddered

helplessly, heat rising to my face but spreading up through my lower body as well. I gasped helplessly, moaning, staring at the wall, horribly embarrassed but even more aroused, the heat deepening within me as Master pushed up harder!

I felt my lower belly starting to roil and flutter and my hips twitching, trying to grind myself against it as my pulse quickened.

“In fact, I'd like you to experience a few more of the spankers as well,” he said, his hand going to my hip.

He yanked the skirt away, and I was completely naked! Naked!

I whimpered at the enormity of it, my mind jarred by the shock-wave of embarrassed heat! He drew the vibrator thing back, and a moment later I felt a Crack! Against my bottom that sent my hips jerking forward against the shelf.

“Ow!”

“It's only a little leather strap,” he said. “We sell it for \$9.99.”

*Crack! It struck me again and I squealed at the line of heat it raised across my buttocks.*

“Now this is the Riola Spanker” he said.

It was thicker and round, like a ping pong paddle, made of wood, with holes in it.

*Crack!*

“Ow!” I squealed. “That hurt!”

“But it leaves no marks,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Don't!” I begged.

“Maybe you'd prefer the 12 inch slapper.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I twisted and yelped and moaned, as the thin leather paddle stung my bottom and turned it red!

“This is the Scottish Tawse,” he said. “It's \$58.”

The tawse was a foot and a half long and had two one inch strips of leather side by side. It cracked against my bottom with a light, but stinging force that had me gasping and jerking against the wall and shelf.

“Then there's the crop, he said. “We have various kinds. This is a light tickler.”

The crop was two and a half feet long, and it had a lighter impact but a much sharper sting as he brought it swishing in to snap against my bottom several times. I squealed and twisted helplessly but could do nothing to protect my rapidly heating bottom!

Well, I could have demanded he uncuff me I suppose. Oddly enough I didn't really think of that!

“That stings!” I cried.

“Well, that is the idea, my dear. It's to discipline recalcitrant young ladies.”

The drum vibrator pressed up against my pussy again and I shuddered.

“Oh don't! Oh!”

“Does that hurt?” he asked calmly, rubbing the vibrator back and forth over my overheated, and very moist pussy.

Of course it didn't hurt! But I was speechless! I couldn't tell him it did and couldn't tell him... tell him anything else!

“Now, as you pointed out, we don't have a large selection of some of these, but I like to think I've got a well-rounded group for most needs,” he said, not explaining what he meant.

He leaned in and I gasped as I felt something pressing against my rosebud opening!

“Oh! What are – No! Oh!”

“This is our smaller butt-plug,” he said. “It's part of a training pack with three sizes included for just \$29.”

The butt plug was narrow at the tip, widened considerably, then abruptly slipped inside except for a small stem attached to the base. The base, of course, stayed just outside, pressed against my wrinkled opening.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The thin crop cut across my bottom several times, then lightly across my back as I twisted and writhed and moaned helplessly. The heat was almost unbearable, and I had never felt the degree of sexual pressure inside my body! I think I was just about literally shaking with it! I wanted him to stop all this and... and fuck me!

“This is The Lancelot,” he said.

The next crop cut across my shoulders and I squealed and twisted... twisted halfway around, in fact, in an instinctive effort to protect my back. He reached out and gripped my side, turning me the rest of the way, and I found myself facing him, utterly naked, my hips pushed forward now with the small of my back pressed against the corner of the shelf!

His eyes roamed up and down my body and he raised the short crop. “You see it has a number of features,” he said. “First, of course, is the shaft, which punishes the naughty girl or boy you have in mind.”

And with that he swung the thing so it whipped down across my breasts. He didn't swing it very hard, mind you, and it didn't sting very much, but the very idea, seeing and feeling it, was mind blowing! I gaped and gasped, eyes huge as a thin red line appeared across my swollen breasts.

“And here, the tip, you see, is a thin leather slapper, only about an inch or so wide,” he said, pointing to it. “And quite flexible.”

He let the tip rub against my rigid nipple, rubbing lightly, then drew it back a little and slapped it down. He did it again and again and again, the tip of the crop a blur as he used his wrist to whip the thin little thing down against my nipple

again and again.

It ... stung.. kind of. It's hard to describe. It didn't hurt much, at least, each little blow didn't hurt much, but the more of them there were the more sensitive my nipple became, and the hotter! When I started to twist and moan he shifted to my other nipple.

“You see the build up of sensations?” he said, “And of course, the third feature is the layered ridges along the bottom of the shaft made of Italian leather. You can slide this in between the subject's thighs and ...”

He slid the crop in between my thighs, pressing the lower part of the shaft up into my sex, up literally into my sex! The narrow crop forced up between the lips of my pussy, and he angled the handle up and then began to slide the crop back and forth, between my pussy lips – and across my clit.

And I came! I came violently after no more than two seconds, crying out, my hips bucking violently against the shaft as he rubbed it faster, up and down, up and down across my burning clitoris until my head began to thrash and my hips jerked convulsively. The intensity of the orgasm tore apart my mind!

“I see you appreciate the sensory affects,” he said in amusement.

He slowed his rubbing as I sagged, gulping in air, panting, chest pumping. Chuckling, he put the crop down and then gripped my hips gently, turning me to face the wall again. I moaned, almost falling, my legs encased in the high stiletto heeled boots rubbery and weak. But then I was facing the wall again, my bottom pushed out, my breasts pillowed against the cool brick.

I groaned as I felt him pull the butt-plug out, but almost immediately he pushed the next bigger one into me.

*Crack!*

“Ow!” I moaned.

“This is called The Ram,” he said. “As you mentioned, we don't have a lot of these, but we do have the best. It's twelve inches in length with a diameter of two and a half inches.”

I groaned as I felt pressure against my pussy, felt the pressure growing. It was as if something too large was trying to gain entrance. I felt my opening being pushed in, then the lips of my sex slowly pulling apart, being forced apart by the pressure.

“W-wait!” I panted.

“Of course, insertion is helped by our Silky Gel lubricant,” he said.

I moaned as the thing pushed in, forcing the lips of my sex almost too wide. My pussy opening stung a bit, straining to envelope the thickness of the dildo he was pushing slowly up inside me. I panted and moaned and gasped, but never thought to stop it, really. My eyes were closed, my face pressed against the wall as I felt the thing driving up deeper and deeper, into what felt like the center of my belly!

The bell for the front door rang, and he stopped.

“I’ll be right back,” he said, disappearing out front.

I shuddered, feeling the thickness of the thing, and turned my head towards the door, then down, trying to see. I couldn’t because of the shelf. I awkwardly turned away from the wall, groaning until it was my lower back against the edge of the top shelf, then stared down with wide eyes at the thickness of the dildo protruding between the straining lips of my sex.

God it was big! I hadn’t ever taken anything that thick! And several inches were still sticking out of me! I moaned, staring down between my breasts, swollen, the nipples rock hard, down the length of my flushed body as I heard him talking out front.

What if he brought someone back here!? The thought almost brought panic to me, but really, there wasn’t a thing I could do!

Then the door tinkled again as someone opened it and I quickly twisted around so he would only see my back and not my front. A moment later he came through the curtain.

“I thought you should experience one of these, as well,” he said, indicating the ball gag in his hand.

I gasped as he drew in my hair, forcing my head back, then pressed the rounded gag against my lips. It, like the dildo, seemed too wide for my opening, but unlike the dildo it didn't have to stretch me wider. Instead he worked the malleable material in, squeezing until he could force it past my jaw. It then grew wider again inside my mouth, but it was not terribly uncomfortable.

Just weird!

He drew the strap around my head, pulling my hair out from my cheeks, then tightened it.

“There. Now you can't scream too loudly,” he said, chuckling.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I moaned and shuddered as the flog moved up and down my back, then as the spanker cracked against my buttocks. He eased the butt-plug out and slid in an even bigger one, then used the drum vibrator on me again. Convulsions wracked my body as another orgasm tore through me, and I cried out, arching and twisting, bucking and gurgling at the enormity of the sexual pressure exploding within me.

There was a weird freedom with the gag filling my mouth, for it enormously diminished the sound of my voice, and somehow caused me to feel that I could cry out with less, well, less hesitation. That I could give full voice to my pleasure without embarrassment. God the orgasm was intense! What a rush!

I shuddered in the mist as I felt the pressure of the dildo being forced even deeper. That seemed to push the orgasm onto an even higher level!

Again I hung in place, moaning dazedly, eyes slitted. I groaned into the gag as I felt the third butt plug pulling back out of me. Then something else slid in, something almost as thick as the dildo in my pussy, sliding, pushing, forcing aside the walls of my back passage until I ached deep inside from how far he'd thrust it.

The bell over the front door dinged and he left me like that, panting, gasping, chest heaving, moaning as I recovered from the orgasm. He was out there long enough for me to wonder, and I twisted around again, staring down between my legs at the base of the dildo. It was almost all inside me now, and I groaned to

see it, feeling a wild, fierce sense of sexual hunger.

Finally he returned, and I gasped, twisting around to face the wall again.

“I don't recall giving you permission to turn around, little slave girl,” he said with a smile. “You should try and put yourself into the minds of our customers.”

He used a studded paddle on my backside several times as I yelped and cried out weakly, but then he reached up and undid the chain holding my wrists aloft. I almost fell, but he helped support me as, groaning, I lowered my arms. He turned me around and I flushed as he eyed my breasts.

“Now then, things are going to start heating up out front, so you can get back out there and start serving the customers.”

He helped me into my vest, and wrapped the short skirt around my hips, and that was it. I stared at him, stared down at myself, swaying a little on my feet.

He took my arm and led me out through the curtain, and I wobbled along, my mind kind of fuzzy. I still had the two big dildos inside me! I gasped, reaching down, but he shook his head.

“Those will inspire you,” he said. “And don't worry. They won't fall out. There's a narrow ridge just inside. Not to mention they're both quite thick.”

Both were inside me, up to the final inch!

“Oh yes,” he said, undoing the ball gag and pulling it slowly out.

“Can't sell without talking,” he said with a smile.

He let me go into the bathroom to brush out my hair and wipe my face, but then I had to come back out, in the skirt, the vest, the stiletto boots, and the wrist restraints and collar, and be a sales girl!

God! OhGodohGod!

The first woman who came in was some sort of dom type, younger than the previous one, who treated me like some sort of serf... or slave. The next two were men, who devoured me with their eyes. I was glad I couldn't read their

minds because God only knew what they were thinking!

I kept worrying the dildos would fall out, and reaching discretely under my skirt, when no one was looking, to push against them to make sure they were still firmly inside. My body was primed for sex, though. I was terribly aroused, though self-conscious and embarrassed and anxious. The arousal didn't go away despite how casual Master was or despite my not doing anything to keep it in place.

I started to get quite frazzled, and that kind of pushed back my sense of self-consciousness so that I finally approached him when a customer left.

“Mr. Master,” I gulped.

“Just master will do,” he said with a grin.

I gulped. “Please fuck me,” I gulped.

He raised his eyebrows. “Would that be entirely proper?”

“I don't give a shit!”

He tsked and shook his head. “Such language for a young lady. That's simply not acceptable, Miss Douglas.

“Then maybe you should punish me!” I said.

He nodded and took my arm, leading me back through the curtain. But I twisted, just inside, turning, throwing my arms up over his shoulder, and crushing my lips against his. He let me kiss him, then kissed back for a bit, his hands slowly sliding around my, caressing my back. Then they came up my front, undoing the vest and pushing it open. I groaned at the feel of his hands cupping my breasts, the sheer tactile delight of his warm soft skin against my quivering flesh.

He pushed me back, pushed the vest over my shoulders and off, then undid the skirt and let it fall to the floor. He twisted me around suddenly, then pulled my wrists back behind me, where he locked the restraints together. Heat swirled and churned within my belly as he turned me again and pushed me to my knees.

I stared at his groin as he unzipped his dress pants, then reached in and pulled

out his cock. It was semi-hard, but already thick and long, and I moaned as he reached down to take my hair, a thick chunk of it, and jerk my head up and back.

I cried out weakly, gasping as I felt him rubbing his cock along the nape of my neck, up and down across my throat, then as he pulled my head back down, he rubbed it along my lips and cheeks while I pushed my tongue out to lick at it.

It slid between my lips and onto my tongue and grew like a swelling balloon, thick and long and hard, pushing deeper into my mouth. I wrapped my lips around it, moaning, rolling my eyes up at him as he looked down, seeing the intensity in his eyes for the first time as I sucked on him, as my tongue swirled and licked up and down with an almost feverish intensity.

I had sucked guys before, but never like this. I had never done it fully on my knees, and never with my wrists bound behind me! It was... different! It wasn't just that I couldn't use my hands. It was the sense of submission which I had never felt before. It excited something deep and thrilling within me as he pulled on my hair and pulled me further down his shaft.

I gurgled as the head pushed into my throat, but my instinct to pull back went up against the sudden pull of his hand against the back of my head, and his thick cock slid down into my throat!

I gagged weakly, but he pulled me forward, and then my lips were wrapped around the base of his cock, with the shaft deep in my throat! I moaned at the aching sensation, but a blinding heat churned within my mind and body as he held me in place, buried inside my throat.

He pulled back slowly, as my head and chest pounded from lack of air, popping free so I could gulp in deep breaths of air. He pulled back on my hair again as he pulled out of my mouth, then guided my mouth along the shaft, mouthing it like a flute, sucking and licking up and down until he again guided it into my mouth and slid deep into my throat.

I felt a distant pulsing in my lower body, as if the two dildos were throbbing inside me. Perhaps my body was throbbing around them. My wrists, my hands, kept flinching, pulling instinctively away, as if trying to reach for him, so that the awareness of my state of bondage and submission was almost continuous.

He pulled out and then I cried out weakly, feeling the sharp pull to my hair as he

forced me abruptly to my feet. My eyes were glazed as he forced my head and shoulders back, and then I felt his hand between my legs, felt the pressure growing on the dildo there, as well as his fingers rapidly stroking across my clitoris.

I couldn't take the stimulation! I cried out helplessly, my hips beginning to buck against him as he leaned over and began to bite and suck on the nape of my neck! The orgasm hit me hard, shaking me like a rag doll, and I would have fallen had he not held me, then turned me and bent me over the table. I groaned as I felt a sharp slap to my backside.

Then he spread my booted legs and pulled the dildo out of my pussy. Something not quite as thick, but close, pushed into me. It was softer, and yet hard, and I groaned, eyes glassy, as he sheathed the long length of his cock in my trembling body.

For the first minute I was only distantly aware of him pumping in and out, in a deep, steady stroke. Then as my mind came out of the slow, languorous haze the orgasm had dropped it into, my senses became sharp and clear again. My breasts were pillowed out beneath me against the rough surface of the wood. I felt the top of the wooden chair digging into my abdomen. My legs were straight, but spread wide, only able to maintain contact with the floor because of the six inch heels.

I grunted as his strokes began to come harder, as his hips began to slap against my upraised buttocks. I'd already come three times, but my body didn't seem to care. The hard, steady thrusts began to rouse me quickly. And as his hips struck my bottom with more authority they also began to strike the base of the dildo still jammed into my ass, kind of jabbing the tip deep into my belly with each stroke.

The difference between fucking a guy, and being fucked by a guy, was I had nothing to do, and nothing to worry or think about. I was there to receive, and that left my mind completely free to think about nothing but the sensations rolling over me. His hips struck harder, and I gasped and moaned as he fucked me.

He rode me harder, pounding against me as I began to squeal and groan and gasp, then cried out as he yanked back on my hair, forcing my head up and back.

A hand came in beneath my chest, cupping, then kneading my breast to send another hot surge of sensations through my overloaded mind and body.

Another orgasm washed over me, my hips bucking back desperately as I gurgled and moaned and shuddered through the explosion of pleasure, and he continued to pound me through it, his hips hammering my bottom as his cock plunged deep into my belly.

And then the bell tinkled out front.

I don't know how he hid his erection. Then again, you can disguise a lot under a black suit behind a counter. But he went out front, leaving me there, panting, moaning, dazed. When he came back he pulled me off the table, turned me around and kissed me hard. This time he gripped my buttocks, half lifting me up onto the table, raising my left leg up and back high as he entered me.

I moaned, gasping as he pulled on my hair and forced my head back. His mouth was all over me, devouring me, biting and sucking and licking and chewing at my lips, my tongue, my throat as his hips pumped hard and steady, driving his cock up inside me.

The bell tinkled again.

He cursed this time, and I was oddly pleased to see that his casual aplomb was finally being overcome. He left me, and this time when he returned I had to suck him back to full erection, on my knees of course, before he could thrust into me once more.

Or, rather, before he could pull me atop him where he sat, so that I straddled him and the chair, then sank down atop his thick tool and began to ride him. God it was all so wild!

Finally he came inside me! Then he reached down and his thumb brought me off yet again!

I had never come five times in a single sexual session before, but then again, never had a sexual session last so long. But it wasn't the last time that happened. I wound up trying out every device in his shop, and a few more that he special ordered! The bondage and fetish stuff became almost second nature, and I embraced it all with a sense of dark enthusiasm!

Flirting with the customers, wearing minimal clothing, not hiding my own interest in bondage, I made a lot more money on commissions! Of course, I sometimes went too far, and Master had to spank me or crop me as punishment. He sometimes even let his preferred customers watch! The first time THAT happened was a wild experience, let me tell you! My mind was so full of shock and heat it was a wonder I didn't pass out!

I felt so wild and slutty and kinky that my whole view of sex and sexuality changed dramatically. I still didn't want my friends knowing about my kinky side, though, but Master was more than able to run me through things, and expand my horizons. It was, to put it mildly, a learning experience, and it was the best job I ever had.

I don't think I ever really fell in love with Master in the sense of romantic love. But he and I became great friends – with enormous benefits, and I learned and continue to learn a lot from him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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