

# *Trained by Mister Trask*

**By JJ Argus**



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**Smashwords edition**

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

I was smart enough to know, well, to kind of know, to understand, in a way, what Trask was doing, I mean, the way he was talking to me, with this strange mixture of taunting insults, purring admiration, and dark, absurdly shocking promises.

He was... playing a role. I mean, when he called me a slut it wasn't because he didn't like me, or that he wanted to insult me. He was doing it because he thought it turned me on. And damn it, it did! It turned me on even more to call myself a slut, the way he'd made me do, in front of him!

I had never had this sort of experience before with a guy. All the men I had dated, all my previous lovers, not that there'd been a ton of them, had been younger and much more – well, simple. They wanted to kiss me, to touch me, to have sex with me. And that was pretty much it. I mean, as far as sex went.

Trask wanted to mind fuck me! And it was working!

He'd promised that I'd scream with pleasure, and here on this beautiful balcony, overlooking the Pacific, I had done just that. Fortunately into a gag, so no one else heard, but even so, my throat ached from the cries of pleasure he had forced upon me!

I was only nineteen, but had thought I'd known what sex was. Trask had shown me that I'd had only a cursory introduction to the subject. He considered himself, not the least bit modestly, as an expert, and had told me so. Arrogant, he was, but truthful too. I had never even thought of the stuff he had come up with!

Maybe he was just more perverted than me.

But I was catching up! I was letting him pretend he was bossing me around, and letting myself pretend I was, like, some kind of sex slave for him. And that was wicked hot and exciting! He said outrageous things, and made me say outrageous things.

Yes, some of it was embarrassing, and, I guess, degrading, but the dark pleasure he was introducing into my life was more than worth it!

Now he finally pulled me inside. He untied the ropes, though the leather bands were still around my wrists and ankles.

And my throat.

He yanked me roughly through the door as I stumbled drunkenly, still dazed from the last orgasm, he'd given me, turned me around so sharply I felt dizzy, and then shoved me, belly down, across a table, well, across a chair which was pushed in against the table.

I groaned dazedly, breasts pillowed out below me, the back of the chair digging into my abdomen, my hair spilling down across my face, and then – .

*Crack!*

“Ahh!” I cried at the sudden stinging pain which struck my bottom.

I half twisted around, grabbing for my bottom, and half rose, only to have his big hand grip the back of my neck and shove me roughly down again, crushing my breasts against the table.

*Crack!*

He had a belt, his belt, doubled up, in his other hand! I was startled, unnerved...

“Ow! Don't!”

*Crack!*

“Oww! Please!” I cried.

The belt hurt!

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

The belt snapped down across my upraised bottom again and again, and for all my squirming and pleading there wasn't a thing I could do about it! His hand was like iron, and his arm was even stronger. He pinned me easily, and all I could do was wriggle and thrash and cry out as the belt cut down across my bottom!

It stung a lot! Every blow delivered a sharp blast of pain into the soft flesh of my bottom, and left a line of heat behind. The lines joined and melded until my

entire bottom was burning! The dazedness of the orgasm had been swept away and my mind was now kind of panicking as I tried to cope with the stinging, burning pain!

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

I gave up fighting. It was just so obvious that I couldn't do a thing, and lay there, whimpering, crying out at every blow, tears starting to fill my eyes as I gasped dazedly and felt very much... I don't know, like a victim, a victim of his cruelty!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

There was a pause and I whimpered, trembling, sniffing.

“Are you my slave girl?” he growled.

God! I knew what I had to answer.

“Y-Yes, sir!” I whimpered, only wanting him to stop.

“Say it.”

“I-I'm your sex slave.”

*Crack!*

“Sir!”

“Oww! I'm your sex slave, sir!”

“Are you my bitch?”

“Yes, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“Say it!”

“I'm your bitch, sir!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“Ahh!”

“Are you my slut?”

“Yes, sir! I'm your slut, sir!” I cried frantically.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“Are you my whore?”

“Yes, sir! I'm your whore, sir!” I half sobbed.

He was being mean! I wasn't used to people being mean and violent, and was not able to quickly adapt to it!

“Spread your legs!” he growled.

Trembling, whimpering, eyes filled with tears, I obeyed.

“Beg me to fuck your ass, slave.”

“P-please fuck my ass, sir!” I whimpered.

He had sodomized me on the balcony. It had been a shock, but also a revelation. It had felt incredible, and there had been no pain. And given the sexual fever gripping me at the time it had led to another incredible orgasm.

But now he had to work himself into my bottom afresh. I moaned as I felt his hard flesh pushing into me, then gasped and moaned as he slapped at my bottom again, driving himself in deep. It hurt, but not as much as the belt across my bottom did! So I felt a wave of relief.

This was way better, I thought. He was getting back to the sex stuff instead of punishing me.

I was still rattled by the strapping, and the pain and only tried to make his penetration easier. Fortunately, my bottom, having been so recently used by him,

was able to cope without too much difficulty.

My bottom was flaming hot, though, as he thrust in and out of me. His hips struck my buttocks hard, so that the entire table shook and trembled, and I felt his amazingly long, thick cock absolutely filling me up as he drove it deep inside.

He gripped my wrists and yanked them together behind my back, and when he let go I found that they were somehow caught together, the bands around them linked, binding me. Then he jerked back on my hair sharply, causing me to cry out again as his cock drove into me again and again and again!

I felt overwhelmed by it all, but at the same time, there was this strange sense of being – owned by him, like, of being his bitch like he'd made me say, like I was completely helpless and sort of, well, his victim, his slave girl.

That sense of being his to do with as he wanted should have alarmed me but it didn't. Instead, weirdly, I felt a strange flickering sense of wondering excitement. It was like... this made it easier for me to get into the mood, into the role, into the position of thinking of myself as a real slave girl!

Not for a moment did I think I was one, nor did I wish to be, but it was very, very hot to be able to pretend. And I was finding it much less difficult to pretend then, as he used me so roughly, as his hips slapped against my buttocks and he pulled on my hair and his big cock stabbed deep inside me!

I cried out as he jerked up and back on my hair, forcing my body up off the table, bowing me back against him as he ground himself into my buttocks.

“You have a fucking incredible ass, slave girl,” he said in a growl, his mouth next to my ear. “I feel it wrapped around my cock, all warm and tight and squeezing against me.”

His right hand cupped my breast, then slid down between my thighs, fingers rubbing against my clitoris.

“You have the body of a sex slave,” he said low in his throat, his lips seizing my earlobe. “I'm going to give you the mind of a sex slave to go with it.”

I shuddered as his fingers moved roughly against my clitoris.

“Do you feel my cock up inside you, slave girl?” he whispered. “Do you?”

“Y—Yes!” I gasped.

“Yes, sir,” he said in a harsh growl.

“Yes, sir!”

He ground himself into me again, then shoved my face down against the table once more.

“Raise your ass high and spread your legs wider. Rise up on your toes you nasty little sex slave!”

*Crack! His hand slapped against my bottom as I frantically obeyed.*

I felt his incredibly thick cock sliding out of me, with just the head remaining.

“Now shove your tight little ass back on my cock,” he ordered me.

Moaning weakly, I rolled my hips up and back. It wasn't easy since I was on my toes, and had my wrists tightly locked together behind me. But I did it, sliding myself backward, impaling myself on his thick cock until my buttocks were pressed against his hips.

“Now forward, then back. Ride my cock, you hot blonde slut.”

*Crack!*

I gasped and obeyed, grunting and moaning with the effort.

He jerked my hips back a little, impatient, I guess, then slapped my bottom.

“Roll your hips like the whore you are. Roll your hips while you ride up and down on my cock.”

My mind was still kind of overwhelmed, but I obeyed as quickly as I could to avoid another slap, or worse. I had no previous experience of anal sex prior to him having thrust himself up into me out on the balcony, but my chief concern was in pleasing him so he didn't strap me again, or spank me, or otherwise get angry!

I felt the dark, nasty sexuality of what was happening, of course, but was too anxious to really get off on it. I was just using my body to get him off. And with a final flurry of thrust, each of which delivered a sharp, deep cramp in my belly, he came inside me, slowing at last, calming, as I fought to get my ragged breathing under control.

\*

I was wary of him as he pulled me upright and led me into the 'great room'. I hurried along, with his hand on my hair, and then gasped as he shoved me down onto my knees.

“Spread your knees wide,” he ordered.

He jerked up and back on my hair, squatting beside me.

“Head back, slave. Sit on your heels, spread those thighs wide so I can see every beautiful inch of your gorgeous, sexy body, back arched thusly. Do not look at me. You do not have the right to look your master in the eyes unless he gives you permission.”

God, this was perverted and kinky! And I was still nervous and wary, my bottom still throbbing hotly.

He stood up, tall, very, very masculine with all those muscles, those broad shoulders, that incredible belly and... and his cock, which was longer and thicker flaccid than most men I had seen when erect! He loomed over me like some kind of god.

Then he went away, leaving me like that. I felt my pulse, which had been racing, ease up a bit, and turned my head uncertainly, wondering what he was going to do. Several times on the balcony he had exited, then returned with some kind of sex toy, and I was kind of expecting the same thing again.

Nor was I disappointed.

He returned with a big, realistic looking dildo, squatted beside me, and gripped my hair. I gasped as he forced me up off my heels, positioned the big dildo under me, then released my hair. I gasped as he pushed it slowly up into me, then had me sink down onto my heels again.

The dildo slid pretty deep, but there was still several inches remaining as my heels pressed down against the backs of my feet.

“All of this is new to you,” he said. “You're not used to anything complicated. But I think I've already shown you what the rewards are.”

Incredible orgasms, I thought, still feeling the echo of their power. I had never had an orgasm during sex before, but I had had several monster climaxes on the balcony with him already!

His fingers slid casually into my mouth.

“Suck. You should lick and suck my fingers the instant they touch your lips, slave.”

I obeyed, sucking his fingers as they slid in and out of my mouth. He withdrew them, then dropped them down between my legs and began to rub my clitoris.

“What should I do with this lovely body?” he asked. “It's mine, after all. It belongs to me. I own it. You're just wearing it. But as my sex slave, it's mine to do with as I choose.”

I didn't roll my eyes at this, but mostly because I was still very anxious of irritating him, not wanting another strapping or slaps.

The words were insane! Of course, he wasn't serious. At least, I was pretty sure he wasn't serious... But he said them as if he was, making me even more anxious while at the same time making my mind squirm with the dark image of myself as a real sex slave.

His fingers rubbed steadily against me as he talked, while his other hand roamed my body, caressing and kneading.

He drew back a bit, his hands gripping my wrists firmly, then he undid the link between the two leather bands he'd put around my wrists.

“I want you on all fours, slave girl.”

I fell forward onto my hands and knees, my pulse rate picking up again. I gasped at a light slap to my buttocks, then his hand gripped my thigh, jerking my leg to

the side.

“Leg's always spread open,” he said, one hand caressing my bottom, then sliding forward along my ribs before curving down to cup my breast.

The other hand was pumping the dildo inside me, using slow, deep strokes.

“Down on your elbows,” he said.

I obeyed, his hand still caressing me, sliding up and down my body.

“Down on your face.”

On my face?

“I don't – .”

*Crack!*

“Chest down on the floor, slave, and keep your bottom high.

I lowered my chest to the floor, my breasts pillowed out beneath me.

“Your legs should be absolutely straight and upright,” he said, hands around my thighs to position them as he wanted.

He gripped my waist then, and I felt his hips against my bottom as he jerked my belly in tighter against my thighs.

“Ass high, like so,” he said. “Now spread those lovely legs apart.”

I shifted my knees apart, but he gripped my thighs, spreading them wider, then gripped my waist, jerking me in tighter again. He positioned me with some care, as my heart thumped, then began to caress me again, began to pump the dildo in and out.

This time he gripped the base of the dildo against the palm of his hand, letting his fingers extend along the shaft so that as he pumped it in and out his fingers slid back and forth across my clitoris.

“This is a very submissive position, slave girl,” he said, hand gliding over my

buttocks as he pumped the dildo. “It's got only one purpose. There's only one thing which can happen while you're in this position, and that's a man using you – thoroughly.”

His hand slid down my spine to my neck, seized my hair, and pulled it up and back a little, enough to pull against my scalp and make me gasp.

“And you are a girl who needs to be used thoroughly, and repeatedly, often,” he said as he pumped the dildo. “Just like this. Ridden like a bitch in heat, hard cocks pounding into you as men ride you hard.”

I gasped helplessly, rebelling indignantly against his words even as some part of me reveled in them. I had never really seen myself as some kind of sex object, and certainly not the way he was portraying me!

“Oh!” I gasped, as he shoved the dildo especially deep.

“Don't move, slave girl,” he said, getting up and moving back.

He snatched something off a table, then squatted over me, his hands at my neck, brushing aside the hair, doing something with the collar he'd wrapped around my throat earlier. There was a metallic click, then a sharp pull on the collar that forced me up off my belly with a gurgle and a gasp.

“Up!”

The pull of the collar was irresistible, and I was soon up on my hands and knees again. I turned my head enough to see that he held a chain of some kind, one attached to the collar apparently.

“Face forward, slave!”

I obeyed, then he stepped forward again.

“Crawl like the sexual animal you are,” he said, “like the bitch in heat you are.”

But I'm not, I thought dazedly.

I lurched forward anyway, the pull of the collar forcing me. He walked just ahead, holding the chain, holding the... leash. It was a leash! He was making me

crawl on a leash like I was some kind of dog!

A bitch in heat!

God! He was such a sicko!

Yet despite that thought, I crawled, and I felt the strange flickering heat in my belly starting to grow more intense as I crawled across the floor and he led me out of the room and up the hall.

“Nasty little slave,” he said.

The condo I was house sitting for his mother had a large bathroom that was also a spa. The big, walk-in shower doubled as a sauna, and there was a massage table in the middle of the room. Trask led me in there and then had me climb up and lay down on the table on my belly. He drew my wrists up towards the top of the bench and locked them together there.

Then he poured warm oil on my body and began to massage it, to massage every part of it. He started on my feet, and his fingers were both strong and agile as they very slowly and intently kneaded my feet, massaged them, stroked them, and then slowly, slowly worked their way up my leg.

He took his time, even before he got to my torso, and then kneaded my buttocks, which were still sore, and worked his way slowly up my back. By then I had recovered from the strapping, but was still feeling more than a little nervous and uncertain.

“This is a fine body,” he said. “Before I leave tomorrow I'll give you some instructions on looking after it. I expect you to follow those instructions, slave girl. If you don't, you'll be punished when I return in a month. Is that clear?”

“Y-Yes, sir!” I gulped, chastened.

His fingers worked their way up my back to my shoulders. I'd never had a massage before, I mean, not a real one, not like this, but it seemed to me he knew what he was doing. It was actually rather relaxing, or at least, would have been if I wasn't as anxious as I was.

“Turn over, slave girl.”

I rolled over awkwardly, my wrists still locked together above my head, and he bent over, his hands starting down from my shoulders, and of course, soon making their way to my breasts. My nipples were still hard, still hot and tender from being tugged relentlessly by those loops he'd put on earlier and which, thankfully, he'd now removed.

He caressed my breasts, and the tactile sensation was... I have to admit... very nice, as his slippery warm hands coasted slowly up and down across them, or moved in around them, gently massaging and squeezing them both.

I'd had, what, four or five orgasms on the balcony? I wasn't sure, but even so, stretched out on my back, with him massaging me with warm oil, I began to feel the thrum of sexual energy starting to rise inside me once again.

He was naked, too, of course, and my eyes kept flicking to him, to his chest, to his abdomen, to those sculpted arms. The rest was invisible below the bench.

He took his time, working his way down my body, but of course, when he got to my sex he had me spread my legs, which was not, I thought, something you did in a real massage. In fact, he had me spread my legs so that they dropped over the side of the bench.

He drew the dildo out of me and set it aside. His fingers caressed my sex, then slid in between my labia, massaging them each in turn, circling and stroking my clitoris as my breathing began to get more ragged again.

“You do a good job here, shaving,” he commented, “But not good enough. We'll have to have that taken care of.”

What?! What did that mean!? I bit my lip, though, on the question, still intimidated by the sudden painful force he'd shown earlier.

I gulped as his fingers pushed into me, pumping slowly in and out, while his other hand massaged my abdomen. He slid a third finger slowly into me, all of them slick and warm, while his thumb rode slowly back and forth across my clitoris.

God! How long did he intend to keep up with this slave thing!?

“Oh! Please!” I gasped, as he tried to work a fourth finger into me.

His eyes got cold as they glared into mine.

“Sir,” I gulped. “Please, sir!”

“This body belongs to me, slave. I’ll do whatever I want with it.”

Surely he was crazy!?! Did that mean he was dangerous!?

His fingers twisted and stroked, pumped slowly, caressed me and then, slowly, he worked that fourth finger up inside me. I grasped and strained back, moaning, gasping. His hand was hardly a small thing! Four fingers stretched me achingly wide!

“Tell me you’re my whore,” he growled.

“I-I’m your whore, sir!” I gasped.

“Say it again.”

“I’m your whore, sir!”

“Again. Keep saying it.”

“I’m your whore, sir! I’m your whore, sir! I-I’m your whore, sir! I – oh! – I’m your wh-whore, sir!”

I moaned and gulped in air as his four fingers slid in and out of me, his thumb grinding down across my clitoris, his other hand coasting up and down and back and forth over my lower belly. I could feel, despite my anxiety, the rising tide of sexual heat, could feel my nerve endings becoming more and more sensitive.

This was so wild, so weird, so kinky, and so... thrilling! I groaned at the thickness of his fingers, my lower belly aching with the fullness, but aching in a way which was delicious and filled with a churning, bubbling heat. I moaned helplessly, legs splayed, his fingers driving wetly into me again and again as I shuddered and felt the heat and pressure fill me.

And then I came, crying out, arching up off the table, my head thrashing from side to side as my hips bucked up violently against his fingers.

I lay back, limp, splayed obscenely, chest heaving, as he moved to the big shower and turned it on. He then half pulled, half lifted me off the table, drawing me into the shower with him. I was still panting for breath as the hot water poured down on us, and then his mouth covered mine as his arms slid around me.

He wasn't rough, but I felt crushed in his embrace, pressed in against the soft, warm skin covering his hard, muscular body, with those big, solid arms around me and his big hands on my back and buttocks. My mouth was trapped by his, as well, as I stood there partly dazed, and his tongue dipped in and out.

I was all oiled up, and now he was too, or at least, much of him. He pressed a lever and the water stopped, and then he drew back a bit, filled his hand with liquid soap and began to soap my body up as I stood there more or less docilely and tried to get some rubbery legs under my flustered, exhausted mine.

His hands moved freely over my body, laying on soap in the same way they had laid on oil, and again, spending more time on my breasts, which he seemed quite pleased with and enjoyed touching, then caressing my buttocks, then in between my thighs.

He didn't speak much, intent on his task, and as my mind settled down and I caught my breath I felt very odd about essentially just standing there as he bathed me. I was staring at him, well, into his chest, really, admiring the way it glistened in the overhead lights.

He sank down onto his knees in front of me, and worked his hands up and down my thighs and legs, then gripped my right ankle, tugging up, raising it up and putting the foot on his thighs as he sat on his heels. He soaped up my foot much as he had oiled it, his hands firm but gentle. Then he did the other foot before standing.

He gripped my wrists, which still had those leather bands around them, and lifted my hands up before me, positioning them with my palms up. He picked up the liquid soap and poured it into my hands and then gripped my wrists and pulled my hands up against his chest.

I gulped as my eyes flickered up to his, and back down, while he slowly rubbed my soap-filled hands up and down against his chest, taking his time, then sliding lower, down over his belly and abdomen, and finally, giving me another little

rush of emotional shock, he drew both my hands in firmly against his groin, cupping his cock and balls, using my hands, rubbing them against him as a flush spread down my face and chest.

He took his hands away and I hesitated, but I had the memory of that cold voice, and that painful strapping still recently at hand, and was nervous and anxious about pleasing him. I continued to sort of massage his cock and balls as he watched me, heart beating faster now as my nervousness grew.

He reached down and took my wrists again, lifting them up, holding them until I got the message, then taking the soap bottle and squirting liquid soap into my cupped palms.

Then he turned around.

The message was pretty clear, but I still gulped nervously as I raised my hands and began to soap up his back. Like his front, it was warm and soft over hard muscle, and my fingers slid up and down, rising up onto his shoulders, then back down again, down along his ribs, down his back down... hesitating, but over his ass!

I soaped up his bottom, which, like the rest of him, was firm and toned, then hesitated, uncertainly. He turned around and pressed down on my shoulder and I sank to my knees, soaping up his legs one at a time.

He raised his foot and put it down on my thighs as he had done for me, and I somewhat nervously soaped his foot up, my fingers rubbing up and down in a kind of clinical fashion which I knew wasn't quite as good as he had done earlier.

When we were both all soaped up he turned on the water and pulled me in against him, kissing me once more as the water poured down around us.

I was going along with all this because I had no idea what else to do, but I have to admit, it was certainly an eye opening experience, and... not altogether unpleasant. A couple of times I started to say something, mostly just to say something, and he stopped me by putting his finger against my lips and giving me a stern look.

Well, what I'd had to say wasn't very important anyway.

He insisted on both drying me and brushing out my hair.

“But I don't do my hair that way,” I said as I watched in the mirror.

“You do now,” he said.

Talk about arrogant!

He was parting my hair in the middle, but I wasn't going to object too strongly. I could always change it at a later time.

From there he led me into his bedroom, where he got dressed. I felt a bit of a relief. I mean, at least the sex stuff was finally done. But when I turned to leave he stopped me.

“Stay where you are. I'll tell you when you can go,” he said gruffly.

I obeyed. Again, I had no idea what else to do.

He put on another suit, this time, another very expensive suit, I could tell. And he had very shiny, very expensive shoes, as well.

“Kneel, slave,” he ordered.

I flushed but obeyed.

“Legs together.”

He slid his feet into the shoes and then put one in my lap.

“Tie the laces, slave girl.”

I flushed but obeyed, then tied the laces on the other one.

So maybe the sex stuff wasn't over!?

“Have you ever worn a collar before, slave girl?”

I shook my head nervously, and he tapped on my head with his knuckles, making me wince.

“Speak aloud when spoken to, slave,” he ordered.

“No, sir,” I gulped.

“You'll come to enjoy it. I can tell.”

He opened a dresser and looked at me.

“Place your body face down on the floor, in the submission position I showed you earlier.”

I looked at him in confusion, but then, well, it wasn't that difficult. I leaned over, lowered my chest to the soft carpet and then grunted a bit as I stretched out my arms. The position put weight on my breasts, which pillowed out below me, and kind of forced my head up and back uncomfortably.

He moved behind me and that made me flush.

“Spread your knees to the sides, slave.”

I gulped but shifted my knees apart, then gasped as he slapped my bottom. He was kneeling behind me, and he gripped my thighs, jerking them wide. Then he slapped my bottom again.

“Keep your bottom high, slave.”

“That's the position I want from you, slave,” he said. “We'll call this Submission. You assume this position when told to. It's a position which displays your body well for any man who chooses to mount you and use your body for his pleasure.

God! He was nuts! But this was a dark, squirmy, embarrassing, and wickedly exciting thing, too, for some reason!

He moved away, then came back and sank down onto his heels behind me. I felt something pushed against my back passage and gasped, but knew better than to protest as he slowly worked something into me, something slippery and round and wide.

“This is a butt-plug,” he said. “It will help relax your anal muscles and make it much easier for any man to sodomize you without spending a lot of time in

preparation.”

I flushed anew at his words.

He stood up, then returned, brushed some of the hair aside on the back of my neck, and did something there to the collar, so that I felt a click. Then I felt a sharp tug upward on the collar.

“Onto all fours, slave,” he ordered

I pushed myself up onto my hands and knees, and he moved forward, and I felt another tug on the collar, pulling up and forward, even as I looked up to see him holding the leash in his hand.

“Crawl, slave,” he ordered.

This was so nasty! I felt breathlessly charged up, all of a sudden. I'm not sure how much of it was sexual and how much was just basic astonishment and outrage, but with the pull against the collar I had little choice but to crawl forward across the floor after him!

And once started there really didn't seem to be any way to stop. So he walked to the door, tugging on the leash, with me crawling alongside. We went through the door and up the hall, a thrumming energy rolling through me as we went up the hall and then into the kitchen, where the tiles began to make my knees ache!

“On your feet, slave girl,” he ordered.

I rose gratefully as he removed the leash, folded it and put it in the pocket of his jacket.

“Do you know how to cook, slave?”

I stared at him, suddenly realizing that he intended for me to remain naked and, well, do chores for him! My mind kind of fizzed up at that for a long moment, until he slapped me lightly on the cheek.

“Answer, slave.”

“I uhm, yes. I mean, yes, sir,” I gulped.

“Well shall see. I have a refined pallet. You will be expected to satisfy it as you satisfy the rest of my body, and will be punished if you fail.”

I blanched at that, but then began to pull ingredients, spices, and food out of the fridge and cupboards and basically taught me how to prepare an enormous steak to his liking. I did most of the work while he stood close behind me observing and directing.

When the steak was in the oven he went to a cupboard and took down a silver serving tray, placing it in my hands.

“Now we will teach you how to serve,” he said.

He led me into the dining room, then sat down at the table.

“You will serve a large meal by placing the tray on the table. Serve from my left, and don't touch me as you lean in and place the dishes on the table. Do you understand, slave?”

“Uhm, yes, sir,” I gulped.

*Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply.*

“Ow!”

“I don't want to hear any hesitation in your voice, slave girl,” he said sternly. Yes sir and no sir, understand?”

“Yes, sir!”

He stood up and had me take the tray with me as I followed him into the great room. Again he sat down and looked at me.

“Hold the tray at chest height, slave.”

It was... weird how seriously he was acting about this slave business!

“Now, serving is different when not at a table. Normally you'll be serving something like a drink or a sandwich. Drop to your knees before me, sit on your heels.

I did so.

“No, spread your legs. Always spread your legs wide when kneeling or bending over unless directed otherwise,” he growled.

I obeyed, shifting my knees wide, and he nodded.

“Now raise the tray up above you and lower your head in a respectful bow.”

I was like... what!? But I did it, almost dazed that I was doing it, and thinking again that he was nuts!

“You will kneel in that position until such time as I take whatever you have offered off the tray,” he said.

He tapped his hand against the tray, and I raised my head uncertainly.

“Put this tray back and go out onto the balcony. Get the double headed dildo and bring it back here.”

I sucked in a breath of air, but obeyed. I brought him the thing and he took it, then indicated I should kneel again. I did so, nervously, my throat still kind of sore from the first time he'd used that thing on me.

He stood up and moved behind me, then pulled my wrists back and clipped them together. A moment later, my ankles were clipped together, too, and then clipped to my wrists! I was definitely getting anxious but didn't know what I could do about it.

“Knees wide apart, slave,” he barked.

He stood between them and reached down for my hair, gathering it up into a tight mass at the top of my head, then pulling back to tilt my head back.

“Open your mouth wide, sex slave.”

I moaned as he pulled insistently at my hair, and opened my mouth reluctantly as he slid the double headed dildo forward across my tongue.

“We are going to get rid of your gag reflex,” he said. “Not now, not tonight, but

before I'm done, you won't have one. Those beautiful lips of yours will slide up and down any size of cock from top to bottom without any hesitation.”

He pumped the dildo in and out of my mouth, then plunged it down my throat. I gagged, of course, but he held me tight, and I really had no leverage to resist. It was... unpleasant, but as before, I got used to it and my gag reflex weakened to the point he could pump the long length of the thing up and down repeatedly without my gagging.

When he was satisfied he got a bowl of water and set it on the floor, then unclipped my wrists and ankles and told me to drink – but forbid me using my hands.

I also had to kneel facing away from him, and keep my bottom raised and knees wide while I drank from the bowl which rested between my forearms, drank like a dog!

I wanted to drink, though. It helped sooth my throat.

Why wasn't I protesting? I don't know! I kept thinking of doing so, and then deciding, well, I'd already been going along with everything, and this wasn't really much different and... and he was an intimidating man! And he treated it all so... deliberately, so seriously, like this was normal!

With my thirst slacked he had me come back to the kitchen to check on his steak, and for further instructions in its preparation, as well as the wine which would accompany it. I got sharp slaps to my bottom at any sign of inattention or error so I was again anxious and intimidated.

I served him at the table, though it was odd but only then did I consider the fact there was no food for me and I was hungry!

He had thought of that, though.

“On you knees, slave,” he ordered

He had me kneel next to his chair, legs spread, sitting on my heels, and with my arms behind my back. Then he cut pieces of steak for both himself, and for me. The first piece he cut for me he let me lick it off the fork. The second piece, he held out to me with his fingers! It was bizarre, but ... I licked it out of his

fingers.

Further pieces were licked from his fingers, or sucked from them or licked out of the palm of his hand, all with my hands held behind my back as if they were tied.

After dinner I put everything away, washed up, then joined him again in his room – on my feet this time, but still nervous.

He took something else out of that cabinet. I thought it was the ball gag, but it wasn't – quite.

It looked like a very fat, hard penis, or at least, the head and just a bit of shaft. It was so wide it barely fit through my straining jaw, and filled my mouth, a bit... silicon cock-head! The straps went behind my head just like with the ball gag, then he led me back into the living room.

There were two large faux roman columns framing the doorway, round and going from floor to ceiling. One had a leather belt strapped around it, though, and had a plastic – ball placed there, a ball the size of a softball.

“Place your body against the column, slave,” he ordered.

I had little choice. He raised my arms high and drew my hands forward around the column, then locked the leather bands there to something. He drew my body in, then adjusted the height of the ball so that it was pressed firmly up against my sex before drawing my ankles along the sides of the column and locking the ankle bracelets there.

Then the 'ball' began to buzz, to vibrate, and I moaned as he slipped a blindfold around my eyes and then, as far as I knew, went away.

Fuck!

The thing is, despite all those incredible orgasms I'd had before dinner all the nakedness and the sexy slave game had aroused me once again. Or at least, it had made me open to arousal, for it didn't take very long before the powerful vibrations began to make my insides thrum with more and more intense churning flood of sensations.

Slave girl? Sex slave!? God, it was all so perverted and kinky and nasty and... yet... seductive and sensual and wickedly, darkly thrilling!

*Crack!*

I cried out, mostly in surprise, at the sudden stinging blow across my buttocks. He'd hit me with something! It wasn't the flog, for it was a single something. It wasn't the strap for it was much lighter weight, and much thinner. It was flexible, though, but I had no idea what it was. I just knew that it stung, if briefly.

*Crack!*

A second blow cut across my bottom, and I trembled and moaned.

*Crack! The next blow cut across my shoulders!*

God! He was whipping me again! He couldn't do this! Yet how could I protest when I was tied, blindfolded and gagged!?

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

Slowly, with long, long seconds between blows, he sent the thing snapping down across my thighs, my buttocks, and up and down my back! The stings were not severe now that I wasn't as startled by them, but they did sting, and they were making my skin feel hot and tender!

At the same time, my sex was jammed firmly against the softball sized vibrator thing, and I had been almost unconsciously grinding myself against it since he'd put me there against the column.

A tremendous dark and heady sense of sexual excitement began to grow within me, almost like nothing I'd ever felt before, outdoing even what I'd felt earlier. Something inside me seemed almost to melt in the face of that heat, my mind sinking into a delicious sense of imagination, as if I was really his sex slave, a whipped sex slave, tied up and being used by her master!

It was all just a perverted game of his, of course. But maybe it wasn't? But it was! But what if it wasn't!? But of course it was! But it felt so wild and shocking to think it wasn't!

My hips ground more and more frantically against the ball as my back and bottom began to burn, and then the orgasm tore through my body like a thunderclap, only one which went on and on and on, echoing through my mind, resonating through my body as I writhed and twisted and cried out, grinding my pussy against the ball while twisting and pulling against the restraints.

I spent the evening on the sofa with him. I remained bound and gagged, though not blindfolded. Sometimes I was sitting beside him, sometimes laying or kneeling on the floor, and sometimes across his lap while he groped and caressed and fingered, and spanked me. He fingered me to the edge of orgasm many times, but wouldn't let me go over. He spanked, or at least slapped me a number of times, too.

Then we went to bed, early I thought, only to have him tie me spreadeagled to the four corners of his bed.

“So here we are,” he said, his eyes hot.

I gulped, staring up helplessly, obscenely displayed.

“I can do anything I want,” he said.

He climbed into bed between my legs, then began to run his hands over my body. They were big, strong, warm hands, and when he moved lower, they began to trace the line of my sex and caress my clitoris. He lowered his body, his torso, bringing his face in against me.

Then he began to lick. And as before, he was in no hurry at all. I would have thought with all the sex I'd had that day, with all the releases, that there was no way he could have roused me again. I was wrong, of course. The feel of his wonderful tongue against me was irresistible, and when his fingers started thrusting in and out, as well, I was well and truly lost.

He roused me to a fever pitch, until I was flushed and panting, my hips grinding and spasming, my insides churning with heat, then backed off and introduced me to something called the 'pinwheel'. It was a short handled instrument, which had a small wheel – a pinwheel. Each pin was quite sharp, and as he rolled the little wheel over my skin I gasped and moaned and trembled helplessly!

It rolled up and down my body, light of weight, but producing a line of prickly

little sensations which were just short of pain. The wheel might have been able to pierce my skin if he pressed down harder, but the way he was doing it I just felt the light, rolling little prickle of sensation as it moved upward.

Across my breasts, causing me to moan and shudder, and then... and then across my nipples! The feeling was intense! My nipples were rock hard and quivering, and now a sharp line of stinging little needles rolled around and then back and forth over them!

“Oh! Please, sir!” I moaned.

He pulled the pinwheel off my right nipple, and rolled it over my left as he lowered his mouth and took my right into his mouth, along with the surrounding flesh. He sucked and licked, my skin instantly soothed and warmed, throbbing in his mouth as he sucked, as his tongue caressed me.

My left nipple tingled and crackled, though, as the pinwheel went across and around it. Then he shifted both his mouth and the pinwheel.

My nipples were throbbing! They were becoming intensely sensitive as he kept sucking and licking and rolling the pinwheel over them! My entire body was charged with sexual energy, and it absorbed the wild sensations and twisted them into something strangely dark and exhilarating.

He dropped between my legs again, licking once more, rousing me further, then rolled the pinwheel back and forth across my clitoris and along my labia as I writhed and moaned and cried out at the fierce prickle of sensation!

My clitoris swelled and throbbed, becoming more and more sensitive in turn. When his fingers suddenly thrust into me, thrust in hard, even painfully, and his thumb began to stroke heavily against my clitoris, the sexual fever exploded and so did I, thrashing and screaming and arching in my bonds as the orgasm threatened to tear apart my mind.

When I slumped, panting, falling out of it, he introduced ice to his little game, sliding the cubes up and down my body, making me beg him to stop. Then he introduced lit candles and candle wax, then feathers and vibrators

He gave me pain and he gave me pleasure, but the pleasure vastly overpowered the pain, and I came a half dozen more times before he thrust into me, fucked me

with hard, powerful strokes, and then came inside me. It was an experience unlike anything I had ever imagined, and left me exhausted, both physically and emotionally.

And yet, there was no rest from the dark sexuality of his presence. I wasn't permitted to go back to my room, but had to sleep in his big California King bed, my wrists chained above my head.

I can't tell you the strange emotional mix of laying there in the dark with my wrists chained above my head, trying to sleep, or how that emotional mix continued as I woke and drowsed, woke and drowsed, up until the morning, when I woke with his hand skimming across the surface of my naked body.

I started to say something, but he didn't want to hear it. His finger instantly pressed against my lips to silence me, then, after a few moments, turned in and slid slowly through lips I reluctantly parted, slid deep along my tongue as I sucked hesitantly on them.

“You are my toy,” he said. “My sex toy. And I may use you when and where and how and in any manner I choose.”

Such appalling, outrageous arrogance!

His fingers slid out of my mouth, then in again as he looked at me, and I felt a strange sense of, I don't know, resignation, fatalism, perhaps acceptance?

His fingers slid out and downward to slide up and down the line of my sex. He was on his side, and bent to suck and lick at my breast and nipple. His teeth chewed lightly, grinding against my sensitive flesh to the point I gasped and jerked, and was again reminded of my helplessness as my wrists were locked in place above me.

His fingers slid into my sex and began to twist in and out as his thumb stroked against my clitoris, and despite myself, I felt a rising sense of sexual heat as I lay there.

He rolled atop me, and let his naked body slide slowly up mine as his legs spread apart to straddle me. He pushed himself upright, though keeping most of his weight off me. Still, his thighs and buttocks were pressing in firmly against my sides and belly as he looked down at me.

He slid his body upwards, and I saw his cock was already hard. He straddled my lower chest and lay himself along my ribs between my breasts, then let his big hands squeeze them up and together around his shaft. He pumped slowly in and out a few times, but it was as if he was just experimenting to see how much he would enjoy it.

He wanted something else.

He slid up higher, his cock pushing up until it was sliding across my face. Then, straddling my shoulders, he guided himself into my mouth. I moaned around him, sucking at the head as he leaned forward, spreading his knees wide.

His cock filled my mouth, and he thrust downward, pushing himself into my throat. His body was leaning well-forward, supported by his hands on the headboard as he began to stroke slowly up and down, up and down, driving himself further and deeper into my throat until he was buried there!

I gurgled helplessly, for there was little else I could do. He ground himself against me, fucking my mouth, my throat, as I trembled and moaned and my head began to pound from lack of oxygen. I kicked my legs feebly, trying to twist my lower torso, as a signal, if nothing else.

I'm not sure he noticed or cared, but he did draw the long length of his slick shaft back out of me... slowly, then quickly rise and slide back. He gripped my legs, roughly lifting them up and back, then thrust into me.

I shuddered and gulped in air as he forced my legs back over my head, jamming my feet against the headboard, bending my body in two while he thrust harder and deeper and faster into my body. I felt all folded up, crushed and overwhelmed below him.

And yet, I still felt that sense of acceptance, of inevitability, as if I had already taken for granted he would do whatever he chose with my body.

It wasn't like I felt that was natural or right or anything. Instead I felt myself falling into that sense of almost masochistic excitement at being subjected to his rough pounding, as if the mentality of the helpless victim was exotic and erotic enough to charge my body with sexual electricity.

I lay folded up below his muscled body, gasping and grunting as his hips slapped

down against my upraised buttocks, my mind baking in the rising heat as his thick shaft drove deep into my quivering body again and again and again.

I was his sex toy, and he was using me as his sex toy, but I didn't want to be his sex toy... except that at that moment the sense of being used and abused and treated outrageously was rousing me to a state of searing heat which his steady thrusting cock was building up hotter and hotter.

It seemed fitting but at the same time degrading – and so, in turn, further arousing somehow – that I came quickly, that I came powerfully, my body thrashing and trembling as I cried out in breathless pleasure beneath him.

We showered together, where he gave me another orgasm. I helped him dress, or at least, he taught me how to help him dress, then I made him breakfast, served it, and let him feed me, then he left, headed back to Los Angeles.

It was almost impossible to believe he'd only been in the apartment about twenty hours in total, including sleep. I had never in my life, at least, not since I was a very young child, spent so much time so intimately with another human being.

And, of course, I'd never had any sort of sexual experience – or any other kind – which in any way compared to the incredible intensity of what I'd felt during those hours with him!

It was going to take some mental adjustments to reconcile myself with what I'd done, what he'd done, what we'd done, and what I was going to do next! I honestly hadn't a clue.

I sat on the balcony, looking at the early morning light on the water, a little dazed by it all. My impression of him remained as it had been when I'd first met him. I was intimidated, anxious, and nervous, but at the same time, I felt a charge of sexual electricity, an almost breathless sense every time I thought of him, and thought of the things we'd done, and the incredible pleasure he'd given me.

I had lots of time. He wouldn't be back for a month. I could decide to take off before then if I wanted, and I was pretty sure that was exactly what I was going to do.

I was slightly offended by the stack of twenty dollar bills he'd left on the kitchen counter, as if he'd payed me for sex! But grudgingly decided it was for house

sitting, like he'd said earlier on.

There was also a list with the bills.

\*

Continue to practice your deep throat. I expect considerable improvement when I return.

I will send you a physical trainer. Exercise daily.

I will get an appointment for you with both a hair stylist and hair removal professional.

Wear the butt plug every day so that you are ready for me when I return.

Your stay in that apartment might well be extended if your performance merits it.

\*

I was like, holy shit! Of all the incredible gall! Of all the nerve! I wasn't doing any of that shit!

And I didn't. I defiantly did none of it!

At least until Karen showed up at my door two days later. Karen was this incredibly toned brunette, very peppy and insistent, and she all-but dragged me to the exercise room and both exhausted and embarrassed me by showing just how weak and spindly and out of shape I was.

So I started to exercise daily. I told myself it was for my own good, anyway. I wanted the tight, firm, toned body Karen had. For myself, not for Mister Evan Trask!

And hey, if he was paying for the equipment, and for the trainer to come every second day, why shouldn't I take advantage of it?

Then came a call from A La Mode Hair Studio. I had sort of heard of them. They were an incredibly pricy place that no one like me ever even thought about going to see! A simple cut was like five hundred dollars!

Why should I refuse that if he was paying?

Okay, I should refuse! But it was so tempting! I'd never been, of course, and the thought was kind of, well...

So I went, and met Joshua, this incredibly dreamy, incredibly gay guy and came away with my hair colored to enhance the blonde in it, and feeling softer than I'd ever felt in my life. And yes, he cut it so it was parted in the middle, but it looked so fabulous that way, and with this very expensive gel which didn't even look like I had any and which held my hair up and out so it it flowed so perfectly!

The hair removal appointment was something else again. The idea was pretty embarrassing, but on the other hand, these places weren't cheap, and it would save me from all the hassle and discomfort of shaving and waxing and everything – forever!

So, reluctantly, I went. It was almost as embarrassing as I'd thought it would be, at least at first, but then I kind of got used to it. And it left my skin feeling so amazingly soft and smooth!

It was two weeks later that I looked at the double headed dildo, and started to think about it seriously. I still felt indignant about the idea of my practicing for him, but then I told myself it wasn't for him.

Most girls couldn't deep throat, and one who could really do it well was, well, impressive to her boyfriends. I liked the idea of being good in bed, and now that I knew I could do it, well, why shouldn't I perfect the ability?

So if I decided to practice, so I'd get really good, and that would benefit... any lover I ever had in the future.

And I was curious about whether I could still do it, and I hadn't had any breakfast that morning and, well... I decided to try it.

It was hard to do by myself! It was especially hard given I wasn't at all aroused.

So I got one of the vibrators and used it on myself. When I was really horny I started in on the double headed dildo, managing to get it down my throat again.

First time was hardest, or uhm, more difficult anyway. After that it got easier. It excited me. The more I could take, the easier I could take it, the happier I was. I thought of it as a tremendous accomplishment to be able to slide the whole long thing down my throat, then draw it out again without gagging.

Then I put the butt-plug in, just in case.

I wasn't even sure I was going to hang around that long. I had been looking around for another place – well, not intensively but, you know, asking around. The thought of leaving this incredible apartment and that fabulous view, though, for some tiny little box further inland was not attractive.

And it was only one day, and if I wanted to I could just, you know, take off that day. That's what I told myself as I put off making a firm decision anyway. The thought of Evan Trask made me extremely uncomfortable emotionally. He made me do stuff I absolutely knew I wasn't supposed to do, and yet made my body burn while I did it!

It was incredibly degrading, some of that stuff, and yet, that aroused me in some way, like getting excited over doing forbidden things. I was getting turned on by doing stuff that should make me angry and indignant just to be asked!

I was still working on my writing. I still had lots of time for that. But my writing had taken on a decidedly more sexual tone than was the norm for that kind of story. And my experiences with Evan Trask inspired me to write something else instead. It was a story about a cruel king who imprisoned a reluctant princess and then uhm... well, did stuff.

No, it was not about me and him! It was wildly different people! The king, for example, had a soft spot inside him and I wasn't sure Evan Trask did. I certainly hadn't seen one! And besides, he was way too arrogant and cold and self-centered!

“Wow, what a freaking view!”

I nodded, undeservedly proud of the place as I showed Kristen out onto the balcony.

“And you get to stay here free!?”

“Well, I actually get paid as a house sitter,” I said modestly.

“How do I get a job like this!?”

“I just sort of... fell into it,” I said.

Kristin and I had been friends for years. We'd met in high school, and she was a bit of a party girl. She had done a lot of crazy things, much crazier than me – well, before this. There was still no way I was going to tell her about Evan Trask, though, or of what had taken place on this very balcony only a week or so earlier.

“Man, I bet you go swimming every day,” she said, shaking her head.

“Not so much, though I do like walking in the surf.”

“Let's!”

I shrugged, and we went downstairs and outside to walk along the surf and talk, mostly about guys she had dated or was interested in dating, and jobs she had or wanted to get. I wasn't looking for either guys or jobs just then, though I couldn't tell her quite why.

So when is this old lady returning?”

“Not for months. The only one who is likely to show up is her son, for like one day a month.”

“What's he like?”

I pursed my lips. “Very, very hot.”

She grinned. “How hot?”

“He has an amazing body!” I said, unable to hold back my enthusiasm.

“Melody, you slut!” she said in delight.

I flushed. “I didn't say I'd slept with him,” I said defensively.

“Then how do you know he has a great body?” she demanded.

“Well, he uh, wanted to go in the hot tub,” I said.

“Uh huh, and were you in the hot tub at the time?”

I blushed again and she laughed.

“So what's his name?”

“Uhm, Evan Trask. He's older, though. I mean, like more than ten years older. But God, he has an amazing body!”

“Once a month, huh? I don't think I could have a boyfriend who only stopped by once a month.”

“I didn't say he was my boyfriend!”

“Ha!” she said. “I've never seen you to be into casual sex.”

“Well, I don't think anything with Evan Trask is casual, actually.”

“So what does he do?”

“He's some kind of rich businessman.”

“Ooo, fancy. Maybe he'll take you away from all this misery and poverty,” she said, waving her arm ironically at the condo.

“He's just someone I ... might get to know better,” I said.

“Well, rich is good, so long as he's nice.”

“Nice is not something I would use to describe him either.”

“What then?”

“Determined, maybe. He's like, this A-type personality. You know? He has a lot of drive and ambition.”

She made a face. “Spare me. I like a romantic man.”

“There's such a thing?” I asked dryly. “Anyway, he's not my boyfriend and not

likely to become one. He's just a uhm..."

"Friend with benefits?"

"Not even that. To tell the truth he's just kind of an overwhelming presence."

"Well, if you enjoy it, go with it, and if not, give him the boot."

Give Evan Trask the boot? That wasn't an idea I thought would work very easily.

We went back to the condo and I drove us to a nearby restaurant for lunch, then went back to the condo to see if I couldn't get a little writing in before dinner.

\*

As the day ticked down I got more anxious, more nervous. What made it even worse was the uncertainty. Not only had I no idea what he would do I had no real idea when he might show up. Would it be the exact same day of the month as last month? There was no reason he couldn't come a day or two early – or late.

One thing for sure, I was not about to get caught naked in the hot tub again! Even if it had led to an incredibly intense sexual experience which was still, almost a month later, the subject of my many masturbatory fantasies.

Yes, I was masturbating much more often, and doing so with uhm, toys now. It was the penetration. I found that my excitement level rose enormously when I felt myself being penetrated by something big. I know, intellectually, that being penetrated by an object, large or small, would not result in physical pleasure.

But it did. Okay, it was probably because the thought of it, the feel of it, turned me on, and that just made everything else feel hot. But whatever the reason, sliding that big dildo up inside me gave me a breathless sense of sexual anticipation and excitement. So it was not a necessary part of my masturbation.

I expected him to arrive around mid afternoon, as he had earlier, but again, I wasn't sure, and as it turned out, he arrived early on a Tuesday, one day before the 6th of the month, which was the date he'd arrived previously.

As before, he let himself in. There was a very expensive deadbolt lock on the door but it wasn't something which could be locked against a person with the

key. There wasn't a chain or anything like that on the door to keep someone out. So in order not to be taken by surprise I had piled up a bunch of empty pop cans before the door.

When I heard them fall I froze, and I felt this huge jolt of anxiety hit me. At the same time I felt a breathless sense of anticipation, and a rising embarrassment. I mean, I had stayed! What did that make me! What would he think of me for staying!?! That I was a slut! That I wanted to be his slut!

I scurried out of the kitchen, where I'd been making a smoothie, my face probably white, my eyes wide as I turned the corner and – there he was! Oh. My! God!

He was just as I'd remembered, tall, broad shouldered and arrogantly handsome, wearing a multiple thousand dollar tailored suit. This one was a sleek gray number with a white striped tie in black and red. He was carrying a briefcase, which he set down on the table.

His eyes looked at me with recognition, but no particular warmth or pleasure. In fact, they looked stern and somewhat reproving, and increased my anxiety level.

“What was that at the door, Ms. Blue?” he demanded.

I opened my mouth helplessly. Obviously it was there to give me warning when he came in.

“I uhm, wanted to know when someone came in,” I gulped, somewhat lamely.

He walked forward and... and loomed over me, looking down.

“You mean when I came in.”

“Yes,” I said, my mind kind of squirming.

He nodded calmly.

“Take your clothes off,” he ordered.

God, the arrogance! To stand there and order me to take my clothes off like I was some kind of... Like he had the right to... well... shit!

“I uhm.. I was hoping we could discuss what happened last week.”

He raised his eyebrows and gave me a quizzical look.

“What happened last week was that I taught you a lot about your body and your mind, and gave you a number of orgasms. Did you enjoy them?”

“Well, yes but – .”

“Sir”

“Yes, sir but – .”

“Bu you're feeling guilty about having acted like a whore and letting me dominate you sexually. You're feeling that as a modern woman you ought to be considered more equal and I ought to take your feelings into consideration”

“Uh – .”

“You're not an equal, Miss Blue. You're uneducated and unsophisticated. You have very little knowledge about your own body, much less mine, and you're not old enough to have determined what is inside your own skull, to have come to understand who you are and what motivates you.”

He moved closer, forcing me to back up against the edge of the table.

“I, on the other hand, completely understand my motivations. I know what I want and why I want them. That comes from experience, something you lack. I aim to give you those experiences so that you can make proper judgments.”

“You want to make me a sex slave!” I exclaimed.

He smiled thinly. “I think that's something a young girl like you would be very good at, and quite enjoy. The only reason you resist is because you have this pressing need to assert your imaginary equality. I aim to convince your body and mind that being a sex slave is quite the most satisfying and enjoyable experience you could ever have.”

“And what if I decide otherwise?”

“You won't.”

I was wearing a blue tank top and a pair of jean shorts. His hands were suddenly on my waist, and I gasped aloud as he lifted me up, turned and sat me heavily onto the edge of the dining room table.

Instantly, his hands gripped the bottom of my tank top, literally tearing it open down the front top to bottom, as if it were made of tissue paper. I gaped, startled, as he yanked it back over my shoulders, reaching, at the same time for my bra. His fingers nimbly undid it in the blink of an eye, even as I belatedly tried to cross my arms over my nearly, and then completely bare breasts!”

“Hey! Wait!” I gasped.

He shoved me hard and grabbed the front of my jeans shorts, then tore them open and yanked them up and back. I fell back onto my back on the table as my legs were jerked up high, and then my shorts were gone! He gripped my thighs and flipped me onto my belly, letting my legs fall over the edge of the table, gripped my thong and tore it off.

Shit!

It all happened so quickly, in just seconds! It was so sharp and violent and overwhelming I was still gaping!

I felt his hand on my ass, felt his palm against the base of the butt-plug as he squeezed.

“Good slave,” he said.

I started to push myself up and his hand pressed firmly against the back of my neck, shoving my face down against the table.

“Spread your legs, slut!” he barked.

I gasped in alarm at the words, but obeyed, face flushed, heart pounding wildly and pulse racing as his hand cupped my sex, his fingers rubbing gently along either side of my narrow opening.

“Good,” he said.

“But – !”

*Crack! He slapped my bottom sharply, drawing a startled cry of pain from my lips.*

An instant later he had hold of my wrists, jerking them up and back together behind my back. In seconds they were tied there, then his hand was between my legs again, a lot less gentle!

His fingers pushed into the mouth of my sex, sliding roughly up and down as they spread apart my labia.

“Nice and wet,” he growled, and I blushed as I realized he was right.

How had I gotten so wet so fast!?

His fingers pushed into me, and I moaned helplessly, for again, he wasn't gentle, and his fingers, like the rest of him, were neither small nor soft.

“Please!” I gasped.

*Crack! His hand slapped my bottom sharply.*

“Please what?” he demanded.

“P-Please, sir!” I squeaked.

I felt his fingers at the butt plug, felt my opening slowly spreading wider and wider as the plug came free! At the same time, he had two fingers deep inside my pussy, pumping slowly in and out. Now as the butt-plug came out another finger, no, his thumb, thrust down into my ass. A third finger pushed into my pussy, and his other hand now gripped my hair and roughly jerked my head sharply back.

“Who am I, slave girl?” he demanded in a harsh voice.

“Evan Trask!” I cried helplessly.

“What do you call me?”

“Sir!” I cried.

His fingers pumped in and out of my pussy as he twisted his fingers in my hair.

“And what are you?”

“I'm Melody Blue!”

*Crack!*

“And who is Melody Blue but a beautiful young nymphet whose body craves a hard, thick cock inside it?”

*Crack!*

“Oh! Don't!”

“What are you?”

“I'm Melo –

“What. What, not who. What are you?”

“I-I'm a girl!”

*Crack!*

“What are you?”

I'm a ... a sex slave!” I gasped helplessly, my bottom burning.

“Who's sex slave are you?”

“I-I'm Evan Trask's sex slave, sir!” I cried.

His left hand released my hair to push in under my chest and roughly grope my breast, while the right continued to pump in and out of me.

“So why did you put those cans by the door, slave girl?”

“To warn me when you arrived, sir!”

“Why?”

“So... so you didn't sneak up on me, sir!”

“What if I wanted to sneak up on you, slave girl? Isn't a master allowed to sneak up on his own slave girl?”

I had no answer to that!

“Putting the cans there was an attempt at denying me something you thought I might want to do. We can't have that, slave girl. I expect absolute obedience from you, and that does not include trying to thwart my will, whatever my will is.”

He gripped my hair once more and jerked my head up and back, this time sharply enough that it forced me up off the table and threw my back against his chest. His other hand jerked up from where it had been and suddenly three fingers were pushing into my open mouth!

“Suck,” he growled.

I moaned around his fingers, closing my lips, sucking them, though they were wet with my own inner juices.

“You still have a lot to learn about being a sex slave,” he said.

God, the term itself continued to send hot little shocks through my system! It was so... outrageous!

Sex slave!

It was ridiculous!

He eased his fingers out of my throbbing sex, and gathered I my hair into a thick mass. This time he pulled gently, raising my head up and back as he drew something shining around in front of me, below me, and slid it up around my throat. I gasped uncertainly, anxiously, as he released my hair, then pulled something which felt like hard plastic or leather up around my neck. I felt him adjusting it behind my neck, felt his fingers sliding into it to test how tight it was around my throat.

It was clearly a collar, but one which felt different than the one he'd used before.

He let it go, by which I understood he had placed it to his satisfaction, and I felt his hands on my wrists. He untied them, and instead I felt something else, something which felt like what was around my throat, going around first one wrist, then the other. I made no attempt to move or resist, but just stayed in position, bent over, breathing hard.

“Hands out in front of you, stretch out.”

I obeyed, and saw that there were ... bracelets around my wrists. They were clearly metal, and rather attractive, to be honest, thick for bracelets, and wide, with complex patterns carved across them. The insides, it looked and felt like, were different than the metal exterior, being made of some softer, black substance.

I felt his hands on my ankles, and then similar objects being locked around them, then he was tracing his fingers up my body and then up my spine, before pushing them into my sex once again.

“Isn't being a sex slave much more interesting than just sitting around reading books, Miss Blue?” he asked rhetorically.

I gasped instead of answering, for he'd chosen that moment to thrust another finger into me. I was sore, aching, but burning at the same time. This was so outrageous, and that was turning me on despite myself!

*Crack!*

I gasped at the slap to my bottom.

“Tell me you're my whore.”

“I-I'm your whore, sir!” I gulped shakily.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“Tell me you're my bitch.”

“I'm your bitch, sir!”

His fingers twisted and turned, plunging in and out, his thumb stroking against my clitoris again as his other hand roamed up and down my body.

“Do you think I can make you come, slave girl?”

I knew he could, but I didn't answer, or tried not to.

*Crack!*

“Answer me, slut.”

That word! It was outrageous, jarring, insulting, and hot...

“Yes, sir!”

“That must mean you're my slut. Is that right?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I'm your slut, sir!” I cried.

And I was sure acting like it, for I could hear, actually hear how wet I was as his fingers thrust in and out of me harder and faster, and my insides were burning up as I moaned and trembled helplessly.

I was panting, a bit light-headed, as Trask jerked me up and back, then forced me down onto my knees, roughly pushing me into a position where I was sitting on my heels, knees spread achingly wide, shoulders back, and hands on my outer thighs.

“We will call this position Attend,” he said. “When I say to attend me you will assume this position. Make sure your back is straight, shoulders back, breasts out.”

He had a slim shaft of wood held lightly at his side. It was about a yard long, flexible, and quite light. But it didn't take long to tell that it would sting when it hit, for he demonstrated by snapping it down against my hip.

“Learn to obey quickly, instantly, without question,” he said, his voice firm and stern.

*And why should I obey you at all? was not a question which came immediately to mind, oddly. I was too hot, too aroused.*

He was such an overwhelming presence! And I'd had no time since his arrival to pause to reflect or try to redirect his attention. And frankly, kneeling naked and collared, with him looming over me with that long switch, well, it didn't make me think complicated thoughts.

“Now the Submission position,” he barked.

I hesitated, then leaned forward, my hands coming off my thighs, reaching the floor.

*Crack!*

“Oh!” I gasped at the stinging blow to my buttocks. “Don't!”

“Submission,” he barked.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

I half fell forward onto my belly.

“Quickly, slave!”

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

I felt his foot come down between my shoulder blades, and gasped as it squeezed down on my chest.

“I want a quick, instant reaction,” he growled.

The thin switch slide between my thighs, the side pressing up against my labia and forced between. He angled the tip in and let the shaft slide up and down

between my labia and across my clitoris as I knelt there.

“We'll try it again, slave. I want you to attend. Now!”

He drew the shaft back and I gasped, pushing myself quickly up and back.

*Crack!*

I gasped and jerked my thighs apart, pushing my breasts out.

“Faster, slave. I want a smooth, quick, graceful reaction when I give you an order.”

He tapped the thin switch against my breasts, then drew it back.

“Submission!” he barked.

This time I fairly threw myself forward on my belly, arms stretched out before me, but it wasn't enough to avoid another line of heat cutting across my upraised buttocks.

“Tuck that belly in, slave!”

I wriggled my upper torso back further in against my thighs as I felt the shaft pressing up between my labia once again, stroking slowly back and forth there.

“Are you exercising as you've been directed, slave?”

“Yes, sir!” I gasped.

He knelt behind me and I gasped as I felt something pressing against my back passage. It sank slowly inside, stretching me wide before I felt myself sucking it in all the way. Well, not all the way. It was clearly a butt-plug, though bigger than the one I had been using. I could feel the thin base pressed against the outside of my wrinkled little opening.

Then he bent over me, doing something to the back of the collar. When he straightened, a chain dangled. It was a leash! I gasped, feeling a pulse of outraged arousal as he tugged on the leash.

“On all fours, slave girl.”

I pushed myself uneasily onto my hands and knees, then gurgled and almost fell as he moved forward, tugging on the leash.

“Crawl, slave.”

I ... crawled after him, eyes wide, emotions swirling and churning inside me as we went down the hall, my knees aching as he lightly smacked my bottom with the switch to encourage me to greater speed.

Nothing could be more degrading than crawling naked on a leash held by someone else, in this case, Evan Trask. It was jarring, emotionally, but the thing is that as outrageous as it was, it made me feel this wild sense of sexual abandon, as if all the rules were gone and I was free to do – anything!

We crawled into the den. It was much like a library, with soft, heavy rugs, shelves and cabinets of thick, dark wood and aged books. It seemed an incongruous place for a naked girl to be crawling, but he led me into it, over to a high backed chair, then removed the leash and sat down.

He pointed at the floor right next to his chair and I padded forward across the thick rug to stand there, heart beating faster as he turned and looked up at me.

“Display,” he said.

I blinked in confusion.

“That's a fairly obvious position for a sex slave. Interlock your fingers behind your neck, draw your elbows back, arch your back, spread your legs about two feet apart.”

I took the stance he ordered, and he stood up. I felt my pulse racing as he moved around me, gulping as he gripped my right elbow to jerk it back a little more, tugged at my hair to force my head back a bit, then forced my left foot a little wider.

“Display,” he said, from behind me, his voice close. “Remember the position.”

He moved around in front of me and sat down and I stood there, flushed, blood rushing through me, very, very much aware of how naked I was, and wondering what he intended to do to me next!

“I expect discipline of my slave girl,” he said. “When you are given a direction you will follow it regardless of personal thoughts or emotions. When put in 'display' or any other position you will not move until I change that position. Is that clear, slave?”

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

He looked at me, almost like he was studying me.

‘You have a fine body, slave. You still lack muscle tone, but that will come. Your breasts are very firm, your belly flat, and you're a lovely girl with excellent skin. You'll make a fine sex slave once you're trained.’

“I'm not a sex slave,” I gulped.

“You mean you were lying when you told me you were?”

I flushed uncertainly.

“I-I just said... what you wanted me to say... sir,” I gulped anxiously.

“So you said you were a sex slave merely because I told you to.”

I nodded helplessly.

“Will you do anything I tell you to do?”

“I-I ... don't know... sir,” I said.

“You aren't fully trained yet, so I suspect the answer is no. But you will once trained.”

I bit my lower lip and frowned a little.”

“You don't think being a sex slave is a good thing?”

“No, sir,” I said.

“Why not?”

What a question!

“Uhm...”

“As a sex slave you get to live in this lovely condo where you can develop your writing craft, and you get wonderful, exciting sex and orgasms. What are the negative aspects of the position?”

“Uhm.... you hit me,” I said hesitantly.

He made a face as if this was inconsequential.

“All children must be disciplined, and a sex slave is something like an adult child in that she lacks discipline and must be taught by her master. As your training progresses it will not be necessary to discipline you as much.”

“But... this is... it's.... well...”

“Perverted? I put it to you, Ms. Blue that if you enjoy it and I enjoy it that really is all that matters.”

“I don't! I mean, well... “

“Don't lie to me or to yourself. Clearly you enjoy it.”

“I ... do,” I said, blushing, because of course, I shouldn't. “But it's – .”

“Elbows back,” he said sharply.

I jerked my elbows back further, arching my back more.

“Nineteen is a good time to learn about oneself,” he said. “Nineteen is a good time to explore what life has to offer, including a variety of sexual pleasures. Very few young women get to explore much of that. A sex slave, however, will get to have many ... experiences.”

“You just want a slut who'll do as you want... sir,” I said with a frown.

“Look at me, Ms. Blue, do I look like a man who'd have trouble getting women?” he asked. “For that matter, I could buy whatever I want. This developing relationship with you is one of convenience for both of us. We both get something out of it. Think of me as your mentor.”

“Mentor!” I gasped indignantly

“Yes, a sexual mentor who will help you understand the possibilities and pleasures available to you, without your needing to worry about things like your reputation or whether I'll 'respect' you for wanting or enjoying a particular sexual kick. Here, in this apartment, you can experience Sodom and Gomorrah if you want, and then decide what the experience was worth later.”

“I think this is more about what you experience,” I said sarcastically.

“Sir,” he said.

“Sir,” I said, uncertainly.

“How many men have looked at your body the way I am, slave girl?”

I flushed again. “Uhm, well... no one, really.”

“Sir.”

“Sir.”

“I'm sure men have seen you naked before.”

“Well, yes but... but not like this, not ... like I'm on display!”

“Too bad for them. It's a lovely view. Tilt your head back.”

I tilted my head back.

“More.”

I tilted my head back so I was looking up towards the ceiling, and then saw a flash of light.

I jerked my head back down to see him holding a smart phone, and realized he'd taken a picture of me naked!

“Hey!” I cried.

“Elbows back!” he snapped, hand slapping against the side of the chair.

I jerked my arms back, arching my back again.

“As you can see,” he said, turning the phone to me. “Your face can't be seen.”

I flushed as I saw the picture. It was awfully graphic! I mean, it was taken from about crotch high, and looked up my naked body to the underside of my chin! My naked sex was all too visible in the picture, and that made me squirm, but he was right in that no one could see my face in it.

“Lovely body. I have no doubt anyone who sees it will agree with me. You should take pride in your body and its beauty. You're very lucky. You won the genetic lottery. A body like yours should be used well, all its abilities and pleasures carefully explored by its owner. Turn around.”

I blinked uncertainly.

“Turn around,” he repeated.

I turned around, holding my hands behind my neck.

“Bend over and touch the floor.”

“I don't – .”

“Now!” he ordered, slapping his hand against the arm of the chair.

I gulped and bent over, my face blushing red.

“Spread your legs wide.”

I obeyed, my blush deepening, my hair spilling down onto the floor as the blood began to rush to my head.

“Lovely,” he said.

I felt him reach out and lay his hand on my bottom. It glided across my buttocks, following the rounded curves, then rubbed lightly at the base of the butt-plug.

“In future, I will let you know when I'm coming so you can prepare yourself,” he said. “I'll expect you to be kneeling by the front door when I arrived, ready to please me with your body.”

His fingers traced the line of my sex, and I felt my breathing growing more ragged. They wriggled slowly into my body, twisting from side to side in the mouth of my sex, then easing deeper.

“In this apartment, Ms. Blue, you are my whore, my slut, my slave. Think of this place as a special part of the world, set apart from all the usual rules.”

His fingers pulled back.

“Straighten up and turn around.”

I stood up with a gasp, turning around.

“Display,” he barked.

I drew my hands up and back behind my neck again, arching my back.

I watched him pick up a book which had been resting on the arm of the chair and begin to read.

I waited, licking my lips nervously, wondering his intentions. The only sound in the room was the ticking of the grandfather clock in the corner. I longed to turn my head to look at it, to see how much time had passed, but I held my position.

He looked up finally, and frowned. “Head back,” he said sharply. “Do not look at me.

I jerked my chin up and back again and held still, though I longed to fidget as the minutes ticked slowly past. I started counting to sixty; one thousand and one, one thousand and two, one thousand and three... , trying to gauge the flow of time.

I wasn't getting bored, exactly. I mean, given what was happening, I couldn't possibly! But time seemed to be crawling, and I kept wondering what he was doing, and what he intended on doing next. My legs and back were starting to get stiff, too.

I could hardly see him in this position, with my head back as it was. He was just a sort of blur I could kind of see parts of if I rolled my eyes way down. So I didn't see his arm when it moved, but did feel his fingers as they lighted on my

abdomen. I gasped and flinched, but didn't move otherwise.

His fingers skated lightly around against my abdomen and belly, then slid downward to caress my labia. I felt my pulse picking up rapidly as his fingers ran up and down the line of my sex, then pushed through slowly. Two of them eased up inside me, to find I was wet still. They moved slowly as his thumb closed against my clitoris.

I thought he was still reading, but couldn't be certain. His fingers moved gently, casually, but such was the state of my mind and body that the physical results were building quickly. He had done this before, using the fingers inside me to press against the front wall of my sex from inside while his thumb pressed my clitoris in and back against them.

The result was a heady rush of sensation which quickly had my body thrumming with sexual heat and desire. I moaned softly as he began to pump the fingers inside me faster, then added a third finger to help stretch me out. I was getting very hot and very wet!

He drew his fingers free.

“Kneel and display,” he ordered.

What? I was a bit breathless and dazed but the words were sort of clear. I dropped to my knees, then, keeping my hands behind my neck. At least I could see him now!

He laid his fingers along my lips, then slid them into my mouth. My eyes widened as he pushed deep.

“Suck,” he ordered.

I obeyed, aware, of course, in a squirmy sort of way, that the moisture on my fingers was from my own body.

He pumped his three fingers slowly in and out between my pursed lips as I sucked, and my heart beat faster as he looked at me.

He drew his fingers back, slid them up into my hair, then gripped a thick mass and jerked me forward. I let out a cry of surprise and pain at the pull against my

hair, and of course, instinctively threw my body forward to lessen the pressure against my scalp.

Thus he easily dragged me across his lap, then drew my wrists back together behind me and locked the two metal restraints together. I felt his hand kneading my buttocks, then felt it push between my thighs, fingers thrusting up into my sex. I moaned helplessly, gasping, wriggling a little as his fingers pushed roughly up inside me.

*Crack!*

“Ow!” I gasped at the slap to my bottom.

“Nasty little sex slave,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Oh!” I gasped.

“Bad little girl.”

*Crack!*

His fingers twisted and squirmed inside the tight, elastic walls of my sex as his other hand alternately kneaded my buttocks and slapped them.

*Crack!*

“Tell me you love cock, slave girl,” he said.

“I love cock, sir!” I exclaimed.

*Crack!*

“Tell me you're my sex slave.”

*Crack!*

‘I'm your sex slave, sir!’

*Crack!*

“Tell me you're my whore.”

*Crack!*

“I'm your whore, sir!” I squealed.

*Crack!*

“Tell me you're my cock loving whore.”

*Crack!*

“I'm your cock loving whore, sir!” I cried.

It was so nasty to say such things! It did something weird and twisty to my mind!

*Crack!*

“Again, slave.”

“I'm your cock loving whore, sir!”

*Crack!*

“Are you a bad girl, slave?”

“I-I... yes, sir,” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I'm a bad girl, sir!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“And what punishment is given to bad girls, slave?”

*Crack!*

“Th-they get spanked, sir!” I moaned.

His fingers were twisting inside me, his thumb stroking against my clitoris.

“Exactly.”

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

He was spanking me! And it hurt! His big hand was slapping down again and again on the rapidly reddening surface of my bottom! The skin was heating up rapidly, the heat spreading and deepening as I yelped and twisted and moaned and cried out again and again!

My bottom was flaring hot! And yet... and yet the wild dark heat within me was growing apace! His fingers were making me ache as they plunged in and out of me, but the ache was a wild, fiery thing which had my body pulsing with a near feverish sense of arousal, hunger and need!

“You're a sex slave, aren't you?”

*Crack!*

“Aren't you?”

“Y-yes, sir!” I moaned.

*Crack!*

“Say it.”

“I'm a sex slave!” I cried

*Crack!*

“Again.”

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

“Again.”

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

“Keep saying it.”

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

Every time I said the words his hand cracked down on my bottom! My voice faltered, only to have his hand grip my hair, yanking it up and back painfully.

“Did I say to stop speaking?”

“I'm a sex slave!” I cried.

*Crack!*

“I'm a sex slave!”

*Crack!*

I half sobbed the words amid the wet sound of his fingers plunging into my sopping sex and his thumb grinding against my clitoris. My bottom was flaming, but every fresh blow was a sharp spike of sensation which drove deep into my bottom and then resonated through my lower belly to set my clitoris quivering under his thumb!

And then I came, crying out, my voice breaking as I lost control of it, my body thrashing, head twisting and jerking as the crackling sexual electricity tore through my body. He spanked me all through it, and I didn't care. Nothing could matter but that wild storm of pleasure which had me in thrall to its stunning force.

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

His hand continued to slap down against my burning buttocks as I sobbed and cried out, hips bucking and head rolling wildly.

When he was done he made me kneel in the corner, like a bad girl, trembling and gasping, my bottom and face both flushed hot and throbbing. And that sort of crystallized in my mind, in a weird sort of way, how paternalistic this bizarre sexual relationship was.

Much of my deference to him and acceptance of him being so bossy, so pushy, and so domineering, was, I thought, because he was an older man. He wasn't as old as my father. But he was definitely a man of a type I had spent my whole life taking orders from. I doubted I would have accepted such treatment from someone my own age, at least, not so easily.

Then when he finally came over to me his fingers combed gently through my hair in a way which was almost affectionate, except it also reminded me of someone petting their dog!

“Have you learned your lesson, slave girl?” he asked.

What else could I say?

“Yes, sir,” I gulped.

“Then get into the kitchen and get started on making me lunch. You have a long day ahead. You have a lot to learn and I intend to teach you much before I head back to Los Angeles tomorrow morning.”

“Much,” he said from behind me as I scurried away.

End

[Owned by Mister Trask](#)

**Trained by Mister Trask**

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