

# *Order Me*

By JJ Argus



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## **Sequel to Picture Me**

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### **Smashwords edition**

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

Imagine me, living on the Upper West Side! That was as unlikely as any other fantasy I'd had of late, except, of course for one.

And there were problems attached to it. I couldn't tell anyone how I could afford to stay there, for one thing. And I certainly couldn't let them guess! They'd be horrified. Even I was still more than a little shocked.

I was going to be a kept woman!

It was an old fashioned concept, and this one had a very, very old fashioned tilt to it.

You see, until a couple of weeks ago I was as ordinary as any other girl you'd find in New York, except for being a bit taller and, not to sound egotistical, kind of better looking and better built than most. Then the pictures started..

They were drawings, but so realistic I had at first thought them pictures. Except they were of me, naked, in bondage to an incredibly hunky guy whose face was never shown. I was horrified, at first, of course, and embarrassed. But as the pictures kept coming and I kept looking at them, well, the idea of doing that sort of thing with that gorgeous man in the pictures – kind of became an obsession!

I couldn't tell anyone about them, could only look at them, day after day, pictures which showed me in the most shocking, wicked and submissive poses acting like... a sex slave to the impossibly beautiful male body which was drawn with me!

That body was so incredible, so breathtakingly strong and muscled and well-proportioned that I was certain it was fake, drawn from the author's imagination. Yet mine was disturbingly accurate, so when I got written directions to come to this apartment and wait, well... I couldn't not come!

And he'd been every bit as gorgeous as the pictures had shown him to be! But of course, then he'd proceeded to do what the pictures had shown him doing to me, and that included tying me up and driving me insane with pleasure!

And, well... a little discipline, too...

I wasn't what I thought of as a 'submissive' girl, but I'd found myself turning into a puddle of goo, so filled with a dark, thrilled sexual heat and longing I'd been putty in his hands! I had seen his face for the first time, and it was stern and handsome, and went perfectly with that body. But so did the attitude.

He'd refused to give me his name. The only name I needed to call him, he'd said, was 'Master'. Which was kinky and wild and also ridiculous! But the heat, the dark, burning heat he'd given me, was in control, and I couldn't refuse him anything!

He'd told me I would be moving in in a week, that this would be my place, and that I was to take nothing, not even clothing. All would be purchased for me. Talk about outrageous! I was filled with disbelief, at first, but he wasn't kidding.

Now you might be saying about now that I should have told him to drop dead. But you haven't seen that body, haven't felt his lips, his tongue, his fingers against your skin, haven't felt the soaring heights of ecstasy as he made you climax.

And you haven't seen this apartment, either. Living in Manhattan was ridiculously expensive unless you got lucky and either inherited or purloined a place which had been under rent control for decades. Living in an apartment like this one was virtually impossible for someone like me.

It had a huge living room with fireplace, and big windows, including a big bay window, looking out onto a tree lined street only a few blocks from Central Park. It was a secure building in a safe neighborhood, with a full exercise room and pool, as well as a rooftop deck.

The bedroom was enormous, and it had a walk-in closet and a huge en-suite bathroom with a big shower, marble floor, and a bidet, of all things! The kitchen alone was bigger than my apartment, all gleaming hardwood, granite counters and stainless steel appliances.

This was a multi-million dollar apartment! And I would be living here! Why would I say no to that!? Because then the guy whose name I didn't even know would be able to assume he had the right to have sex with me? I would deal with that if the time ever occurred when I didn't want him to!

Because saying no to him was, quite frankly, not something I put a lot of thought

into. And not just because he's this big, broad shouldered, barrel chested guy who looks like he can bend steel bars with his bare hands.

No, he's also very deep-voiced, with this dominating presence that makes any thought of equality ridiculous. I mean, he was older, more sophisticated, richer and more powerful. And he just... when he said something you moved to do it right away! And that had nothing to do with sex!

But I was just into my twenties, and my only experiences with men were, frankly, with boys, that is, guys, not 'men'. I'd never dated a guy as old as him. He was probably thirty! I'd also never dated a guy as big as him, and certainly never made love to a guy as kinky and perverted as him!

I'd also never had an orgasm with a guy before. I mean, sex was nice, but mostly it was hurried – if they were drunk – or soft and gentle if they were the other kind of guy. This man was like a wild bull! He was very determined! And he did to me whatever he wanted without asking first or apologizing later!

That had me kind of out of my element, if you know what I mean. I was sort of overwhelmed by him and didn't really even know how to react – other than to do what he told me to do. Everyone significantly older than me had been bossing me around my whole life, so I was kind of used to it.

Of course, none of them had ever strapped my bare bottom! That had been an experience, to be sure! And that sort of thing made me feel wary and anxious whenever I thought about him. But that was just the darker tinge to the wild feeling of thrilling heat that was my main emotion.

When I went home I was reeling from all the thoughts and emotions filling my head. It was impossible to go more than a few minutes without thinking about it, without thinking about him! I still had no idea who he was except that he obviously worked at my building somewhere. It was a very large building though, of more than fifty stories.

I'd never seen him there before, but he obviously had access to the inter-office mail, which was how he sent me all those drawings of myself in bondage to him.

I went back to work on Monday, stomach quivering, wondering what awaited me. But there was nothing. The inter-office mail contained no pictures of me, and nothing was left on my desk. It was still hard to concentrate on my work, at

first. I kept waiting for something to happen, maybe even for him to show up, now that he'd let me see his face.

But the day passed in boring routine. So did the next, and the next. There were no pictures, and all I could do was look at the ones I'd brought home, and feel my heart beat faster at the memories of what he'd done to me, and that incredible body.

I was feeling, believe it or not, neglected, by Thursday. He hadn't called or sent me anything or given any sign he even knew I existed. I was feeling fidgety and annoyed. Every day I'd gotten those drawings, and now I had nothing.

Was he satisfied now that he'd used me so thoroughly? Would I never hear from him again? Would I show up at that apartment and find it as empty as it had been last week, he having moved on to sending drawings to some other pretty girl?

Friday passed, and still nothing, and I was irked. I was also anxious, wondering if there really was anything to his last words, ordering me to live in that apartment on 73rd Street. Maybe he had borrowed the key, and had nothing to do with the place. Maybe he was gone forever!

It took forever for the weekend to pass! And I still heard nothing from him! Why not!? It wasn't like he had to wait until I moved into the place if he wanted to have sex with me! Why was he ignoring me!? Had he found some other girl? Was I being played for a sucker!? A stupid slut who had fallen hopelessly in lust with a guy who wouldn't even tell me his name!?

Arrogant bastard, I thought, brooding. Who did he think he was, anyway? What was I, chopped liver? I could have any number of guys panting after me at just the suggestion I found them interesting! I didn't have to sit around moping about some guy I didn't even know, some old guy!

I had lunch with friends. I had dinner with my parents. I facebooked and chatted with others on the phone. I mentioned him to nobody. I mentioned moving to nobody other than my mother. I told her that a girlfriend was sub-letting this great rent-controlled place and was looking for someone to take over the lease for a year or so while she went overseas. I said it as a possibility, though, not something guaranteed.

Just in case.

Monday I had to go to work. It was such a long day! I wanted to leave early, but my boss was being an unreasonable bitch! Finally, I got to take the subway uptown, keys clutched in my sweaty hand, wondering if I was going to get there and be turned away. Or maybe I'd open it and find someone else living there!

I felt the stress and anxiety building the nearer I got to the place! When my key still worked and the door unlocked my heart gave a lurch. When I pushed the door slowly, timidly open and spotted furniture – the place had been empty last week – I felt even more anxious.

Of course, he'd said he would by all that was needed, but I still wondered if it wasn't some sort of colossal joke on me, and I'd find someone else staying here.

I eased slowly inside, nervous as hell, but closed the door behind me with a bit of hope when I heard no one.

“Hello?” I called. “Hello!?”

What would I say if someone showed up!? That a guy called Master had told me I was living here now!?

The entry hall was round, with a chandelier overhead. Today there was a white round table in the middle, under the chandelier, and there was a gift basket sitting on it. I gulped and eased forward, then looked at the card.

“Welcome to the building, Ms. Connors,” it said.

It was signed by the building management.

I licked my lips and went through to the main room. It was huge, as before, but now it had been furnished, with a long, low white leather sofa facing the fireplace. Off behind it was a table framed by a pair of armchairs. There was a recliner in the bay window, next to a table, and a six foot high plant of some kind at its other side.

I wandered into the huge kitchen. It looked just as it had before, except there was a toaster on one of the counters. I opened the fridge, and found it stuffed with food! The cupboards had spices and tins of soup and coffee and tea, as well as things like paper towels and dishwasher detergent, cleaning supplies and aluminum foil, pots and pans and plates and cups.

I moved on to the master bedroom. It had a beige carpet so soft and thick my feet practically sank into it! I had to take my shoes off just to marvel at how it felt against my feet!

There was a danish modern bed, long and low, attached to a long headboard and then a dresser which was ten feet wide off to one side. The bathroom had soft carpets on the floors, and a cupboard full of thick, soft towels. There were also toiletries, a hair dryer, and makeup, as well as a makeup counter and chair.

I went back into the bedroom, shaking my head, and then opened the door to the walk-in closet, my jaw dropping as I saw it had clothes in it, lots of them! There were shoes lined up in rows on the shelves, a dozen different purses and handbags, and dresses that ran the gamut from rich, long gowns to slutty disco wear so low cut I'd be afraid my breasts would fall out and so short I'd be sure my butt was showing!

He'd bought a whole wardrobe for me! I stared at it, running my fingers through the different dresses, blouses and skirts, noticing, as I did, that there were no pants. The sizes actually fit! How would he know that!? I shook my head in wonderment!

I went back into the bedroom and opened dresser drawers to find a mass of slinky, sexy lingerie in a rainbow of colors. There was everything from thongs and G-strings to stockings, teddies, bustiers, corsets and and bodysuits. He'd even bought garter belts!

It was so bizarre! I left the room and went across the hall. There was another bedroom there, and it had been done up quite differently. This one had a huge, masculine, four poster bed against the far wall, and a deep rich, red carpet. The furniture was all thick and dark and masculine.

I opened one of the drawers of one of the dressers and found crisp male shirts! Another had underwear. A third had socks. In the closet, pressed dress pants hung in a row, along with blazers and suit jackets. There were half a dozen pairs of shoes, ties hanging on a rack, and even overcoats!

Was he living here!? Was I going to be living here with him!? He hadn't said anything about that! Yet... the room didn't really look lived in. In fact, for all the apartment was furnished, even down to paintings and prints on the walls, it felt like a model home rather than somewhere someone was living.

I looked at the other side of the bedroom, which was almost empty, and licked my lips. There was a pole in the middle of the floor. I had kind of ignored it, at first, but now I felt my stomach clench as I recognized it for what it was. It was a stripper pole! And in the corner was a tall, straight-backed chair!

I felt my chest tighten at the thought of him sitting there watching me swing naked around the pole!

This was all so insane! How much had he spent on this!?

I wandered up the hall, dazed by it all, and then into the front room. I went to the big glass door and slid it aside and stepped out onto the balcony. It was much larger than usual, with a glass railing so you could sit and look down at the street. The floor wasn't of stone, but some kind of wooden slats, like a deck.

I went back to the front room, and shook my head as I looked around. Then the phone rang. I stared at it, pulse racing, then finally lurched into motion, snatching it up on the fourth ring.

“Enjoy your new place,” his voice said. “I'll come and see you tomorrow. Expect instructions at work.”

And then he hung up before I could say a thing! I stared at the phone, open-mouthed, then hung it up. This was so crazy!

I was crazy! I should, I knew, walk out immediately!

But I didn't. Instead I spent some time trying on clothes and staring at myself in the mirror, sometimes enthralled, sometimes outraged. I would never wear something so slutty outside, I thought, aghast, as I stared at myself in a tiny, skintight dress.

All of the clothes, including the shoes, by the way, had a little cardboard number clipped or pinned to them. I had no idea why.

Finally, hungry, I wandered down the hall to the kitchen and looked at my choices. Virtually everything was there except for cheap TV dinners and the like. There were lots of fruits and vegetables, as well as meat and bread and pies. No frozen food, though.

I made dinner, then explored the place further. I discovered how to work the remote control I found in the living room so that a tall print slid up along the wall to reveal a large TV underneath. The TV got just about every channel in the world, as far as I could tell.

And then I noticed something I hadn't before. On the table in the entryway was a set of car keys, attached to a piece of leather with a BMW logo on it. Were these his, I wondered? But if so, why leave them there!? Or... surely he hadn't left them for me!

I pocketed them and then went out to explore the building. I went up to the top deck, looked at the pool, then went downstairs and checked out the exercise room. Then, finally, I went to the garage, which had a lot of BMWs! The keys I had also held a key fob so I pressed the button, and off to one side a car's headlights flashed!

I gasped and hurried over to it. It was a sleek looking BMW sedan! I gaped at it, then opened the door and slid inside, feeling the leather slide across my legs as I stared at the dashboard. Was this meant to be for my use!? I didn't dare try it until asking.

I locked it and went back upstairs, tried on more clothes, and spent some time trying to figure out how to work the controls in the shower. There were half a dozen different shower-heads and body sprays in there!

I went to bed – nervously – anxiously – but it took me quite a while to get to sleep. I'd locked the bedroom door and propped stuff against it so I couldn't be attacked in my sleep, but I was still nervous.

The next day passed even more slowly than Monday! I eagerly grabbed every inter-office envelope to see if it had instructions. But it wasn't until near the end of the day I finally got them. Like the previous times, there was a picture, and the instructions were more in the form of a story.

The picture was once again of me, naked, kneeling on the floor, with a collar, stockings and gloves, back arched, and a dildo protruding from my sex. The instructions were specific.

\*

*Melissa went home, had dinner, showered, and got ready for her master. At precisely six-thirty she knelt seven feet back from the door, wearing nothing but a black collar and leather restraints over her stockings and gloves, with a thick black dildo inside herself. Her fingers were interlaced behind her neck, and her back was arched, her knees well apart. When her master arrived, she remained silent, for a slave spoke only when given permission.*

\*

“You are fucking kidding me!” I whispered, staring at the letters, which were in gold italics.

This was so kinky and perverted! A slave!? God! Was he so weird that he was dangerous!? Yet he could have done anything he wanted to me last time, and hadn't harmed me. Maybe he was just playing a game. Certainly it was a wicked, perverted game, but he knew it was a game. Didn't he?!

My mind, needless to say, was filled with emotions, a tumultuous rush of heat, excitement, anxiety, indignation, outrage, embarrassment, lust, and desire twisted and turned and roiled my stomach, as well as my mind.

I went home, still in turmoil. And in 'my' bedroom, there was a pair of long black gloves on the bed, along with a pair of lace stockings, a studded black leather collar, matching restraints, and a huge, very realistic looking black phallus of silicone!

“Fuck!” I whispered as I stared at them.

I kept checking the time, though. I was too anxious to eat, but I did take a hurried shower and did my hair. Then, reluctantly, hesitantly, I put on the stockings and gloves, then the buckled on the restraints and collar. I stared at myself in the mirror, shaking my head, dazed.

But I couldn't fight the rush of heat which swept through me at the sight. I was like... those pictures! God! He'd turned the drawings into reality! I took them off again, putting on a dressing gown, and spent a good deal of time arguing with myself, sometimes thinking I should just run, get dressed and run, go home!

But I couldn't. I had to see where this all led!

With almost no time left I put on the stuff, then stared at the dildo anxiously, heart pounding. It wasn't the first time he'd sent me sex toys, but the last ones were smaller. I searched and quickly found some lube, then knelt and slowly sank myself down on it. It wasn't easy, and I was anxious and kept checking the time, needing to do it faster!

The fat head pushed heavily against me, and the pressure against my soft flesh mounted as I forced more weight down on it. I began to feel a dull, aching sensation, then the sharper ache as the lips of my sex were forced back further and further.

My chest tightened, and I moaned, as I forced myself down, the fat head pushing up into the mouth of my sex, stretching me out, then slowly being forced deeper into my body. I could feel the elastic walls of my sex stretching out as the thick silicon cock pushed higher inside me, and my breath got more ragged as I felt a dark crackle of sexual electricity running through my body.

I cursed myself for having left it so long! I moaned as I sank down deeper, forcing myself down on the thick black cock. Finally, gripping it in my hand, with it still only halfway inside, I scurried down the hall to the front door and knelt before it, seven feet back. I spread my knees wide and let the base of the dildo down on the floor, then sank further down, putting my hands behind my neck.

At exactly six thirty someone put a key in the lock, and my heart froze! I jerked my head back to arch my back, pulse racing as the door slowly opened. A flush spread down my face, and I had to fight the urge to jerk my legs closed!

HE walked in! He was as tall, as handsome, and as sleekly sophisticated and well-built as I remembered, so much so he took my breath away! A shock rolled through me, a mixture of anxiety, embarrassment and excitement!

He was wearing a three piece dark gray suit that probably cost more than my entire salary for several months! But it looked so good on him! And he looked so authoritative in it! He had a red tie, and a red silk handkerchief in his breast pocket, and he closed the door softly behind him and stepped forward to stop before me, looking down.

The flush in my face spread down my chest, and I trembled as his eyes looked me over.

There were no greetings.

“Spread your legs wider,” he ordered coldly.

I gulped and jerked my knees further apart, as far as I could!

“Don't look directly at me. Look ahead.”

He moved forward and pressed down on my head.

“Keep your back arched. Why are you not all the way down on that dildo? You waited until the last minute, didn't you? I wanted your body ready for me, and you're not.”

I felt a rush of anxiety and remorse!

“You'll have to be punished, of course,” he said. “But don't fear punishment. It's how you learn discipline and obedience.”

He reached into the pocket of his jacket and his hand came out with a long chain. He moved in behind me and I felt his hands pushing mine aside, then he snapped the chain to the back of the collar.

“On all fours,” he barked.

I gasped as I fell forward onto my hands, and he tugged on the chain.

“Come,” he said.

He tugged on the chain and started walking down the hall. My eyes went wide and I gasped and then stumbled, almost falling on my face before I hurriedly crawled after him!

Crawled after him! I was in a state of outraged disbelief! I was crawling after him on all fours like some kind of dog on a leash!

And yet despite that a wild roiling heat gripped my mind and body, and with that, total confusion about what to do or how to respond. I'm not doing this, I thought dazedly, even as I crawled after him on a leash! Naked! Oh my God! This was so fucking outrageous!

He led me into 'his' room, and I gulped as I crawled across the floor towards the corner and that large, padded chair.

“My instructions will always be explicit,” he said. “Your obedience must be quick and complete.”

“But – !”

“We will speak later!” he barked.

I gulped, inhibited for some reason: cowed.

This was definitely not turning out as I'd wanted! Yet my body pulsed with heat!

He sat down, and then pulled me in against him. With no effort at all he lifted me up across his lap, and settled me there on my belly as his big hands moved slowly up and down across my soft skin!

I gasped as his hand gripped the base of the dildo, twisting and turning it, pushing it deeper.

“Oh!” I moaned.

He released it and gripped my wrists, pulling them up and back together behind me, and when he let them go they remained locked together, the leather restraints fastened somehow.

I felt him gripping the dildo again, pushing, pulling back, then pushing in again as his fingers started to stroke across my already swollen clitoris!

Then he slapped my bottom sharply, and I gasped at the sting.

“What is my name?” he asked.

I stared at the corner wall, mouth wide.

*Crack!*

“What is my name?” he asked calmly.

“M-Master!” I gulped.

“Good girl.”

He palmed the dildo again, and I moaned as he pushed it in and pulled it back, pushed it in and pulled it back, his fingers stroking across my clitoris.

“Are you going to be a good girl?” he asked.

The question confused me, and my mind was still in turmoil so I couldn't immediately answer.

*Crack! His hand slapped sharply across my bottom and I yelped at the sting.*

“Are you going to be a good girl?”

“Y-Yes!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“Yes who?”

“Yes... master!”

God, this was sick and twisted! But it was also making my body burn with a shocking sense of passion and heat!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ah! Oh! Please!” I gasped, squirming as his hand slapped down against my bottom.

“Please what?”

“P-Please, master!”

*Crack!*

“Bad girls need to be punished,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Bad slave girls even more.”

Slave girls! That was so perverted and kinky!

*Crack!*

“Oh!

His hand pumped the dildo in and out, then thrust it high so that I cried out. A moment later he slapped my bottom sharply, before pumping the dildo again. He held the dildo in the palm of his hand, letting his middle fingers stroke up and down across my clitoris every time he pumped it.

Crack!

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I cried.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I yelped and squirmed and moaned as his hand hit my bottom with sharp, stinging blows! My bottom was starting to feel very hot and tender. Yet... the weird thing is... it didn't even occur to me to tell him to stop, or that he had no right to be... spanking me. My mind was too filled with a dark, rippling sense of thrilled heat!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Tell me you're my slave girl,” he ordered.

“I-I'm your slave girl, master!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

His fingers rubbed expertly against my clitoris as the palm of his hand forced the dildo so achingly deep that the base was almost flush with my body! Since I knew how long the thing was I felt a jolt of shocked heat at the awareness it was ALL inside me!

“Tell me you're my sex slave,” he ordered.

Sex slave! Me as a sex slave! That was again so darkly thrilling that I shuddered,

my hips twisting and grinding helplessly.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I’m your sex slave, master!” I moaned.

I felt his finger rubbing against my wrinkled back passage, slick with something cool. Then I felt something harder pushing against me there, and moaned as it was slowly forced into my body. It was rounded, and thick, and he turned and twisted it, pushing rhythmically until it slid fully into my body.

It added to the bloated feeling inside, though it wasn't as long as the one in my pussy. It also had a kind of flat base, like a coin, pressing against me. He slapped his hand over that several times, and it felt like the thing inside me was wobbling and quivering.

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

I moaned and whimpered and writhed, but he held me easily in place, then gripped my hair and yanked it up and back.

“Do you promise to be a good little sex slave?”

“Y-Yes!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I promise to be a good little sex slave, master!”

He rolled me over and then sat me up, sitting across his lap.

“Legs wide,” he barked.

Trembling, I spread my legs as he pulled back on my hair. I felt his hand against my sex, against the base of the dildo, and his fingers rapidly stroking against my clitoris. Then his mouth was against the center of my right breast, his teeth digging in almost but not quite painfully as he bit me and sucked fiercely on my

rigid nipple!

I was on the edge of climax when he stopped and put me off onto the floor.

“Legs spread wide, back arched,” he growled.

I obeyed, gasping for breath, flushed with heat and sexual pressure, and he sat back and looked me up and down.

“Lovely,” he said. “A born sex slave.”

He reached behind him, and for the first time I noticed there were a number of small objects hanging from hooks on the wall next to the chair. He took one out which looked like a dozen thin lengths of leather cord attached to a leather handle. It was no more than a foot long, including the six inch handle.

“Rise off your heels,” he said.

I rose on my knees, gulping, staring at the thing in his hand.

“Arch your back more,” he ordered.

Panting, moaning, I pushed my breasts out, and he swung the thing so that the thin laces – thinner than shoelaces, swept down and across my breasts. The impact was light, but produced a little crackle of sharp stings that made me cry out and jerk back.

“Arch your back again.”

Moaning, I obeyed, and again he swung the thin laces down across my breasts, which stung sharply! I yelped and jerked back again.

“Arch your back, slave girl. When you learn obedience, your punishment will end.”

Moaning, I arched my back, bracing myself mentally. He swung the thing in and the crackle of little stings lit up across my breasts! I jerked back helplessly, but then pushed my chest forward once again, as he swung it down across them again. I flinched, but held my position, as he brought the thin flog thing down across my breasts again – and again – and again!

My flesh began to feel hot, like my buttocks, but my nipples were still rigid and tingling!

He brought the flog down on my taut chest just below my breasts, then my belly, then back across my breasts again, and I moaned and gasped and trembled, but held my position, breathless!

“Good slave,” he said, hanging the thing up again.

“On your belly.”

I blinked, then lowered myself to the floor, letting my tender breasts pillow out against the rug below me.

“Raise your bottom high as if someone is about to mount you from behind.”

I obeyed, my mind twisting and turning wildly, enthralled even as anxious as I was.

“Knees wide.”

I obeyed, and he looked down at me. Then one of his expensive, polished dress shoes rubbed lightly against my face.

“Show me how submissive you can be, sex slave,” he said.

I rolled my eyes up at him, confused.

Again, he rubbed his shoe across my face, across my lips.

“Lick,” he ordered

I felt a wild jolt, the kind that would have dropped my jaw if it weren't jammed against the floor! That was so fucking... outrageous! But that very outrageousness made it darkly kinky and wildly hot!

Of course, it was also degrading, but given how I was feeling, and this kinky game of his, that only turned me on more!

I moaned and licked at his shoe.

“Harder, slave.”

I shifted forward, bottom high, knees wide, arms locked behind me, licking along the side of his shoe, then up across the top, then down along the toe, as he looked down at me. He raised the front of his foot, keeping his heel on the floor, and I felt a shudder run through me, my pussy squeezing and spasming around the dildo buried inside me as I cocked my head to the side and licked the bottom of his shoe!

“Good slave,” he said.

He reached down and patted my head like I was a dog! Then he reached further, undoing the clip which locked my wrists together behind my back.

“Now, to start your training. First, you beg my permission to remove my shoe, then you do so. Then continue on.”

Beg him to remove his shoe? Oh! He wanted me to remove his shoe! Well, the thought of undressing that fantastic body didn't exactly give me pause!

“May I remove your shoe, master!?” I asked.

“You may.”

I untied his shoe, then gripped it and pulled it off his foot as he raised it slightly. I reached for his other shoe, then halted.

“May I remove your other shoe, master?” I asked.

“You may.”

I untied his other shoe and pulled it off, finding this kinky game wildly delicious!

“M-May I remove your sock, master?” I gulped.

“You may.”

I tugged his black sock down and off, then the other one. I rose, then, hesitating, not sure what he wanted. But clearly the shoes and socks were just the start.

“May I remove your pants, master?”

“You may.”

I rose, trembling, leaning in, my tingling nipples brushing against the fabric of the chair as I reached for his belt and carefully undid it. I undid the snap of his pants, then pulled the zipper down, feeling a rising pressure in my chest.

I tugged lightly, but of course, could not pull them off him without his cooperation.

He stood up, then, and his pants slid down easily. He raised a foot, putting it on my back as I bent over, his soft, warm skin against mine! I moaned, pulling the leg out from under. He then put his foot back down, and raised his other foot, putting it on my back as I tugged the pants free.

He stood straight and I rose on my knees, looking up the long length of him at his powerfully muscled legs, the black boxer shorts, then his jacket and shirt and tie.

“May I remove your jacket, master?”

“You may.”

I stood up and looked him momentarily in the eyes, then dropped my eyes and pulled his jacket off. I carefully turned and then placed it on the back of a nearby chair before returning.

“May I remove your tie, master?”

I figured I had this down pat now!

I removed his tie, then unbuttoned his shirt and removed it. Now the unwrapping was getting very much more interesting! I tugged his t-shirt out of his boxer shorts, then slid it up his powerful body, staring at every inch of revealed flesh with hungry eyes!

He raised his arms and I pulled his shirt up, having to rise onto my tiptoes, and my breasts leaned in to press heavily against his chest as I did! I shuddered at the rolling heat which swept through me!

“May I remove your boxer shorts, master?” I asked breathlessly.

“You may.”

I gulped and gripped the elastic waistband, then tugged them slowly down. He was semi hard, and his cock hung there in all its glory, delightfully long, not... tiny, like most when they were soft.

“On your knees, slave.”

I knelt, and he raised one foot at a time so I could remove his boxers.

“Now let me feel your tongue on my skin, slave.”

I looked up his length again, now nude, his cock starting to pulse, to rise and thicken, and moaned as raw heat rolled through me.

“Start at the bottom, slave girl.”

I lowered myself and licked at his feet, at his toes! I again felt deliciously degraded and submissive as my tongue licked at his soft skin with long, slow movements of my tongue! I licked slowly up along his ankles, then up his calves, rubbing my cheeks against them, feeling enthralled, feeling wildly depraved, feeling a tremendous sexual pressure and heat.

I licked my way up along his legs, up along his thighs, as he stood there before me, legs apart. I licked my way up the insides of his thighs to where his cock was now thrusting up and out in all its rigid glory, thick and reddening, pointing slightly upward as I licked my way past it and around it!

I moaned, ducking lower, mouthing his balls, sucking them, massaging them inside my mouth, then I licked my way up along the shaft from bottom to top, my hands caressing his thighs and then his abdomen before cupping his balls.

I bobbed up and down on his cock, sucking excitedly, feeling a dark pulsing heat as I moaned around it.

His fingers gripped my hair and jerked my head up and back sharply so that I cried out at the stinging pain to my scalp.

“You haven't finished the appetizer. Don't start on the main course yet, slave.”

He pulled my face in against his abdomen, and I licked, breathlessly, licked my way along his stomach, rubbing my cheek against him, then licking higher. I had to get to my feet now, bending forward, running my trembling fingers over his hard, muscled belly, then moving higher!

I licked at his chest, sucked at his nipples, my hands racing over him as my whole body began to tremble with the sexual hunger, passion and pressure inside it! He gripped my hair again, jerking my head to one side, and rubbed the fingers of his other hand over my lips.

I licked them, then sucked them into my mouth, then licked his palm and the back of his hand, then took his hand and licked my way up his wrist, up his arm, up to his shoulder! I shifted aside, moving behind him, pressing my breasts against his back and fighting not to grind myself against him!

I licked at his back, licked along his shoulders and down his back as my hands never ceased caressing his body, filled with the tactile delight of his soft, yet hard flesh against my fingertips!

I licked my way down his spine, then dropped to my knees, my fingers kneading his buttocks as my heart thumped and I felt myself gripped in a thrumming storm of heat and sexual hunger! I kissed his buttocks, licked at them, then even, shocking myself, licked around his wrinkled back opening!

I moaned, shuddering, licking lower, licking along the back of his legs, down along his thighs, until he reached around and down, gripping my hair and yanking me forward, sending me sprawling on the floor on my belly.

“Put yourself in position to be mounted, slave girl!” he barked.

I rose on all fours, but a foot pressed down firmly on my back between my shoulder blades, forcing my upper body back to the floor. I understood, then, and raised my bottom, pulling my knees apart.

“Beg for it, slave girl,” he ordered, his foot still on my back, my breasts throbbing as he pushed down.

“P-Please fuck me, master!” I gasped.

He pulled his foot back, then knelt behind me.

*Crack!*

I gasped at the sharp blow, but didn't move. I felt his fingers caressing my buttocks, then felt them clutching at the dildo. I shuddered as he pulled it back and out, feeling a wave of relief at the easing of the physical pressure and ache deep inside.

He pulled it free, and I felt his slick cock rubbing against me, then pushing forward. He was thick, but not quite as thick as the dildo. So he was able to slide smoothly, though slowly into my body with it only hurting a little!

But knowing he was inside me, the pulsing awareness of myself kneeling there before him with my bottom raised, like... like a bitch in heat, had my blood burning with a fiery sexual excitement! And almost the moment he began to pump I felt the orgasm surging up through my nervous system!

I could hear the inarticulate noises I was making as I began to tremble and shake, and the breath sobbed into me only to be cried out as his hips began to slap against my buttocks with more and more authority. He reached down and gripped my wrists, pulling them up and back together behind my back, then locking them in place.

A moment later he seized my hair, jerking it up and back with enough force to raise my shoulders off the floor, and hold them there while his hips thumped against my buttocks!

I felt as though I were in a different world, a different universe of wildfire light and heat and sensation, where nothing else mattered, nothing else was real! The steady thrust of his cock inside me was an aching, but erotic sensation, even as his hips slapped against my buttocks and his hand jerked on my scalp!

The orgasm seemed to go on and on, as if my mind and body were melting down under the heat! He pounded into me harder, and I sobbed dazedly, eyes rolled up and back in my head as I was drowned in sensation, as pleasure roared in my head!

“Come for me, slut,” he barked, slapping my buttocks sharply. “Come for your master, whore!”

*Crack! Crack!*

“Come for me, slave!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I was coming and coming, breathless and dazed as he rode me, as he pounded me, as he used me with hard, even violent movements! I was sopping wet inside, my body burning up in the heat, and yet he continued to pound me from behind, his hips striking me with bruising force, his big cock impaling me again and again!

“Scream for me, slut. Scream for me, slave girl,” he ordered, slapping my bottom, yanking on my hair, pounding into me.

I cried out again and again, my mind roiled and turning over and over again as it was swamped by sensation. He reached down to roughly fist one of my breasts, squeezing it hard, kneading the soft flesh, then drew his hand back to slap my buttocks as he jerked on my hair.

“Scream for me, you sexual animal!” he growled, pounding himself into me!

\*

He didn't stay long. I'd guess he was there for not much over ninety minutes. But he left me gasping, drained, emotionally exhausted, and aching, inside and out.

Oh. My. God!

That had been so... so violently exciting! So wild and kinky and perverted and thrilling!

I was open mouthed with disbelief! What a darkly delicious and wicked game!

But he'd barely let me say a word! That was disappointing, though I hadn't really been thinking about much in the way of conversation during that incredibly hot sexual thing we'd been doing. I mean, it's not like we were boyfriend and girlfriend, but I wanted something more than just the physical.

Though to be fair, the physical was awesome!

He'd left me with instructions. He had my cell phone number, and he would send me a list of what I was to wear the next day each morning. He also left me with a homework assignment. I was to perfect my deep throating, to learn not only how to take a cock down my throat, but to pump it in and out, to fuck my throat with it without gagging.

Now he'd already shoved his cock down my throat a few times, so I knew I could do it, but to do it myself... to force myself instead of having him force me, that wasn't going to be easy.

I did what I always do when needing advice. I googled it to see what others said. Then, I prepared myself. I stayed naked, then masturbated to get aroused. I put pictures, the ones he'd drawn, and the ones he'd sent me, up on the wall in front of me, and I attached a dildo to the wall under them.

I slid two more (there were a lot of sex toys in the apartment) into my body, and used a vibrator on my clitoris while I knelt before the walls on all fours until I was just shy of orgasm. I bobbed up and down on the well-lubed dildo. Then, closing my eyes, I forced myself forward, gurgling as the head pushed into my throat!

It wasn't easy! My throat ached, and my stomach, which was empty, threatened to turn over again and again! But I kept trying, gasping, eyes watery, having to blow my nose repeatedly, face red as I forced my lips down the dildo to the base repeatedly.

It did get easier, but slowly.

But every bit easier it got I became more excited, more delighted at my conquering what I still considered to be a deeply sophisticated sexual art, one that boring girls like, well, me, or at least, the way I used to be, just couldn't match.

I came repeatedly as I did it, and that certainly helped.

But my throat was sore and I had quite a headache before I was done.

The next morning I put on the underwear he had told me to. They were all marked with little cardboard numbers. Number 7, in lingerie, which he'd ordered me to wear, was a tiny black silk thong which barely covered my sex, and a

matching half bra, which squeezed and pushed my breasts up and out.

Over that was a short green dress. It was shorter than I'd normally wear by quite a bit, and very tight across my bottom! It was tight across the chest, too, but at least it wasn't low-cut! I wore it, because he'd told me to, and I wasn't sure what he'd do if I didn't.

With the Number 7 lingerie and Number 22 dress, I was to wear Number 14 shoes, which were sexy black, open toed shoes with four inch stiletto heels. I looked at myself in the mirror and made an uncomfortable face. Oh, I looked good, don't get me wrong. But... it's an office setting! You're not supposed to dress that sexy to the office!

I did as he wanted, though, and a little before I was going to leave came another text. It listed a parking space on Garage Level One where I worked! So I guess I didn't have to take the subway!

Do you have any idea how expensive parking spaces are in midtown Manhattan?!

I drove the BMW to work, somewhat nervous. I mean, it was a BMW! What if I got into an accident!? Then again, if he was as rich as he seemed to be he probably wouldn't really care.

I found the parking space and parked, then walked to the elevator and took it up to my floor. I was confused, though. I'd never seen him at work. Why did he even care what I wore? Well, obviously he'd seen me, but I'd somehow never noticed him. But now that I knew him I'd surely see him around if he was anywhere nearby!

Wouldn't I?!

Well, I didn't see him all day. I worked, just as I usually did. And I got no messages from him until near the end of the day. It set his arrival time for seven sharp, and ordered me to be prepared, as I had been yesterday, in the same way, in the same place. Except I was also to have a dildo up my butt.

Geeze! Why was I doing this!?

Because I was a whore, and because he had an incredible body, and because the sex was beyond anything I had ever imagined, that was why. Surely, surely I could build on that! I mean, yes, he had this 'act' of the stern master, but he was human! And why should he concern himself with giving me pleasure if he didn't have feelings for me?

So the next day I was waiting, and prepared this time, with an ache deep inside from the thick, long dildos inside me. I felt a sense of sexual energy crackling along my skin as I knelt there in position, a breathless anticipation – with no small anxiety accompanying it!

My face reddened when he opened the door. He was again dressed in an expensively tailored three piece suit, this one dark blue with pinstripes. The tie

and matching handkerchief were a light blue this time. He closed the door behind him and looked at me, unsmiling. Then he nodded.

I felt a sense of relief at that nod, and pleasure.

“Good,” he said. “Your body is magnificent, and you're an incredibly beautiful thing. It's a crime not to present yourself at your best.”

Again he took the leash out of his pocket, and clipped it to my collar.

“All fours,” he ordered.

I flushed more deeply, but obeyed. This crawling business made my mind and stomach squirm, partly out of outrage but also out of a dark, seething sense of kinky excitement. I crawled after him into the living room, and this time he sat down on the sofa.

He pulled me up across his lap, though, and ran his hands over my body, caressing my back and kneading my buttocks.

“You have butter soft skin, slave girl,” he said.

I gasped as his hand slid between my legs and pushed against the base of the dildo, and his fingers stroked my swollen clitoris.

“A body made for sex,” he said.

I felt his lips on my shoulder, then on my back, as he kissed me again and again, and moaned helplessly, my lower body squirming as his fingers manipulated my clitoris.

He turned me over and I stared up at him, at least until he pushed my head back to force my back to arch, then he leaned in again, kissing and sucking on my nipples and breasts, then up along the nape of my neck, then down my body again, as his fingers continued to stroke my clitoris.

“Hands behind your neck,” he said.

I obeyed, breathlessly, and he locked the wrist restraints to the back of my collar, then pulled on my hair, bowing my back again so that he could rain kisses and

soft, nibbling bites across my taut breasts. He sucked and chewed on my nipples as I moaned and panted for breath, and his fingers were relentless between my legs, so that my hips began to roll desperately up against him!

“What's my name?” he asked.

“Master!” I gasped.

“What are you?”

“I-I'm your slave girl, Master!” I gasped.

He pulled me into a sitting position across his lap now, his left hand still holding my hair as his right ran up and down my body.

“Are you an obedient slave girl?”

“Yes, master!” I moaned.

He lifted me and sat me on the coffee table.

“Sit on the very edge, back arched.”

I obeyed.

“Legs wide. Always,” he said.

I jerked my knees wide and he moved out of the room, leaving me in place. I didn't move, though my body thrilled to the sexual pressure within. He returned with another sex toy, this one purple, and curved.

He sat right in front of me on the sofa, then gripped the dildo and slid it slowly out of me as I closed my eyes and moaned. The other one pushed up inside me, just a bit thicker, and I grunted as I felt myself stretched that much wider. This one curved and seemed to reach deeper, and its base was not flat, but projected upward a bit.

He flicked a switch, and it started to buzz, to vibrate, then he pushed it all the way in so the base was pressing against my clitoris.

“Don't move,” he ordered.

He had the little flog from the other day, and I moaned as he swept it down across my breasts again! I fought to keep my lower body from moving despite the vibrator buzzing away inside me and against my clitoris, and from doing more than flinching as he brought the little flog down across my taut breasts again and again!

It... hurt... stung, but the stings were spread wide, and disappeared almost instantly after each blow. My flesh was becoming more tender, though, warmer, starting to feel sore as he swept the thing down with rapid little swishing movements that made me moan and whimper.

I kept my back arched sharply, though, gulping in air as my breasts heated up!

Then he halted.

“Good girl,” he said, much to my relief!

His hands ran over my breasts then drew back.

“Would you like to come, slave girl?”

“Y-Yes, master!” I moaned.

“Ease your bottom back a little on the table.”

Dazed, I obeyed, and the edge of the vibrator seemed to catch on the edge of the table before I raised my buttocks a bit to move back a few inches.

“Now lean your lower body forward while keeping your back arched.”

I did, and the pressure of the vibrator against my clitoris redoubled! He raised the little flog and started sweeping it across my breasts again as the orgasm hit, and my hips began to grind frantically against the vibrator as I cried out in a long, undulating wail of pleasure, trembling and jerking spastically as my nervous system was overloaded with powerful, raw sensation!

“Good slave girl,” he said as my movements eased.

He stood up and reached behind my neck, undoing my wrists from the collar, then picked up the leash again, pulling me onto all fours. He removed the

vibrator, replacing it with the dildo, and led me, crawling once more, down the hall to my bedroom.

He had me kneel before him, then placed his foot between my thighs.

“Would you like to undress me, slave?”

“Yes, master!”

“Beg.”

So we went through the same routine as the previous day, where I begged to remove each item, and he allowed me to do so. I got more and more aroused the more of his flesh appeared, until, finally, he was standing naked before me and I was tonguing my way up his thighs again, having started at his feet.

This time he didn't allow me to bypass his cock, which was fine with me! I mouthed his balls, sucking and massaging them within my mouth, and pumped my fingers on his cock, then brought my lips to it and bobbed up and down, taking it deeper and deeper.

I took him all the way into my throat, not without some gurgling, but I did it fairly smoothly, then slid back up. I did this several times, and it got easier, to the point I was able to start sliding my lips up and down his shaft from the head to the base without any gagging!

He smiled benignly, and his fingers caressed my hair.

“Good slave,” he said.

He closed his hand on my hair and jerked it up and back, and I gasped, but didn't resist.

“Onto the bed, in position, bottom high, hands behind your back,” he ordered.

I obeyed at once, scrambling into the bed, laying up upper body down and raising my bottom while spreading my knees. He locked my wrist restraints together, pulled the dildo free and then I felt the slick head of his cock running up and down the line of my sex, pushing in harder and harder until he sank into me!

It was a gloriously erotic sensation as his thick cock pushed deep into my body, and I began to shudder and moan almost at once as he started thrusting hard and fast! His hips were soon striking my upraised buttocks and the sexual heat was churning with ever greater violence within my body and mind!

God, I felt so full, so overfull! But every long, deep thrust made me cry out in pleasure! And the pleasure was growing more thrilled, more intense with every passing second as his heavy hips slapped against my buttocks and his cock pounded into me with relentless force and energy!

I was soon feeling utterly overwhelmed by the raw animal violence, my body shaking from the impact as I gasped and cried out and gulped in ragged breaths of air! Then he seized my hair, twining a long tail around his fist, yanking savagely up and back as he continued his powerful thrusting, his other hand slapping my bottom as he rammed himself forward and yanked me back!

It felt as though my brain was bouncing around inside my skull, my eyes rolling as the dark explosions of pleasure and heat rolled through my body. The hard rutting made me ache inside, but it was a darkly delicious rutting, that made me feel like a wild, sexual animal being mounted by a bull or a stallion!

Another orgasm tore through my body and mind, and I cried out in helpless, dazed pleasure, my body trembling and shaking as he continued to pound into me! Then his body seemed to fold down over mine, his teeth and lips against the nape of my neck as he continued thrusting.

One of his hands darted around my hip, two long fingers thrusting in to begin a rough and rapid stroking against my clitoris. I cried out even more loudly, my mind overpowered by the raging sexual firestorm tearing through me! I sobbed in breathless joy, reveling in the crackling sexual firestorm and wanting it to last forever!

But it ended, finally, just before I'm sure I would have lost consciousness entirely. He lay down with a sigh, stretching out along the bed, and I rolled onto my side, gulping in air, chest heaving.

Then he had me kneel and begin to mouth him again, sucking and licking his balls, licking at his cock, rubbing my cheek and lips and hair against him as I sought to get him hard once again.

I succeeded, and then bobbed up and down the full length of him, rolling my eyes up the length of his body to see him watching me. It was hard, since my wrists were still locked together behind me, and I had to use my neck muscles to move my head up and down.

But then he suddenly gripped my head, pressing me in firmly against him, with my lips wrapped around the base of his shaft. His legs curled in behind my body, and then he rolled us over so he was atop me. I felt his big hands tilting my head back as he began to thrust into my mouth and throat with long, deep strokes that had me gurgling and gasping as he continued.

Laying on my bound wrists, I could do little as he used my throat, as his glistening shaft thrust in and out and he crushed his groin down against my face. My head was soon starting to throb and my chest to burn from lack of air, but there was little I could do until he stopped, and no way of making him stop.

But he did, gasping himself, pulling free so that I could gasp in turn and draw in deep gulping breaths of air. He moved back, then rolled me roughly onto my belly again. A sharp slap on the ass preceded him gripping my hips and yanking them high as he moved in behind me once more.

This time, though, it was the dildo in my ass he pulled free. Then his slick, dripping cock pushed down into my ass for the first time. I moaned dazedly, but really only cared that I could breathe now! So he managed to get his big cock almost all the way up inside before my sphincter even thought about clamping down!

I wasn't in the habit of letting guys sodomize me. I had known it was coming, though, from the dildos and butt-plugs he'd shoved up inside me, and simply groaned dazedly as he pumped in and out, as he used me with hard, deep strokes that felt as if he were punching me in the stomach – inside!

I felt an ache, a cramp every time he buried himself in my ass, but then a relief as he drew back. He was fucking me hard enough one came on top of the other, and I was still focused mainly on breathing, despite the aching fullness in my belly.

He reached around my hips again, though, and began to finger my clitoris. I shuddered, my insides, like my mind, becoming twisted and flayed by a fiery sense of need, passion and exotic hunger. I felt a sense of amazement and

disbelief that this was happening, and that only added to the heat and lust gripping my mind.

I came again, amazed, as I did so, that I could have an orgasm while someone was fucking my ass! He was so big, so achingly deep! But the wildfire excitement overpowered any sense of pain or aching, and I shuddered and cried out in ecstasy as the orgasm rolled my mind again and again!

He got up, and took two narrow poles I'd spotted in the closet which I had wondered at. He brought them over and attached them to the frame of the bed on either side. They just clicked into place as if made for it. Then he gathered what I first took to be rope but turned out to be a kind of thick elastic cord, and bound them to the top of the poles.

“Raise your legs straight up together,” he ordered.

I was laying on my back by then, but I drew my legs together then raised them up high, keeping them as straight as I could.

“Spread them straight out to either side.”

I obeyed, letting my legs fall apart as much as I could before the tendons in my thighs began to stretch and strain and ache. It was then that he attached the bands to my ankle restraints. Drove the vibrator back into me to the hilt, and found another dildo to stuff up my ass. He then turned and left the room, still naked, leaving me on the bed.

I wondered what he would do next, and wondered how to work up the courage to initiate some sort of conversation so this relationship wouldn't strictly be about sex. I considered a whole series of possible things, but waited in vain for him to return.

Meanwhile, my thighs were aching. I could ease that ache a bit by bringing my legs closer together, but gravity continued to exert a pull on my legs, wanting to draw them out to the sides. I couldn't set them down, either, for the bands kept them in roughly the same position.

As the weight worked on my muscles they began to ache and weaken, to the point I really had no choice but to just let my legs hang there, supported out to the sides by the bands around my ankles. The problem was, as I began to

discover, they were elastic, though not loosely so.

That meant that slowly, very slowly, my legs began to widen, pulled by gravity. I would pull them up and closer, working the tendons, but my muscles began to weaken so that I would have to just let my legs hang there again, the tendons in my groin aching as my legs were slowly stretched wider.

I didn't know where he was or what he was doing. I began to fear he had decided to leave me like this all night! The tendons in my thighs began to ache fiercely as the minutes dragged on. My legs were soon wider apart than they had ever been, and continuing to get wider!

When he finally returned he was wearing a towel, and nothing else. I moaned, wanting to protest about the ache in my thighs, but not sure if that would make him angry.

He moved to one of the dressers, then took out a bottle and sat before me on the foot of the bed. He squirted some of the bottle onto my chest, and then began to spread it slowly over my breasts, over my chest, and down my belly.

He spread it down my abdomen, and then between my legs, pulling the vibrator out a bit, his oiled fingers caressing my thighs and clitoris as I moaned weakly. He pulled the vibrator out completely, and thrust three fingers inside me, pumping them in and out as his thumb rubbed my clitoris.

The other hand slid up and down my oiled body, kneading and caressing my breasts, and pinching and rolling my nipples!

Another orgasm had my body twisting and writhing, my hips bucking up against him as I arched my back and my head rolled helplessly from side to side!

He began to lick and suck and nibble at my breasts again, then licked his way down my belly until he was sucking and licking at my clitoris.

Again and again my hips bucked up against him as I cried out in pleasure, my battered mind feeling more and more dazed and overpowered as storms of sexual electricity rolled through me! Then came the vibrator, making me scream and sob as it made my nerve endings crackle with frantic surges of sensation!

Finally, he lay upon me, his eyes over mine as he gripped my hair and jerked my

head back! His lips met mine, and for the first time that evening, I realized, he kissed me! His lips ravished mine! He kissed me softly and gently, then harder, and more demanding.

Finally, he thrust himself into me, content to keep his big cock filling my belly as he continued his oral assault on my mouth! His hands and chest slid up and down and from side to side against my breasts and tingling, burning nipple as his tongue drove into my mouth and overwhelmed my own!

His hips rose and fell, in a slow, grinding fuck that was as casual as the others had been violent, while his fingers pulled at my hair and his lips and tongue ate me alive!

I came again, trying desperately to wrap my legs around him as he picked up the pace, his cock punching deep inside me even as he ground his pubic bone down against my clitoris!

\*

He gave me more homework. He sent me several videos of girls giving lap dances, and doing pole dancing things, and forwarded an acceptance email from a pole dancing class he had entered me in!

I was feeling dazed, overwhelmed by the incredible sexual firestorms he'd put me through, shell-shocked by the intensity of the erotic passion which had enveloped my mind and pulled me into a kind of sexual fever. All evening, after he left, I found myself shaking my head in wonderment at what had happened, and how intense it had been!

I was still disappointed we hadn't gotten to talk, but... he'd put all these clothes in the closet for a reason! Many of them could not be worn to work, which meant they were to be worn out, and I assumed he intended that to be out with him.

I would just have to be patient...

The next day I was walking slowly, the tendons in my groin feeling stretched and sore. When I got to my desk I had a note to see my boss, who told me that there would need to be some work done on the heating vents over my office. I would, for the week, be in a different office – on the sixteenth floor.

I gulped at hearing that, for that was the floor which was undergoing renovations, and was largely empty. It was the floor he'd first fucked me, in a closed office there. And the room I was assigned to – was that same office!

I wondered how he'd arranged this, for I knew it had to be him. Who was he!? He obviously held a position of some power. Maybe instead of looking around on the floors I should check the company's web site and see if I could find him there. Maybe he was on the board of directors or something!

I took my files up there and set up at the desk, which was larger than mine, signing onto the computer with my password and ID code, then nervously set to work. It was an hour or so later when I opened one of the envelopes which had been sent to me and saw a drawing of myself!

It was as realistic as the others, and in it I was once again wearing long white gloves, long white lace stockings, and white shoes with stiletto heels. My arms were bound up and back behind me, the white rope going around my chest and circling my breasts so they thrust out swollen and hungry!

I could see dildos protruding from my pussy and ass! My hair was pulled back tightly, and I was wearing a collar and ball gag! I was also being led down a hall by a leash attached to the collar behind a suited man whose face wasn't shown!

On the back was a small paragraph, as before, told as if a story were being written.

\*

*Melissa stripped naked, then went to the cabinet next to the door and took out the items she found there. She put them on, then sat down and got to work again, waiting the arrival of her master.*

\*

It took my breath away, and I glanced, stricken, at the cabinets around me, then got up and went to the one near the door. Pulling it open, I saw the white silk gloves, the dildos, the fishnet stockings and high heels!

I felt breathless and dazed for long moments. But I'd donned these things before in this room, so I could do it again. I stripped naked, then worked the dildos into

my body. They were the same ones as he'd sent me before, with these sort of bulging things near the base so that once pushed in they would probably not fall out unless pulled.

I put the gag in my mouth, then the collar around my neck, heart pounding. Then I waited. Nothing happened, so I went back to the desk. I couldn't sit with these dildos inside me but I could kneel on the chair, keeping the base of the two dildos from touching the cushion, and then type at the computer.

Yes, I know it was bizarre!

The door opened without a sound, and I cried out in alarm, then relief that it was him as he came in and closed it behind him.

I got off the chair and hurried over to him and he smiled with approval before taking rope out of another drawer.

“Hands up behind your back, as high as you can.”

I obeyed, and he wound the white rope around my wrists, then pulled them up higher. I grunted as he tied the rope around my upper arms and pulled it together, forcing my elbows further back behind me and making my shoulders ache.

Next he wound the rope around my ribs, carefully circling the base of each breast until they were squeezed out tautly. He snapped a leash to the collar around my neck, then opened the door. I tried to shake my head frantically, but he ignored me and pulled me out of the office!

I pulled back determinedly, frantically, and he turned to glower at me. He came back in and closed the door, and for a moment I felt a great deal of relief, but almost at once he turned me and bent me across the desk, then took his belt out and doubled it up.

I moaned helplessly as the belt snapped down across my bottom! Then again! Then again! I felt sharp, jagged stinging burst of pain as I yelped and moaned into the gag, and as he continued to bring the strap down across my bottom again and again!

With my skin turning red and starting to burn, he halted, then opened a cabinet and took out a foot long chain. He pulled me upright by the hair, and turned me,

and I saw that the chain had an alligator clip at either end. He opened the clips, and before I could react, framed my still-very-hard nipples between the teeth, and let them snap closed!

I squealed in pain, my nipples burning hotly, jumping from foot to foot, but there wasn't anything I could do but bear the sharp pain even as he removed the leash from the ring of my collar, and instead clipped it to the center of the chain.

He turned and opened the door again, then headed out, and I squealed again as the clips biting my nipples tugged insistently and painfully, forcing me to stumble out the door after him!

“You will learn to obey me, slave girl,” he said, leading me up the corridor.

I couldn't possibly resist now! The alligator clips pinching my nipples hurt too much! The sharpness of the initial pain was fading to a dull ache, but it surged up whenever he tugged on them!

Fortunately, the floor was pretty much empty. Not entirely, though! He led me up one of the aisles between the empty inside offices, and the rows of cubicles, and I could hear voices off on the other side of the floor, and hammering from workmen!

It was hard to walk in the high heels to begin with, for the stiletto heels must have been at least five inches, and maybe six inches high! On top of that I was leaning forward as the chain tugged at my nipples, panting and moaning into the ball gag!

We walked up to the far wall and turned the corner to find a more open area, where a lot of the cubicles had been pulled back, the carpet lifted up, and the walls opened for electrical work. There were ladders and equipment and scaffolding for painters next to the window.

He had me stand on a long low board which was perhaps a foot wide and six feet long, and spread my legs. Then he used short ropes to tie my ankle restraints to rings already driven in the board. He reached above me, to the scaffolding, and pulled a rope down, and I saw that it had been formed into the shape of a noose!

He slipped it around my throat, and then tugged the end to pull it taut, putting the knot behind my neck. Then he smiled.

“Are you going to be a good slave girl?” he asked.

I nodded frantically.

“Speak aloud.”

“Yes, master!” I exclaimed, my voice muffled by the gag.

He picked up what I at first thought was some kind of workman's tool, for it was plugged into an electrical extension cord, and turned it on. It buzzed powerfully. It was basically a handle, with a pencil thin metal rod on the end, and a kind of flat rubber pad an inch wide and long at its tip. He pushed it forward, and the rubber pad was pressed against the top of my sex, against my clitoris.

His other hand ran almost gently up and down my body as he rubbed the vibrator thing back and forth against my clitoris, and I began to feel the sudden pressure of sensation rising within me!

My heart was pounding, and my head had been constantly swiveling from side to side in search of anyone who might have seen us! No one was nearby, though

“Am I a fool, slave girl?” he asked.

I stared at him, confused by the question.

“Am I?”

“No, master!” I said.

“Do you think I would do something that had a high probability of getting me in trouble?”

I blinked uncertainly.

“No, master!” I said.

“Then do not question my decisions. Do not give council to your fears. Trust in me. Do as I say.”

Which kind of made a sense, but it still didn't exactly calm me!

His other hand was caressing my breasts, but then he took the 'leash' and threw it up across one of the bars, making sure the chain was taut, and wrapping it in place. That meant my every moment tugged my nipples against the clips which he'd now locked into place!

I moaned helplessly, gasping, as his hand resumed caressing my body, caressing my bottom and back and breasts, and as he continued to rub the vibrator back and forth against me.

It was a vibrator like no other I'd ever seen or felt! It was much more powerful, and I was feeling these tremendous and growing sensations resonating through my belly!

He gripped my hair and forced my head up and back, which pulled my nipples more sharply against the clips.

“Sex slave,” he said in a soft voice. “You have to believe it, think of yourself as one, surrender to the idea, submit to the excitement and the pleasure and the heat and passion.”

He was gently tugging me back again and again, forcing my nipples to pull rhythmically against the clips. That... hurt but... but the sensations were also very electric, my breasts pulsing with energy, my nipples burning with a heat which was not nearly all painful.

My hips began to grind against the rubbing vibrator, the heat building rapidly within me. I felt myself spasming around the thick dildo forced up inside me, felt my blood race and my heart pound as my knees wobbled. This was so bizarre and perverted and kinky!

And if I got fired, well, what of it? I didn't have to pay for rent or anything!

The orgasm took my mind and sent it tumbling, taking away all my cares and concerns and filling me with a tremendous howl of pleasure that suddenly redoubled as he tugged on the rope leading to the noose. The noose closed tightly, and my eyes bulged even as my hips bucked more and more violently!

I felt my head starting to pound as my hips jerked spastically against the vibrator, as my body trembled and shook with growing violence, the orgasm swamping my mind with sensations so powerful I felt myself losing, if not

consciousness, then self-awareness! I gurgled and bucked and sobbed breathlessly as the orgasm rolled over me like a freight train, unbelievably long and extended!

Finally, my eyes went wide and wild, and I stared at him, trying to breath. He loosed the noose and I gulped in air, swaying and trembling, gasping for breath as he moved behind me. I felt his fingers at the butt plug, and felt it drawn out of me.

His cock replaced it, sliding up deep inside me, my body too dazed to worry, despite how tight he was. I moaned weakly, eyes slitted, drooling around the ball gag as he fucked me, as his hips slapped against my buttocks and his hands drew my hips back further.

Of course, that also made my nipples pull rhythmically against the clips. And when he reached around my hip again it was with the vibrator in hand. He began to roll it back and forth across my clitoris once again, his other hand pulling back on my pony tail as he rammed his hips into me.

Another orgasm soon tore through me, then a third, as his big cock drove up into me with hard strokes that jarred and shook my body. He gasped as he came, grasping both my breasts in his hands and his teeth closing on the nape of my neck as he sucked fiercely, as if to mark me.

\*

And after that I went back to work.

No, I didn't get a lot of work done, especially at first! I was still dazed and my mind was echoing with the shock of what had happened, including the awful and wondrous explosions of pleasure and passion.

Was I going insane?

Late that afternoon I got another drawn picture – of what he'd just done to me. It showed me standing there, naked, with the dildos protruding, legs straight and apart, head back, clips attached to the nipples, pulling them up tautly, head back, and a long arm thrust forward holding the vibrator against my clitoris.

It was so realistic I thought it was a real picture, at first. But I soon realized that,

no, it, like the others, was just a very, very good drawing. It had to have been done on a computer, though. This wasn't done with colored pencils. It was too real looking for that.

Was he doing these himself? If he was a rich and powerful man would he have that skill or would have someone else draw them for him? Did that somebody else know there was a real girl involved?

The story on the back was promising, though.

\*

*Melissa went home and got ready to go out. She showered and did her hair and makeup, then put the butt-plug into her bottom and put on Number Thirty Nine dress with Number 11 shoes. She wore nothing beneath. She stood with hands behind her neck at 6:15 waiting for her master to arrive.*

\*

Did that mean we were going out somewhere!? Like on a date!? That was very promising indeed! We'd get to talk on a date! I could get to know him!

I rushed home with a sense of eagerness, then got dress number 39 from the closet and put it on. That produced a degree of anxiety, though. Dress 39 was a black, floor length gown. The material went over my left shoulder and then split in two. One length went down across my left breast while the other angled down and right and then down across my right breast.

The two length of fabric then descended to my waist, but left a large gap cutting down across the center of my breasts and angling to my right hip. The dress was also slit up my right side from floor to hip so that just a few small gold rings held it together over my otherwise naked hip.

It was a sexy dress, but not a terribly immodest one, provided I watched how I walked so the slit didn't show more than it should, and provided my breasts didn't fall out through the gaping hole in the center of the chest. Wearing no underwear would make it dangerous, though!

The high heels were stilettos again, of course, and that made me nervous, too. I had to practice walking, for falling down in this dress was likely to provide

gaping views of my body to anyone nearby!

He arrived exactly at 6:15, and I was waiting as directed. He was wearing a different suit from today. This one was a sports jacket, though still very fine and tailored. He inspected me and smiled with approval.

“You look very sexy, slave girl.”

“Th-thank you, master!” I said.

He took something out of his pocket. It was a diamond choker, about an inch or so thick, formed of half a dozen rows of diamonds on some kind of gold frame. I knew, somehow, that it was real! He fastened it around my throat, then took out two thick teardrop shaped diamond earrings, placing them in my ears.

He held out his hand and my eyes widened as I drew my hands down from behind my neck and took it in my left hand. His hand felt warm and strong as it closed around mine and he led me to the door.

It was on my mind to protest, to point out I wasn't wearing underwear, but he knew that, so I bit my tongue. We went downstairs, and I blushed a bit to be seen in such a dress, constantly checking myself to ensure I wasn't showing too much.

A stretch limo was waiting for us, and he led me into it as a huge bald man held the door for us. I got in and scooted over, adjusting the dress as he climbed in behind and the chauffeur closed the door.

There was a glass window between the front and rear of the car so we could talk without being overheard. I hoped that meant we could talk about things!

“Wh-where are we going, master?” I asked nervously.

He turned to eye me calmly. “Wherever I want,” he said.

I bit my tongue and nodded anxiously.

“Do not fear you are not dressed appropriately,” he said.

“N-No, master. Uhm, should I call you master if there are... people around?” I asked, lowering my voice as the chauffeur got in.

“Always,” he said.

I cringed a little. People would stare at me like I was an space alien!

The limo drove through the Manhattan streets, and his left hand caressed my leg, which was bare, given the slit of the dress. His fingers slid up along the inside of my thigh, and I eyed the back of the chauffeur's head nervously, then gasped, eyes widening, as his fingers pushed in beneath the fabric to caress the line of my naked sex.

“Are you my sex slave?” he asked.

“Y-yes, master!” I gulped.

“Say it aloud.”

“I'm your sex slave, master!” I said, as his fingers rubbed at my clitoris.

His fingers undid the clasp at the hips, and I gasped, reaching for the fabric. He glowered at me, and my hands dropped away as my face got red. The dress fell apart in the center, leaving me essentially naked.

“Spread your legs.”

My heart pounded as I obeyed, staring at the back of the chauffeur's bald head as Master's fingers stroked the line of my sex and rubbed across my clitoris. I was breathless, my pulse racing, and despite my anxiety and embarrassment, a wild sexual heat began to spring up within me!

This was outrageous! Again!

Suddenly the window between front and rear compartments slid down, and the chauffeur's eyes went to the mirror, to me! I flushed hotly and turned my head away.

“What do you think, Jeremy?”

“Very fine, sir,” he replied.

“Slave girl, say hello,” Master said, his hand gliding gently up across my breasts.

“H-Hlo!” I whispered.

“Louder.”

“H-Hello!” I squealed.

His fingers plucked my nipple, then slid down between my legs again.

“Say hello Jeremy,” he said.

“Hello Jeremy!” I gasped, face burning with embarrassment.

“What are you?” he asked.

I felt my mind cringe away from speaking!

“What are you?” he demanded, gripping my clitoris between thumb and forefinger, and letting me feel the nails starting to press against me.

“I-I... I... I'm your slave girl!” I blurted.

“Master,” he said.

My face was on fire! I was mortified.

“Speak.”

“I'm your slave girl, master!” I whimpered.

“Hands behind your neck. Arch your back.”

Shuddering, I obeyed, staring up at the ceiling of the car as I felt his hand gliding over my naked body, then resuming its gentle caresses of my clitoris.

“Would you like to fuck her, Jeremy?” Master asked.

“Yes, sir!” Jeremy answered enthusiastically.

“Well, perhaps I'll let you one day.”

The words jolted me, again filling me with a terrible mix of anxiety, outrage

and... and dark, seething sexual excitement that he would dare to offer my body to another man so casually.

His hand slid off my body.

“Do your dress up, slave girl,” he said.

Heart still pounding, I pulled my hands back from behind my neck and drew the two sides of my dress together, fastening it at my hip. I was still shell-shocked, though! OmyGod! Had that just happened!?

Suddenly his hand was around my throat, and I gurgled as it closed and pulled me forward and to the side so he could kiss me. The kiss was passionate, but not violent, and I moaned into his mouth before he pulled back.

“Do you know how beautiful you are, sex slave?”

“Y-Yes, master,” I moaned in confusion.

He chuckled and let me go.

*I'm losing my mind, I thought dazedly.*

The limo pulled to the curb, and Jeremy got out to open the door. Master got out, and held his hand to me to help me climb out. I did so carefully, given the high, wide slit, and saw we had arrived before some kind of swanky restaurant. A doorman held the door open as Master led me inside.

The inside was fantastically hushed and darkened, with a maitre'd leading us through widely spaced tables of dark grained wood. He held my chair and seated me, then Master took his own chair and the maitre'd handed him a menu – but not me.

“What do you think of your name, slave girl?”

I stared at him in confusion, looking around nervously. But no one was close enough to hear him.

“Master?”

“Melissa, isn't that it?”

“Yes... master.”

“Would you like a new name?”

I stared at him, still confused.

“The girl who was Melissa, that's not you any more. You're a different girl. What should this girl's name be?”

He'd never called me by name before, except slave girl, so I wasn't sure what he was angling for here.

“I've been giving some thought to a suitable name,” he said as he scanned the menu. “Every man gets to name his pets, after all, or a master his slave girls. What do you think of 'Autumn'?”

I stared at him, absorbing the name. Did he mean that would be what he called me from now on? It was certainly better than slave girl!

“Autumn it is,” he said.

“Autumn is... is a nice name... master,” I said, still confused.

He ordered food I'd never heard of, and it was served on tiny plates in carefully arranged little pieces. Most of it was awfully good, though, even if I didn't know what some of it was.

I'd hoped we'd speak, but it was me doing all the speaking, and not about the subject I wanted to, either. Instead of him I talked about me. He wanted to know about my job, about why I'd taken it, about college, about high school, about my family, about my first sexual experience and first love and my ambitions, my hopes and dreams and fantasies, however unlikely to be fulfilled.

We finally went back outside and got back into the limousine. His hand slid into the slit of the dress again, caressing me almost idly, but in a way which began to make my body thrum with energy, especially with Jeremy able to see us!

Then we pulled over to the curb again and I discovered we were at some kind of

gallery. We went inside, and I stayed close beside Master, hoping someone would say his name. Finally, a tall man did, shaking hands as he greeted him.

“Good to see you again, Benjamin.”

Benjamin! I had his first name at last! Now I could think of him as Benjamin and not simply as Master!

“Michael,” Benjamin said, shaking hands.

Michael looked at me appreciatively.

“My, my,” he said.

“Yes,” Benjamin said.

Michael shook his head. “She's exquisite. Wherever did you find her?”

“Saw her walking through the lobby of my building one day.”

“And Rodrigo was impressed?”

“Rodrigo was beside himself.”

The two men chuckled softly, and I wondered who Rodrigo was. I knew not to ask, though.

We moved forward slowly into the gallery. There were works of art on the walls, and sculptures on little pedestals as we moved along. Other people milled about, and all of them stared at me with a great deal of interest. I wasn't sure if that was the dress or the diamond choker and earrings.

We passed around a corner, and met a tall, sleek looking black woman in a very short and revealing leather dress, who held out here hand to Benjamin.

“Antonia,” he said.

“Mister Stone,” she replied.

Now I had his whole name! Or most of it.

“We've already sold a number of pieces,” she said with a smile, looking me up and down.

“Excellent,” he replied.

We moved further forward and I stopped, eyes going wide, jaw dropping.

There were framed prints on the walls, and I was familiar with many of them! They were larger versions of the pictures he'd sent me, featuring me, naked, in all kinds of very graphic bondage poses!

My face burned and I forgot to breath as Benjamin gripped my arm to move me along.

“She's so sexual,” Antonia said, looking at me admiringly.

“She's the essence of sex and submission,” Benjamin said.

Not all the pictures were familiar. The most horrible one was of me sort of laying on the floor, my back propped up against a metal bar. But my ankles had been tied up and back behind my neck, behind the bar, too, so that I was lewdly, obscenely exposed! I was gagged, and collared, and my bound breasts were obscenely full, the nipples thick and hard and pink, with the butts of two dildos projecting from my straining pussy and back opening!

It was so real looking!

Then a tall, thin, shaggy haired man came up, wearing long black shirt over black pants. He stared at me with wide eyes.

“Ahh,” he said.

“Rodrigo,” Benjamin said. “Here is your muse.”

“She's even more sensual than the pictures you showed me!” Rodrigo gasped, staring at me raptly.

There were at least a dozen more people in the little section, some looking at pictures, others at us – at me! And then I felt Benjamin's hand at my hip. I yelped, my hand slapping down at it, and I gave him an appalled look.

He gave me a stern one in reply, and my hand fell away as he undid the clasp and my dress fell open down the middle.

I bowed my head, heart pounding, as he pulled it off me completely, letting it tumble to the floor.

“Hands behind your neck, slave girl,” he ordered. “Legs apart!”

I submitted and obeyed, shuddering as everyone in the room looked at me, as Rodrigo's eyes raced up and down my naked body.

“Lovely!” he exclaimed.

“What are you, Autumn?” Benjamin demanded.

“I'm your slave girl, master!” I moaned low in my throat.

“Precisely. And your training is only beginning.”

End

[Picture Me](#)

Order Me

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\*

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

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