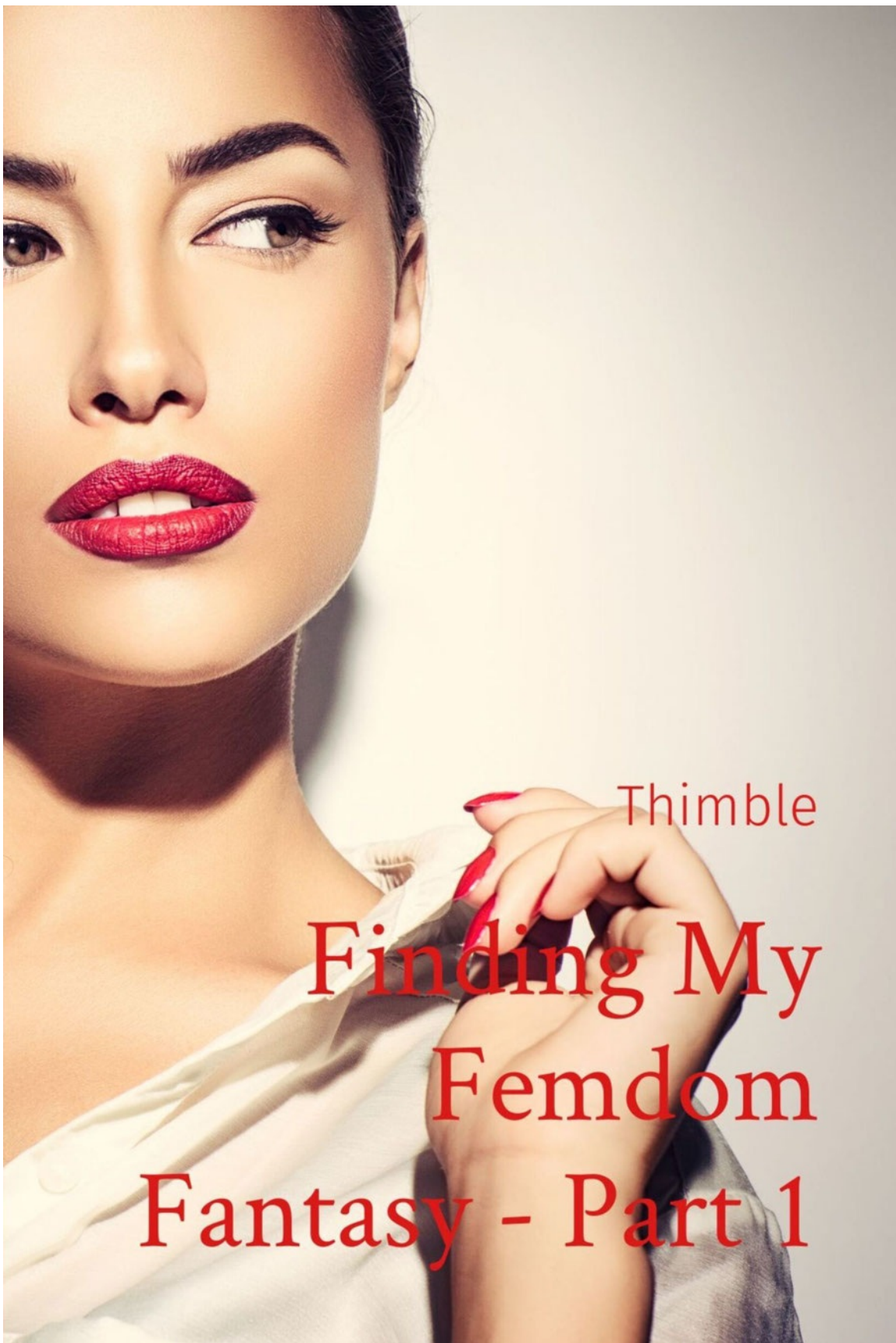


Thimble

# Finding My Femdom Fantasy - Part 1





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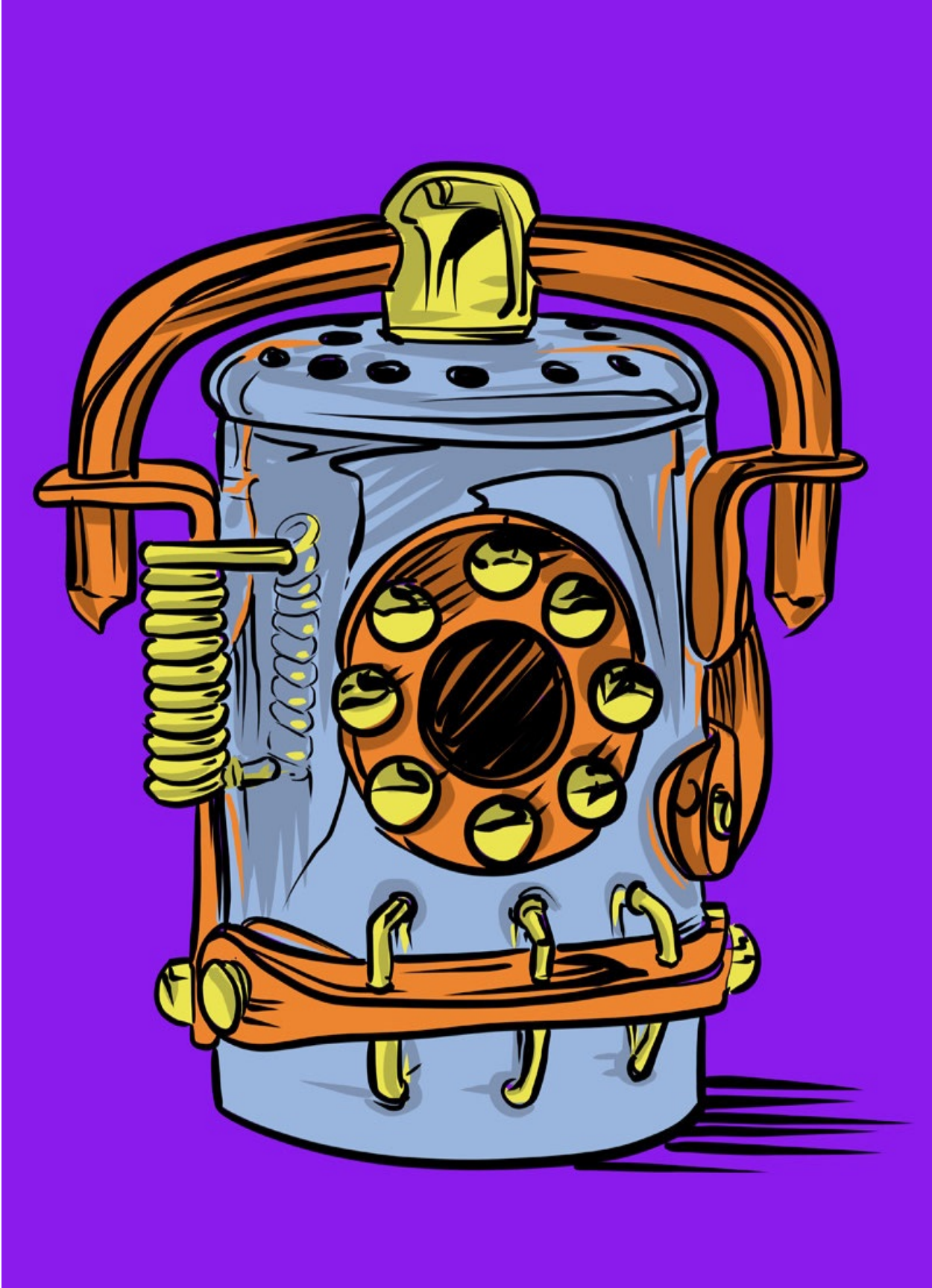
# Finding My Femdom Fantasy - Part 1

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Boy Howdy Productions

# Finding My Femdom Fantasy

## Part 1



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Finding My Femdom Fantasy: Part I

Thimble

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The Principal's Discipline: Boarding School Slavery - Volume III

Be Careful What You Wish For – Part 1 – Cock-Caged Sissy

Be Careful What You Wish For – Part 2 – Becoming my Wife's Hypno-Slut

## **German Translations**

Wenn Femdomtraume Wahr Werden

Die Ausbildung meines Professors

Mein Freund, mein Sissy

Femdom Toilettensklave

Meine Femdom-Fantasie wird Wahr: Teil 1

Meine Femdom-Fantasie wird Wahr: Teil 2

## Dedication

This is dedicated to my Mistress, who helped me immeasurably on this book,  
and who is my own fantasy come to life

He didn't see the car until it was almost on top of him.

He'd been thinking about an argument from his senior year of college when he heard the horn and looked up to see the SUV speeding towards him. It wasn't going to stop, or even slow down. He jumped out of the way just in time, feeling the wind as the car passed. Someone behind him said, "Damn!"

Michael looked back as it screeched around the corner. "What the fuck?! The light was red!" But when he looked at the light for confirmation, there was a green arrow. There had never been a green arrow on that light before: he was sure of it! He looked away and then back, but the arrow stubbornly remained. When had it changed? Why was there no sign?!

He wasn't sure what to think. Everything had happened so quickly that by the time he realized his life had been in danger, the danger had already passed. He felt shaky and angry and guilty, and a little proud: he'd always been athletic. His heart started pounding. Everyone around him had continued on with their day, and because it was New York City, no one would ask if he were okay. He jogged into Prospect Park and did two fast loops around the 3.3-mile track, adrenaline coursing through his veins.

When he got home, he stretched and showered. He wasn't tired at all. In fact, he felt like he had downed a pot of coffee. He felt powerful and clear, not just about today, but his entire life. Michael had spent the past six months, and in some ways much longer, waiting for his life to change. He realized now how little he'd done to make that happen. It was time to act, and he vowed to do so. This was not your run-of-the-mill, live-every-day-to-its-fullest type vow that people forget within a week; this was a solemn oath, consecrated in a Moleskine Classic Journal he'd been saving for just such a special occasion. He was going to go after what he wanted, right now. He opened the journal and wrote at the top of the first page, "Five-Point Plan."

The first point was women. He logged on to OkCupid and gave a hard, honest look at his profile. It was objectively awful. He thought of himself as moderately

handsome, but you wouldn't know it from his photos. He looked pasty, and his head was crooked. Why in the world had he used these?! He remembered convincing himself that they were honest, and that women would appreciate that. No wonder no one wrote him back. He logged onto a website for freelancers and emailed two local photographers. From now on, if he were going to get rejected online, it would be for his personality. Within an hour, both photographers had written back. He selected one and scheduled a photo shoot for Friday.

The second point was spirituality. He'd stopped meditating around the trial – ironically when he would have benefitted from it the most – and he needed to get back on track. Six years ago, he'd attended a Vipassana meditation retreat where he'd meditated 10 hours a day for 10 straight days. Afterward, he'd felt a calmness he'd never experienced. The constant buzzing in his brain telling him he wasn't enough quieted, and life was wonderful. He wanted to feel that way again. He found a local meditation group that met once a week and a local yoga center that had a weekly meditation night. He put both dates in his calendar.

The third point was food. He would learn one new recipe a week. He emailed three friends who knew how to cook and asked for their favorite recipes. He then researched how to make corn tortillas and red beans from scratch. Recipe number one was burritos. New York's drought of serviceable burritos was about to end, right here in his house.

He was thirsty, but he didn't get up for a glass of water. He was in his flow state, an almost manic, hyper-productive period when he would accomplish more in four hours than he had in the past two weeks. He didn't want to break the spell.

The fourth point was mental health. He needed a therapist. He'd dealt with some upsetting shit over the last two years, and it was time to talk about it with someone. He could use help staying on track with his new five-point plan, as well. He knew the motivation wouldn't last, despite his brain's enthusiastic promises and his fancy notebook. He emailed a therapist friend and asked for recommendations.

The fifth point he labeled "D." Even in his private journal, alone in his house, he was afraid of writing it down. He knew he was being ridiculous, but he'd been ashamed of his desire for domination his entire life, and it was a hard habit to break. He made a mental note to make sure his new therapist was cool with BDSM. The fifth point was he would find a dominatrix or a dominant girlfriend

— which he wrote as “find a D.” He stood up, feeling anxious. He needed to move.

When he was seven, Michael saw an episode of Batman, the campy live action television version, in which Cat Woman – played by Julie Newmar – kidnapped Batman and kept him tied up in her secret lair. In one scene, she leaned close to him, her mouth inches from his. Her hair was long and shiny. Michael found himself short of breath. Her power over Batman hit a switch in his developing brain. He wanted to be tied up like that. He wanted to feel powerless. He wanted a woman in a tight leather catsuit to rub her long hair in his face. Afterward, his eyes were dry from staring, his breath was shallow, and his sexual proclivities set.

Michael didn’t remember when he started feeling ashamed of his desires, but he knew better than to tell anyone about what he wanted. As a result, he never pursued a dominant girlfriend. His introversion and insecurity didn’t help, nor did the fuck-you attitude he assumed to conceal them. The women he attracted were mostly submissive, and the relationships peaked and died quickly. When he turned 30, he started seeing dominatrixes in between girlfriends. He loved it, but he was never able to find a dominant girlfriend, and he didn’t form any lasting relationships in the community.

Now though, things would change. Somehow, someday, he would find a dominant girlfriend. Until then, he would find a dominatrix and see her regularly, and he would start this weekend. He went through the femdom profiles on eros.com and found two dommes he liked: a thin, tattooed Asian woman named Domina Lin, and a full-bodied white woman with long, curly hair who went by Mistress Naomi and who reminded Michael of the bad girls from 8th grade who smoked cigarettes and had sex. He wrote both names at the top of a blank sheet of paper and made two columns. He wrote down categories, then opened his desk drawer and pulled out five dice. The two dommes would compete in a best-of-seven Yahtzee tournament. The prize for the winner was a session with Michael.

As he played, he thought about how he could make friends in the local BDSM scene. The chances that a pro domme was single, and that she would be attracted to him, and that he wouldn’t somehow fuck it up were very slim. He needed a situation where there were many dominant women he could befriend, and to do that, he’d need to find an event that wouldn’t tweak his anxiety.



He stopped playing and found two events online. One was in New Jersey on Wednesday at 7pm, which meant he'd have to battle rush-hour traffic, either in his car or on public transit. That was a non-starter. The other was a ropes class in Brooklyn on Sunday evening at 7, and they were looking for volunteers to be demo models. "Volunteers" wasn't accurate, actually, because you had to pay for it. The misclassification annoyed him, as did the fee in general. Why should he pay to be a demo model in a class they were charging for? Fuck them!

He took a breath. This was his old combativeness. He wanted to meet dominant women and there would be some at this event. This was the price of admission. It was stupid but not a deal breaker. Maybe there'd be play after the class; then it would be worth it. Before he could change his mind, he signed up.

After six hard-fought games, Mistress Naomi beat Domina Lin in Yahtzee. Michael wondered whether he really wanted to see Domina Lin instead, but he knew if she'd won, he'd have the same thoughts about Mistress Naomi. He read through her website again to see how she liked to be addressed and whether she wanted a quick or detailed opening email.

*Hi Mistress Naomi,*

*My name is Jake and I'm a submissive man in my early 40s. I really liked your website and your views on domination, and I'd like to set up a 90-minute session around obedience training and corporal punishment this Saturday or Sunday. I have other fetishes I'd like to include, but the above are my main ones, and I want to keep this opening email short. If you think I could serve you, I'll include my other fetishes in my next email. Please let me know the cost for a 90-minute session and if you need a deposit.*

*For a reference, please contact Mistress Sarah. Email below.*

*Best,*

*J*

He reread his email three times, then had half-a-dozen, pessimistic thoughts telling him not to send it. He ignored them.

He went to the kitchen and drank two glasses of water. His manic energy was still going strong. He made a detailed list of what he wanted to accomplish the

next week, including researching an idea for a new educational technology business. He then read for two hours. When he was done, his energy was spent, and he could relax.

The next day, Mistress Naomi wrote back.

*Hi jake,*

*I read your email and decided you may serve Me. I'm available for a 90-minute session on Sunday at 3pm. I work out of a dungeon in Midtown. Call Me at the number below when you're close to Penn Station and I'll send you My address. I'll need a \$100 deposit, as well.*

*-Mistress N*

He read it again. Why didn't she give him the cost of the session? And didn't she want to talk a little more about what they'd do? She didn't even tell him where to send the deposit! What was the purpose of such an incomplete email? He wrote her back, again asking for the price. She responded a day later. He wondered if it were a thing with her, not responding the same day.

*jake,*

*The cost for a 90-minute session is \$550. A 60-minute session is \$350 and a two-hour session is \$700. I really do need that deposit, so send it today. My Venmo is below. Write "cooking class" in the memo. On Sunday, call at exactly 3pm, not earlier.*

*Mistress N*

Michael's brain started looping. \$550 for an hour-and-a-half didn't make sense: if an hour was \$350, an hour-and-a-half should be \$525. And why was she acting like he was refusing to send a deposit? It was her fault for not including her Venmo earlier! And if she wanted him to call at exactly 3pm, then getting to her dungeon and getting ready would come out of his session time. That wasn't right! Part of Michael's brain, the smart part, told him to walk away and reach out to Domina Lin. But the insistent, stupid part won out, and he emailed her.

*Mistress Naomi,*

*I'm curious about the cost of a 90-minute session. Can you tell me why it's \$550 and not \$525? I'm not judging you, but it's odd that your rate for 90 minutes is greater than your rate for either 60 or a 120 minutes. Also, do you normally go over time? It seems strange to call right at 3pm if my session starts at 3pm.*

*Hope you're having a good day.*

*Best,*

*J*

Michael's earlier question, if she always waited at least a day to email back, was answered swiftly.

*If you're going to act like an entitled little bitch you can find another domme!*

*Good luck!!*

Michael was furious with himself. Why hadn't he just canceled?! Why did he email her at all?! Why didn't he ever listen to himself?! And what a fucking bitch! For the next hour, he thought about meeting her at a party, getting her to like him, and then rejecting her. He tried different insults with different tonalities until he had the perfect put-down ready should the opportunity present itself.

He went online and created a Twitter account – this was on his to-do list – and began following as many dominatrixes as he could find. He also joined several groups and posted observations and followed members. By the end of the day, he had 50 followers.

He felt exhausted, and he wondered if he'd ever find a dominant girlfriend. He tried to be positive, but he kept imagining failure. He knew he should write to Domina Lin, but he couldn't find the motivation. Why bother when nothing would come of it? He checked his email, and – as if the universe had seen his mood spiraling and decided to run interference – his friend had written with an enthusiastic recommendation for a therapist near his house. He called her right away, and after a pleasant conversation set up a meeting for Monday.

Afterwards, he emailed Domina Lin. Surely not every dominatrix in New York was an asshole. She emailed him back a few hours later with her rates and some questions about his other fetishes. The next day, after checking his referral, she

confirmed his appointment for Friday at 6pm, two days from now. He made a mental note to try as hard as possible not to masturbate before then, and having thought that, desperately wanted to masturbate. The desire grew so strong that he eventually left his apartment and found a friend who was free for dinner.

On Friday, Michael awoke with first-day-of-school energy. It had been two-and-a-half years since his last session. On the subway, he tried to keep his expectations low. He didn't know this woman. It would be amazing, though, if she were single and they started a relationship. Michael pictured their life together: traveling through Northern Italy, decorating their house for Halloween, being gagged and locked in a cage.

Domina Lin's instructions were to call her from the corner of Lafayette and Bleecker at 5:50. He arrived 15 minutes early and killed time by walking around the neighborhood, keeping his head down lest anyone magically realize what he was doing there. At 5:50, he called. Her voice was energetic and friendly. Her studio was a block over, and he was at her door in a minute.

"You walk quickly!"

"It's one of my special skills."

"Come in."

Her pictures must have been taken recently because she looked the same. She was around 5'5" and thin, with straight black hair to the center of her back. She looked like she did a lot of yoga, and her eyes were bright. The studio was small but comfortable and clean. Hardwood floors, red walls, low light. A black velvet curtain divided the space into an entry-room and a main area. She gestured to a small couch, and he sat.

"Would you like a glass of water?"

"No, thank you."

He sat up straight, then realized that was uncomfortable and relaxed against the back of the couch. She sat in a chair facing him and crossed one leg over the other. She was wearing a black bodysuit, fishnet stockings and high heels. He could see into the main studio. There was a leather chair, a spanking bench and a

padded table. Along the wall was a large, mirrored cabinet. He could feel his heart beating.

“When was the last time you sessioned, Jake?”

“About two-and-a-half years ago...how should I address you?”

“You can call me Domina or Goddess.”

“Two-and-a-half years ago, Goddess.”

“Why so long?”

He thought about telling her the truth, but experience had told him it was too intense a topic for a first meeting. He shook his head and smiled.

“I don’t know, Goddess.”

“That’s fine, but you might want to think about it.”

He realized he should have just been honest. Why hadn’t he given her a generic overview? Stupid! He felt irritated, until he realized it wasn’t too late.

“Actually, I do know. I had a girlfriend for a year, then I was in a legal battle with a now ex-business partner, and it was all-encompassing. I wasn’t in the right head space.”

“Oh, that’s terrible: the legal battle!”

“It was. But it’s over and I won.”

“Good.”

“Should I take off my clothes?”

“Did I tell you to take off your clothes?” She smiled, and it came across as both playful and stern. He smiled back.

“You look better when you smile, Jake.”

“Thanks. I’m a little nervous.”

“I can work with that.”

He had a feeling it was going to be a good session.

“Today I’m going to work on your pain threshold. We can add a little foot worship and spitting as rewards, if you’re good with that.”

“Yes Goddess.”

“There’s the bathroom.” She pointed to his right. “If you need to go, go. Then take off your clothes, put them on the couch, and meet me at that chair.” She gestured into the main area at the black leather chair, “bow and let me know you’re ready to serve.”

The bathroom had green tiles going halfway up the walls, and there were a lot of towels. On the sink were q-tips, mouthwash and a stack of small paper cups. Michael rinsed his mouth out with mouthwash, even though he’d brushed his teeth before he left home. Then he forced himself to take five square breaths: in for five, hold for five, out for five, hold for five. He took off and folded his clothes neatly, smiled at himself in the mirror, then walked into the main room. Domina Lin was sitting on the leather chair, a crop across her lap. He sank to his knees and brought his forehead to the floor.

“I’m ready to serve you, Goddess.”

She stood up and walked around him, letting the crop trail over his back. The leather tip felt good against his skin, and he almost shivered. He heard the cabinet opening.

“Lift up, but stay on your knees. ”

He felt her legs against his back, and then her hands on his shoulders, pulling him against her. She lifted his chin as she rubbed his chest softly.

“For the next 90 minutes, all you have to do is follow my lead. Just do as I say.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

Her words were soothing, and some of the tension in his shoulders released. He felt a collar around his neck. He loved the feel of the soft leather and the



ceremonial nature of the act. She attached a leash and gave it a tug.

“Come.”

She walked him around the room in circles, sometimes pulling faster than he could crawl. He hurried to keep up, which made her laugh. She finally led him to the spanking bench, and he climbed on, face down, his knees on leather pads. She quickly and efficiently tied him down, threading a soft rope around his midsection and then wrists.

“I’m going to start with the leather paddle. What day is it today?”

“April 12th.”

“It’s the fourth month and the 12th day. What’s four times twelve?”

“48”

“Let’s round up to 50.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

He began taking yoga breaths through his nose.

Whap

Whap

Whap

Whap

Whap

She was warming him up slowly.

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Whap!

Those were harder, just on the edge of painful. She was listening to his breath, hitting him on the exhales.

“Ten down,” he thought.

Whap!

WHAP!

“Unnngh!”

WHAP!

WHAP!

“Fuck!”

She stopped. Those last three had hurt.

“How many is that?”

“14, Goddess.”

“You’ve got a lot more to go, Jake.”

“You’re just getting started, Goddess.”

“I am.”

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

She gave him 50, taking short breaks when she sensed he needed it. He could feel the heat coming off of his ass and the back of his thighs. It had hurt. Around half way through, he wondered if he could take them all, but now he felt he could have taken more. She placed the paddle on a stand against the wall.

“You took those very well, Jake. I’m going to reward you. You may worship my feet.”

She moved a small bolster in front of him and placed her foot on it. Being tied to the bench made it awkward, but he could just reach. Her toe-nail polish was cherry red, and her feet were thin with high arches. They smelled clean, and he realized he’d forgotten to include stinky feet worship as one of his fetishes. He gave her a long slow kiss on the top of her foot, then light kisses across her toes. He took her big toe into his mouth and gently sucked, then gave a little pressure with his teeth. She sighed appreciatively. He moved across her toes, lightly biting each one and licking between them. After a minute, she removed her foot and walked back to the cabinet. When she returned, he felt something small and wooden trailing over his back.

“Do you know what this is, Jake?”

“Is it a hairbrush, Goddess?”

“Good boy!”

She moved closer to him and stroked him gently with the brush. Her voice was calm.

“Let go, Jake.”

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

“Aaaaahhhh!”

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

He bucked against the ropes and she laughed. He opened and closed his hands, trying to spread out the pain.

“We’re doing 50 with the hairbrush, too.”

“Yes Goddess!”

“How many have we done?”

“Seven, Goddess!”

She tapped his ass lightly.

“43 more.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

“And I haven’t even gotten to the cane.”

Her voice was excited, and he realized she was a sadist. It amazed him that someone so nice could also be a sadist. Then he wondered if that were true, or if he were amazed that someone so sadistic could also be nice. Then she started hitting him again and all he could think about was the pain.

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

“Ow! Fuck! FUCK!”

“Breathe. Concentrate on your breath.”

He told himself not to think about how many were left and to concentrate only on each individual strike.

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

The last four were down the back of his thighs, which hurt just as much as the ones on his ass, but in a different way. She rubbed his back with her hand, waiting until his breathing calmed. He was sweating.

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

Something in him relaxed, and his body seemed to sink into the bench. He could hear his breath more clearly, and the air seemed thicker. His focus narrowed.

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

“How many was that?”

“50, Goddess.”

“Good boy! You’re getting some really nice color.”

“Goddess?”

“Yes Jake?”

“Would you like to hit me more with the hairbrush?”

“Why yes I would! I’ll give you 12 more.”

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

She took the hairbrush back to the cabinet.

“You get another reward. Can you lift your head up?”

It wasn’t easy, but he did it. She grabbed his hair and pulled his head back a little further.

“Open”

She pursed her lips and let a glob of saliva fall from her mouth to his. Then she did it again.

“Good boy.”

She released his head.

“Thank you, Goddess.”

“You’re welcome. Are you ready for the cane?”

“Is anyone ever really ready for the cane?”

She laughed.

“Good point.”

He went back to his breath. She picked up the cane and lightly tapped his ass and thighs. He turned his head to the side.

Crack!

“Oh!”

Crack!

“Fuck!”

Crack!

Crack!

“Let’s get some more color into your thighs. They’re trailing behind your butt.”

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

“Ow! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!!”

She went slower with the cane, but not lighter, and soon he felt hot, angry marks forming on his skin. She was really hitting him, and every so often she would



laugh with delight.

Crack!

Crack!

She rubbed his ass, then his back.

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

Crack!

“Unngh!”

On and on they came. The fact that he had to count kept him present.

Crack!

Crack!

“Is that 50?”

“Yes Goddess.”

“How many more would you like?”

“Five?”

“Five is good.”

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

“Oh FUCK!”

She untied him and stayed close as he stood up, her hand on his back. She led him over to the mirror and turned his back to it.

“Look at the pretty marks. You’ll send me a picture of them tomorrow.”

“Yes, Goddess.”

“We’re almost out of time, Jake.”

“Really?”

He couldn’t believe it. It felt like he’d only been there 30 minutes.

“I have one more treat for you, because you did so well.”

She took off his collar and led him to a towel spread out on the floor.

“On your back.”

He had asked for this, but it always made his heart race: the depravity of it.

“Can I have something to put under my head?”

“Of course.”

She gave him a pillow and a small towel to put over it. She stepped one foot over his head. Her eyes met his.

“Open your mouth.” She pulled her bodysuit to the side, smiling as she squatted down.

She controlled her stream, going slowly and pausing every ten seconds or so for him to swallow. He wondered what he looked like, naked underneath her, swallowing her acrid piss. His cock pulsed. At one point, he tapped her ankle.

“What?”

“I don’t know if I can keep going.”

“You’re drinking all of it.”

It was sexy that she pushed him. When she was finished, he brought his clothes into the bathroom, rinsed out his mouth and showered. He got dressed and met her in the front entry room. The post-beating dopamine rush made him a little giddy.

“I can’t believe that was 90 minutes! It went so fast!”

“I had fun. You’re fun to play with.”

“Thanks Goddess. I’m...I hope this doesn’t sound weird, but I’m looking to get more involved in the scene now. I realized recently that I need to be more active about what I want...I almost got hit by a car this week.”

“Oh my God!”

“It was really close. They changed the pattern on a light near the park but didn’t tell anyone...or at least I didn’t see any signs or anything. The car didn’t even slow down. I think it sped up.”

“I’m glad it missed you.”

Now that the session was over, Michael’s inner dialogue was returning. He realized that Domina Lin was the type of person who made people feel heard and understood, and he had the strong impression that most of her subs fell in love with her. He wondered if she were single, and if so if he were her type. He didn’t think so on either question. He was getting a strong friend vibe from her, even beyond the normal Mistress-client barrier.

“It made me realize that I needed to go after what I wanted...I don’t know if you know of any events.”

“Not for a couple weeks. My boyfriend and I go to an event on the last Thursday of every month at Opaline. That’s a good place to meet people in the scene.”

“Is it weird for a guy to go alone?”

“It’s better if you’re with someone. Come find us if you go. We’ll introduce you to some people.”

As he left, he wondered if she thought he were hitting on her. Maybe that’s why she brought up her boyfriend. He wondered how long they’d been together. Maybe if he hadn’t waited so long between sessions, he could’ve met her when she was single. Those thoughts aside, he spent the rest of the day on a high from the session that left him bordering on happiness, which he hadn’t felt for a long time.

The next day, Michael looked at the red streaks on his thighs and ass. Some bruises and welts were forming. He'd never taken so many hits: 167 in all. He was proud of himself and even more impressed with Domina Lin. She had warmed him up so expertly that it hadn't felt extreme. It'd hurt a lot, especially the cane, but never more than he could take. He took pictures and sent them with a note of appreciation. In two days, he'd meet more dommes. Maybe one would be as cool as Domina Lin.

That afternoon, Michael got his pictures from the photographer and picked out the five he liked most. He rewrote his profile, keeping it short and focused on the positive. Then, on a whim, he included the Unity Prayer, which he'd always loved.

May the long-time sun shine upon you

All love surround you

And the pure light within you

Guide your way on

It always made him feel good to hear it. He wasn't sure why, and the part of him uncomfortable with spirituality warned him not to embarrass himself. He added a paragraph admitting that including the prayer was a little corny, and that he was agnostic about spiritual matters in general but certainly not against anyone else's beliefs. He reread the paragraph and wisely deleted it.

By evening, six women had liked him, three of whom he found attractive. He sent each of them short notes, sticking to his tried-and-occasionally-true formula: keep it short, prove you read their profile, end with a question. Two of the women wrote back, and after some back and forth, he set up dates with both of them for the following week.

He closed his computer and paced his living room, not wanting to do any more

work but not ready to sleep. His good feeling from the previous day had faded and he returned to the slightly downtrodden equilibrium he'd felt for the past six months.

10 years ago, Michael and his friend Josh started an education business together, and it went well. They had opposite strengths: Michael was creative and hard-working, and Josh was good at sales and client relations and passably competent at management. They were making good money and happy, until a hedge-fund client told Josh that he deserved the entire business. He called what Michael did grunt work and convinced Josh that he was giving away what should be his money.

Josh, weak-minded and greedy, responded by trying to force Michael out. He failed, but instead of asking forgiveness, he became furious and locked Michael out of the business. It turned into a lawsuit. Josh had no excuse for what he did, so he made up lies about Michael's work, saying that he had done nothing for years and that clients and employees complained about him constantly. It was a stupid lie on many fronts, mainly because there wasn't an ounce of evidence, but also because even if it were true, it wouldn't have justified his attempted theft. That didn't stop Josh from piling lie upon lie and fighting an ugly, dirty battle. Eventually, he trapped himself and had no other option than to buy out Michael for two million dollars.

Initially, Michael had been furious. But during the discovery process, he'd read a half-dozen emails his now ex-partner had written to him but never sent. The rage and bitterness were staggering. Josh had always had a touch of self-delusion, but he'd clearly crossed the Rubicon into insanity. Obvious lies and an air of wounded dignity were mixed with a baffling attempt to spin his theft as a favor he'd tried to do for Michael, and for which Michael was sadly ungrateful. His soon to be ex-partner was deeply disturbed, and it made Michael smile. The money helped, too. He could take his time and decide what he wanted to do next without financial pressure. That was six months ago. Since then, he hadn't figured out much.

That night, Michael stayed in. He wanted to read, but nothing new interested him, so he reread 1Q84 by Haruki Murakami. During the most stressful time of his lawsuit, it was the only thing he could get himself to read that didn't have to do with his case. It was his security blanket and by now he knew most of it by heart. Every once in a while though, he would find a section that felt unfamiliar,

and it would would feel like a surprise gift.

Sunday morning, he woke in a foul mood, wondering why he was paying to be a volunteer at a ropes class. He felt like an idiot, and he lashed himself with angry questions. Did he really think he would enjoy it? Why was he even going? What was wrong with him?!

He meditated. It was only for 15 minutes, and his mind whirled throughout, but he felt better afterward. Then he went for a run and lifted weights. In the early afternoon, he went to an art movie at BAM, but it was too abstract for his tastes, so he left after 15 minutes. The bad mood that had been skulking around him, just out of sight, was threatening a direct attack. He meditated again, then left for the class.

Off the subway, he walked for a few blocks behind a slightly older couple. They held hands and had an easy intimacy. Michael assumed it came from having worked through struggle and come out the other end. In another life, he thought, that could've been me.

He showed up at the address at 6:50. It was a brownstone in an up-and-coming, but not-quite-there-yet neighborhood. There wasn't a buzzer. He looked around, annoyed. How could a domme collective, which presumably had clients coming regularly, not have a buzzer? He finally knocked on the screen door. After a minute, he knocked again. Finally, he heard footsteps. A young woman in a leather vest opened the door a sliver.

"Yes?" She seemed confused by his presence.

"I'm here for the ropes class."

"It starts at 7."

Her tone, and the look on her face, would have been appropriate had Michael showed up at one in the afternoon and completely naked.

"It's 6:52."

"Can you come back at 7? We're not letting people in until then."

He nodded without smiling, trying his best to communicate that he was upset

and that it was her fault and that she should feel bad about that, then turned and walked away. What was the deal with dominatrixes and time? There was a deli on the corner, and he walked through the aisles then out and around the block before returning to the brownstone at exactly 7. He knocked, and this time someone answered the door immediately. It was a different woman, and she had a clipboard and a pen.

“Hi. I’m Mistress Hera. Are you here for the ropes class?”

“Yeah. I’m Jake.”

“Nice to meet you Jake.” She smiled. “Are you a volunteer or are you just watching?”

“Volunteer.”

“What’s your email?”

Michael gave his email, and she found it on her list.

“Great. You can hang your coat up and head upstairs. It’s the first door on your right. Mistress Jane is up there and will go over what’s expected of you.”

“Thanks.”

He hung up his coat and headed upstairs feeling mildly irritated. He tried to take a deep breath, but it got caught in his throat. Mistress Jane, the woman in the leather vest who had opened the door originally, was talking with another volunteer. She didn’t acknowledge him as he came in, so he sat down on one of the couches and looked at his phone. When she finished her conversation with the other volunteer, she came over.

“Hi. Are you Jake?”

He nodded.

“I’m Mistress Jane. You can get undressed. We’ll be starting soon.”

“Is there a mask?”



She furrowed her brow.

“Online it said you’d have masks for volunteers who wanted to hide their identity.”

“Oh. Ok.” She exhaled audibly as she walked to a closet and dug through a suitcase. She pulled out a small mask that would in no way hide his identity and handed it to him. He didn’t say thank you.

“Is there anything I need to know about you for the class? Do you have any injuries, or any triggers I should know about?”

“Don’t pull on my hair or do anything that can hurt my neck.”

“Got it.” She wrote it down.

She didn’t try to make any more conversation, so he began taking off his clothes. He had a normal size cock, but he was a grower, and until his thirties had been terrified of anyone seeing him naked when he wasn’t erect. He’d gotten over his fear, but this was a different situation, and he felt a little of his prior embarrassment returning. As he took off his pants, he gave his cock a few stealthy strokes to fluff himself up.

“Holy shit! Sweet!”

He was confused for a second before remembering he was covered in bruises.

“That’s funny. I forgot I had those.”

She came closer to him.

“Who did that?”

“Domina Lin.”

“Oh, she’s awesome!”

“She’s really great. I’ve never taken so many cane strokes.”

“She’s so nice!”

“Yeah.”

“Are they tender? Are you ok with rope going over them?”

“It’ll hurt, I think. But that’s ok.”

“Cool.”

She left, and Michael made small talk with the other volunteer, who was even less talkative than he was. He thought about wearing the mask but decided against it. A third volunteer came in, but he wasn’t a talker, either, and the three sat in uncomfortable silence until 7:30, when the door opened and 11 people came into the room. Most of them were just watching, but three women were there to learn. They didn’t have enough ropes, so two people had to share. Michael worked with Mistress Rosie, who was short with a bob cut and who looked at most 24. She asked him about his marks and any injuries and his limits. She was sexy.

He wondered what the people watching thought of him. There were two women in the front who were kind of cute. Were they dating? Did they think he was a freak? It would be weird if they did. He didn’t want to make eye contact with anyone, least of all the two cute women. He wished there were a larger mask he could’ve worn. He stole glances at the cocks of the other volunteers. One was his size and the other was significantly bigger. He stared at a spot on the wall a foot above everyone’s heads.

At 8:10, Mistress Jane announced that they’d gone way over time. This, of course, bugged the shit out of Michael, but he kept his mouth shut.

“Do you want to go to another room to play?” Mistress Rosie asked as she unwrapped the rope from his upper body.

“Yeah!”

“It’s \$40 for 10 minutes and \$60 for 15.”

“Oh...I thought you meant just play.”

She didn’t say anything, and he felt embarrassed, though he knew he shouldn’t.

“I’m good.” He found his pants and started getting dressed.

“I do longer sessions, too, but we don’t offer them at play parties.”

“How old are you? If you don’t mind me asking.”

“I don’t. I’m 25.”

He nodded, then tried to think of something witty to say. Nothing came, so nodded again.

“I’m going to head downstairs. A bunch of house dommes are down there, so come mingle if you want.”

She rubbed her hand down his arm and his dick stirred. Maybe he would book a session with her.

Downstairs, he saw that most of the people from the class had stuck around. He took a deep, steadying breath and walked over to the two cute women.

“Hi. I’m Jake.”

“Hi Jake. I’m Mandy.”

“Chris.”

“Nice to meet you. Did you like the class?”

“It was fine.” Mandy said, in a way that let him know it wasn’t.

“Have you taken other classes here?”

“No. You?”

“No. I’m trying to get more into the scene, and I thought this would be a good place to meet people.”

“Us too.”

They all smiled. Later, looking back at this specific moment, Michael would wonder why he didn’t suggest that they all go to the Opaline party together. In

the moment though, he couldn't think of anything to say.

"Are you a couple?"

They looked at each other briefly.

"Yes."

"Great."

In the uncomfortable silence that followed, Michael wondered what they would say if suggested a three-way. He wished he were that type of guy who could do so without it coming across as creepy. Instead, he wished them a good evening and walked over to a Mistress who seemed half bored and half sad, leaning against a counter.

"Hi, I'm Jake."

She nodded without speaking.

"What's your name?"

"I'm Princess Sika."

"Nice to meet you."

She didn't respond, and she kept the same bored and sad look on her face. He was momentarily confused until he realized she was trying to be haughty.

"It was nice meeting you."

He walked away, wondering what he was doing there. He stopped in the hallway and thought about his situation. People his age were in relationships by now, with kids. And if they were into BDSM, they'd already found someone. Why had he waited so long to go after what he wanted? Some of the women here were pretty, but they were way too young. If he were 30-

SMACK!

The paddle hit his ass. It was Princess Sika.

“Slave! Out of the way!”

He looked at her. If anything, she looked younger than before. Was she even 20? Jesus Christ, what was he doing here? He grabbed his coat.

“Are you ok?”

It was Rosie.

“I saw you come by pretty quickly. Did something happen?”

“No. It’s just...I don’t think this is the place for me.”

“That’s ok. It’s not for everyone.”

She was about to say something, maybe some words of 25-year-old wisdom, but she didn’t. She handed him her card.

“Sometimes it’s better just one-on-one. If you want a session, let me know. We can go slowly and try out different fetishes.”

He nodded. He took the card because he knew it was the fastest way to get out of there. He kept his head down as he left.

Outside, he felt like he’d resurfaced from a deep dive just as his oxygen had run out. He walked to the trash can on the corner and looked again at Rosie’s card. She was nice, but he wouldn’t let himself wonder what it would’ve been like to meet a version of her a dozen years ago. He wished he’d been able to be honest with himself then. He could’ve found someone, and they could be like that couple he saw on the walk over. This was a dangerous road to travel, and he knew it. He threw her card away and went home. That night, he berated himself for waiting so long to pursue his desires. It was so clear what he should have done. But it was too late now; he’d wasted his chance. As he tossed and turned in bed, he thought of all the mistakes he had made, and all the things he would do differently if he could just start everything over.

On Monday, Michael met his therapist for the first time. She was dressed all in black, with a buzz cut and a sleeve tattoo on her right arm. She smiled and invited him into her office, where he sat on a worn and comfortable couch. There was a lot of surprisingly good, clearly homemade art on the walls, and three or four projects in various stages of completion on the floor, including one with stained glass.

“Ok! Let’s get started.”

She smiled and opened an old-school composition notebook. The kind with the black and white cover.

“Why don’t you tell what you want to get out of therapy and what’s going on in your life?”

She was just the right amount of cheery to seem friendly but not stupid. He inhaled deeply and began, telling her about the business and the lawsuit, including how several common friends had sided with his business partner without ever asking for his side. She nodded and took notes. She seemed genuinely upset hearing about his ex-partner.

“I don’t think I’ll ever be fully over it, but I’m not as angry anymore. I won, after all.”

“Good. You don’t need to be fully over it. Not now anyway, it just happened.”

“It was six months ago.”

“That’s not long for a traumatic event.”

Michael was about to say it wasn’t traumatic, but he remembered how stressed he’d been, and how the trial had eclipsed almost everything else in his life. He’d never thought of it as traumatic before, but it clearly was. He wondered how he’d missed that, but he shook that thought away.

“I’m actually here more for romantic reasons.” He paused, realizing how that sounded. “I mean, I want to work on my issues with relationships.”

She smiled. She was one of those people who immediately inspires openness.

“For a long time...” He steadied himself. “I’ve been into BDSM, more specifically femdom. I’m still not fully ok with that yet. I mean, I’m not submissive in my outside life, just sexually. I want to be ok with it, and intellectually I am, I think. But I still feel embarrassed talking about it.”

She nodded. The look on her face was as if Michael had revealed an interest in snowboarding, as opposed to the thing he'd been most ashamed of almost his entire life.

“Last week, I paid a woman to beat me.”

More nodding.

“And she spit in my mouth and I kissed her feet.”

“Did you like it?”

“Very much.”

“Good.”

He couldn't bring himself to tell her she'd peed in his mouth.

“I want to get more involved in the scene, but I don't know how.”

“Ok. So let's figure it out. I don't know the BDSM scene. Are there social events?”

“I tried one last night, but it didn't go well.”

“Do you know why not?”

“Everyone was in their 20s, and...this is embarrassing, but I paid to be a volunteer for a ropes class.”

He waited for her to ask how he could be so stupid, but she just listened.

“I felt ridiculous, like, this was something I should have done 15 years ago. If I were 30, I wouldn’t have felt out of place with dommes in their 20s.”

“Sounds like this wasn’t the place for you.”

“Yeah. It wasn’t.”

“Are there other events you can go to?”

“There’s a party in week and a half I’m going to. And I can look around.”

She nodded.

“I also have some dates lined up.”

Time flew by, as it does when talking about yourself to an attentive listener. She didn’t give him much advice other than right near the end:

“I get the sense that you focus a lot on the right thing to do for the long term. That’s fine, but I think it’s important also to focus on what you want right now. What brings you pleasure, and how do you get that now?”

“I could see another dominatrix.”

“Great.”

“But I just saw one. I was going to wait a month.”

“Why?”

“Why am I waiting a month or why am I seeing another dominatrix?”

“Why are you waiting a month?”

“I need to let the desire build; if I-”

He realized that the explanation he was about to give was bullshit.

“Honestly, I don’t know. I’ve always just had this idea that I have to wait a month between sessions.”



She didn't say anything, and he felt the need to continue.

"Maybe it's because when I first started seeing dommes, I didn't have a lot of money, so I couldn't go more than once every three or four months. I guess I just made it a rule."

"Is there a financial reason you can't see one more often?"

"No...I'll look for one for sooner, maybe this week or next."

That night, he studied the OkCupid profiles of the two women he had dates with that week. Based on an intuition that had never once been proven correct, he decided that Jun, a Chinese accountant, was the better candidate for domination. She most likely wasn't into it yet, but he could introduce it slowly, and hopefully, she would take to it. He imagined how to start, maybe by seeing if she liked to be spanked. He'd start by spanking her, then asking if she wanted to spank him. Or he could bring her fingers to his nipples and ask her to squeeze them hard. He thought through different ways the conversation and beginning activities could go, and after 10 minutes felt like he had a solid plan.

After that, he looked through eros.com and found a gorgeous German domme visiting from upstate New York named Mistress Natalia. Their interests matched, and he liked the writing on her website. He sent her an email requesting a session on Friday, then emailed Domina Lin to ask if he could use her as a reference.

Feeling good, he took out his notebook and cataloged the positives from the last week. One of the self-help books he'd read had advised gratitude practice, which they unfortunately called 'an attitude of gratitude.' Stupid name notwithstanding, Michael liked the idea, and he wrote it in his Moleskin journal, starting at the back.

He felt good about his therapy session. His therapist seemed great. There was his session with Domina Lin. The fact that he went to the ropes class was a positive, even if it wasn't a good experience, and making his profile better on OkCupid was good, too. Also, he had two dates coming up. All in all, it was a good week.

The next night he met Jun for tea and dessert at a café in Chelsea. She looked younger than her 33 years and a little better than her profile pictures. She had wavy dark hair that fell just past her shoulders, a button nose and full lips. She

said in her profile that she moved to the States eight years ago, but her accent was thick, and if Michael talked too quickly, which he did often, she couldn't follow. That said, she was charming, and she passed the touch test.

Michael had a friendly face, and he attracted nice women, which had positives and negatives. One of the negatives was that he often attracted women who seemed to have an aversion to human contact. They held their bodies rigidly, and they jerked away if he casually touched their arms or upper backs. It would have been understandable if the dates had been horrible, or if Michael had pawed at them immediately, but he was not a bold dater, and he'd been trained at his liberal arts college against being grabby. Three times over a two-month period, women had recoiled when he'd touched their arms, all three times on the second date. This baffled Michael, for whom the whole point of dating was getting someone to touch you who you can touch back. After the third incident, he instituted a rule: in the first five minutes of meeting someone, he would touch them in a friendly way on the arm or hand. If they jerked away, he would end the date right away. That decision ended the run of touch-averse women, and Michael wondered whether the fact that he no longer accepted that kind of women prevented them from entering his universe. He didn't come to a decision either way.

"You have nice hands," he said, reaching over and briefly touching the back of Jun's hand. She smiled and thanked him, and the date continued.

He didn't get a kiss at the end of the date, or even a hug, but he hadn't expected one. Jun was reserved, at least tonight, and it was clear early on that nothing sexual was going to happen. That said, it was a promising first meeting, and he made a mental note to text in a few days.

At home, he checked his email. Domina Lin had written him back to say yes, he was welcome to use her as a reference and thank you for asking. He forwarded her information to Mistress Natalia.

He checked his OkC profile and saw that a woman named Chloe had returned his message. She was sexy, with red hair and tattoos down one arm. Her profile answers were funny and irreverent. One of the categories was "the most private thing I'm willing to admit is..." Few people said anything shocking, and the majority answered with some form of "no way I'm sharing that" or "then it wouldn't be private." But Chloe, which Michael assumed she pronounced

Chloe-ee, had written “I’m wanted for grand larceny in 37 states.” He had sent the following message:

*“Bounty hunter, here. Would you like to meet for a drink and an arrest?”*

It wasn’t the funniest message in the world, but he thought she’d appreciate the attempt. Her reply was brief but promising.

*“I’d meet for one of those things. What’s the deal with your third picture?”*

Michael’s third picture was a kaleidoscope he’d made the year before. He included the picture because it was impressive and because it was an easy conversation starter. Chloe was the first person to ever mention it.

*“I make kaleidoscopes for fun. This is the best one I’ve ever done.”*

She wrote him back right away.

*“Whoa! That’s awesome! Do you have any other fancy tricks?”*

*“Tons, but you’ll have to meet me to find out.”*

*“Ha! Ok. I’m in lower Manhattan. Meet for a drink tomorrow night?”*

*“How’s 7?”*

*“7:30. Meet me a Luce Bar on Delancey.”*

*“Deal!”*

*“See you then ;)”*

Michael thought about his date all the next day. Chloe seemed like the sexy, wild type of woman he’d always wanted. She didn’t play games either, which was refreshing. None of the normal, wait a week to meet to seem busy and high status bullshit. He put a condom in his wallet and headed to the city.

He arrived ten minutes early, but there wasn’t anywhere to sit. He looked around but didn’t see Chloe, who seemed like the 5-to-10-minutes-late type, anyway. He left and walked around the block, practicing his opening lines as he did. He came back right at 7:30 and texted that he was there, then found a spot against the wall

and tried to look nonchalant, looking quickly at the door every time it opened.

At 7:33, he had a sudden and intense feeling that Chloe wasn't going to show. He tried to explain it away as nerves, but in his gut he was sure of it.

A couple at the bar left, and Michael sat and put his bag on the seat next to him. He looked at his phone: 7:37

"Excuse me, is this your bag?"

"Yeah, my friend stepped out for a second. She'll be right back."

The guy didn't believe him, but Michael turned back to the bar. The bartender approached and gave him a nod.

"Can I get you a drink?"

"Let me think for a minute."

"Excuse me, is this seat taken?"

It was a woman this time. Not Chloe.

"I'm waiting for a friend. She texted that she's almost here."

7:42. She wasn't going to show up. He should text her again. No. Too needy. Just wait.

"Excuse me, is this seat taken?"

At 7:55, he called Chloe's number, but it went right to voicemail. She wasn't showing up.

"Excuse me. Is someone sitting here?"

Michael grabbed his bag and left. How could he have been so stupid? Of course it was a fake account! Someone like that would never like him! When he got home, full of sour adrenaline and self-pity, he went online to Twitter. As long as he had free time, he'd follow more dommes and writers. And that's when he saw Mistress Bianca.

If someone had accessed Michael's brain and used it to create the ideal dominatrix, it would be Mistress Bianca. Long, wavy brown hair, a thick body, almond-shaped eyes and full lips. She looked like a sex robot from a sci-fi film. His dick pulsed. He scrolled through her posts. Her pictures showed different sides of her personality: her sly smile and knowing eyes, her stern glare, her haughty sneer. Michael realized he'd been breathing through his open mouth for some time. He followed the link to her website.

It was a pay site, but there were some free items: a few photos, a short About-Me page and a video interview with some magazine he'd never heard of. He played the video. She gestured a lot as she talked, and she sounded sophisticated, with her Australian accent. He looked through her fetishes, which matched his own. After the interview, he scrolled through her pictures again, then grabbed some lube. He was smitten.

Post-orgasm, he went back to her website. The pay site was gamified, with a slave training section complete with quizzes and daily assignments. As you finished training sections, or bought her gifts, you earned points. The high point-getter each month won a prize.

Originally, Michael hadn't planned on subscribing, but the gamification angle made him reconsider. He liked the idea of getting a daily task, and he was curious about her slave training. Monthly subscriptions came in three tiers: \$7 got you just the daily assignment. \$30 got you the daily assignment and full access to her site, and \$100 got you everything plus a personal message once a week. Michael chose the \$7 option. If he liked the daily tasks, he'd bump up to full access in a month. He listened to her interview again. She wasn't from Australia, she was from New Zealand...no, South Africa. She was South African, though now she lived in Thailand. For all her sophistication, she was down to earth, and she laughed a lot. There was something about her way of speaking that was alluring: her voice had a seductive lilt, and she hit her consonants hard, especially her t's. It went right down to his groin, even in his post-orgasm state.

When he returned to the home page, he found he'd mistakenly been given access to the entire site. He looked through her photo sets. God, she was gorgeous! She had good fashion sense, too, and her pictures were artistically arranged and lighted. The whole website was professional and elegant. He thought about jumping into the first slave training section, but decided to wait until after his

refractory period.

Michael's online crushes followed a pattern: he would become obsessed with a dominatrix because of her thick hair or her wide mouth or how she looked wearing a strap on. For a month or two, he would masturbate to her pictures regularly, fantasizing about their D/s romance and eventual marriage. These dommes were never in New York, so Michael would never have to risk his fantasies by actually trying to make them a reality. As such, the passion would eventually fade, and the imaginary relationship would end. There was never any emotional messiness or ill will, as none the dommes had any idea that Michael existed. After a suitable mourning period, he would move on to the next dominatrix. Michael was aware of his pattern, and he figured his infatuation with Mistress Bianca would last a couple months, three at most.

The next night, Michael had a date with another woman from OkCupid, Marissa. She was friendly, but he didn't feel any attraction for her, and she didn't feel any attraction for him. He didn't even bother with the touch test. When he got home, he reached out to Jun and set up a second date. Mistress Natalia had gotten back to him and wasn't available Friday but suggested Saturday night at 7. Michael sent a quick email confirmation, then wondered if it actually was too soon after his last session and he should postpone. He went back to the conversation he'd had with his therapist and realized, again, that his rule separating femdom sessions by at least a month had been financially based, and that the situation had changed and he was right to book another session. What was the good of winning a stressful legal battle if you didn't spend at least part of your winnings getting beaten and fucked by a beautiful woman?

Later in the evening, he went through the first section of Mistress Bianca's slave training, titled "About Your Mistress." It had tasks, such as listening to one of her interviews and reading one of her blog posts. It also listed some of her favorite foods and drinks and cities and fashion designers. Michael learned that Mistress Bianca meditated every day, spoke English and Thai, and donated to a non-profit that provided legal and social services to sex workers. The section ended with a quiz, which he aced, then redirected him to her wishlist. He didn't buy anything.

At 9pm, her daily task showed up in his inbox. He was to bring up one of her pictures from the website and kneel before it with his head on the floor for two minutes. When he was done, he was to thank her with a post on Twitter. It was simple and fun, and it pressed submissive buttons in his psyche. After he completed it, he masturbated to her picture.

For his second date with Jun, he took her to the Grand Central Oyster Bar. They sat on stools and tried half-a-dozen types of oysters from all over the United States. At one point, after he'd made her laugh, she leaned over and put her head on his shoulder. Afterward, they walked hand in hand to Bryant Park and ate the dark chocolate he'd brought for dessert. She was less reserved than on their first date, and a little more playful. The ambience was only partially marred by the

fact that she was going away for two-and-a-half weeks. She'd told him at the end of dinner that she was leaving the next day to visit her parents in China.

As he walked her to a taxi, he rubbed the palm of her hand with his thumb.

"I hope you have a good trip, and I want you to promise that we'll talk again."

She seemed confused by that, and he wondered if he'd spoken too quickly.

"Did you understand me?"

"Why wouldn't we talk again?"

He took a deep breath.

"A lot of beginning relationships fall apart if someone goes away for a week or two. I've seen it before: everything is going great, but for some reason, the break kills it, and I don't want that to happen, because I like you."

It wasn't easy for him to be vulnerable, and his heart beat a little faster. She looked up at him, confused.

"What?"

"Did you understand me?"

"No. Sorry. I couldn't follow. Can you say it again?"

He started again, explaining it to her slower and little louder. He got nervous again at the end.

"Could you follow that?"

She smiled.

"Yes. I understood the first time, I just wanted to hear you say you liked me again."

He laughed, then put his hands on her hips and pulled her close. She smiled, but her body language told him she wasn't ready for a kiss. He hailed a cab and opened the door for her. She gave him a hug, then waved goodbye as the taxi



pulled away. On the subway home, Michael fantasized about their future together, living in his house in Brooklyn or buying a home north on the Hudson. He imagined coming up behind her as she was cooking, holding her around the waist as she reached behind her and stroked his cheek.

He sent her a text the next morning, wishing her a great trip, and she replied instantly with a smiling emoji. It felt unfair that he finally met someone he liked, who seemed to like him back, and she was going away, but he was determined to stay positive. Their relationship could survive a few weeks away.

The next night he gave himself an enema, showered, brushed his teeth and headed into the city. He texted Mistress Natalia as he approached her hotel, and she met him near the elevators. She was taller than he expected, and prettier.

In the hotel room – a two-room suite – she offered him water and tea, and they went over his fetishes again and discussed the session. She told him to take off his clothes and kneel, then left the room. Michael felt his heart beating. He was happy he hadn't waited a month.

She returned after a few minutes, wearing thigh-high leather boots, a pink cashmere sweater and a black leather skirt. He'd requested the cashmere sweater, which looked fantastic over her large breasts. She sat in a chair in front of him, then snapped her fingers and pointed to her boots.

“Come. Kiss.”

He crawled to her and placed a kiss on the top of each one.

“Take them off.”

Her feet smelled, as he'd requested.

“Massage my feet. Do a good job and I'll let you lick them.”

Michael was good at many things, and foot massage was one of them. He worked her arches, giving enough pressure to feel good but not so much that it hurt. Natalia was appreciative but not as impressed as he'd hoped.

“That was very good. Kiss each foot ten times. No more.”

When he was done, she stood and turned, then lifted her skirt. Her butt was round and full.

“Kiss my butt. Just the cheeks.”

She looked at him over her shoulder as he did, her long, brown hair falling down her back.

“Stop, lay on your back.”

She sat back in her chair and placed her feet on his face.

“Lick.”

He tasted every inch of her feet, making sure to get between her two smallest toes, where her scent was strongest. Afterwards, she led him into the other room.

“On the bed, on your knees.”

He watched as she took off her sweater, revealing a lacy black bra. She put on a rubber glove and lubed up her finger, then reached between his legs and grabbed his hard cock.

“Good boy. So excited!”

She gave him a light slap on his balls, which made him jump, then grabbed him around the base of his testicles. With her other hand, she rubbed lube on his asshole, gradually increasing her pressure. Michael wiggled his toes as he tried to will himself to unclench.

“Relax, Jake.”

He exhaled, and her finger pushed inside him.

“Good.”

She moved slowly in and out, rotating her hand. Michael concentrated on his breath and the feel of the bed against his knees. He tried to stay present and not think about what was coming. She pushed another finger inside him, and he lowered his chest to the bed. It was always strange how much bigger two fingers

felt than one. She let go of his testicles and rubbed his lower back.

“I think you’re ready for my cock.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She slid on her strapon harness and pushed a medium-sized, pink-flesh-colored dildo through the ring in front.

“On the floor. Kneel.”

She stood in front of him, her dildo hanging in his face.

“Kiss.”

He planted a small kiss on the tip, then another. She grabbed his hair and led his face to her cock.

“Again...Now suck.”

He’d done this before, and he was surprised again at how little he could take before gagging. Natalia held his head firmly as he moved up and down her dildo. After a little while, she pulled away.

“Enough. I want to fuck. Bend over the bed.”

It was an awkward angle, so he put two pillows beneath his stomach. She put her hand on his lower back and rubbed his asshole with the tip of her cock.

“Spread your cheeks for me.”

She found his opening and slowly worked her way inside. Michael concentrated on the feel of her hands on his hips and the pillows against his stomach. She felt him relax, and she pushed farther into him, then gently moved in and out.

“I’m going to turn you into my whore. You know that, right?”

“Yes Mistress.”

She pushed deeper and he moaned.

“You’re going to be addicted to cock, and I’m going to get my friends to come and fuck you while I watch. They’ll pay me to fuck you and fill you with cum.”

“Oh, yes Mistress.”

He loved dirty talk, and she was good at it, and filthy.

“You’ll suck cock all night long for me. You’ll end up covered in cum.”

“Can I touch myself, Mistress?”

“No, Jake.”

She gripped his hips, and he pushed back into her.

“Beg me to make you my whore!”

“Please Mistress! Please make me your whore!”

“Again.”

“Please Mistress, I want to be your whore! I want you to make me suck cock!”

She gave him three deep thrusts before pulling out.

“Go to the bathroom and lie on your back. Put a towel beneath you.”

He walked to the bathroom, scared and excited for what was coming. She straddled his head, then crouched down.

“Thank me for this honor.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

It tasted terrible. Piss always tasted bad, but this was especially horrid. He figured she must be on a special diet.

“Did you appreciate your gift, slave?”

“Honestly, Mistress, it tasted awful. Did you have...hold on...did you eat bitter greens earlier?”

“I did!”

“It tastes like dandelion root.”

“Oh my God! I did have dandelion root!”

“It’s so bitter!”

“Rinse out your mouth and wash your face, then meet me in front of the mirror.”

She had him kneel, then reached around and put him in a choke hold. Her breasts pushed against his back.

“You belong to me.”

She let go, then ran her nails down his sides and up his stomach to his chest. She squeezed his nipples hard. Her fingers were strong.

“Tell me who you belong to.”

“I belong to you, Mistress.”

“Again.”

“I belong to you, Mistress!”

He looked at their reflection in the mirror. She looked positively radiant, and young for 32. God she was beautiful! He, on the other hand, looked pasty and haggard. When had he gotten so old? Sadness crashed over him, and he shut his eyes.

“It’s not accurate,” he told himself. “It’s not real.”

He shoved down his feelings, and when she led him to the bed, he was almost back to normal.

“On your back.”

She squirted lube in his hand, then lay on her side next to him, her hand supporting her head.

“Play with yourself.”

He began masturbating. She looked down at him with a smile on her face.

“You’re going to eat your come for me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She rubbed his chest.

“After you come, you’re going to want to chicken out, but you’re going to push through for me, aren’t you?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“I’m going to lock you in chastity and control your cock.”

“I hope so, Mistress.”

“You’ll beg me to unlock you, and I’ll be bitchy and cruel. I’ll laugh at your suffering.”

His dick throbbed.

“Oh God!”

“You’ll tie yourself in knots trying to please me, and after a month of begging and pleading, I’ll ruin your orgasm, then make you lick your come off the bottom of my shoe.”

“Oh fuck!”

He came, moaning loudly as he arched his back. It felt amazing! Mistress Natalia put on a rubber glove as he caught his breath. There was nothing on earth he wanted to do less than eat his come, but he knew in a day it would be hot that he’d done it. At the same time...

“I know that look,” she scooped up his cum in her gloved hand. “Open.”

She pushed his cum into his mouth. He groaned and shook his head.

“Stop complaining.”

She scooped up more and rubbed it on his tongue.

“Oh God! It’s so awful, Mistress.”

She laughed.

After he showered, he got dressed and met her in the front room.

“Thanks Mistress. That was a lot of fun.”

“I knew you’d be fun to play with.”

“Thanks. I had the same feeling about you.”

“I can’t believe you recognized dandelion root!”

He thought about telling her that she was even prettier than her pictures, but he realized he didn’t have to. He’d had a really good time, and he was pretty sure she did too. It was ok to leave it at that.

“I hope you’ll let me know the next time you’re in town.”

“I have a mailing list. Send me an email and I’ll add you. I send out all my travel information to my mailing list first.”

He agreed and they hugged goodbye. He felt proud for not complimenting her looks. No doubt she got that all the time.

On the way home, he remembered looking in the mirror, and all the feelings he’d shoved down came roaring back. He remembered buying a girlfriend earrings at Tiffany’s in his early twenties. The store was full of rich old men with beautiful young women. One man in particular was especially dumpy, and the woman he was with especially gorgeous. They were looking at expensive necklaces, and she was pointing out the ones she wanted. At the time, he’d felt superior to the old man. Paying someone to spend time with him: where was his self-respect?! But that was him now! How had he gotten here?

The next morning, Michael’s self-loathing had mostly receded. He’d enjoyed

playing with Mistress Natalia, and she probably wasn't lying when she said she enjoyed playing with him, too. It was a better idea not to see her again, though. Clearly, his psyche was telling him as much. He shared this with his therapist.

"She was fun but..."

She waited.

"She had me kneel in front of a mirror, and she was choking me and then squeezing my nipples."

Out of habit, he checked to see if she were making a face, but she was her usual curious, non-judgmental self. He wondered how long it would take him not to flinch when he talked about femdom.

"I looked in the mirror and saw her, and she's beautiful, like really gorgeous, and she's 32, but she looks younger, and she's got a great body, and I just felt... pathetic. Like I'm this old man who has to pay women to be with him."

"Did she do something you didn't like?"

"No, not at all."

"So you were enjoying the session up until then?"

"Yeah. I think, maybe, that I realized this was the kind of person I've always wanted to be with, and I was finally with her, because I was paying her."

She frowned.

"That sounds like an excuse."

"What?"

"It doesn't sound real. It sounds like something you made up to pull yourself out of the moment."

He hadn't expected pushback.

"What do you mean?"



“Maybe you were liking the session, and you thought that she was pretty and nice and dominant, and those feelings were intense, so you found a reason to disengage so you didn’t have to feel it.”

Michael was stunned. He’d never once considered that a negative emotion could be anything other than absolute truth. Could she be right?

That evening, he thought more about what his therapist had said, that he’d pulled back out of fear, and that his negative explanation was incorrect. If she were right, what did it mean about all his other negative thoughts? Were they all fake? He tried to go through them one by one, but he couldn’t conclude one way or the other. He did decide to have another session with Mistress Natalia when she was back in town, though. He liked her, after all.

That Thursday night was the Opaline party Domina Lin had told him about. Michael meditated during the day, then exercised and showered and put on his most fetish-y clothing: a pair of black jeans with a black belt and a tight black t-shirt. He felt tired. He tried to picture a successful evening, but he couldn’t imagine talking to anyone, or anyone wanting to talk to him. He saw himself at the bar, standing alone and trying to look like that was ok. He pictured saying hi to Domina Lin and her looking at him in surprise, then giving him a quick hello and turning back to her boyfriend. And he would stand by her table a little too long, until it was obvious even to him that she was merely being polite when she’d told him to come say hi. His chest felt tight. Why was he doing this? He was going to be there for 30 minutes and then leave without talking to anyone. His hands felt shaky. He tried to psyche himself up, but he just felt worse and worse. Finally, he changed into sweats and found a book to read.

The next morning, he was full of regret. Why hadn’t he gone? All he had to do was smile and say hello to someone. If they didn’t say hi back, who cares? There were dominant women there, and he’d chickened out, just like all the other times! He was upset with himself for the rest of the day, and though he promised that next month he would definitely go, deep down he didn’t believe it.

Over the next two weeks, Michael's luck on OkCupid went dry, which he bitched about to his therapist. He couldn't understand why women who liked the Pixies and Murakami and who said they were searching for someone athletic and grounded would not return an email from someone athletic and grounded who also liked the Pixies and Murakami. She reminded him that online dating didn't make sense, and he was better off not taking it personally or searching for explanations. He knew she was right, but that didn't stop him from taking it personally, searching for explanations or bitching about it constantly. He and Jun traded emails, but she wasn't great at writing, and he had a feeling she was busy with friends and family.

Michael spent a lot of time on Mistress Bianca's website, and he completed her daily tasks with fervor. They rotated between somewhat humiliating assignments, creative challenges, and questions about his BDSM interests. One night he crawled in a circle; another day he wrote his favorite kinks; the next he composed a haiku. Regardless of the task, subs were required to tweet their compliance with the hashtags #MistressBianca and #dailyslavetask.

Mistress Bianca liked Michael's posts, and she gave him more feedback than she gave her other followers. He knew this from religiously tracking her profile page, where she retweeted all of the daily tasks accorded her. One night, the task was to meditate for 10 minutes. For his compliance tweet, Michael quoted the guru S.N. Goenka, who had brought Vipassana to international renown in the late 20th Century. As he wrote, he imagined Goenka's booming voice.

*"Patience and persistence, bound to be successful, bound to be successful."*

As part of the Vipassana course, students watched a short video lesson by Goenka each evening, and this was one of his favorite sayings. Anyone who took the course would get it. Mistress Bianca did.

*That's Vipassana, what I practice! Did you find it online?*

She had commented on his posts several times, but this was the first time she had

asked him a direct question.

*No, I did a Vipassana course and this was one of my favorite quotes!*

*How great! Do you still practice?*

*I did for about five months, but then I got caught up in something and I stopped when I should have been meditating more.*

She didn't reply, but she liked his message, and Michael felt a thrill in having engaged her. At the same time, he felt slightly ridiculous. Why was he so happy that an online domme talked to him? What did he think was going to happen? Marriage? She lived in Thailand, or so she claimed. Who knew if anything she said were true? She might not even be the one writing: a marketing team could be running the site. He wondered if he were turning into one of those desperate and pathetic men who fell in love with women on the internet. These were disturbing thoughts, but they didn't stop him from completing the next section of Mistress Bianca's slave training and aching the quiz at the end, or from masturbating afterward.

When Jun came back from China, he took her to a show at the Joyce Theater and then dinner. She seemed happy to see him, though not overly affectionate. During dinner, she told him that she'd been married before to a much older man, and that they'd divorced three years ago. She didn't explain why, only that it hurt her ex-husband terribly. The way she said it was without compassion, almost like it was humorous. It was strange and disconcerting.

That concern disappeared, however, when she kissed him goodnight. She was a much better kisser than he'd expected. She moved into him, and her body fit wonderfully against his own.

They saw each other three more times over the next two weeks. They didn't go far sexually: Jun had told him that nothing serious would happen until they were in a committed relationship. Michael wasn't ready for that, and he was done lying for sex, so mostly they just kissed. She was surprisingly sensual for someone so reserved, her body somehow both firm and soft.

He completed the first three sections of Mistress Bianca's course and started the fourth. To win the monthly prize, it made sense to get through as much as possible the first month, since you received 5,000 points just for signing up. If he

finished this last section – there were only four total – he didn’t see how anyone could beat him, unless they bought her a ton of expensive gifts. A few weeks ago, this would have made Michael ecstatic, and he would have spent the evening crafting their relationship: imagining their phone conversations, planning their eventual meeting, masturbating to their insane sex. But now, as his relationship with Jun grew, he realized that Mistress Bianca was a fun distraction but not real, and he needed to move on.

He took Jun to an archery range. That morning, he’d decided it was time for their relationship to progress physically. He wasn’t 15, and he wasn’t going to wait six months to get to second base. He was going to make a move, and if she said yes, he was ready for a committed relationship. He’d been hesitant about both of these steps, but his therapist reminded him that he wasn’t getting married, and that if it didn’t work out he was free to break up with her. As they stood in front of the targets, arrows notched, he leaned over.

“I’ll make a bet with you, Jun. Whoever wins, the other gives them oral sex tonight.”

She blushed, which he’d expected, then she agreed, which he hadn’t.

“Ok.”

“You know I won the bronze medal in archery at the ’96 Olympics, right?”

She frowned theatrically, then smiled and blew him a kiss.

He was a better athlete than she was, and by the second of four quivers had a sizable lead. She moved next to him and rubbed his chest, then kissed him on the neck.

“You’ll let me win, won’t you?”

She smiled at him, her eyes wide, her hand now on his stomach.

“Of course.”

In his bedroom that night, he slowly kissed her lips and her neck. She raised her arms, and he lifted her shirt over her head, then reached behind her and unhooked her bra. She lay back on his bed, and he ran his tongue around her

small, pink nipples. He took them one at a time into his mouth. She moaned softly as her nipples stiffened. She was thin, and she had a small mole right next to her belly button. He gave her small bites down her stomach, then put a pillow on the floor and slowly pulled off her pants. She was breathing heavily. Michael could feel his heart beating, and the press of his erection against his jeans. He kissed her inner thigh and she exhaled pleurably. Their eyes met, and she smiled and stroked his hair. Because she was reserved, Michael had assumed she would be awkward in bed, but she wasn't. In fact, she seemed very comfortable being serviced like this. The thought made his dick throb. It wasn't much of a leap to think she'd enjoy being dominant. He moved up and whispered in her ear.

"You're only allowed to say four words to me: faster, slower, harder, softer. Other than that, all you have to do is relax."

"Yes."

He kissed her lips, then knelt on the pillow and kissed her stomach. He licked her thighs and rubbed her over her panties. She squirmed, then lifted her hips. He removed her underwear, revealing her long, straight pubic hair. He planted a slow kiss at the base of her opening. She twitched slightly. He licked her slowly, feeling his tongue against her, putting his awareness to where their bodies met. She was really wet, and she moaned as he licked her vagina from bottom to top.

"Ohhh!"

"You smell good, Jun."

She closed her eyes and turned her head to the right, her mouth open. He kept the same pace as he moved slowly up toward her clit, hearing her breath speed up. He licked softly and her moans grew louder. She bucked, then lifted her hips, pressing herself against his mouth.

"Harder!"

He licked harder, using the very tip of his tongue, and she dug her nails into the back of his head and cried out, pushing him away from her as she turned to her side and hugged her knees.

Afterward, they lay next to each other. She was smiling at him with bright eyes.

He'd seen that look before. She liked him.

"Jun, did you like that?"

"I did."

"I thought so."

She leaned over and kissed him, her hand trailing slowly down his stomach, his cock straining to break free and meet her halfway. She reached into his underwear and held him for a moment. Her hands were soft and cool. She started to stroke him.

"Hold on."

He slipped off his pants and underwear, then held her hand palm up.

"Spit in your hand."

He lay back as she returned her hand to his cock, working him slowly up and down. She brought her lips to his ear.

"You like me, don't you?"

"I do, Jun."

"I can tell. You like what I'm doing, right?"

"Yes."

"Good."

She didn't speed up, but the feel of her lips close to his ear, and her surprisingly sexy voice, was speeding him close to the edge. He breathed deeply and spread the sensations through his body. She leaned over and kissed his chest and his nipples, then bit his earlobe, hard.

"Ow!"

She laughed, and Michael smiled. She'd be a good domme.

“Jun?”

“Yes?”

“Will you take me in your mouth?”

“No.”

“Ok. But why not?”

She didn't answer. She kept stroking him, her soft hands sliding up and down his shaft. He ran his fingers through her thick, black hair and looked at the ceiling as the pleasure slowly built, until his breath was ragged and hips were twitching.

“I'm going to cum soon.”

She sped up her strokes, and soon the pleasure overloaded his senses. He screamed and shot ropes of semen onto his stomach. Jun kept stroking him, and he sent forth one final volley before crashing back down to the bed. He lifted her hand off of his cock, and she wiped her palm and fingers on his side.

“That was amazing!”

She smiled and kissed his cheek. He cleaned up, and they fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next day, he drove her home, and she introduced him to Mulan, her large pit bull. They all went for a walk, and Jun had Michael take Mulan's leash in what he was sure was some type of boyfriend test. Michael, who was naturally athletic and lifted weights almost every day, struggled to control the dog, and he wondered how in the world Jun, who weighed at most 100 pounds and looked like she'd never seen the inside of a gym, could stop such a monster if Mulan decided to devour a child or a small vehicle.

After the walk, Jun made them lunch, and they kissed goodbye with promises to see each other soon. That night, he decided to tell her he wanted a committed relationship, and he thought about how best to introduce her to femdom. He'd start small, getting her to bite him hard, which now that he thought about it, she'd already done. He'd tell her it was sexy when she ordered him to go down on her. He'd explain tease and denial. She'd be a good tease. He pictured her

bringing him close to the edge over and over, denying him release each time, that mischievous smile on her face.

The next day, she broke up with him over text. She didn't say why, only that she enjoyed spending time with him but didn't want to see him again. He called right away.

"Jun, what happened? I thought you had a good time the other night!"

"I did."

"So why are you ending things?"

"What?"

"Why are you ending things?"

"Well," she was silent for a few moments, "you can have many friends, but you can only date one person."

He waited for her to go on, but she didn't. Her tone was chipper, as if she were telling him she'd gotten a raise at work.

"What does that mean?"

"You can have a lot of people as friends. It's ok to have a lot of friends. But you can't date a lot of people. You can only be with one person."

Michael waited for more, but she'd apparently made her point.

"Are you dating other people now?"

"No."

"I'm confused. I thought we were getting along well. We had good times together, at least I did."

"Me, too."

Her voice remained upbeat.



“But you don’t want to see me again.”

“Yes.”

“Even though it was fun, and we had a good time in bed.”

“Yes.”

“That’s confusing to me. I don’t get it.”

She was silent for a moment.

“You can have a lot of friends...”

Two days later, he recounted the episode to his therapist.

“That doesn’t make any sense.”

“Right?”

“She just kept repeating the same explanation?”

“Maybe she was doing it on purpose, like she didn’t want to say the real reason, so she decided just to frustrate me until I gave up.”

“That sounds like a story you’re creating.”

“What else could it be? Her voice was really happy, like we were discussing a trip to Costa Rica.”

“That is weird...I don’t know. Maybe she didn’t know how to explain it, or she didn’t have a reason. Maybe she just goes by emotion.”

“She’s an accountant.”

“She could operate differently when dealing with relationships. You don’t know for certain, and searching for some logical explanation is just going to drive you crazy.”

“Do you think she’s sociopathic?”

She shrugged, and they were silent for almost a minute.

“I really liked her, or at least who I thought she was.”

“I know, and you have every right to be upset.”

He leaned back and felt into his chest. It hurt.

“I know it may be hard to hear, but I think it’s lucky you found out this side of her now, before you got too attached. Imagine if this happened in six months.”

He thought back to the way she’d told him about her ex-husband, the slight smile and the coldness in her voice. He realized that he knew very little about her, about how she thought and her heart. His chest still hurt, but his therapist was right: it could’ve been a lot worse.

He didn’t go on OkCupid that night. He needed a break from dating, so he went to Mistress Bianca’s website instead. There was no chance he’d ever date her, so there was no chance she’d suddenly end everything for no reason. He thought again about Jun, lying next to him in bed and asking if he liked her. Why would she do that? Should he have said no? Had she wanted him to be more aggressive? He brought up his daily task, which was to choose an implement from his kitchen and hit his butt with it three times. He picked a wooden stirring spoon and, after hitting himself, placed it on a red pillow and took a picture in low light. He attached it to his tweet. Mistress Bianca was impressed.

*Excellent presentation! As a reward, hit yourself five more times, a little harder than you did before ;)*

Every day that week, he labored over his daily task, and every night she gave his tweet personal attention. He looked through her page and was relieved and overjoyed that she didn’t afford any of her other acolytes the same attention. He was special.

He spent a lot of time looking at her pictures. She seemed able to toggle effortlessly between appearing lofty and unattainable and appearing approachable and friendly. He wondered, not for the first time, or even the 10th, what she was really like. He listened to another interview. For his last task of the week, he knelt before one of her pictures and masturbated. He spent 15 minutes deciding on the right shot, a picture of her in a leather bodysuit, looking over her

shoulder at the camera. She was so beautiful! He focused on her butt until he exploded into a paper towel, then tweeted:

*Mission accomplished!*

*#dailyslavetask #MistressBianca*

As he went to sleep that night, he wondered when his infatuation with Mistress Bianca would end. It had been a while, and his feelings seemed as strong, if not stronger than when he started. He wondered if he were getting involved in something he'd regret.

The next day he got an email from Mistress Bianca's assistant, Clarissa, telling him that he was the high point earner for the month. His reward was a month of direct messaging with Mistress Bianca on Twitter.

He was elated at winning and a little guilty over getting access to the full site without paying for it. He decided it was only right to let her assistant know and to buy Mistress Bianca a gift worth at least \$23: the difference between the daily task subscription and the full-site membership. He picked a pair of leather wrist cuffs from her wishlist, then emailed Clarissa about the error.

He received a prompt note back. "I've told Mistress Bianca that you weren't supposed to have full access to the site, but she requested you remain the high earner for the month, as she's been very pleased with your service."

Her tone irritated Michael: it wasn't his fault he got full access, plus he bought Mistress Bianca a gift that made up the difference. She should be appreciative of his honesty! But his irritation was swamped by the joy at hearing Mistress Bianca was pleased with him. That she noticed him at all was amazing. He pictured talking to her, hearing her cut-glass accent as they bonded over shared interests and philosophies. He spent the rest of that evening having imaginary conversations with her, winning her affection with his sincerity, humor and creativity.

The next day, he received access to direct message Mistress Bianca on Twitter. She asked him to send her a short introduction, including what it was that brought him to her site. He spent an hour crafting his message:

*Hi Mistress Bianca,*

*Thank you for the dm access! My name is Jake and I'm in my early 40s. I recently sold a tutoring business that I ran for 10 years, and I'm taking some time to decide what to do next. I write and read a lot, and I exercise daily. In my spare time I make things with stained glass, mostly kaleidoscopes.*

*As for what brought me to you, I was initially drawn by your beauty, but what's kept me fascinated is your intellect and sophistication. The combination is irresistible.*

*There's a lot more I could say, but you asked for a short introduction, and if I listed everything about you that I like, it wouldn't be a short introduction.*

*Do you mind sharing your favorite fetishes? I'm curious what you enjoy most.*

*Be well,*

*Jake*

He spent another half hour later in the day revising his message, adding and then deleting paragraphs, changing the word “fascinated” to “interested” and then back again. Finally, he'd had enough and hit send. Over the next two days, he checked his messages approximately 50 times. It would have been more, but he finally put a limit on his screen time. On the morning of the third day, she replied.

*Hi Jake,*

*It's very nice to learn about you, and I'm happy you joined my site. What kind of writing do you do? And you mentioned a while back that you stopped meditating because you got caught up in something. Do you mind talking about what that was?*

*Mistress Bianca*

Michael wasn't sure what he'd expected from her reply, but definitely something longer and something that included her favorite fetishes. He wondered how long she spent reading his email and writing hers, and he decided not very long. They had so much in common she could have asked him about, too. For a moment, he debated leaving her site now. What was he doing, anyway? She was beautiful, but he didn't really know her. She could be totally different from her online

persona, or someone else could have written her message to him. Maybe Clarissa did it, or maybe she was Clarissa. Or maybe she was just looking for men to kidnap and use as slave labor.

The next morning, Michael had recovered from his disappointment, and he realized — with some embarrassment — how ridiculous his irritation had been. While it was true that he knew little about the real her, she knew almost nothing about him, including what he looked like. It was crazy to expect a long email or friendly banter, and besides, she'd asked him a direct question based on something he wrote weeks ago. He shook his head, amazed at his stupidity.

*Hi Mistress Bianca,*

*Thanks for your message. I write mostly fiction now, but I've written two books on motivation and learning - you can get them now, on Amazon ;)*

*As for what I got caught up in: a few years ago, my business partner tried to steal my half of the business from me, and I sued him. It was long and stressful, and I stopped meditating, stupidly. I won, so that was good, but I didn't meditate for a while. I'm doing some work on that now, however.*

*I'm curious if you would mind sharing what drew you to domination?*

*Best,*

*Jake*

It took her a week, but she wrote back.

*Jake,*

*That's so terrible about your business partner! I've heard similar stories. Some people just get blinded by money and do terrible things. I'm glad you won, and I'm glad you're taking the time to rest and heal. I would like you to meditate at least three times a week going forward. I'll let you decide for how long.*

*I realize that I never answered your question about my favorite fetishes. My two favorites are pegging and golden showers. I love the power I feel when pegging someone, especially the sensation as I enter a slave. I love golden showers because of what they represent: a slave's worship of my waste. I'm very drawn to*

*breaking taboos, and a slave receiving my waste in its mouth was once taboo to me (though now it feels quite tame). I have other fetishes, bondage, corporal punishment, and many more, but the two I mentioned will always be my favorites.*

*I'll be traveling over the next two weeks, so I won't be online as much, but I look forward to learning more about you.*

*Be well,*

*Mistress Bianca*

Michael read her message a dozen times over the next day. He loved that she ordered him to meditate. He wrote a quick reply,

*Mistress Bianca,*

*Enjoy your travels!*

*Best,*

*J*

Michael reread his note a few times before hitting send. This was good, he thought. Keep it short. Don't overload her. He set rules around their correspondence: if he sent a message, he wouldn't send another until she wrote back. In addition, his replies would be a maximum of four paragraphs, at least for now, with exceptions considered on a case-by-case basis. The key was to avoid pushing her away with neediness, and — of course — to look cool. To celebrate his new rules, he pulled up one of his favorite photos of her: she was naked from the waist up, one arm across her c-cup breasts, the other pushing her hair up on her head. Her mouth had just the barest smile, and her light brown eyes were bright and mischievous. He knelt before it and masturbated.

The next day, the daily task was to buy one of her videos. He picked a strap on hypnosis clip. It was just her, wearing black lingerie and strap on harness, stroking her large, tan dildo as she explained to the viewer how they'd learn to love her cock.

He imagined what it would be like to serve her. He pictured himself naked and

collared, kneeling next to her as she read. Every so often, she would reach over and stroke his head, like a dog, then go back to her reading. What bliss! Would she let him use the furniture? Probably not. He had the feeling she was strict. The thought made his chest feel tingly. He went online and bought her a 12-foot leather bullwhip that she had starred as high priority on her wishlist. It cost \$120.

Later that night, he regretted his impulsivity. Why had he spent so much? What on earth was he doing?! He used to make fun of guys who fell for women on the internet! His guilt grew worse as the days went by without a thank you. And when it finally came, four days later, it was short and unsatisfying, saying only “thank you for the wonderful bullwhip!”

Michael debated severing all ties. How ridiculous he was, trying to buy someone’s interest! How embarrassing! He would end his subscription and wish her good luck.

The next day, he calmed down. He’d merely bought her a bullwhip: she didn’t owe him anything other than a thank you, which she had sent, albeit a little late, and a little impersonal. The bullwhip wasn’t the most expensive gift on her site, either, not by a long shot. She clearly had men buying her expensive gifts all the time. Why would a \$120 bullwhip stand out? God, he was an idiot sometimes! He made a mental note not to buy her anymore gifts, then sent introductory emails to five women on OkCupid.

Over the next two weeks, Mistress Bianca's slave tasks stepped up in intensity. He knelt for five minutes on a hard wood floor. He peed sitting down for a whole day. He purchased stockings online and sent a picture of himself from the waist down wearing them. She was very attentive to his tweets and gave him a lot of attention, which erased the last vestiges of his irritation with her. He was back in.

The next day, the slave task was to list a way he could be useful to her. He wrote that he was a good writer, and he could help her expand the offerings on her website. 24 hours later, her assistant emailed.

*Hi Jake,*

*Mistress Bianca asked me to reach out to you about how you can serve Her. You mentioned that you were a writer. Would you be interested in working with Mistress Bianca on a project?*

*Best,*

*Clarissa*

Michael forced himself to wait two hours before responding that yes, he would like that.

*Jake,*

*Great! Are you available for a Zoom call with Mistress Bianca this Thursday at 8pm EST?*

*Best,*

*Clarissa*

On Thursday, he exercised and meditated, then showered and put on a super-tight black t-shirt that showed off his muscles. He studied himself in the mirror. No. He was trying too hard. He changed to a red polo, then back to the t-shirt,



then finally to a white polo. Mistress Bianca called right at 8. Unfortunately, she kept her video off. The voice was definitely her, though. He wondered why she wouldn't show her face.

"Hello Jake."

"Hello Bianca."

"Bianca? How about Ms. Bianca, at least?"

"Oh, right. I'm sorry Ms. Bianca. I meant...sorry."

He kicked himself for his stupidity. Why hadn't he called her Mistress Bianca?

"Thank you again for the bullwhip. I've had a crazy month, and I haven't had time to answer my many emails and messages. I do appreciate it."

"I figured you were just busy Mistress Bianca...May I call you Mistress?"

"I asked you to call me Ms."

"Yes, but I thought Mistress would be more respectful."

"It's more respectful to do what I ask."

She wasn't angry. Her tone was like that of a patient teacher correcting an eager but none-too-bright student. She was right, of course: he should have just done what she asked. He was enraptured by her casual dominance.

"You're right, Ms. Bianca. Do you mind if I ask you some questions?"

"I don't mind. Ask away."

"Do you have personal slaves?"

"I do."

"How many?"

"I have many online slaves, but five personal slaves who are in my inner circle. They all serve to varying degrees, though none live with me."

“When they come to your house, do you let them use the furniture?”

“What a specific question!”

“It popped into my head a couple weeks ago, and I had the impression that you didn’t. Actually, I had the impression that you have slaves for different tasks, and that most of them you don’t let use the furniture, but a couple you do.”

She was silent for a moment. Michael took that as a sign that he’d said something either very smart or very stupid.

“That’s very interesting.”

“Interesting and correct, or interesting and wrong?”

“Interesting and correct. I have a slave who does my finances, and I let her use a desk and a chair in the office. Same with Clarissa. The others don’t.”

“Are you married?”

She laughed at that.

“No. Are you married?”

“No. The closest I got to marriage was buying silverware at Bloomingdales on a Saturday afternoon.”

She laughed, and he calmed down just a little.

“So you were almost married?”

“All but the fiancé.”

“Perfect. Tell me about your writing. You mentioned you could expand the offerings on my website. What did you have in mind?”

“I thought you could offer a chastity class. I think there’s a real demand for it, and you’d do a great job.”

“Thank you. I love putting men in chastity, and I have thought of a chastity class, but I’ve been very busy. When I have free time, I need to take care of myself.

I'm introverted, even though it may not seem like it, and interacting with as many people as I do is exhausting."

"I understand. I'm an introvert, too."

The conversation flowed, and they talked for over an hour about a range of topics, including Meyers-Briggs typology, his favorite fetish activities, and his upbringing in suburban Pennsylvania. She was a great listener, and she asked questions that had him chatting away unselfconsciously, or as unselfconsciously as was possible for him. She didn't tell him much about herself, and he didn't press her. She was clearly guarded, which made sense. She was infinitely charming, though, and he was happy to discover that she was as smart and friendly as she appeared in her interviews. At the end of the conversation, he agreed to write the outline of a chastity course. If she liked it, he'd write the rest. Before he hung up, he had a final question:

"Is there anything else you'd like me to do for you, Ms. Bianca?"

"Like what, Jake?"

"I don't know. Something to show my dedication. Hold off on masturbating, worship a picture of you at night. I don't know."

He swore he could feel her smiling.

"No. Just keep doing your daily slave tasks. I appreciate your creativity."

He scolded himself afterwards. Of course she would see his request for what it was: an attempt for free domination. Why had he asked that? Embarrassment aside, he was overjoyed by their conversation, which went better than he'd imagined even at his most optimistic. He tried to control his emotions, telling himself that she was probably nice to everyone, but his excitement won out, and he spent the rest of the night replaying their conversation and fantasizing about serving her: massaging her feet as she lay on a leather divan, waiting behind her as she ate, being beaten with a cane.

The next morning, he started the chastity course. He wrote the outline, as they had agreed, but then — spurred by his imagination and a lifetime of fantasies — filled in the rest. In four days, he wrote the entire 30-day course, including the scripts for her daily audio and video messages. He didn't send it: he didn't want

to appear too eager or give her the impression that it was easy. Plus, he still had to edit it. Over the next two weeks, he made small improvements as they came to him, which was pretty much constantly, as he was excited and didn't have anything else pressing to work on.

A week and a half later, he sent her the outline. Then he watched all of her interviews again and rewrote her audio and video scripts to reflect her speaking style and her preference for short, sharp sentences.

Three days later, she sent him an enthusiastic response: she loved his ideas, the structure of the course, and his wonderfully filthy mind! Once he signed her NDA, she wanted him to write the rest of the course. He was ecstatic. He debated sending her another gift, but he stopped himself. He was doing enough, and buying her a gift would come across as desperate. Instead, he bought another one of her videos, this one about ass worship.

He went for a bike ride through the park and then lifted weights. Afterwards, feeling energized and optimistic, he wrote to five women on OkCupid. Then he reached out to Domina Lin to see if she were free for a two-hour session on Wednesday. She responded with a friendly note saying she was.

The next morning, Mistress Bianca sent him a message.

*Hi Jake,*

*I hope you're doing well. I really enjoy your commitment to your daily slave tasks and of course I adore what you've done so far for the chastity course. I'd like to offer you access to my bi-weekly Q&A sessions. In them, my slaves can ask questions and get to know me on a more personal level. This is something I offer only to the highest-paying members of my site, but I think you've earned a place. Are you interested?*

*Mistress Bianca*

*Hi Ms. Bianca,*

*What a generous offer! I would be very interested. I'm glad you like the work so far with the chastity course. I've enjoyed working on it, and it's motivating me to write femdom erotica.*

*Best,*

*Jake*

He reread her email about 20 times. He knew she wouldn't offer him access to her Q&A if she didn't like him, but he struggled to believe it. He'd fantasized about her liking him constantly, but in the same way someone fantasizes about winning the lottery or discovering that they have magical powers. He never thought it would actually happen. He shared this with his therapist.

"Why wouldn't she like you?"

"I don't know. It's not that I don't think I'm likable, it's just that..."

He thought about how best to phrase it, but he couldn't find the right words.

"She has over 20,000 followers on Twitter. She has five slaves who work for her. She's good looking even for a dominatrix. She has so many people vying for her attention. Why me? And I'm not even talking about romantically."

His therapist kept her face neutral. She was used to this type of statement from him by now.

"She liked what you wrote, right?"

"Yes."

"And you had a good conversation with her?"

"Yes. I thought so, at least."

"So maybe she thinks you have potential. Maybe you're her type."

He was going to ask her how he could possibly be her type, but he stopped himself.

"I think I'm just afraid."

She nodded.

"Do you know of what?"

“That I’ll get my hopes up and have them dashed.”

“Do you think it will hurt less if you’re pessimistic?”

He thought about that.

“No. I don’t. It’s just hard not to be.”

“Can you be neutral? Accept that there’s a possibility she likes you while not being sure?”

Despite his submissive desires, or maybe because of them, he hated not being in control, and not knowing made him feel out of control. That said, he couldn’t deny that his therapist’s suggestion of neutrality was infinitely better than ping-ponging between unbridled optimism and doom.

On the way home, he realized that he absolutely needed a girlfriend who lived here. Mistress Bianca falling for him was a fairy tale, a child’s dream. They’d probably never even meet. Or if they did, they might not get along. She could be married already or a lesbian. He needed to get his head out of his butt.

When Michael got home from therapy, he checked OkCupid. No one had written him back, so he found six more women he liked and wrote them all. His session with Domina Lin was the next day, and he thought about what he most wanted to do.

*Hi Domina Lin,*

*I'm confirming for tomorrow night. We haven't talked much about our session, and I realized that I'd like to put it in your hands. I've listed my hard limits below, and a couple things I'd like to do. Other than that, it's up to you. The only things I request are that the session isn't entirely corporal punishment and that there isn't intricate rope bondage. Other than that, do what you'd like.*

*Best,*

*Jake*

*Hi Jake,*

*How wonderful! My devious mind is spinning! Please give yourself an enema before you come.*

*See you tomorrow,*

*Domina Lin*

Michael knelt naked before Domina Lin and kissed each of her bare feet. She'd had a pedicure recently, and her toenails were painted deep red.

"You may rise."

She fastened a collar around his neck, then handed him three objects: a plastic clothespin, a medium-sized rubber band, and a metal clip with jagged teeth.

"I enjoy seeing you in pain. Entertain me."

She leaned back in her chair and crossed one leg over the other.

He tested the plastic clothespin. It was tight. He put it on his inner thigh.

“Oh my God!”

It hurt worse than he’d imagined.

“Oh fuck!”

He pinched a bit of skin on his ball sack and attached the metal clip. It was bad, but not as bad as the clothespin, which he could feel just as sharply as when he’d attached it. He snapped the rubber band on his thigh. It wasn’t so bad. He then aimed it at his testicles and let go.

“Oh my God!”

Domina Lin laughed. Her eyes were bright.

He took the clothespin off of his thigh and put it on his right nipple. The pain was so intense that he started rocking back and forth and swearing. That got more laughs.

“Oh Jesus! Oh fuck!”

He snapped his dick with the rubber band. It hurt, but compared to the pain in his nipple, it was a welcome distraction. He rocked back and forth for another minute, then took the clothespin off of his right nipple and put it on his left. Apparently, his left nipple was the more sensitive one, because it was all but overwhelming. He sat on both knees and took deep breaths, rolling his back.

“Oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck!”

He punched his thigh, then squeezed his foreskin and attached the metal clip.

His eyes went wide and he screamed. He quickly removed the clip as Domina Lin leaned back and laughed as hard as he’d ever heard her.

“Ok, Jake. That’s enough. You did well.”

The clothespin hurt coming off, but he felt giddy. It was tremendously painful,



but now it was over and he'd made her happy.

"Come, I have a nice reward for you."

She walked to the cabinet and brought back a poofy pink skirt, a pink bra, and a wig.

"See how nice I am to get you such pretty clothes."

"You're so nice, Goddess! How did you get so nice?"

"I don't know. I just am. Get dressed."

He fastened the bra at his chest, then slid it around the right way and put his arms through the straps.

"Impressive! You've worn a bra before, I see."

"No, Goddess. I've just watched women put them on."

"You've never worn one?"

"No, Goddess."

"Hmn, you should definitely wear bras more often. Maybe I'll have you buy some bras and wear them when you're not here."

He didn't respond to that. He loved the idea of her giving him tasks, but he knew he'd never wear a bra in public. He put on the wig, which had straight blonde hair that came past his shoulders.

"Model for me, Jake. Let me see how you look."

He walked across the floor, then, feeling comfortable, did it again, shaking his hips and striking an exaggerated model pose. He sneered and gave his head a toss. She laughed and applauded.

"You're quite the model! Keep posing."

Michael struck different poses as she grabbed her strap on harness and stepped through it, one leg at a time.

“I just can’t control myself. I need to fuck you.”

She pulled up the harness. Her tan cock was already threaded through the hole in front.

“Come. Kneel.”

He sank to his knees and looked up at her, feeling ridiculous in women’s clothing and trying not to laugh. Domina Lin stroked his face, then slid her hand around to the back of his head. She held her cock just below the head and guided it to his lips.

“Do you like my cock, Jake?”

“Yes, Goddess.”

“Then why aren’t you sucking it?”

She pushed inside his mouth, her fingers tightening in his hair. He gagged and she pulled out slightly.

“We need to work on that gag reflex. How are you going to suck cock for me if you keep gagging?”

He said he didn’t know, but it came out mangled.

“Oh, that’s funny! Keep talking with my cock in your mouth. Tell me how much you love giving head.”

“Ihh lrrve grvrng hurd.”

She laughed and pushed deeper, until he started choking, then pulled out.

“I’m going to push inside you ten more times. Let’s see if you can make it all the way down to the base.”

She pushed until she heard him gag, then pulled out. She was insistent, but not rough, and at the end he could almost take her whole cock.

“Bend over the table. Now.”

She warmed him up with her finger, then pushed inside him. He was able to relax with her, and she went in easily. He felt her hands on his hips, and he heard her breathing. God, she was amazing!

“You’re doing great, Jake. I’m going to go a little deeper.”

He felt the pleasant pain of his asshole being stretched.

“Oh God!”

“That’s right, breathe deep.”

He put his hand back to keep her from going farther. She pulled back, then pressed until her thigh met his hand. She did it again, then grabbed his wrist and guided his hand down on the table.

She fucked him slowly, never going too far in, and Michael put his head down and closed his eyes. He tried to lose himself in the feeling of being fucked, but he couldn’t quite get there, as good as it felt. He would have to work harder if he truly wanted to be a slut.

After, she put him over her knee and spanked him with a paddle. She started slowly, rubbing his butt, hitting him lightly. Soon, though, she was pounding him:

THWACK!

THWACK!

THWACK!

She hit him 76 times in all. When she was done, she removed his collar.

“Take off your clothes. Then get in the bathtub, on your knees.”

She followed him in and climbed on his back, facing behind him. He could feel her sex on the back of his neck. She lifted up slightly, moved back and peed on his head. He could feel her piss soaking his hair and running down his face. She stopped.

“On your back.”

She was staring at him, naked from the waist down.

“Open.”

She squatted, her palm against the wall for balance, and peed in his mouth.

“Swallow.”

She started again, filling his mouth one last time as her stream turned to a trickle and eventually stopped.

“Swallow...let me see...good boy.”

It was different with her. In every other session, he had masturbated at the end. But with Domina Lin, it felt right not to. He showered, then met her back in the main room.

“We’re going a little over time. Is that ok with you?”

He nodded, and she let him worship her thin, delicate feet. He kissed each toe, then licked between them, where it was sweaty. He massaged her arches as he licked from her heels up to the balls of her feet, then gave her small, soft bites all the way back down.

When he was finished, he felt off. He couldn’t place the feeling: it wasn’t sadness, but it was something close by, a heavy emotion. He wished he could hug her. He sat back on his heels. Their eyes met.

“How are you, Jake?”

“I’m good, Goddess.”

He wasn’t being honest, but he could push through whatever it was he was feeling and deal with it later, or never. He looked away from her, and his chest felt sour. He remembered something his therapist had said more than once, about better communicating his needs.

“Actually, Goddess, could I have some aftercare?”

“Of course. I’m glad you mentioned it.”

He asked if she would hug him, and she did. They lay on the floor together, his forehead against her chest. Neither of them spoke, and he tried to feel — without judgment — the emotions running through him. It occurred to him that his attempts to bury or ignore uncomfortable feelings ensured that they remained trapped inside him, and that the only way to deal with sadness or anger or hurt was to feel it.

He felt subdued and thoughtful as he got dressed. Domina Lin sensed it and gave him space. He thanked her. He thought about asking to hug her again but then realized he didn’t want that and neither did she. Once he thought it, he knew it was true, and as he walked to the subway, he wondered if he had somehow unlocked a deeper understanding of how to read people and situations, and if the confusion and friction he’d always felt with other people would ease.

That evening, he wrote her a long email sharing his thoughts. He complimented her intuition and technique and told her that their sessions were spiritually beneficial to him. The next day, she wrote back.

*Jake,*

*Thank you so much! Hearing that our sessions are spiritually nourishing is the highest compliment I can receive! It was a pleasure playing with you again. Hope to see you soon!*

*Domina Lin*

Michael felt deflated reading her email. He hadn’t expected her to profess her love for him, but her reply felt like an emotional stiff arm, a thanks-but-no-thanks to his desire for more in-depth conversation, for friendship. He knew he was being irrational: they’d only had two sessions. She probably had people who’d sessioned with her for years. But still it was an unpleasant reminder that theirs was a business relationship, and — at least for now — nothing more.

The next day, he went to a café near his house. It was crowded, and every table but one was full. As he waited for his drink, he eyed the open table, wondering if he should put his book down to claim it, when a cute redhead came in and stood near him at the register. He looked at her as she glanced toward the open table, then at him, then back at the table.

“Would you like to share it?”

She looked at him quickly, embarrassed he’d read her intentions. She recovered quickly, though, and smiled.

“That would be nice.”

“My name’s Michael.”

“Angela.”

They got along. His initial and out-of-character boldness made talking to her easier, and they had a lot in common, besides. They were done with their coffees, but neither of them got up.

“Would you like to get together?”

“Like a date?”

“Yes.”

“I would.”

“How about dinner tonight?”

She thought for a moment, then nodded.

“Great! Do you eat meat?”

“Yes.”

“There’s a hamburger place I love called 212 Burger. They’re the best in town.”

“I love 212 Burger!”

“Cool! I can pick you up or we can meet there.”

“You have a car?”

“I do.”

She thought about it.

“Let’s meet there. But bring your car.”

Angela had looked cute at the coffee shop, in her loose sweater with her hair up. That night she looked devastatingly sexy. She wore a tight top, showing off a phenomenal body. She had put on a little more makeup, and her hair was down over her shoulders. Michael had always liked redheads. She wasn’t a fussy eater, which he liked, and she wasn’t afraid to ask questions.

“How old are you?”

“43.”

“Really? You look younger.”

“I drink and smoke a lot.”

She ignored that.

“I’m 35. Have you ever been married?”

“No.”

“Do you want kids?”

He shrugged.

“I’m 50-50. It depends on the person I end up with. I’d be happy to have kids if she did. And if she didn’t, I’d be ok with that, too.”

“What’s your relationship like with your mother?”

“My mother passed away five years ago. Our relationship was good without being weird.”

“I’m sorry.”

“Thank you.”

“Father?”

“He died 17 years ago.”

She nodded.

“Are you in debt?”

“No. I own my house outright.”

She nodded, making an imaginary check on the list in her head. Michael assumed he was doing well.

“Do you own any pets?”

“I have 11 large birds.”

“Seriously?”

She looked horrified.

“No.”

She laughed. He reached over and touched her hand.

“But I’m willing to buy 11 large birds if it’s that important to you.”

She smiled.

“I’m asking all this because I’m looking for something real. I’m allergic to cats. That’s why I’m asking about pets.”

“I don’t have cats. Or any pets.”

“I just want to know right away if it’s worth my time. I don’t want to find out four dates in that you don’t want kids and we have to break up.”

She took a drink of her beer.

“I want kids.”

“I got that.”



“I don’t think it’s wrong to get the questions out of the way at the beginning.”

“I agree, and I have some important questions, too.”

“Ok.”

“Are you considering getting dreadlocks?”

“What? No.”

“Is it important to you to listen to the song The Boys Are Back in Town by Thin Lizzy either in the car or at home without headphones?”

She caught on.

“I don’t like that song.”

“Are you going to expect me to pick up on super subtle clues, despite continued proof that I will never, ever, do so?”

She smiled.

“Yes. Absolutely.”

“Works for me!”

He found a parking spot in front of her apartment, which he took as the universe’s sign that she was the one. On the way to the front door, he reached for her hand, and she entwined her fingers in his. As they kissed, he put his hands on her lower back and pulled her into him. She put her hands lightly on his face. She was a great kisser. After a minute, she pulled away.

“Ok...Ok. You can come up.”

She said this like they’d been discussing it for 10 minutes.

“But we’re not having sex. We’re not going past second base.”

“Ok.”

He would have agreed to anything to keep kissing her.

In her apartment, she steered him to her bedroom, then pushed him onto her bed. She climbed on top of him and ground her pelvis against his, her hands on his chest. She looked down at him without smiling, then brushed her hair back over her head. He couldn't believe how sexy she was. They kissed passionately, her hands roaming over his chest and stomach. She sat up and pulled off her shirt, and he rubbed her nipples through her bra. He gave her a slow, soft stroke on her groin, over her tights. She moaned as she tilted her head back.

“Oh fuck you're sexy, Michael!”

She kissed him, and her hair fell across his face. She smelled fantastic! She stroked his dick over his jeans, then rolled off him.

“Oh God! Fuck! We shouldn't go any further. Don't let me go any further!”

He couldn't tell whether that was a request to push further or an honest plea not to. He really liked her, and clearly there was relationship potential. He didn't know if she could be dominant, but he had a feeling she'd roll with it. Either way, he didn't care: he just wanted her.

“Ok.”

He stood up awkwardly, adjusting his erection under the band of his underwear. She was breathing heavily, and her cheeks were flushed.

“Thank you...fuck that was hot!”

On the drive home, he was elated. All this stupid online dating, and it turned out the best way to meet someone was the old-fashioned way. The next day, he texted her, inviting her to an art opening that Friday. By evening, she hadn't responded. He told himself it didn't mean anything, but deep down, he was sure he'd never see her again. It made no sense, but he was positive. The next day, she texted.

*Hi Michael. You're a really nice guy and I liked talking to you, but I'm not attracted to you at all and it won't work out. Best of luck! Angela.*

He reread her message twice. What in the living fuck!? He texted his therapist.

*Hi. I know it's not our normal day or time, but do you have a couple minutes to*

*talk sometime today?*

She was free in an hour, and he called and vented to her. He knew her well enough by now to have an idea of what she'd say, but he was pleased to hear her confusion and upset.

"That's so fucked up!"

"Right?! What the fuck?!"

"She said 'at all? I'm not attracted to you at all?'"

"Yeah!"

"Wow! That's a new one. I'm sorry that happened to you. That's really crazy and upsetting."

"Do you think asking not to go further was a test, and I should have done more with her?"

"If it was, then she has real issues. At 35, that's not a great way to look for a relationship, plus it would be inconsistent with your conversation at the restaurant."

"Why does this keep happening to me?"

"I don't know."

He felt better after talking to her, though still hurt, confused and angry. He knew this was another example of something he would never understand, and he wondered if he were doing something, believing something, that brought these experiences into his life. She absolutely was attracted to him. She was fucking moaning!

Michael's mood spiraled downward: everything was stupid, and the only truth was that no matter what he did, no matter how rational it seemed, it was wrong.

Michael awoke the next day feeling miserable, until he checked his inbox.

*Jake,*

*I'm happy to hear you're putting your talents to work and writing erotica. How would you feel about letting me read some when it's ready? In the meantime, my next Q&A is in a little more than a week, on the 10th at 9pm EST. Please send me two questions. Also, how often do you masturbate, and do you have set days and times?*

*Mistress Bianca*

He wrote her back immediately.

*Ms Bianca,*

*I'll be at your Q&A on the 10th. And I'll definitely let you read my femdom erotica when it's ready. I masturbate about every other day, sometimes every day. I don't have set days or times.*

*I'll send your questions tomorrow.*

*Best,*

*Jake*

The next day, she wrote back.

*Jake,*

*I would prefer if you refrained from masturbating for the next four days. Will you do that for me?*

*Mistress Bianca*

To say he was overjoyed at her command – it clearly wasn't a request – would be a tremendous understatement. It made him smile each time he read it, and it helped pull him out of the funk of whatever it was that happened with Angela.

*Ms Bianca,*

*Of course. I won't masturbate for four days. Would you like me to check in daily or send a message at the end?*

*Best,*

*Jake*

*Jake,*

*Wonderful! No need to check in. It's Friday, so you can masturbate again on Tuesday. I'd like you to masturbate regularly on Tuesdays and Fridays going forward. Two times a week is enough for you.*

*Mistress Bianca*

*Ms Bianca,*

*As you wish.*

*Best,*

*Jake*

After sending his reply, he reread all her messages to him three times. He imagined her saying "two times a week is enough for you," in her sexy South African accent, and each time he felt energy pulse from his chest straight down to his dick. He wasn't sure how he would hold off masturbating for four days, but he knew he would.

The first day was moderately difficult. He was turned on by her order, and the urge to masturbate was ever-present, though not overpowering. The second and third days, however, were torture. He kept hearing her voice, ordering him not to masturbate, and each time he longed to touch himself. He wished he had a day job to distract himself. The urge lessened in the late afternoon, only to flare up

again at night when he performed her daily task. The fourth day was still difficult, but at least it was the last day.

On Friday, he went through her chastity course a final time. He'd promised himself to send it to her on Saturday morning, even though he was sure he was missing some obvious and embarrassing error, which he would spot 10 seconds after hitting send. Saturday morning, however, true to his word, with excitement and a fair amount of anxiety, he sent it. On Sunday night, Mistress Bianca's assistant emailed:

*Jake,*

*Mistress Bianca will call you on Monday at 1pm your time. Please confirm this works for you.*

*Clarissa*

As before, Michael exercised, stretched, meditated, showered and was at his computer when she called at 1pm. As before, she kept her video off.

"Hi Ms. Bianca."

"Jake! So nice to hear your voice. I wanted to talk to you about the chastity course. It's really wonderful!"

He felt her compliment all through his body.

"Thank you, Ms. Bianca! That's great to hear!"

"I've had other people write for me, but you're the first person to capture my voice."

"I watched all your videos again to pick up on your speaking style. I tried to put in a lot of words that end in t. I like how you stick your t's."

She gave a small laugh.

"How are your four days without masturbation going?"

"Fine...difficult, sometimes very difficult. But tomorrow I can masturbate, so

hopefully today will be a little easier.”

“Do you watch porn when you masturbate?”

“Rarely. Mostly I fantasize about a dominatrix, or I think about women I’ve had crushes on dominating me.”

“Always femdom?”

“Almost always.”

“Don’t you think you should be thinking about me when you masturbate from now on, Jake?”

She had a way of stating her questions so that they came across as commands. This one caused his entire body to tingle.

“Yes Mistress. I mean, Ms. Bianca.”

“I’m not your Mistress, yet, Jake. That honorific is reserved for those who have earned it.”

She seemed serious, all playfulness gone from her voice. It was thrilling. And she said ‘yet.’ She wasn’t his Mistress, yet.

“Yes Ms. Bianca. I’ll only masturbate to you from now on.”

“Excellent. Kneel and look at one of my pictures. Make sure it’s placed higher than you, so you’re looking up at me, and as you masturbate, imagine licking my asshole.”

He felt nervous and giddy. It was difficult to breathe.

“Yes Ms. Bianca.”

“Now, I have some questions about the course.”

He went over the reasoning behind some of the tasks and speeches, and she suggested slight adjustments. He agreed to have the revised version to her in a week.

“I’m so happy with your work, Jake. And I’m happy with your daily slave tasks. Your dedication has not gone unnoticed.”

“Thank you, Ms. Bianca. I enjoy serving you.”

There was a slight pause, and he felt that the conversation was at a crossroads. She didn’t seem in a hurry to say goodbye, but he sensed that if he didn’t say something interesting, she would. His mind was blank. He didn’t know when he’d get to talk to her again, and he felt hopeless and frustrated. Finally, in desperation:

“I saw from your website that you’re going to San Francisco next week, Ms. Bianca.”

“That’s true; I am.”

“I’m going there, too, for work.”

He wasn’t. He didn’t have work, and he remembered that he’d told her that.

“Not work exactly, but I have a meeting about a potential business opportunity. I’ll have some days off in the middle and I was curious if you had time for a session?”

He regretted his tone instantly. He’d wanted it to come across naturally, but it sounded presumptuous. Her pause filled him with dread.

“It’s a busy time for me next week.”

His heart sank. At least now he wouldn’t actually have to fly to San Francisco.

“But maybe. When will you arrive?”

His heart leaped.

“I’ll get there on the 12th and stay until the 20th.”

He hoped tickets weren’t ridiculously expensive.

“I may have use for you. Let’s talk on the 13th after you arrive.”



“Yes Ms. Bianca.”

“Just in case, I want you to get a full std test. I may want you to play with one of my slaves. It was good talking to you, Jake. Thank you again for your hard work.”

“My pleasure, Ms. Bianca.”

“And Jake?”

“Yes?”

“Have fun masturbating.”

“I most definitely will, Ms. Bianca.”

He felt unmoored after hanging up. Flying across the country for the slim chance of seeing a dominatrix was way out of character for him, and her response was potentially the worst of both worlds: if she couldn't meet him, he wouldn't find out until he was already there. After he got over his initial shock, though, he realized it was a great idea, and he wondered why he hadn't thought of going to San Francisco before. He even found reasonable tickets and a nice AirBnB in Nob Hill. He set up an appointment for a full std test.

The next day he put a pillow on the floor and knelt. A picture of Ms. Bianca in a latex bodysuit was open on his computer on his bed, high enough that he was looking up at it. It'd been a while since he'd gone so long without masturbating, and he knew this would not be a long session. He imagined kneeling behind her and kissing her butt cheeks, then giving her asshole a slow kiss. He pictured softly parting her cheeks, and her moaning softly and rolling her back. He kissed her again, followed by a slow lick. He saw her perfect ass, and looking up, her hair flowing down her back as he pushed his tongue inside of her. Soon, his thoughts became blurry as the sensations in his dick overwhelmed him. He stopped thinking and just looked at the picture of her, her beautiful body and beautiful face and beautiful hair. His orgasm was so intense he screamed.

The next week crawled by. He checked OkCupid a couple times, but no one had written him back. He finished the revisions for the chastity course and did his daily meditation. He checked his inbox constantly for messages from her, knowing there wouldn't be any. She said they'd talk on the 13th; of course she

wouldn't write before then.

On the 9th, Clarissa sent him a Zoom link for the Q&A, and the next day he was in front of his computer 10 minutes before it was supposed to start. Even though he kept his camera off, he was freshly shaved and wearing a clean polo shirt.

Right on time, she started the chat and turned on her video. She wore a simple white dress and looked as if she were in the middle of model shoot. Her hair was damp, and some strands hung in front of her shoulder. He looked at her straight nose and piercing eyes and gave his dick a few strokes, but he worried his camera would somehow turn on and he'd expose himself. The worry became so strong that he pressed his hands firmly on the table in front of him and kept them there for rest of the Q&A.

There were 6 other attendees, who he assumed were all men. He felt relieved at the small number. Mistress Bianca gave a short introduction and began reading questions. Most were rather straightforward and basic, which made him happy because his were not.

"How tall are you?"

"I'm 5'8"

"What's your favorite meal?"

"Salmon with a beet and goat cheese salad."

"Do you drink?"

"Sometimes."

"What does it feel like when you enter a slave with your strap on?"

She laughed, almost embarrassed. It was his first question. Later, she read his second:

"Are you secretly planning to take over the world, and if so, how can we help?"

More laughter, this time she tilted her head back and showed her teeth. Michael felt that his were clearly the best questions, and he felt very satisfied with

himself, until she got to her last question.

“What’s the most expensive gift anyone’s ever gotten you?”

She didn’t have to think about it.

“Someone bought me my house.”

His jaw dropped. Someone bought her a house?! Who would do that? He tried to imagine the dedication and wealth someone must possess to give such a gift. He was devastated: he’d never be able to compete with that.

That night, he lectured himself for letting his imagination run away with him. He called himself stupid for imagining someone like her would ever consider him. No doubt she was with some tech billionaire.

He felt awful the rest of the day and part of the next, until Mistress Bianca sent him a BDSM activity checklist and told him to get it back to her that night. He’d convinced himself he wouldn’t get to see her in San Francisco, but her email gave him hope, and he got to work right away. Her checklist was shorter than the ones he’d seen before, which had hundreds of activities, many repeated three or four times with different wording: foot fetish, foot worship, worshipping feet. She’d obviously tailored this one for her desires, and it was unnerving. There were a lot of sexual acts, such as servicing another cock, sex with strangers, group sex. Michael had a filthy mind, but apart from visiting dominatrixes, his actual sexual experiences were rather tame. And while he loved when dommes threatened to make him suck cock, he hadn’t ever thought of really doing it. It was one of those fantasies that turned to dust as soon as he orgasmed.

As he filled out her checklist, he was pulled by opposing forces: the desire to tell Mistress Bianca what he thought she wanted to hear so she would meet with him, and the ever-present need to be accurate. After careful deliberation, he said yes to any activity he could imagine doing, but noted that trust would need to be established first. He returned it to her that evening, along with a pdf of his negative std test.

Michael's flight to San Francisco was one of those experiences in which nothing particularly wonderful happens but nevertheless feels perfect because of the absence of delays or frustrations.

On his walk from the BART station to his AirBnB, he realized that getting out of New York was a great idea, regardless of whether Mistress Bianca met with him. In the AirBnB, he made plans for trips to Angel Island and Muir Woods. Then he explored the neighborhood and found a spot for dinner. On the morning of the 13th, Mistress Bianca sent him a message:

*Jake,*

*I trust you've arrived safely in San Francisco. Meet me tomorrow morning at 10am at Laurel Court in the Fairmont. Arrive early and secure a table for us. We'll have breakfast and then I have a task for you.*

*Until tomorrow,*

*Mistress Bianca*

Michael literally jumped up and down. She hadn't agreed to a session, but he assumed — correctly — that his answers to her checklist had gotten him past the first hurdle and onto to the second: an in-person meeting. He meditated, exercised and was in bed early that evening, then tossed and turned for an hour before falling asleep.

Google Maps told him his AirBnB was a 15-minute walk from The Fairmont, but he still arrived 10 minutes early. He walked around the neighborhood, then returned at 9:50 and was seated immediately. He left Mistress Bianca the banquette seat, then realized that he had his back to the entrance and wouldn't see her approach. He debated moving to the banquette, then moving back when she arrived, but feared it might be awkward. He played out both scenarios in his head several times before deciding to stay where he was.

At 10:02, he heard someone approaching his table and knew without looking it was her. He stood and turned. She was wearing a cream-colored, cashmere sweater, a brown skirt and knee-high, brown leather boots. Her hair was slightly longer than in her pictures, and her eyes a lighter shade of brown. She was stunning. For a moment, his brain struggled to reconcile that this was not another picture or video of her, but the real thing, right in front of him. He recovered and pulled out the table for her. She leaned in, kissed one cheek then the other, and sat.

“It’s nice to meet you in person, Ms. Bianca.”

He had ordered a pot of coffee and, with her assent, poured her a cup.

“Thank you, Jake. Are you having a nice time here so far?”

Michael had to be careful: he was not a skilled liar, and if he were overly honest about what he’d done the last day and a half, it would be clear that his pretense for coming west was a lie.

“I’m having a nice time. I love San Francisco. I love New York, too, but sometimes I don’t realize I need a vacation until I’m actually out of the city.”

She nodded.

“How are you enjoying San Francisco, Ms. Bianca?”

“Oh I love San Francisco! I love the architecture and the energy. It’s very cold though. I’m never dressed warm enough, I find.”

“There’s no way to dress for the weather here, other than to wear layers and carry an extra sweater in a bag.”

She smiled, and he felt the full weight of her attention on him. It was wonderful and a little intimidating. He searched for a topic of conversation that wasn’t domination, her past, or what she was doing in San Francisco, and he chastised himself for not thinking of something ahead of time.

“Are you visiting other cities while in the States?”

“Sonoma, in a week.”

“That should be fun. Are you visiting a spa and getting a mud bath?”

“Should I get a mud bath?”

“Definitely! I went with a girlfriend 10 years ago...no, 12 years ago, and I couldn’t believe how soft my skin felt.”

He rubbed his hand down his forearm, remembering the feeling. She nodded and took a sip of her coffee.

“Are your business meetings going well?”

She didn’t smile, but he got the impression she knew he’d been lying. He wondered how. He answered evasively, he hoped, and she shifted to another topic. She was a skilled conversationalist, effortlessly drawing him out of his reserved state and extracting detailed descriptions of his current life in New York. After the waitress cleared their plates, she checked the time on her phone.

“I have a task for you, Jake, if you’d care to undertake it.”

“Of course, Ms. Bianca. What is it?”

“I need you to get for me everything on this list.”

She handed him a piece of paper with four items written in neat, cursive writing. Two seemed like beauty products. The third he didn’t recognize, but it had a note that it could only be found at a specialty store across town. The fourth was a fresh juice, which he knew where to find because he’d passed a juice bar on his walk over. This was clearly a test. She could easily have everything on the list delivered.

“I’ll get these right away, Ms. Bianca. How should I contact you when I have them?”

“I’m in room 404. Be here before 1.”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

It was almost 11:30. Time had gone by quickly with her. He signaled to the waiter and paid their bill, then excused himself and told her he’d be back as soon

as possible. She stood, then reached over and held his chin between her thumb and index finger.

“Do hurry.”

Michael was ecstatic. Short of her inviting him up to her room immediately, this was a best-case scenario. He had passed the in-person-meeting test, and she had given him another task, one he was sure he could accomplish. On his way to the specialty store, he Googled the first two items on her list, which were indeed beauty items, and found where to buy them. All told, the errands took a little over an hour and cost \$110. He arrived at room 404 at 12:45.

The door was opened by a gorgeous redhead wearing a white, button-down shirt that came down to her thighs and pink, ankle socks. Her legs were bare. She looked at him without smiling.

“You’re Jake. Come in.”

The room was a suite, and the door to the bedroom was closed. The redhead pointed to the sofa.

“Sit.”

Michael was not a good read of people, but even he could recognize that this woman was not interested in conversation. He wondered for a second if she were Mistress Bianca’s assistant, Clarissa, but quickly decided she wasn’t. He took square breaths: in for five, hold for five, out for five, hold for five. The redhead stood with her back to him, looking at her phone. Eventually, she went through the door to bedroom, closing it behind her.

After a couple minutes, Mistress Bianca came out. She was wearing the same outfit as before. Michael stood and handed her her juice and a paper bag with the items she’d requested.

“Thank you, Jake. Take off your clothes, then kneel.”

She said it naturally, as if it were the type of request she made every day, which Michael then realized was probably the case. She sat in a reading chair and pointed in front of her.

“Here, at my feet.”

She held a packet of papers, which he realized after a moment was his checklist.

“You’re not very experienced sexually, Jake.”

It wasn’t a question.

“No, Ms. Bianca.”

“But you’re openminded and willing to participate?”

“Yes.”

“Very good.”

She scanned one of the pages, then looked over the top at him.

“You’ve never sucked a cock before?”

“No, Ms. Bianca.”

She paused, letting him know that that was an odd, almost baffling hole in ones sexual resume.

“But you’re willing?”

“Yes...for you...though not this second.”

“After trust has been established?”

She said it with a smile, and it occurred to Michael that he’d used that phrase a lot when filling out her checklist.

“Yes.”

“You’ve been to a dominatrix before, though, and you’ve fellated a dildo.”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

“Show me.”



“Yes, Ms. Bianca...Right now?”

“Of course.”

“Ok. Yes...Ms. Bianca.”

She turned toward the closed door to the bedroom.

“Alex.”

She didn't say it loudly, but Alex came out immediately.

“Stand up, Jake. Hands behind your back. Alex, get the strap on harness and the pink dildo.”

Alex headed back into the bedroom. Mistress Bianca walked around him, trailing her fingers over his body, squeezing different muscles, seeing if he were ticklish. Michael was thrilled she was touching him. He got half hard. She noticed, and came around in front of him.

“Look at me.”

His penis got fully erect, and she gave a small ‘hm,’ before sitting back in her chair. Alex came out wearing a strap on harness with a pink, six-inch dildo. She stood in front of Mistress Bianca, turned to the side, then ran her hands through her hair, lifting it up and letting it fall. Michael met her bright blue eyes, and she frowned, as if smelling something unpleasant. Mistress Bianca looked at him and nodded her head in Alex's direction. Michael went to his knees. He wondered if Alex were one of Mistress Bianca's full-time slaves, or just someone local who served her when she was in town. Regardless, she was unable or unwilling to hide her dislike of him, and so he tried to mentally communicate to her that she could go fuck herself.

“Jake.”

Mistress Bianca's voice brought him back to the present, and he leaned in and kissed the tip of the dildo. He held it by its base and licked up the underside.

“Alex, hold his head.”

He licked the tip, then took the cock into his mouth, pushing down until he felt it in the back of his throat. He pulled back, then pushed down again. It was uncomfortable, but he was going to impress Mistress Bianca. He went as far as he could comfortably go, about two-thirds of the way down, then pressed a little farther. He coughed and pulled out. He wiped drool from the corner of his mouth, then licked the dildo just below the head, on the frenulum. He met Alex's eyes. She seemed irritated, and he stared at her until she looked away.

As he bobbed up and down, he thought about trying to roll his back or moan, but it seemed juvenile and stupid in front of someone as sophisticated as Ms. Bianca. Instead he varied his rhythm, sometimes licking up the side, sometimes sucking on just the tip. He put his hands on Alex's hips and she jerked away from him. Mistress Anna's voice wasn't loud, but her displeasure was clear.

"Alex."

"I'm sorry Mistress."

"That's enough, Jake. Stand."

Her face was stern. Alex dropped her gaze.

"This man is a guest of mine."

"I didn't mean it, Mistress."

"Get the hairbrush."

"Yes Mistress."

When she came back, Alex handed Bianca the hairbrush and draped herself over her Mistress' lap. Mistress Bianca lifted her shirt up, then rubbed her butt, which was pink and round and full.

"I'm disappointed with you, Alex."

"I'm sorry, Mistress."

"You treat my guests as extensions of me. You serve them as I tell you. Is that clear?"

“Yes Mistress.”

WHACK!

Alex arched her back. Her mouth opened but no sound came out.

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

Alex cried out. Michael had thought at the beginning that this might be for show, but Mistress Bianca was hitting her hard, and Alex was clearly in pain.

“I’m sorry, Mistress!”

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

“Please! I’m sorry!”

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

WHACK!

“Down”

Alex got to her knees and kissed her feet. Her eyes were wet.

“I’m sorry, Mistress. I’m sorry.”

Mistress Bianca leaned forward and held her chin.

“Don’t do that again.”

“I won’t, Mistress.”

“Kneel in front of Jake.”

Alex’s eyes widened, but she thought better of complaining. She crawled in front of him. The arrogant look on her face was gone.

“You know what to do.”

She reached out and held Michael’s cock by the base, then slowly licked it from the root to the tip.

“You have five minutes.”

Michael had guessed Alex was a man-hating lesbian, but he revised that theory now, as she was exceptionally good at giving head. He was rock hard quickly.

“Jake, you are not to come.”

He wondered what his punishment would be if he did. He began doing math problems in his head.

“Oh, fuck!”

Michael was good at controlling his orgasm, but Alex was determined, and she had the skills to back it up. She pushed her finger against his asshole, and he twitched in surprise. He felt his balls tingling and took quick, rapid breaths through his mouth, which he'd learned from watching a YouTube video about Tantra.

“One minute, Alex.”

Mistress Bianca's voice was teasing, but it had an effect on Alex, who sped up in a last-ditch effort. Michael kept breathing rapidly.

“Time. Stop.”

Michael breathed a sigh of relief. He couldn't have lasted another 30 seconds.

“Jake, shower. Make sure to clean your asshole.”

“Yes Ms. Bianca.”

He looked down at Alex, who was on the verge of tears, and it became clear what was going to happen. Michael cleaned himself quickly and was back in front of Ms. Bianca, slightly damp and a bit chilly.

“Alex. Kneel behind Jake.”

Michael looked back at Alex, who was clearly holding back strong emotions. It was rare that someone he disliked was served such swift justice, and he felt a sadistic thrill at her humiliation.

“Begin. I'll tell you when to stop. Do a good job, or you'll do it for an hour.”

Michael felt her hands spreading his butt cheeks, then a slow kiss on his asshole. He almost laughed. She began to lightly tongue him, licking around the opening. His cock got hard again.

“What would you say your biggest motivation is, Jake?”

The question caught him off guard, as almost any question would have right

then.

“Um...I have to think about that, Ms. Bianca...freedom, I think.”

“You’re not sure?”

“I have an idea, but from what I’ve learned about people, what we think we’re motivated by and what we’re actually motivated by are often different.”

She thought about this for a moment, then nodded.

“Start stroking yourself. Don’t come.”

She watched as he spit in his hand and began stroking himself.

“Tell me why your guess is freedom.”

Alex tongued him harder.

“I’ve lived my life in a way to limit the control other people have over me. I haven’t ever had a job with a salary, and I’m not married. I’m not in debt. From my actions, at least, I’d say freedom or control is my number one motivation.”

“Do you believe you’re in control of your actions?”

“Sometimes...maybe? Honestly, I’m not sure, Ms. Bianca.”

“My sense is you’re not.”

“Really?”

Alex speared his asshole with her tongue. He inhaled sharply.

“My guess is you don’t do a lot of things you’d enjoy because a long time ago, you were told that that’s not how people should act, and you’ve never questioned those beliefs.”

“Is there something in particular you’re thinking of?”

“Your hang-ups around sex.”

The timing was comical: he was naked, stroking himself in front of her while another woman licked his asshole.

“You’ll suck a cock after trust has been established. What does that even mean? What are you afraid of?”

That last one wasn’t rhetorical, and he wondered how honest he should be.

“I’m afraid of diseases. And I’m afraid you’ll laugh at me.”

“He’d wear a condom, of course. And laugh at you for what?”

“Laugh at me for debasing myself, Ms. Bianca. For being so submissive that I’d go down on a guy for you.”

She shook her head, as if he had just proven her point.

“You don’t even realize what you said.”

“What? I mean, what Ms. Bianca?”

“Alex, stop for a second.”

She looked at Alex, then back at him.

“You think giving a man a blowjob is debasing yourself? Why?”

“I’m not sure, Ms. Bianca.”

“Keep stroking yourself. I didn’t say you could stop.”

“Sorry.”

“I think you do know.”

He looked down.

“Look at me. Do you think I would ask you to do something solely to laugh at you?”

“I don’t think so, Ms. Bianca, but I don’t really know you.”

“First, I can’t laugh at you for debasing yourself if you’re not actually debasing yourself. Giving another man a blow job is nothing to be ashamed of. Gay men do it all the time, so do women. Alex gave you a blow job not 10 minutes ago. Should she be embarrassed?”

“No, Ms. Bianca.”

“You do understand that I’m dominant, right?”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

“I like it when someone submits to me. Why would I laugh at someone for that?”

“I guess I’m just nervous that deep down, you think submissive guys are pathetic, and what you really want is for me to push back.”

She rolled her eyes.

“That’s ridiculous and I’m not going to address it right now, other than to strongly advise you not to test out that theory.”

“Yes, Ma’am. I mean, Ms. Bianca.”

“Alex, continue.”

Alex pressed her tongue back into his asshole. He grunted.

“I’m assuming you don’t have anything pressing the rest of the day?”

“That’s correct, Ms. Bianca.”

“Good. You’ll stay here with me for a while. There’s an enema kit and some lube in the bathroom. I’m not sure I’m going to fuck you, but just in case, clean yourself and take another shower...when Alex is finished.”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

“Stroke yourself faster.”

“Yes Ms. Bianca.”



She sat back in her chair as Michael sped up, Alex's face pressed between his cheeks and her tongue lapping at his asshole. He could feel Mistress Bianca's eyes boring into him. He liked it.

"Alex, that's enough. Get dressed. Pay attention to your phone."

Alex looked to the bathroom, then at her Mistress.

"May I rinse out my mouth, Mistress?"

"No."

Alex stood, doing an impressive job of looking upset and like she were trying not to show it. She curtsied to Michael.

"I'm sorry for my rude behavior earlier. I can be a cunt."

Michael wasn't sure what to say to that, so he just nodded.

She got dressed and gathered her things, then knelt before Mistress Bianca and kissed the top of each foot. Mistress Bianca didn't acknowledge her, and she stood and left without looking back. Michael cleaned himself out and showered, then knelt in front of her. This was the moment he'd been hoping for since he first saw her picture months ago. He felt like he was on a very narrow bridge above a bottomless ravine, and his heart beat rapidly. He didn't know what to do or say, and his mind started racing through possibilities. After a moment, though, he realized he didn't have to do or say anything: she would tell him what to do. As if on cue, her voice brought him back to the room.

"Kiss my feet...Good boy."

He breathed a sigh of relief. He could do this. She looked to her water glass, which was empty beside her.

"Get me more water, Jake."

He hustled to the kitchen, then hustled back. He placed the full glass next to her and knelt. She stood and flung the water in his face.

"Clean that up, then refill my glass."

The water was cold. He knelt before her, and she did it again, drenching him.

“On your back.”

She sat on his chest, letting him take her full weight. She wasn't that heavy, but when she put her entire weight on him, he felt it. She maneuvered around, until her knees pinned his arms to the ground. She held his cheeks with her hands.

“Open.”

She spit in his mouth.

SLAP!

He tried to shield his face, but her knees were blocking his arms.

SLAP!

SLAP!

She gave him a forehand, then a backhand. It stung. She reached back and squeezed his balls. He yelped.

“You're very sensitive.”

“My balls are very sensitive. Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

She stood between his legs.

“Wider.”

He spread as far as he could. She swung her right leg forward and back, kicking him lightly in the balls as she studied his face. He gritted his teeth. It hurt a little, but it was more scary than painful.

“Go to the bedroom. Lie face down on the bed.”

“Yes Ms. Bianca.”

He hustled into the other room, onto the king-sized bed. There, he tried to recenter himself. These weren't activities he liked, except for her spitting in his

mouth, and he couldn't tell if she were really upset with him. It was so different than a paid session. He had no idea what was going to happen.

Ms. Bianca came in shortly after. She'd taken off her sweater, leaving her in a silky, flesh-colored bra. Michael's eyes almost bulged out of his head. She was holding the hairbrush she had used on Alex. She placed it on the bed beside him, then retrieved her suitcase from the closet. It was full of implements and toys. She pulled out a leather strap and a cane and placed them beside the hairbrush. She looked at them for a moment, then picked up the leather strap.

"Move down. I want your feet over the edge of the bed."

"Yes, Ms-"

"Quiet! Don't speak unless asked a direct question. Now, what have you done wrong, Jake?"

"I don't know, Ms. Bianca, other than speaking out of turn just now."

"You can't think of one thing you've done wrong in our communications?"

She rested the leather strap on his butt.

"Oh...um, I didn't call you Ms. when we first talked, then I called you Mistress after you told me to call you Ms."

"That's correct. What else?"

"Um...I don't know, Ms. Bianca. Did I do anything else wrong?"

"What about your list of activities? You were very conservative."

"Oh."

He thought he'd been just the opposite, but he wasn't going to say that. He kept staring at her breasts, then forcing himself to look up at her face, then staring at her breasts again.

"Sorry, Ms. Bianca."

"But you'll be open-minded for me, won't you? You won't let fear ruin our fun."

“No Ms. Bianca.”

“Good boy. I want you to say it.”

She gently squeezed the back of his neck, then trailed her finger down his spine to his butt. It felt heavenly.

“Tell me you’ll be open for me.”

She pressed her index finger against his asshole. He moaned. He was slipping into full submissive mode.

“Tell me you’ll push yourself because you want to please me.”

“I’ll push myself to please you, Ms. Bianca. I want to belong to you!”

“Tell me you’ll suck cock for me.”

She took her hands off of him, and the loss of her touch felt tragic.

“I’ll suck a cock for you, Ms. Bianca. As long as he wears protection.”

She placed her hands back onto him.

“Of course.”

She leaned over and kissed the back of his neck, her hair falling against his shoulders. He felt goosebumps all down his arms. Her lips were soft, and his dick was instantly hard. She picked up the leather strap.

“You’re being punished for addressing me incorrectly and for denying us both pleasure.”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

Slap

Slap

Slap

Slap

Slap

Slap

She hit him softly, moving over his butt and up his back, careful to avoid his spine. Then she moved back down, over the back of his thighs and calves to the bottom of his feet.

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

Slap!

SLAP!

He jerked. That one hurt, right on the back of his thigh.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

She moved over his body, covering – it seemed – every inch that was safe to hit. It hurt more than he wanted to admit. He was desperate to impress her with his high pain tolerance, but he was cold and wet, and it made the strap hurt more.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

“AAHHH!! Fuck!”

She’d hit his right ass cheek four times in rapid succession, all on the same spot. He gripped the light blue bedsheets. When he looked at her, she was smiling.

“Good boy.”

She put down the strap and climbed onto his back, facing his legs.

“You’re doing well.”

Her fingertips trailed down his thighs, then back up. His breath was steady and deep.

“Lift your hips.”

She reached under him and held his balls. She squeezed.

“AH!”

“Shhhh.”

She squeezed again and he screamed without opening his mouth. He jerked, and she put her hand on the bed to keep her balance.

“Sorry, Ms. Bianca”

She squeezed harder.

“Yellow! Ow! Fuck! Yellow, please!”

She let go.

“Good boy.”

WHAP!

“AAAHHHH!!!!”

She brought the hairbrush down hard on his right ass cheek, in the exact spot she’d hit four times in a row with the strap.

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

She alternated one cheek and then the other. He grabbed a pillow and screamed into it.

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

“AAHHHH! FUCK! FUCK!!!!”

She’d hit him five times in a row, on the same spot on his left ass cheek. The pain was unreal, and only the inability to speak stopped him from tapping out. Her laughter was deep and full.

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

“AAaaahhhhhh!! God! Fuuuuck!!”

He thrashed and screamed into the pillow.

“Oh please, Ms. Bianca. A little rest. Please!”

“Shhh.”

She lay down to his left and stared into his eyes, matching her breath to his own. He calmed down, and she touched his cheek.

“You’re doing very well.”

She held the back of his neck as his breathing returned to normal. After a minute, she stood.

“I’m going to use the cane. You’ll let me know if it’s too much.”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

She moved down to his feet.

“Flex.”

CRACK!

“Oh! Oh my God!”

The pain was different in his feet. It came on slowly, but it was more intense than the pain in his butt or thighs.

CRACK!



She alternated feet. It was excruciating! He knew that somewhere this was used as torture, and he understood why.

CRACK!

CRACK!

She hit each foot eight times before moving up his legs, hitting his calves, the back of his thighs, his butt.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

“Yellow! Yellow! Just for a moment, Ms. Bianca. Oh! Fuck!”

She waited while he tried to slow down his breathing.”

“Ok.”

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

He held his mouth against the pillow. She finished with five of her hardest on his ass. The relief he felt when she put the cane down was immeasurable. She lay next to him.

“Turn towards me.”

She held him against her chest as he caught his breath.

“Good boy. You did well. Breathe.”

In that moment, all of the pain was a small price to pay for the heaven of being next to her, feeling her arms around him and her stomach rising and falling with her breath. She smelled fresh and clean, and she felt so soft.

“Breathe.”

“Thank you, Ms. Bianca.”

“You’re welcome, Jake.”

Michael felt himself relax. The air around him felt thicker, and the pain seemed like a distant memory. Mistress Bianca lifted his head away from her and looked in his eyes. She told him to turn onto his stomach, then sat next to him and touched him softly on his upper back. He hadn’t known it, but when she did, he realized that what he wanted most in the world was for her to touch him in exactly that spot in exactly that way. He relaxed even further. After a moment, she moved down to his lower back, and he realized that his needs had changed, and now it was that spot that most needed attention. Everywhere she touched him revealed a deep longing for that exact touch. After the fourth or fifth time, he let go, convinced that she knew what he needed better than he ever would. She began stroking him, bringing his energy down. His eyes fluttered then closed. He felt her breath close to his ear.

“I’ll be back, Jake. Rest.”

He closed his eyes, and before he knew it, she was back, gently rustling him. Her voice was direct and sharp.

“In the bathtub, on your knees. Eyes down.”

She let him wait, knowing what was coming. When she came in, she was naked from the waist down. Her brown pubic hair was short and shaved into a neat triangle. She stood above him.

“Look at me.”

She looked otherworldly, a Goddess. She ran her fingers through his hair.

“Stay open. Keep looking at me.”

Her urine was warm and bitter, but he loved it, staring into her eyes. She looked dominant and haughty, and it was an honor to drink from her.

“Swallow...good. Now lie on your back.”

She coated his face, chest and cock. When she was done, she stepped out of the tub and wiped off her feet with a damp cloth.

“Stay there.”

He let his thoughts run through his head without focusing on them. This was different than he thought it would be, but it was perfect. He knew he'd have ideas about it later, but now he just wanted to enjoy the situation, lying naked and cold in a bathtub, covered in her piss. He heard footsteps approaching. The door opened and Alex came in, completely naked. Her breasts were medium-sized and firm, with light pink nipples. She climbed into the tub and stood over his face. Mistress Bianca came into the room.

“Jake, keep your mouth open. Alex, begin.”

Her piss came out fast. It must have been a while since she'd last gone to the bathroom, and she'd had coffee since then. Alex moved down his stomach and chest, finishing up on his cock. She wiped off her feet and left the bathroom, followed by Mistress Bianca.

“Don't move.”

After what seemed like 10 minutes, Mistress Bianca returned.

“Take a shower, then meet me in the bedroom.”

Mistress Bianca was standing next to her bed, her back to him. Alex was kneeling in front of her. She put her left foot up on the bed and spoke without turning around.

“Behind me, Jake. Lick my asshole.”

This was, even more than drinking her piss, what he'd dreamed of doing. He knelt and gently held her hips, afraid for a moment that she'd jerk away as Alex had. But she didn't. He slowly kissed her asshole.

“Good boy. Alex, begin.”

He gently spread her cheeks and licked in firm strokes. She seemed to like it, though he couldn't be sure if she were reacting to his or Alex's ministrations. He licked again and again, then pushed his tongue inside her.

“Very good.”

He felt Mistress Bianca's hand on the back of his head, then Alex's fingers brush his own. Mistress Bianca moaned.

“Ohhhh, God that's good!”

She arched her back and pushed back against him, then forward into Alex.

“Stop, both of you! Alex, on the bed on your back. Head at the foot of the bed.”

Alex quickly got into position. Her cheeks were flushed. Mistress Bianca straddled her.

“Behind me, Jake. Kneel on the floor.”

She lowered herself to Alex's face.

“Lick, both of you.”

He licked passionately, fervently, trying to capture this feeling permanently in his brain. She was perfect. Her body was perfect. The way she dominated him was perfect.

Mistress Bianca's pleasure built slowly. She alternated her breath, sometimes exhaling rapidly, sometimes taking deep, slow breaths. He figured she was schooled in Tantra.

"Oh God, Alex! You're such a good girl! Such a good girl!"

She rocked forward and back.

"Oh yes!"

Michael was way out of his league, and he knew it. He held her hips and tried to stay close enough to lick her.

"Ohhhh fuck! Oh fuck! Oh fuck!"

Her hips lifted as she came, screaming and making deep, guttural moans. Michael could see her hands squeezing Alex's nipples, and Alex's hips pulsing. She came down to the bed, breathing heavily. She turned to Michael.

"Head to the carpet. Don't move and don't make any noise."

He waited on his knees as the two women lay together on the bed. He heard them kissing and Alex moaning softly, then begging.

"No, Alex, not yet."

Alex's frustration was palpable. After maybe 15 minutes, Mistress Bianca called him onto the bed. She was leaning back against the headboard, cradling Alex in her arms.

"Down, sweetie. On your back."

Alex lay with her head toward the foot of the bed.

"Jake, kneel above her face. Good. Now masturbate while she licks your balls. Come on her tits."

She moved between Alex's legs and began stroking her. Alex groaned with what sounded like primal hunger.

"Alex, lick."

He felt Alex's tongue on his balls.

"Look at me, Jake."

He began stroking his cock. He was, again, transfixed by her beauty. How in the world could someone be this perfect?

"You'll do everything I say, won't you?"

"Yes Ms. Bianca."

From below him, he heard Alex moan as her Mistress began rubbing her clit.

"Oh God! Thank you Mistress!"

"Good girl."

She looked back at Michael.

"From now on, every morning and night, you'll look at my photo and say the following mantra."

"Yes Ms. Bianca."

"I exist to make Ms. Bianca happy. I yearn to be Ms Bianca's slave. Say it."

"I exist to make Ms. Bianca happy. I yearn to be Ms Bianca's slave."

"Again."

He was hurtling toward orgasm at breakneck speed. Alex was close to coming as well, and her pelvis pulsed.

"I exist to make Ms. Bianca happy. I yearn to be Ms. Bianca's slave."

"Keep going."

He repeated his new mantra over and over, speeding up as his climax approached.

"Ask for permission before you come. Alex, keep your mouth closed."

“May I come, Ms. Bianca? Please, may I come?”

“You may.”

He exploded onto Alex’s chest. The first volley went onto her right breast, running down to the center of her chest. The second he aimed at her left. The last spurt was so intense it hurt. He sat back on the bed as Alex started shaking, her eyes open wide.

“Mistress Bianca, may I come?!”

“Yes, darling. Come for me.”

Alex exploded in orgasm, her body pulsing as she groaned.

“Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh, Mistress!”

She squeezed her eyes tight and screamed. Her body shook.

“Oh Mistress! Oh Mistress! Oh Mistress!”

She continued shaking and saying her Mistress’ name, then finally calmed down. Her breath was ragged. Michael looked up to see Ms. Bianca staring at him.

“Jake. Lick up your come.”

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

He leaned down and licked his come from Alex’s breasts. With noticeable difficulty, she kept her face neutral and her body rigid, as if a disgusting but dangerous creature were on top of her, and the only way to survive were to remain still. When he finished, Michael swallowed with difficulty, leaving a musky, semen aftertaste on his tongue. He assumed he wouldn’t be allowed to rinse out his mouth, so he didn’t ask.

“Get dressed, Jake. I’ll call you with instructions in two days. Don’t forget your mantra.”

She seemed irritated. Had he done something wrong? He wondered what he could do to remedy the situation when it struck him that he was doing it. He was

leaving.

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

At the door to the bedroom, he looked back at the two women on the bed. Mistress Bianca was holding Alex’s head against her chest and petting her softly. Michael was consumed by jealousy, and he understood why Alex had been so rude to him earlier. Time with Mistress Bianca was a treasure: of course you’d hate someone for intruding on it. He wondered if he needed to say goodbye before leaving, or maybe something else: thanks? That was fun? He wisely left without saying anything.



That night, Michael ordered in food and sat on his bed, half watching tv and half replaying everything that had happened that day. He felt confused and excited and anxious and in love. He imagined moving to Thailand and wondered if he should sell his house or just rent it. He thought about what he would bring with him and what would go in storage. He thought about the friends he would miss. Before going to sleep, he said his mantra, on his knees, staring up at a photo of her in latex. He thought about changing the word slave to submissive, since that was more accurate, but in the end he did exactly as she asked.

The next morning, Michael was surprised and a little disappointed to feel like his normal self. He'd expected to feel liberated, or halfway liberated, at least. The only thing that had changed were his feelings for Mistress Bianca. Before meeting her, he imagined she was the perfect Mistress, but now he knew it. She was everything he had hoped for: confident, commanding, as skilled and dominant in real life as she seemed online. He remembered an essay by some sap on Twitter who'd served an online domme for 11 months. When he finally met her, she turned out to be a total fraud, and a bitch, too. But that wasn't Mistress Bianca: she was the real thing.

Suddenly, he remembered the way she had thrown him out at the end. Was she mad at him? He paced his AirBnB, replaying his time in her hotel room, searching for anything he might have done wrong. He wanted to reach out to her, but he knew it was a bad idea.

After breakfast, he calmed down. She most likely just wanted to be alone with Alex. He recalled them lying in each others arms, and he knew his fantasy about a committed, monogamous relationship was impossible: he'd never be enough for her. The physical discomfort at that realization jolted him back to reality. She was a professional dominatrix who lived halfway across the world. This was a fling, and it would most likely end when he left San Francisco.

His mood rose and fell for an hour, until he meditated, after which he accepted that he was going to be a lunatic about Mistress Bianca and there was nothing he could do about it and that that was ok. He walked around San Francisco and rode

his rented bicycle and drank a lot of coffee and ate a lot of good Mexican food. He managed at times to go almost 30 minutes without checking for a message from her. The next day, she texted at 3pm.

*10pm tonight, meet me at the O Club. I'll send the address when I get it in a few hours (the venue moves, and they don't release the address until two hours before doors open). Buy the attached outfit and wear it. Clean yourself out before coming. Find me at the bar.*

The outfit was a black kilt, a leather shoulder harness, and tight black underwear. In his AirBnb, he tried it all on and looked at himself in the mirror. He felt ridiculous, like a kid playing dress up. He didn't mind that his upper body was bare — that was actually a plus; he just didn't have the swagger to pull off a kilt. He walked around the room, trying to look natural. He felt a bad mood coming, and a voice told him that tonight would be a disaster. He walked back to the mirror and addressed himself sternly. "You're wearing this outfit, and there's no middle ground: you're either going to look confident or look like an idiot. So get confident! Get your fucking chin up! chest out!" He strutted around the apartment, overdoing it at first before bringing it back down. By the time he left, he felt pretty good.

At the club, he gave the special password to the bouncers, who smiled as they let him in. He wondered what was up until he remembered that West Coast bouncers weren't as allergic to smiling as their East Coast counterparts.

He walked up a set of concrete stairs and into a large loft with black walls and low, purple lighting. He'd assumed Mistress Bianca was taking him to a BDSM party for more play, but it quickly became apparent that this was a sex party. There were some BDSM apparatuses scattered around, but there were many more sex aides. There were beds and couches and benches, most covered with black, waterproof sheets. Bottles of lube and jars of condoms were everywhere.

Michael felt frozen in place: his legs impossibly heavy, and he realized he was clenching his jaw. His fight or flight response was whirring, sharpening his focus. He smelled imitation cinnamon, definitely from a candle, and whoever had painted the walls black had missed a small rectangle near the emergency exit.

He took a deep breath and told himself it was going to be ok. He'd be fine. He

made his way to the bar and looked around for Mistress Bianca. He really wished he could drink.

“Damn! Nice back!”

He turned and saw a younger man, early to mid-thirties, checking him out openly. He leaned in and raised his voice above the music.

“I’m Lawrence.”

He was wearing black jeans and no shirt, and he was in good shape. He seemed effortlessly confident, and Michael felt the familiar mix of admiration and jealousy he always felt toward the socially adept.

“Jake.”

“Nice to meet you. You don’t look familiar. First time?”

“Yeah. I’m waiting for someone. She’s been here before.”

“Girlfriend?”

“No. Not a girlfriend...just a woman I know.”

Lawrence smiled and touched his bicep.

“Can I buy you a drink?”

“I can’t drink.”

Lawrence squinted.

“I used to, but my body started rejecting alcohol about 10 years ago. It sucks.”

“That does suck.”

“It would be nice to cover up my personality.”

He regretted his lame attempt at humor, but Lawrence didn’t seem to mind. He looked him up and down.

“Honestly, Jake. With that body, you don’t need a personality.”

He laughed, and it came across as charming. Michael wished he knew how he’d pulled that off.

“I’ll get you a soda.”

“How about a water instead?”

“You got it.”

Lawrence quickly caught the bartender’s attention and nodded. She came over and poured him a cognac, neat.

“And a water for my friend.”

Michael felt someone at his shoulder, and when he looked up he saw Mistress Bianca. He relaxed slightly. She was wearing a red dress that hugged her figure, and her hair was down and came over both shoulders. She must have been wearing heels, because she was as tall as he was. He stared at her for a moment until he regained control of his brain.

“Oh, Wow, Ms. Bianca, you look so incredible!”

His face and his compliment were so sincere and unguarded that she couldn’t help but laugh. He laughed, too.

“Hello Jake. And hello Lawrence. Wonderful to see you again.”

“The breathtaking Mistress Bianca. As always, a pleasure.”

He smoothly took her hand and kissed it.

“Are you hitting on my friend, Lawrence?”

“I hit on everybody. You know that.”

Bianca turned to Michael.

“Lawrence is one of the hosts, and an unrepentant flirt. Unfortunately for me, he prefers the company of men.”

“I do, but you look so good I just might turn for you.”

“Don’t tease me.”

“Oh honey, I’d drink your bathwater.”

She laughed, and Michael wished he could be more like Lawrence in social settings. He had the feeling he’d missed that off ramp about 12 years ago.

“I have a favor to ask you, Lawrence.”

“Anything at all.”

“My slave Jake here has never, not once in his life, sucked another man’s cock.”

“What?!”

Lawrence looked at him, feigning outrage.

“It’s unacceptable, especially as I’ve discovered that in his heart, he’s yearns to be a slut. I want him to suck cock tonight. Someone nice. Good sized but not massive.”

Lawrence looked at Michael, then back at Mistress Bianca. He stroked his chin.

“Actually, I was about to make a move on Jake here when you came over, so I’d be happy to let him suck my cock.”

“Would you?!”

The speed at which this was happening was dizzying to Michael, who’d never been to a sex club before and whose successes in pickup had all been slow, painstaking and alcohol-fueled.

“Of course. He’s gorgeous!”

She stage-whispered.

“He doesn’t know it.”

“That’s such a shame. Has he ever been fucked?”

“He’s taken a strap on, but not a real cock. That’s correct, right Jake?”

Michael was getting increasingly flustered, and he had no idea how to steer the conversation in a different direction.

“Yes, Ms. Bianca.”

She studied his face for a moment, then turned.

“Can you give us a second, Lawrence?”

“Of course, I’ll be right over here.”

He strolled to a cushioned chair by the wall and sat, looking calm and comfortable. Mistress Bianca put her hands on Michael’s cheeks.

“How do you feel?”

She was genuinely asking him, and it took him a second to realize he could answer honestly.

“This is happening really fast. Is this why you brought me here?”

“Of course! You told me the other day you’d suck cock for me.”

He remembered making that promise, but he had no idea she’d act on it. He was used to talking dirty during sessions with no repercussions, and it hit him now that Bianca had really meant it when she asked him to suck cock. She rubbed his shoulders.

“Take a breath...Good. You told me you were ready for this, but I understand if you need more time.”

He didn’t want to let her down, and he had promised. Was he too uptight? Maybe this was what he needed: a push. He quickly ran through of the worst case scenarios for both decisions. It was no contest.

“I’m good, Ms. Bianca. I’ll do it for you.”

Her smile slowly spread across her face. It was wonderful to see.

“But I’d like one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“I’d like to call you Mistress Bianca. It doesn’t mean you’re my Mistress or that I expect anything of you. I’d just like to call you that.”

She thought for a second, then leaned closer to him. He could feel her breath on his ear.

“You may call me Mistress on one condition: you also get fucked tonight.”

Michael’s jaw dropped. Her audacity was stunning, and irresistible.

“Ok.”

“Ok?”

“I mean, yes Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

She looked deep into his eyes and smiled, and he felt a bloom of warmth in his chest. She took his hand.

“I’ll be right beside you. If there’s an issue, if you feel it’s too much, let me know. I’ll protect you.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She held the back of his neck and walked him over to Lawrence, who was talking to a large, bare-chested man. As they approached, Lawrence winked at Michael, then turned to Mistress Bianca and raised his eyebrows.

“Jake is anxious to lose both virginities tonight.”

“Excellent! I’d like to introduce you to Stewart. He’s a dear friend and would love to be one of Jake’s firsts, though he should be the front: he’s rather large. I’ll take the back.”

“Wonderful.”

Mistress Bianca gave his neck a squeeze.

“Jake, knees.”

He looked at her for a second before it dawned on him.

“Here?!”

She gave him a stern look.

“Here, Mistress?”

“Yes. Of course.”

He looked around, but there were other couples already having sex. It was a sex party, after all. His head felt light, and he was afraid he’d lose control of his body. A part of him couldn’t believe this was actually happening.

“Can I have a cushion?”

Lawrence handed him the chair cushion, and Michael placed it under his knees. Stewart began unbuttoning his jeans, but Mistress Bianca stopped him.

“I’d like my slave to do that, Stewart. There’s something wonderful about watching a man pull out another man’s cock, don’t you think?”

“Yeah. You’re right.”

She leaned over and held Michael’s chin.

“I want you to suck both their cocks for a bit. I’ll guide you; just follow my instructions. You don’t need to think. Understand?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good boy.”

She began lightly scratching his head, sending shivers down his body.

“Reach up and rub Stewart’s cock through his pants...That’s right. Feel it. Good boy. Do you see how big he is? Isn’t that wonderful?”



Michael thought back to the porn he'd watched. He just had to act like the women in those clips. Stewart started getting hard. He was, indeed, rather large.

"Now unbutton his pants and slowly pull down his zipper. Good. Pull his pants down and rub your face on his cock through his underwear."

Stewart's cock was pushing his underwear outward. He grabbed a condom and ripped it open with his teeth.

"Good boy. Pull his underwear down. Now put the condom on him. Isn't his cock beautiful?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"Give it a kiss on the head, a slow kiss, just like you did with Alex's cock the other day."

Michael looked straight ahead as he followed Mistress Bianca's commands. He desperately wanted to avoid eye contact with either Stewart or Lawrence.

"Good. Now lick it slowly from the base to the tip...Good boy. You're doing so well. Now, take it in your mouth, show me how far down you can go. Stewart, will you put your hands on Jake's head? He likes that."

Michael made it halfway down Stewart's cock before he coughed and pulled out.

"Good boy! Keep going. Keep sucking."

He held the base of Stewart's cock and bobbed up and down. His cock felt warm, which was different from a dildo. He pushed Stewart's dick a little deeper, but he was nowhere near the base.

"Come off of Stewart, Jake."

He felt another pair of hands on his head, and he looked up to see Lawrence, stroking his hard cock in front of him. He'd already put on a condom.

"Give Lawrence some attention."

He kissed the tip of Lawrence's cock, then took it in his mouth. Lawrence was a

little larger than average, but smaller than Stewart. Michael held him around the base and stroked as he sucked. Lawrence made encouraging noises.

“Stroke his balls, Jake. Good boy. Now hold both cocks, one in each hand, and move from one to the other. Suck them both...good boy! You’re doing so well!”

Michael lost track of time. He heard the music playing and was vaguely aware that other people were watching. He had a moment of panic that someone would recognize him, but he realized that no one he knew came to sex parties. He wondered if there was anything else he should be doing, swirling his tongue or rubbing their assholes, but he really didn’t want to touch their assholes. They seemed to be enjoying themselves. He heard Lawrence’s voice.

“Let’s get him to a bench. I want to fuck him.”

“Absolutely.”

Mistress Bianca helped him to his feet, and they followed the two men to a padded bench that Michael thought of as a spanking bench. It was used for something else here, clearly. He climbed on.

“Mistress?”

“Yes, dear?”

“Will you make sure Lawrence doesn’t just ram himself into me?”

“Yes. I’ll be right here. Lawrence has done this before and he loves fucking virgins, so he’ll be gentle, but I’ll watch just to be sure.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

“Of course.”

She leaned forward and kissed his forehead.

“You’re making me very happy.”

Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright. He didn’t realize it then, but later he would recognize that she was turned on watching him get fucked in both ends

by two handsome black men.

Stewart guided his cock back into Michael's mouth. At the same time, Lawrence lifted his kilt over his back and stroked his cock through his underwear. He wondered if he'd get hard but figured he was too nervous. Lawrence pulled down his underwear, and his lubed and gloved finger made circles around his asshole. Michael tried to relax, and he imagined he was back in Domina Lin's studio. He imagined her voice telling him that it was ok, that it was safe to relax. Stewart held onto his head and slowly fucked his mouth as Lawrence pushed a finger inside him. He tensed, then eased slightly. Lawrence added a second finger, then pulled out and pressed the tip of his cock against his opening, giving gentle but insistent pressure. Michael concentrated on Stewart's cock, rubbing his tongue just underneath the head as Lawrence pushed inside him.

"Unnnhh!"

Mistress Bianca was at his shoulder, tapping Stewart's wrist so he pulled out.

"Are you ok?"

"Yes. It was just...jarring...I'm ok...Yes."

"Good boy."

Lawrence didn't go deep, but his cock was thick, and it stretched Michael's asshole. Stewart pushed himself back into Michael's mouth.

"I'd like the two of you to work in rhythm." It was Mistress Bianca. "As one pulls out, the other pushes in. Got it?"

They alternated strokes. Stewart's thrust sent Michael backwards, while Lawrence's soft thrust pushed him forward. He heard a woman say "that's so fucking sexy!" He tried to lose himself in the motion and in keeping himself open. He felt full and a bit uncomfortable, but not in pain. After a while, he heard Mistress Bianca's voice.

"Now press in at the same time and hold it."

The movement made Michael's eyes pop open. The two men pulled out and thrust in again. Lawrence sensed that Michael was ready and increased his force.

Michael put a hand back to block him from going too deep. He felt his chest sliding across the top of the bench as Lawrence fucked him.

“Now I’d like Jake to do the work. Jake, move yourself forward and back on the nice men’s cocks.”

Michael could take Lawrence a little deeper now, and he pushed back until it hurt, then he moved forward onto Stewart’s cock. He pushed back again, until it felt like Lawrence’s penis hit the back wall of his asshole. He moved forward and back, forward and back. It was exhausting, and after a half-dozen more rounds he stopped to catch his breath. His asshole was starting to feel tender.

“Ok, boys, I think he’s had enough.”

Stewart pulled out and gave Michael a friendly pat on the shoulder, as if they’d just finished a spirited game of basketball, then walked away. Lawrence held onto his hips and slowly pulled out. Mistress Bianca helped Michael to sit upright. She handed him a bottle of water and he took a drink.

“How are you?”

“I’m ok, I think...I am. I’m good.”

“Do you want me to get them to cuddle you?”

“Seriously?”

She laughed.

“No, Come, let’s get you a drink.”

“I can’t drink.”

“What? Why not?”

“I’m intolerant of alcohol. I get a hangover from one drink.”

“That sucks.”

“Totally.”

“Come then, we’re going back to my hotel.”

Michael was enormously grateful he’d pushed through his fear. What had seemed so scary and momentous turned out not to be not such a big deal, and he’d pleased Mistress Bianca, which was the most important thing. He said goodbye to Lawrence, who gave him a hug and told him he should come back whenever he wanted. He gave him a card with the mailing list url, then surprised Michael by kissing on the lips.

“Bye gorgeous.”

“I think Lawrence has a crush on you.”

They were in a cab on the way to The Fairmont.

“Why?”

“What do you mean, why? He was all over you when I got there, and that kiss at the end? He was hoping that would turn into something deeper.”

“Why would he like me?”

“What do you mean?”

“He’s a great-looking guy who runs sex parties. Why would he want me?”

She looked at him strangely.

“You really don’t think you’re attractive, do you?”

“I know I’m not unattractive. But I’m not, like, gorgeous.”

“Not that way. I’m talking about something different.”

“What do you mean?”

She looked at him without speaking for a moment.

“Do you think you’re interesting?”

“A little, I guess. In general, yes, but not to everybody.”

She didn't seem to like that answer, and Michael felt the need to explain.

"I do online dating, and hardly anyone writes back to me."

She shook her head.

"I have work to do."

"On me?"

"Yes."

"Like what?"

She didn't answer, and he didn't press. Before they walked into the hotel, she turned to him.

"I just thought of something. You'll have to adjust your mantra now that you're calling me Mistress Bianca."

"Change the Ms. Biancas to Mistress Biancas, I'm guessing."

"See, I knew you were smart!"

"Consider it done, Mistress."

She smiled, then put her hands on his shoulders.

"I'm proud of you. You showed me tonight that you're willing to push through your limits. That's very important to me."

Michael tried to push down a smile, then gave up when it was clearly impossible. He wondered what was going to happen now. Would they make love? Would he go down on her, or would they just lie in each other's arms?

All of those hopes evaporated the moment Alex opened the door. She wasn't thrilled to see him, either, but she kept her open hostility to a minimum, not eager to take another turn at his asshole.

"Jake, take a shower."

When he came back to the bedroom, Mistress Bianca had several lengths of rope on the bed. She hog-tied him, then put on a blindfold. He lay uncomfortably on his side on the floor and listened as the two women made love, loudly and passionately. Alex seemed to climax at least a dozen times.

When they were finished, Mistress Bianca untied him, and he got dressed. She walked him to the door.

“I want you to masturbate when you get back to your room tonight. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“As you do, think of getting double teamed by those two sexy men just to please me.”

“Yes Mistress.”

He was irritated, and he was anxious not to show it. She looked in his eyes.

“I won’t be able to see you again, Jake, but it was wonderful meeting you. Have a great trip back to New York.”

It hit him that this was it, the end of their relationship. It felt unfair.

“Thank you, Mistress. Have a wonderful trip back to Thailand.”

“Thank you.”

He thought for a moment, trying to figure out what he wanted, and then he found it.

“Mistress?”

“Yes?”

“May I have a hug?”

She didn’t respond for a moment, and he was afraid she’d say no. If she did, he knew in his heart that he’d never speak with her again.

“Of course.”

She gave him a warm hug, pulling him into her soft, strong body.

“You’re really wonderful, Jake. I hope you know that.”

She held him, and let him hold her, as long as he wanted, not showing any signs of impatience. He finally let go, and swallowing his sadness, disappointment, envy and confusion, he walked home.



The next morning, Michael's chest felt sour, and he decided against saying his mantra. He had pushed himself for her, and she didn't care. Sure, she said she appreciated him, but she didn't show it. Why bring him back to her hotel room if she was just going to ignore him and fuck Alex? Why punish him?

He went through the scene roughly 50 times, imagining things he could have said or done differently, most of them impossible without the gift of hindsight. He thought about leaving her at the entrance to the hotel, telling her he needed to be by himself to process what had just happened. Surely that would have been better.

He felt used, and he wondered if Mistress Bianca was, in fact, laughing at him. He thought again about the essay from the guy whose online domme was a fraud. He'd been so set on submitting to her that he couldn't see she was a fraud until he left the session. He sat there as she fumbled basic rope ties and insulted him for over an hour. Michael couldn't believe anyone could be that dense the first time he read it, but now he understood. That domme was from Mistress Bianca's part of the world, too, he remembered, and in his wounded state of mind that meant something.

He thought back to the sex party: he'd sucked a dick while getting fucked in the ass. It was weird to even think those words. Surprisingly, he didn't regret it. He was upset with Mistress Bianca, but that didn't translate into guilt or shame, and Lawrence and Stewart hadn't done anything wrong. He was glad he pushed himself, and he was glad that it wasn't a big deal now.

As he went back through the encounter, he remembered Mistress Bianca checking in with him, making sure he was safe. She probably wasn't laughing at him. But still, why bring him back to her room? He thought about it all day, until that night, when she texted.

*Jake,*

*Meet me for lunch tomorrow at Goodman's. Noon.*

*Mistress Bianca*

For a moment, he was confused, as she'd told him the night before she wouldn't have time to see him again. But subsequent re-readings convinced him that, yes, it was her, and yes, she was inviting him to lunch. As usual, she didn't ask if he had any plans. She had clearly seen through his work excuse. Or maybe she didn't care.

*Ms. Bianca,*

*I'll see you then.*

*Best,*

*Michael*

His mood shifted quickly. He wondered if what happened at her hotel room were another test, and, if so, of what? Expectation? Entitlement? He was astronomically glad he hadn't said any of the things he'd imagined saying earlier that day. That night, he said his mantra.

He was at the restaurant early. He stood and watched her hips sway seductively as she approached the table. She was wearing a tight emerald green sweater and a tan skirt. Her dark hair was swept over one shoulder. She gave him a kiss on each cheek and sat.

"Hello Jake, or should I call you Michael?"

"What?"

"You signed your email Michael. I have a feeling that's your real name and Jake is an alias."

She squinted and turned her head to the side.

"It is."

"You lied to me about your name?!"

She looked surprised, then upset.

“I’m sorry, Mistress. I just thought at the beginning it was better to be safe.”

She smiled. She was joking.

“It’s ok. I know why people use aliases. Would you rather I call you Jake or Michael?”

“I use Jake when sessioning...could you call me Michael in private and Jake at events?”

“I can. Also, you addressed your text to Ms. Bianca. Aren’t I your Mistress?”

“Oh! I hadn’t realized! I’m sorry, I’m just so used to calling you Ms. Bianca.”

She reached across the table and stroked his cheek.

“How do you feel?”

“About the sex party?”

“Yes.”

“I feel ok.” He shrugged. “That might sound like I’m hiding something, but I don’t think I am. When I think about it, it’s just something I did. There’s no guilt or shame.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“I liked that I did it for you. And I’m sure I’ll look back and it’ll be hot that you pushed me — gently — to do it. But I don’t know if I enjoyed it. Maybe I was a little nervous.”

She pressed her lips together as the corners of her mouth turned up.

“Ok. I was definitely nervous, so it wasn’t easy to relax. It didn’t hurt, but I couldn’t get into it. Overall, it wasn’t bad, but I don’t think I’m attracted to guys. At least, I’m not crazy about-” he looked around and lowered his voice, “giving head.”

“The condom kills some of the thrill. But you might be telling the truth that you’re straight.”

“I might be.”

“That’s what’s going to make it so much fun forcing you to-” She looked around as he had, then lowered her voice, “give head!”

She smiled, and he couldn’t help but smile, too.

“We need to get you with someone who’s been tested, so you can taste a real cock. It’s going to be so sexy seeing someone fill your mouth with come.”

“Uhh...”

She smiled.

“Any other thoughts? The sex was fine. What about after?”

“Right, after. Well, before that, thank you for being there during the sex and taking care of me. That helped.”

“That’s my responsibility as your Mistress: keeping you safe, especially when I’ve curated a scene.”

He wasn’t sure what to say to that. Fortunately, the waiter saved him from having to decide. Michael ordered a pastrami sandwich while Mistress Bianca ordered a miso soup and a beet and goat cheese salad.

“I thought it was a little odd how Stewart just gave me the old, ‘good game’ pat on the shoulder and walked off.”

“Did you want to talk to him?”

“No, not really.”

“He probably saw someone else he wanted to have sex with.”

“That’s so strange to me, going from one person to another that quickly.”

She shrugged, obviously not sharing his view.

“So after...”

“Yes?”

“I’m confused why you brought me back to your hotel. I mean, I figured maybe you wanted to see if I was ok.”

“That was part of it, yes.”

“But then why not say goodbye at the door? Was it a test?”

She raised her eyebrows but didn’t speak.

“Like, did you do that to see if I expected maybe some type of reward for what I did, and if I’d complain if I didn’t get one? Or to see if I’d be jealous of Alex, maybe, or were you expecting me to maybe do something?”

He could tell he was rambling and saying the word ‘maybe’ a lot. When he’d been angry, he’d meticulously planned out what he would say to her, but now that circumstances had changed, he wasn’t sure how to talk about it. Mistress Bianca seemed amused.

“I can see you’ve thought about this quite a bit.”

“I did.”

She tilted her head.

“You overthink things.”

“I know.”

“A lot.”

“I know that, too.”

She gave him a stern look.

“Sorry, Mistress.”

“I brought you back to make sure you were ok. Then I wanted to see how you enjoyed cuckolding.”

He squinted.

“Many men would have loved to have that experience: tied up and blindfolded, listening to two hot women have sex. It was a reward.”

That idea had never once occurred to him. It was so baffling that he just stared at her with his mouth open.

“You didn’t like it, obviously, though you did try to hide your disappointment. I take it you thought you were getting one-on-one time with me.”

“It wasn’t something I felt entitled to, but yes, Mistress, that’s what I thought.”

She took a breath and brought both elbows to the table, clasping her hands below her chin.

“If you want to be with me, you have to accept one thing above all.”

He had a good idea what was coming, but he asked anyway.

“What’s that, Mistress?”

“It’s about my desires, at all times, never yours.”

She raised her eyebrows. He nodded.

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good.”

The food arrived. Mistress Bianca waited until the waiter was out of earshot.

“Take your sandwich into the bathroom and masturbate on it.”

“What?”

“You heard me.”

He looked at his sandwich, then back at her.

“I have to give you some punishment for lying about your name.”

She kept her mouth neutral, but her eyes were smiling.

“How will I get it to the bathroom?”

“You’re clever. You’ll figure it out.”

He looked around the restaurant. Five other tables were occupied, two of them on the way to the bathroom, plus the waiter. He looked back at Mistress Bianca, who was enjoying his distress.

“Can I just take the top piece of bread?”

“No.”

He wrapped his sandwich in his napkin and scanned the other tables: no one seemed to be looking. He was about to stand up, when she held up a hand, then beckoned him closer. She spoke softly.

“As you masturbate, fantasize about sucking cock. Imagine I’m standing next to you, and you’re warming up some stud who’s going to fuck me while you watch.”

He blushed and looked at the table. It was a horrible image, seeing another man do what he so desperately wanted to do, and not just watching but readying him. He didn’t want to think about it, but he knew he would. He nodded.

“Yes Mistress.”

He waited as the waiter passed their table, then he picked up his sandwich and walked quickly to the bathroom. It was open, thank God. She texted:

*“You have six minutes.”*

He placed two paper towels on the sink. He put his sandwich on top of one, then took off the top piece of bread and put it on the other. He wished he had lube. He spit in his hand.

It turned out to be easy. That she was making him do something so degrading turned him on. It was so dominant, and combined with the arrogant look on her face, it pushed him up to and then over the edge quickly. He grabbed his

sandwich right before he came and deposited a healthy load of come onto the pastrami. He rewrapped his sandwich in his napkin and returned to the table.

“Let’s see.”

He opened his sandwich, showing her his come. She nodded.

“Bon appetit!”

He took a bite and waited for the rancid, oily taste to fill his mouth. The pastrami and mustard hid it, but he got a small hit at the end.

“How’s your erotica coming along?”

“Good, Mistress, although I’ve done mostly outlining and organizing. I haven’t started writing. That’ll be the fun part, though.”

“Does writing come easy to you?”

“Sometimes. Not always, and not at the beginning. I wrote a lot in my twenties, and I learned a little of how to get thoughts on paper. The challenging part will be editing, though, because I can’t give it to anyone to proofread.”

“Why not?”

“Because it’s erotica.”

“You don’t have friends who read erotica?”

“Not who talk about it, and not who I’d be comfortable knowing my desires.”

“You’re not out to your friends?”

He’d never thought of himself as either in or out. He wondered why that was.

“I’ve told my therapist. And I told a friend a while ago, but we’re not friends anymore.”

“Not because of what you told him?”

“No. He got a little weird.”



She was silent.

“It’s hard to explain. He was very insistent I go to therapy, and when I wouldn’t he became obsessed with listing everything wrong with me.”

“Yichh.”

It was funny hearing someone so beautiful and sophisticated make that sound.

“Yeah. It sucked. I had a lot of friends when I was younger and into my 20s, and I’m friends with almost none of them now. All my closest friends I’ve made in the last 12 years.”

She nodded as she ate her salad. He imagined that as a sex worker she’d had similar experiences.

“Are you upset about that?”

“No. One or two I miss, ones from home. Honestly, though, I’ve changed a lot, and I like myself better now, so it’s a good thing.”

He wondered for a moment whether he were telling the truth, and he was happy to realize he was. He missed the ease of childhood friendships, but his friends now were truly his people.

“Are you ok with me asking you questions, Mistress?”

“Eventually, but not now. Now I want to hear more about your story.”

They talked for almost an hour. As usual, she was attentive and inquisitive. She understood everything he was trying to get across, even when his thoughts were jumbled. He would later decide that she must have near genius-level emotional intelligence.

They hugged at the door of the restaurant. This time, it really was good-bye, as his flight left in two days, and she was headed up to wine country for a week that evening.

As he walked away, he couldn’t help but smile. He’d taken a risk flying out on just the hope of meeting her, and it had worked out better than he’d ever

imagined. She was wonderful in every way a person could be wonderful. But even more, and this he found slightly embarrassing, he was proud of himself. He'd been put in difficult situations, ones where the old him would have gotten frustrated, shut down, or made demands. That he hadn't done any of that, and — to the contrary — had impressed the most fascinating woman in the world filled him with pride. Michael was the kind of person who only ever recognized his mistakes with women, so this feeling was new, and he wondered if his therapist, who constantly pointed out his good qualities, was having an effect on him. Either way, he felt great.

He wondered if he would ever see Mistress Bianca again, and it made him a little sad to think he might not. That evening, he wrote her an email thanking her for everything she did for him, and for being so charming. She wrote back after a few hours.

*Dearest Michael,*

*It was such a pleasure meeting and playing with you. I enjoyed your company tremendously and look forward to the next time we meet. In the meantime, a magazine is profiling me, and they want to know what it's like to serve me online. Would you be willing to talk to them about your experience? I'm also writing a guest blog for them, and I'm curious if you'll proof my writing? If yes to the first question, may I give them your Twitter handle?*

*Mistress Bianca*

*PS. When you masturbate from now on, think of preparing one of my lovers with your mouth while I watch.*

*Mistress Bianca,*

*Yes to everything. I'd be happy to speak to the magazine.*

*Best,*

*Michael*

Michael reread her message many times, especially the first sentence. He wondered if their time together was just a normal week for her, and he had to admit it probably was. For him, it was absolutely insane. He'd never had a three

way before, and he'd experienced two, three if being trussed up on the floor next to two women having sex counted. He'd done other things he'd never thought he'd do and allowed himself to be used in a way he never would have imagined, and to her it was routine. He marveled at what her life must be like, having that type of sexual freedom.

Michael received another email that evening, this one from a friend from home, making an introduction to one of his old friends, Kevin, who lived south of San Francisco and was looking to start an educational technology business. Kevin had already replied, saying that he'd heard Michael was in town and asking if he were free to meet for lunch the next day. Michael agreed. He found it ironic that the lie he'd invented for coming to San Francisco was proven true in the end.

The restaurant Kevin chose was very swanky and filled with 30-somethings who Michael guessed were all tech entrepreneurs. Kevin was waiting for him at a booth in the back. He looked relaxed and happy, and he possessed that special charisma that made him seem effortlessly competent. He didn't know much about education, but he had an idea about a way to streamline and coordinate material creation and progress tracking. He needed someone who understood the field and spoke the language, who could not only figure out how the process should work, but who could oversee material creation and check marketing content. Michael could do all of those things.

At the same time, Kevin was exactly the type of person Michael wanted as a business partner: someone with experience starting, running and selling businesses, who knew how to get funding and who wasn't going to get in the way of his ideas. They shook hands after the meal and agreed to keep talking.

On the plane ride home, Michael wrote his femdom story. He added to his outline, as the events of the past week had given him fresh ideas and insights. His story was simple: an arrogant young man meets an older woman who enslaves him through hypnosis, corporal punishment, orgasm denial and imprisonment.

In his teens, when he was most ashamed of his desires, Michael regularly fantasized kidnapping and blackmail scenarios in which he was "forced" to do the acts he so desperately wanted to do. If he had no choice, it wasn't wrong that he licked a woman's ass and drank her pee, and he wasn't shameful and disgusting. He weaved elaborate and extreme stories in his head, over and over. As a result, he'd had troves of ideas to pull from while outlining, and writing

was just filling in the details. When he landed in Brooklyn, he had 20 rough pages.

The next morning, Michael visited his therapist. He'd decided to tell her everything, which wasn't easy, and he made her promise not to judge him too harshly, which she of course wasn't going to do anyway. He relayed what happened, including his thoughts and the specific emails and texts. At certain points, he couldn't look at her as he spoke. When he stopped, she was silent for a moment, then smiled.

"She really likes you!"

He hadn't expected that to be her first comment.

"Why do you say that?"

"She set up one meeting, which was clearly a test, then ended up seeing you three more times. She wouldn't have done that if she didn't enjoy your company."

"I don't think she believed that I was out there for work."

"Maybe not. Maybe that's just how she makes plans, and if you couldn't make it, you couldn't make it. But you really pushed yourself out of your comfort zone!"

"Do you find it shocking about the sex party?"

"I'm surprised you did it, but not in a bad way. Why?"

"I don't know. I expect most people would look down on it."

She waved that away.

"I don't judge people for sex as long as it doesn't hurt anyone. If I thought that you were upset, or that Bianca was putting you in a dangerous position, I'd talk to you about it. But I don't get that sense, especially when you tell me she was checking on you. I think, though, it's a good idea to get clear on what you're willing to do and what you're not, as your feelings for her could make it difficult in the moment."

“I did make a list.”

“Is there a possibility that list wasn’t accurate?”

“Well...I did a number of things that I said I wouldn’t do, so yeah.”

He knew his therapist was right: he needed to make a more accurate list of his hard limits, this time with Mistress Bianca in mind. Where was the line with her?

“How do you feel looking back on the things you did?”

“I’m happy, but it’s still strange to me that I did all that.”

“It was a stretch for you, for sure.”

He was quiet for a moment, and in that silence, he accepted that his therapist really wasn’t judging him. He had the sudden realization that his constant feeling of guilt, which he’d always attributed to the outside world, was really coming from himself. He relayed that to his therapist, who nodded as if it were obvious.

“Can we go back to you thinking she likes me?”

“Of course.”

“I’m struggling to accept that.”

“Why?”

“She has so many people she sees, and I’m sure most of them fall in love with her. What if she’s just being nice, and I’m just another client?”

“I thought you said you didn’t pay her for her time?”

“Right. Forget that. I mean she clearly has a lot of sexual relationships. And maybe what we’re doing, that I think must mean something, doesn’t mean anything to her, or at least, not what I want it to mean. Does that make sense?”

“Why is it hard to believe she might like you?”

“Because she could have anyone! Or at least most people.”

His therapist shrugged.

“Ok, but you could have something she really likes.”

“I’m not saying I’m unattractive, but she could have a movie star or a billionaire. I think she is dating a billionaire. Someone bought her a house, so she must be seeing him.”

“You don’t know that. And she may not want a movie star or a billionaire. It could be that she has this wonderful, exciting life that at the end of the day feels a little empty, and she wants a solid relationship with someone she feels a connection to, who will be there for her. She wouldn’t be the first.”

He wanted to believe it, but he couldn’t. It didn’t matter, either way, he thought, because he’d probably never see her again, or if he did, it wouldn’t be for months, maybe even years. It was time to move on.

That evening, Michael went back on OkCupid, but he couldn’t muster the energy to write anyone. He opened his novel, but he just stared at it. He kept coming back to the banality of his existence. His experiences with Mistress Bianca had brought sexual and emotional bliss, but they’d also made him reexamine his life, and he was realizing his discontentment. What he wanted most was to serve Mistress Bianca, but he had no idea how to make that happen. He felt tired and numb, and what disappointed him most was the surety that within a month, his life would return to how it’d always been, and he’d just accept it.

To compensate, he performed Mistress Bianca’s slave tasks with vigor. He said her mantra day and night, and he bought her a \$300 skirt from her wishlist. It was more than the limit he’d set, but he would have paid more had she charged him for even one hour of her time in San Francisco.

He checked his messages constantly, hoping but not expecting to find a message from her. He knew she was busy, and she wasn’t big on emails, but he was still disappointed every time. And then a week later, she wrote.

*Dearest Michael,*

*I will be in New York in three weeks and I would appreciate further service from you while I’m there. I arrive on the 20th and will stay for 10 days. What’s your schedule?*

*Mistress Bianca*

He kept rereading her message, feeling the energy return to his body. He wondered why she hadn't told him about coming to New York before now, but he didn't dwell on it: he was too excited at the opportunity to serve her once more. He replayed their time together in San Francisco and felt good all over again.

*Mistress Bianca,*

*What great news! I'm working from home during that time, mostly on my writing. I'm available when you need me with a few possible exceptions.*

*Best,*

*Michael*

*Michael,*

*Wonderful. I will call you tomorrow evening at 6pm PST to go over details and instructions for you going forward.*

*Mistress Bianca*

The next day, Michael went through what he now called his pre-Bianca routine: exercise, stretch, and write. This way, he entered their conversation feeling good about himself and —hopefully — attractive to her.

*“Hello Michael.”*

*“Hi Mistress Bianca. How was wine country?”*

*“Wonderful. We spent a week at a spa, and I had a lot of mud baths, so that was very nice.”*

*“Your skin must be very soft, Mistress.”*

*“So soft. I hope your return to Brooklyn has been smooth.”*

*“It has.”*



*“Wonderful. As for my trip to New York, I’m not completely sure of my schedule yet, but I’ll need to be picked up from the airport and chauffeured quite a bit. Do you own a car?”*

*“Yes Mistress.”*

*“Good. And you’re able to chauffeur me when needed?”*

*“I believe so, Mistress. There may be some scheduling conflicts, but I’m sure I can work them out.”*

*“Good. I want you to work on your ability to take cocks in your mouth and ass. Do you own a dildo?”*

The transition was jarring, but he realized that for her, this was a normal conversation.

*“No Mistress.”*

*“I’ll text you dildos to buy. I want you practicing twice a week.”*

*“Yes Mistress.”*

*“Also, I know you masturbate on Tuesdays and Fridays — have you kept your word on that?”*

*“Yes Mistress.”*

*“And you’re fantasizing about what I told you?”*

*“Yes Mistress.”*

*“Good. From now on, every time you come, you eat it.”*

*“Um...yes Mistress.”*

*“Is that a problem?”*

*“No Mistress.”*

*“For this Tuesday, I want you to purchase crackers. Are you gluten-free?”*

*“No Mistress.”*

*“Buy Carr’s crackers, the plain kind in the black packaging. Set a cracker on a plate and come on it. Then take a picture and send it to me, then eat it.”*

*“Yes Mistress.”*

*“On Friday, go into plow position and ejaculate into your mouth. If you get any on your face, leave it there, no washing your face for at least an hour. You’re flexible enough to do plow, right? Of course you are. Silly question. Are my instructions clear?”*

*“Um, yeah. I mean, yes Mistress. Of course. And yes, I’m flexible. Thank you, Mistress.”*

*“Excellent! I know I could have sent this to you in an email, but I do enjoy the little sounds of distress you make.”*

*“I’m glad to be of service.”*

*“Have you kept up on your mantra?”*

*“Every morning and night, Mistress.”*

*“Good. And your meditation?”*

*“Oh! No Mistress. I forgot.”*

She was silent.

*“You forgot?”*

*“Yes, Mistress. I apologize.”*

*“I’m disappointed in you, Michael. I gave you clear instructions.”*

*“I’m sorry, Mistress. It was just... I don’t have an excuse. I just forgot.”*

*“I have to go. I’ll send you my flight information a few days before I arrive. Meditate once I hang up. Don’t forget to send me those pictures on Tuesday.”*

*“Yes Mistress.”*

Michael was filled with dismay. How could he have forgotten to meditate?! He had let her down, and for no reason at all! He wanted to scream. Everything had been going so well! He sat on the floor and put his head in his hands.

He knew he was overreacting, that he had made a simple mistake. But he was courting a Goddess, and simple mistakes weren't acceptable; he had to be perfect. He wrote an apology and set a reminder to send it the next day, then went to his bedroom and meditated. Afterwards, he felt only slightly better.

The next day, a woman reached out to him on OkCupid. Her message was just a simple “hi!” but it was a message nonetheless, breaking a lengthy streak of rejections. Michael looked through her profile, which didn't give him much to talk about that probably every other guy hadn't already asked her: she liked traveling and movies, she wanted her date to make plans, she had great friends. It was an uninspiring profile, but she was pretty, so he composed a short message, including a question about where she wanted to travel next.

He checked his email for any messages from Mistress Bianca, knowing there wouldn't be any. He feared she'd punish his disobedience with silence, and he was right: she didn't reach out the entire week, even to send him the dildos she wanted him to buy, even after he sent her a photo of his come-covered cracker. He did trade three messages with the woman from OkCupid, whose name was April, but in each one, she merely answered his question without asking him anything back:

*I really want to visit Croatia! Maybe this year!*

*I don't, but I'd be willing to learn!*

*Going to see a movie with a friend!*

Michael had had exchanges like these before, and they always baffled and infuriated him. Had she never had a conversation? Did she think this was an interview? What the fuck?! He unmatched and blocked her.

He talked with Kevin a couple times, and Michael shared a little more about how to make their business idea work. His potential partner asked thoughtful questions, and at the end of the second conversation requested a more thorough

presentation. This prompted an uncomfortable but necessary conversation about the need for a non-disclosure agreement before Michael divulged specifics. Kevin, to his credit, didn't play the wounded-integrity card and promised to send a signed NDA once his lawyer drafted it.

Michael continued writing his femdom novel, which was now 80 pages. Because he'd strayed so far from his original outline, he kept having to reread it for potential contradictions. It was time-consuming and annoying at times, but the constant revising made the story better, and each time he reread it, he felt good.

He checked his email constantly for a message from Mistress Bianca, but none came, and each time he became a little more worried. By the time she emailed, two days before her arrival, as she had promised, he was on the verge of full-blown panic.

*Michael,*

*My flight arrives on Wednesday evening at 9:58 at JFK. I expect you outside baggage claim when I arrive. Your permission to masturbate tomorrow is rescinded. Don't touch yourself from now until we meet.*

*In public, if you're worried about referring to me as Mistress, you may call me Ma'am.*

*Flight and hotel information are attached.*

*Mistress Bianca*

Michael had been hoping for a longer message, but he was relieved she still wanted him in her life. On some level, he knew expulsion didn't make sense, but his last year of dating had reinforced both the irrationality of human beings and the existence of a cruel and punishing God, and so he worried. Her order not to masturbate reassured him further, and also made him want to masturbate more than anything else in the world.

On Wednesday evening, Michael was – of course – early to JFK, and he was forced to take three different laps around the airport by the gruff security guards who patrolled the pick-up area. At 10:20, Mistress Bianca texted that she had her bags and would be out presently. He sent her his exact location, then checked his hair in the rearview mirror and stood next to his just-washed car. Moments later,

he spotted her in the crosswalk, her back straight, rolling one small and one very large suitcase. She looked radiant, in brown leather boots, a tan skirt and a white button down shirt. Michael smiled, and the part of him that struggled to believe their relationship was real and not a figment of his imagination relaxed temporarily. He held up his hand so she would see him, then walked to her and relieved her of her bags. He put them in the trunk, opened the rear curbside door for her, and hustled around to his side. She got in without saying one word to him.

She spent most of the ride on the phone, speaking with a few clients she would see in town and a friend she'd meet for dinner. He snuck peeks at her in the rearview mirror, admiring the line of her jaw and her sculpted eyebrows. He reminded himself repeatedly not to speak until she spoke to him first, and so he was silent until the end of the ride, as he threaded his way through downtown Manhattan to her Tribeca hotel.

"Drop me off in front. I've had a long day and I'm going to sleep."

"Yes, Mistress."

He opened her door, and the porter retrieved her luggage from the trunk.

"Have a wonderful night, Ma'am."

"Thank you."

"Would you like me to check in tomorrow morning?"

"No. I'll reach out if I need you. I don't want to be bothered by texts."

"Understood, Ma'am. What if I find a picture of a kitten and puppy hugging? I feel like that might warrant sharing."

She was surprised at that, then smiled, against her will it seemed.

"Fine. If they're particularly adorable, then yes. But not just your run-of-the-mill kitten and puppy."

"Only premium models. Understood, Ma'am."

She smiled again, fully this time.

“Have a good night, Michael.”

“Likewise, Ma’am.”

It wasn’t the beginning he wanted, but he felt he’d handled it well. This belief was confirmed the next morning, when she texted.

*Michael,*

*Meet me at 1pm at Loro Piana at Madison and 65th. Keep the rest of the day free.*

*Protocol instructions below.*

*Mistress Bianca*

*Walk always behind me or to the side, never in front of me.*

*Do not speak unless spoken to.*

*Carry all of my bags.*

*You will buy all food and drinks. You do not have to pay for my clothing purchases on this visit.*

*At a restaurant or café, if a waiter asks you a question, such as water for the table, I will answer. When served, you will wait for my permission to eat or drink.*

*You must ask my permission to leave my side. This includes using the restroom.*

Michael committed these to memory, knees bouncing in excitement. He was going to be part of her world, in whatever way, for just a little while longer. That evening, he went over the first four chapters of his novel. He’d written 10 chapters in total, but the first four were the most groomed. He moved these to a

separate document and attached it to an email that took him 30 minutes to write, because he kept adding, then deleting, then re-adding self-effacing comments and pleas for leniency. Finally, he deleted everything and wrote a short note asking for her opinion if she had the time and inclination.

The next day, he waited for her inside the entrance to Loro Piana, wearing the expensive clothes he'd purchased the week before. Mistress Bianca entered, walking with ease and purpose, black sunglasses over her eyes, looking like the heroine in an old Italian movie. She spotted him and smiled, allaying his fear that he'd be treated to the same blunt irritation as yesterday. She felt his sweater, checking the fit over his shoulders.

"This is very nice, Michael. Navy looks good on you."

"Thank you, Ma'am. You look stunning, as usual."

She walked into the interior of the store, and Michael followed just behind her to the right. He waited while she looked through ridiculously-priced, high-quality clothing. He wondered what type of wealth he would need to acquire before he'd pay \$500 for a t-shirt. He decided on infinite.

After Loro Piana, they headed south to Brioni. As they walked, Michael kept his eyes peeled for potential dangers. He hoped someone tried to steal her purse, or that a car careened up onto the sidewalk. He would apprehend the thief or pull her out of the way just in time, risking considerable danger to himself. Then, as he helped her to her feet and brushed the gravel from his pants, he would ask if she were ok, unaware of his own heroism. She would look at him deeply, realizing that he loved her, and — surprisingly — that she loved him, as well. She would thank him, genuinely, in a soft voice, her hand resting on his chest.

Unfortunately, no thieves or out-of-control cars presented themselves, and after three hours of shopping, the pair stopped for coffee and a light snack. Men started at Mistress Bianca as she passed, then gave him questioning looks, trying to decide if he were exceptionally rich or just astronomically fortunate.

Michael lifted his coffee cup halfway to his mouth before realizing he hadn't received permission to drink. She was looking at him. He brought the cup under his nose and sniffed, then put it down.

"Just wanted to smell it, Ma'am. Mmmm, so good!"

“Do you always smell your drinks?”

“Always, Ma’am. You don’t?”

Next they went shopping for shoes, after which Michael started to feel somewhat comical, trailing behind Mistress Bianca with five large bags while she walked empty handed. He wondered what people thought. After shoe shopping, she turned to him.

“Where’s your car?”

“In a garage near Loro Piana, Ma’am.”

“I’m going to look at bags in here,” she pointed to the store to her right. “Come pick me up in 15 minutes.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

As before, she sat in back, but this time she engaged him.

“You didn’t see anything you liked today?”

“I saw a lot that I liked, Mistress, just not enough to buy.”

“A designer like John Varvatos would be better for your build. If we have time, I’ll take you shopping and show you how to find clothes that fit.”

“You don’t believe my clothes fit, Mistress?”

“Other than that sweater you have on now, no. Do you?”

“Yes, Mistress. They’re not too big or too small.”

She was silent for a moment.

“I’m definitely taking you shopping.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She checked her phone, then looked at him in the rear view mirror.



“Michael, were you popular with girls when you were younger?”

“No, Mistress. I didn’t know how to talk to girls until...well, I guess I still don’t know how to talk to girls.”

She asked him about his current romantic life, which he admitted was non-existent. He told her about his experiences recently with online dating, knowing that she would never be able to understand. How could such a woman possibly fathom rejection?

To his great delight, she ordered him to drop her off at the hotel, park, then come to her room. He gave himself a rinse with the mouthwash he’d stored in the glove compartment and headed to the hotel, trying and failing not to imagine what was coming.

The door was opened by a beautiful woman with wavy, blondish-brown hair. She stayed behind the door as she opened it, showing just her face. When Michael got into the room, he saw why.

She had a metal collar around her neck that attached to a vertical bar running down her chest, pushing apart her full, round breasts. The bar hooked into a metal belt which covered her groin and was locked with a small padlock. It was, he realized, a chastity and collar set. Other than that, she was naked. Her body was tan and flawless, with wide hips and an ample butt. It was impossible not to stare. She smiled.

“You must be Jake. I’m Kiara.”

“Nice to meet you, Kiara.”

She nodded toward a closed door across the room.

“Mistress Bianca will be out in a moment. She wants you to get undressed and wait for her on your knees by her chair.”

“Of course.”

The room was a suite, with a sitting area and a kitchenette. It had the light and airy feel only produced by very expensive hotels. He folded his clothes, then walked over to a reading chair, where Kiara waited on her knees, her head down, her hands palm up on her lap.

“Sit as I do.”

He knelt across from her. After a few minutes, Mistress Bianca came out in a dark blue, silk robe. She sat in the chair before them, opened a magazine, and began to read. She pushed her slippers off her feet, and Kiara moved forward and massaged her feet. Michael stayed where he was. After a few minutes, his knees started to hurt. He made several silent wishes that Mistress Bianca would

require something that let him move, but they were all denied. He toughed it out for a little longer before sliding to his butt and stretching out his legs. She looked down at him.

“I have bad knees, Mistress.”

She went back to reading. After another 10 minutes, she put down her magazine.

“Kiara, come.”

She patted her lap, and Kiara sat, facing forward. Mistress Bianca gathered up her hair and lifted it over her head, then kissed the back of her neck. The effect on Kiara was intense: she closed her eyes as her mouth fell open, arching her back as she inhaled audibly. Bianca ran her nails down her sides, then over her stomach and up to her breasts. She squeezed her nipples as Kiara moaned and rubbed her thighs together. Michael felt it in his cock. Mistress Bianca moved her hands down over the metal cage covering her slave's groin, causing her to moan louder. Her cheeks were flushed and her lips were pursed into an O. Michael could feel her frustration. He wondered how long she'd been in chastity, and how many times Mistress Bianca had teased her.

She rested her hand on Kiara's leg, then stroked her inner thigh just past the edge of the cage. Kiara squirmed as her breath grew ragged and desperate. With her other hand, Bianca lifted her slave's chin and brought her back against her chest. Kiara whispered “oh Mistress,” over and over.

Alex, the redhead in San Francisco, was very sexy, but she paled in comparison to Kiara, whose sensuality approached the level of Greek myth.

Mistress Bianca moved both hands down to her stomach.

“Imagine how good it will feel when you have this cage off of you, my pet.”

Kiara nodded, her eyes closed. Michael couldn't stop staring, and he understood now how watching, or even just hearing Mistress Bianca and another woman could be a reward.

“Stand. Position 3”

Kiara stood to Mistress Bianca's right, holding her wrists behind her back. Her

face was still flushed. Mistress Bianca turned to Michael. She furrowed her brow and studied him.

“What do you think your biggest area of improvement is?”

He thought for a moment.

“Outlook, maybe. Belief in myself?”

He paused for a second, then remembered his protocol.

“Mistress.”

“It’s mindfulness. You’re in your head constantly. It keeps you out of the present, and that’s a problem. So we’re going to play a game. Get back on your knees. Crawl forward. You don’t have to sit back on your heels.”

She stopped him slightly before her feet.

“When I sense that you’re going into your head, I’ll bring you back.”

She scooted forward in her chair, then placed her palms on her knees and looked in his eyes, bringing all her attention onto him. As before, the effect was powerful, and he had to force himself not to look away. Here was the woman he wanted more than anyone else in the entire world. A part of him still couldn’t believe he was here.

SLAP!

Michael was confused and upset, until he realized this was her way of bringing him back to the present. He looked back into her eyes, and she looked at him without anger. She seemed, more than anything else, curious. He wondered if she’d done this with other submissives.

SLAP!

He wondered how she knew he’d gone into his head.

SLAP!

SLAP!

SLAP!

The game didn't last long, and Michael took a lot of slaps. Halfway through, he felt like crying. Mistress Bianca stood.

"We'll work on this again. Lie face down on the bed."

The bedroom was large and got a lot of natural light, and the bed was king-sized with white sheets and a fluffy white comforter. He would have been happy to live there. Mistress Bianca came in shortly after. He heard her retrieve something from the closet and then walk to the bed.

"Put your arms at your sides, palms up...good. Look."

She held a short, thick leather strap in her hands. Michael looked up at her face, at her light brown eyes and full red lips. Whatever was coming, it was worth it to be with her. She moved his right arm out from his body.

WHAP!

"OW!"

The leather bit down on his palm. He took deep breaths.

WHAP!

"Ow! Fuck!"

WHAP!

"Aahahhhhh!"

WHAP!

He turned to the side, hiding his hand underneath him. Mistress Bianca waited, unperturbed. After a moment, he turned back to his stomach and held out his hand.

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

“Fuuuck!”

WHAP!

He hid his hand underneath him again, and she moved to the other side of the bed, where she gave his left hand eight whaps as hard as the ones on his right. She walked to her closet and returned the strap to her bag. As she did, Michael turned over and examined his stinging, bright red palms.

“Back on your stomach. Move down until your feet are off the bed.”

Having his feet caned in San Francisco was the most pain Michael had ever experienced during corporal punishment, and he fought down the urge to panic. Mistress Bianca returned with a three-foot cane and gave his right foot a few taps. Michael held his breath.

CRACK!

“AAHhhhhh!”

He lifted his chest off the bed. It hurt even worse than the last time.

CRACK!

“Yellow! Yellow!”

She stopped.

“Oh my God that hurt! Fuck. Sorry, Mistress”

“Ok.”

CRACK!

She hit his other foot. Michael screamed into the pillow.

In the end, she hit him six times on each foot. He had been about to call yellow again when he heard her walk back to the closet.

“Kneel by the foot of the bed.”

She fastened his hands behind his back, then attached them to his ankles.

“Kiara. Come. On the bed.”

Mistress Bianca removed her robe, revealing wine-colored, lacy lingerie and her full figure. Michael’s mouth dropped open, and he again wondered if she’d been made by a computer with full access to his erotic chemistry. She lay next to her slave girl, then looked down at him.

“Watch. Don’t look away.”

She ran her hand over her slave's breast, causing her to arch her back and inhale sharply. Mistress Bianca played with her nipple as Kiara begged and pleaded for release.

“How long has it been since you last came, my pet?”

“Two days, Mistress.”

“And I’ve teased you quite a bit in that time, haven’t I?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“You’ve been so desperate. Should I unlock you?”

“Oh please, Mistress!”

Mistress Bianca ran her finger over Kiara’s lips. Kiara took her finger into her mouth and sucked.

“That feels wonderful, pet.”

Mistress Bianca caressed Kiara’s body: her ribs, then her stomach, down over her thighs and even her feet. She lightly stroked her slave’s cage, and Kiara groaned and pushed her pelvis upwards. Bianca drew patterns as her pet moaned and begged and squirmed. Small beads of sweat formed over her body, and Michael wondered how much more she could take. Finally, Mistress Bianca kissed her softly on the lips.

“You’ve done well, my pet, and I want to reward you. But don’t you think I deserve pleasure first?”

“Yes Mistress! Of course.”

Mistress Bianca kissed her lips, then lay back on the bed. Kiara moved into her, kissing her neck and face as her fingertips trailed slowly down to her stomach. Mistress Bianca closed her eyes and smiled as Kiara’s hands traced over her body. Kiara kissed her neck, then spent considerable time kissing her breasts and stomach. She kissed her thighs, then slowly pulled down her underwear, Mistress Bianca lifting her hips to help.

Kiara licked her softly, massaging her hips as she did. Her Mistress breathed heavily. She ran her fingers through Kiara’s hair, then gripped it. Michael’s mouth felt dry. He wished he could see exactly what Kiara was doing.

“Good girl. Good girl.”

Michael watched his Mistress’ face as Kiara brought her to heights of pleasure. Her ability to hold sensation was tremendous. Michael thought many times she would spill over into orgasm, but she kept going, rising to higher and higher states of arousal. Her hand was on the back of Kiara’s head, and she raised and lowered her pelvis in rhythm. Kiara moved with her Mistress until finally, Mistress Bianca came, screaming thunderously, her voice deeper than normal. Her pelvis fluttered, and she held Kiara against her, her hands gripping her hair. She locked eyes with Michael as she panted and then, the feeling overwhelming her, screamed, closing her eyes as her body pulsed violently.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!”

Her face broke into a wide smile, and Michael could sense her ecstasy spreading to every inch of her body.

Later, he would wonder if he would ever be able to pleasure her like that, but for now he was entranced. All he thought was, “holy shit!” which he repeated to himself over and over.

Kiara moved up next to her Mistress, who stroked her face and told her again that she was a good girl. They lay together for a few minutes as Mistress Bianca caught her breath, then she retrieved a key from the nightstand and unlocked



Kiara's belt. As she slowly removed it. Kiara moaned in relief. She unlocked the collar, as well, and Kiara lay naked on the bed, looking like a cartoon vixen made real.

"Jake?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Forehead to the floor."

Michael almost groaned, but he caught himself. From what he heard, Kiara had a similarly high ability to hold sensation, and she was multi-orgasmic. He lost count of how many times she came.

When they were finished, Mistress Bianca untied Michael and instructed him to lick Kiara clean. He wondered if she would flinch the way Alex had, but she didn't. She seemed not to hate him, which was a step up from the redhead. She smelled wonderful, too, and her skin was so soft. He realized Mistress Bianca was rewarding him.

"Jake. Remind me how long it's been since you last came."

"Eight days, Mistress."

"Eight days! Would you like to come now?"

"Yes Mistress. Very much."

"You've been such a good boy today, and you didn't get to come yesterday." She looked at Kiara. "He comes on Tuesdays and Fridays if he's good, but I forbade him to come last week."

"That's very sad, Mistress." Kiara looked at him. She seemed genuinely concerned. "He seems like he could use some sex."

"He's terribly undersexed. I'd like you to take care of that. Let him last for a little while."

"Yes Mistress."

“Jake, come lay on your back.”

She sat in a chair next to the bed and leaned back, relaxed and satisfied. Kiara looked at Michael and smiled mischievously. She crawled over the bed toward him, until her forehead touched his. She exhaled, closing her eyes and lightly rubbing her cheek against his. She brought her lips to his ear and whispered.

“Close your eyes. I’m going to touch you all over. You don’t have to do anything but feel.”

She breathed on his neck, and his cock, which had gone soft, grew half hard. She touched his side. It was a simple move, her fingertips grazing his ribs, but it felt electric.

“Oh!”

She slowly moved her hand over his chest and stomach, then down his thighs all the way to his feet. Her touch was soft and gentle and incredibly arousing. She moved back up his chest and snuggled against him.

“Turn toward me.”

She kissed him, slowly, her lips pressing gently against his. Their tongues met, and he felt her smile. He put his hand on her lower back and she melted into him. He trailed his finger down her spine and over her butt, listening for what she liked. He had thought, looking at her, watching her with his Mistress, that sex would be hot and heavy. But she went slowly, and tenderly, which he realized was exactly what he wanted. He wondered if she could sense that. Being with her was different. She was able to communicate to him that it was all ok, anything he did or didn’t do was fine, and the comfort and relief was overwhelming. Her physicality was sensational, but it was the emotional comfort that made the experience so incredible.

She climbed on top of him and placed him inside her, moving gently forward and back, her muscles squeezing. Looking at her, he was reminded of the R-rated movies he’d watched as a kid, when the hero scored with the blonde bombshell. She traced his abdominal muscles, moaning contentedly. He felt like he was being initiated into a world he’d never known existed, where sensations were heightened and every moment was filled with meaning.

“I’m going to make you come. Ok?”

“Ok.”

She squeezed her muscles differently, and his entire cock lit up. For a moment, he tried to resist, but then decided against it. He wouldn’t be able to, and it was better to enjoy it. He screamed as he came, and then, surprisingly, burst out laughing, deep belly laughs as his body shook. She laughed with him, then leaned down and kissed his lips.

“That was fun!”

After a minute, Mistress Bianca stood.

“Sit up Jake.”

He would have liked to lie there all day, but he pushed himself up to sitting.

“Kiara, sit at the side of the bed. Jake, what happens after you come?”

He was confused for a moment, then it hit.

“I eat it, Mistress.”

She nodded toward Kiara, and he climbed out of bed and knelt before her. Having just come, his submission was ebbing, but there was simply no way he was going to disobey her, not after this gift. He brought his tongue to Kiara’s thighs and licked, tasting his semen.

Michael had never had a dominant girlfriend; he’d only been to professional dominatrixes. As such, he’d never been forced to eat his come from a woman’s vagina. He’d thought about it, though, and imagined — as he masturbated — that it would be hot. Now however, as he actually did it, he realized that there were some things that were hot to fantasize about but disgusting to do, and eating his semen from a beautiful woman was one of them.

He concentrated on the feeling of the floor against his knees and Kiara’s thighs against his palms, and he made it through without retching. When he was done, Kiara went to shower. Bianca looked down at him.

“How do you feel, Michael?”

“Wonderful, Mistress, almost like I’ve taken drugs, the good kind.”

“I’m mostly pleased with your actions, but you made one big mistake.”

“What was that, Mistress?”

“You came without permission. When you’re with me, you ask for permission before coming.”

“Oh! No! I apologize, Mistress. I didn’t know!”

Her look told him that excuse was insufficient.

“You’re going to atone for your sin. And I know how.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“That will come later. Are you tired?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I can tell. Take a nap. Kiara and I are going to dinner. If you wake up before I get back, meditate. Stay in this room, not the front room.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She looked at her feet, and he leaned forward and kissed them.

Michael woke up, thinking for a moment it was morning and wondering why his room seemed different. It was 9:30pm. He drank two glasses of water and rinsed out his mouth with the hotel-provided mouthwash. He wondered if Mistress Bianca would be upset if he got dressed and decided she would. His feet were cold, though, so he put on socks. He hoped that was ok. He set his alarm for 15 minutes and meditated, but before time was up, he heard the door to the outer room open and his Mistress' voice. A moment later, she came into the bedroom. He kissed her feet.

“Up.”

She ran her fingers through his hair.

“Do you want to make me happy, Michael?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“And do you like serving me? Do you want to continue?”

“Yes Mistress. Very much so”

“Good boy. You disobeyed me earlier, and after I gave you such a nice reward.”

“Yes, Mistress, But-...yes Mistress.”

“You’re going to make it up to me now. This is something that I enjoy very much, and anyone who serves me does it. If you can’t, we’re not a match. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Michael knew that whatever was coming was extreme. They wouldn’t be having this discussion if it weren’t. Mistress Bianca retrieved a black leather hood from the closet and slipped it over his head, then moved behind him and zipped up the back. The leather felt good against his skin. She ran her hands over his head and

face, then her finger over his lips.

“Wait here.”

He looked at the floor and took deep breaths. It was hot. She returned seconds later with a man who looked like an underwear model. He was at least 6’3” and muscular, with sandy-brown hair.

“Sebastian, this is my slave, Jake.”

Sebastian, to his credit, didn’t laugh.

“Hi Jake.”

Michael’s nodded. His heart was beating wildly.

“Sebastian and I are going to fuck. Get him ready for me.”

Michael had known what was coming the second Sebastian walked into the room, but he’d hoped he was wrong. He looked at Mistress Bianca. She bent over and held his chin.

“I won’t ask again.”

She slapped his face, hard, then turned and walked to the bed, slipping off her dress and revealing her red lingerie. Michael looked at Sebastian, who had kicked off his shoes and was undoing his belt.

“Jake, pull his cock out of his pants.”

Michael knew he had to move quickly. If he went into his head, he wouldn’t be able to do it. He undid the button on Sebastian’s pants, then slowly pulled down the zipper. Thoughts were rapidly circling the periphery of his awareness, and he strained to ignore them. Sebastian pushed down his pants and pulled his shirt over his head, revealing sculpted abs and a hairless chest. He was wearing tight black briefs, and the outline of his cock was visible. He was big.

“Rub his cock through his underwear...good. Now kiss it.”

He leaned forward and kissed Sebastian’s shaft, then reached inside and pulled

out his cock. He lifted his underwear out and over his balls, then down. Sebastian was half hard, and his cock bounced in front of Michael's face.

"Sebastian was tested earlier this week, so he's clean. You don't need a condom."

Michael nodded. He reminded himself to keep moving.

"Hold on, Jake."

Sebastian steadied himself with Michael's shoulder as he stepped out of his pants, one foot at a time, then kicked them away.

"Smell his dick, Jake. Rub it over your face and smell it."

He moved Sebastian's cock over his face, feeling its warmth, inhaling the man's scent. Someone with a finer sense of smell and a more descriptive vocabulary would be able to discern different aromas, but to Michael it just smelled like cock. At least he'd showered recently.

"Kiss the shaft."

He could hear his Mistress' excitement. Michael kissed slowly up the underside, ending in a French kiss just below the head. In some part of his brain, he couldn't believe he was doing this, but he regarded that part as a relic, a belief from long ago, when he'd been a different person. There was no reason this should be a big deal, he told himself. It can just be a thing.

"Put it in your mouth."

It wasn't awful. Admittedly, it was more interesting without the condom, as he could feel the ridges and veins and taste the flesh and sweat and muskiness. He moved down until he felt the tip in the back of his throat, then came back up. He did it again, swirling his tongue as best he could. He felt Sebastian's hands on his head. He looked at Mistress Bianca, who was rubbing herself over her panties.

"Faster, Jake."

Sebastian's cock grew, and Michael was relieved he wasn't awful at this. When

he pulled out, he kept the tip in his mouth and licked just underneath the head, moving his tongue back and forth slowly.

“That feels nice, Jake.”

Sebastian put pressure on the back of his head, and he went back down as far as he could, then back up.

“Stop. Jake, lie on the bed on your back, with your head over the edge.”

He could hear the passion in her voice, and when he looked, her hand was inside her underwear.

“Open your mouth. Sebastian honey, fuck his mouth.”

Sebastian stood over Michael, his penis hovering inches from his lips. It had large, angry-looking veins, and Michael wondered, jokingly, if his cock lifted weights, and how he could get veins like that. Those thoughts went away as Sebastian pushed his cock down his throat. Because of the position, he could take much more of it, and he felt it deep. He almost panicked, but Sebastian pulled out quickly. Mistress Bianca moved onto the bed and rested her hand on his chest.

Sebastian pushed back into him. His cock was fully hard now, and hotter than before, and it's taste for some reason stronger. He could see the larger man's balls, which every so often hit his nose. Michael concentrated on staying relaxed as the cock pushed down his throat again and again. He wondered if Sebastian would come in his mouth.

“Ok, honey, that's enough. Come fuck me. Jake, kneel by the bed and watch.”

Sebastian pulled out, and Michael moved to the floor. Mistress Bianca looked over at him and smiled.

“Come here.”

He crawled forward to the side of the bed. She reached out and pet his head.

“Good boy.”



Sebastian grabbed her thighs and pulled her down. She gave a playful shriek, followed by a moan as he pushed inside her.

“Oh yes! That’s nice!”

Michael watched, hoping to see something he could use later. Sebastian grabbed a fistful of her hair and pulled her head back. Her eyes were closed and her mouth was open. Sebastian threaded his arm under her lower back, then pressed his pelvis against her, which Michael assumed was stimulating her clit. He didn’t push in all the way at the beginning. He went slowly, too, really slowly, which Mistress Bianca liked. He pulled out until just the very tip of his cock was inside her, then pushed back in as Bianca moaned and said his name.

It went like that for a while, until Sebastian started going deeper and faster. Mistress Bianca dug her nails into his back and pressed into him. She was breathing heavily, and they were both sweating.

He pulled out, then hooked a hand under her hip and turned her over onto her knees. He pushed back inside her and she groaned, arching her back and pushing her chest to the bed.

“Harder.”

He plowed into her, and Michael heard the slap of skin against skin. He heard Sebastian’s breath and Mistress Bianca’s moans. He saw her fingers gripping the bedsheet. They kept going, merging into a rhythm, until they switched positions again, this time with her on top. She put a hand on his chest and rolled her body forward and back. He moved his hands up her body and brushed his thumbs over her nipples.

“I’m close.”

He nodded, and Mistress Bianca’s moans got louder and deeper. Sebastian started moaning too. Both were covered in sweat. Mistress Bianca’s eyes were shut tight and her face contorted in what looked like pain but was probably ecstasy.

“Oh God. Come, Sebastian! Come!”

They came together in one writhing mass, both screaming. Mistress Bianca’s

orgasm kept going, until she collapsed on top of him, her back rising and falling with her breath. He put his arms around her and they lay without moving, until she slowly lifted off of him and sat back against the headboard. She was still breathing heavily. She brushed her hair back over her head with her forearm.

Michael's throat tightened, and he worried that he would have to eat Sebastian's come from inside her. He waited on his knees while Sebastian showered and got dressed.

"Jake, see Sebastian out."

They walked to the door. It was, as expected, a little awkward. At least Sebastian was friendly.

"Take care, Jake."

"You, too."

When he came back into the room, Mistress Bianca was sitting on the edge of the bed with her feet on the floor. Her cheeks were a little red, and she seemed relaxed.

"Kneel."

She unzipped his mask and pulled it over his head. The cool air felt wonderful, especially on his cheeks and the back of his neck. His hair was damp with sweat.

"How do you feel?"

"I don't know, Mistress."

She tilted her head, slightly.

"I just did something that I've always associated with being humiliated, with the worst humiliation, actually, aside from if we were married, and I'm waiting to feel awful, but I don't. At least not yet."

"I imagine it would feel awful if we were married and we had a normal, monogamous relationship. That would be humiliating. But this is different."

“Yes, Mistress. Also, Sebastian wasn’t an asshole. That helped.”

“I don’t have sex with assholes.”

“I’m curious about something.”

She lifted her eyebrows.

“Was this real punishment, or was it something maybe that you just wanted me to do and this was all part of it? I mean, if you knew he were tested, you must have planned this...maybe?”

“No, Michael. We’re not doing this. If you’re going to be my slave, you do what I say without thinking it to death.”

“Ok, but I didn’t know that I wasn’t allowed to come without your permission. I thought it was only a rule with masturbation.”

She nodded without speaking. Michael wasn’t sure if that were a sign of understanding or a request for more information, so he waited for her to say something. She didn’t.

“I didn’t know, Mistress.”

“You broke a rule when you came without permission. The fact that you weren’t aware of the rule isn’t an excuse.”

Michael furrowed his brow. He was the type of person who was confused by irrationality, and he searched for the missing logic that would make it make sense.

“Michael.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“If you continue to question me and think this to death, I’ll make you lick Sebastian’s come out of me. Do you want that?”

Michael’s eyes widened.

“No, Mistress. I’ll shut up.”

She leaned forward and lifted his chin until their eyes met.

“You did well tonight, annoying questions aside. I know this was a fear of yours and I’m pleased that you pushed through it. I’m going to give you a reward.”

She turned over onto her knees and looked back at him.

“You may lick my ass.”

Michael climbed on the bed between her legs. She was sweaty, still. He wondered how he could ever successfully explain to someone not into BDSM that licking his Mistress’ ass after she just got fucked hard by someone else was, indeed, a reward, and that he was grateful for it.

After he finished and rinsed out his mouth, she called him into bed and held him against her. It wasn’t sexual, and Michael was relieved that he recognized that.

“I’m very pleased with you, Michael.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

She rubbed his back, and he felt his body relax. Each time his mind started searching for words, he brought himself back to the present, to her bed, in her arms. There was nowhere else he would rather be. She had him sleep on the sofa in the front room that night.

The next morning, they had breakfast together in the hotel room. Surprisingly, she brought out his novel, which she'd had printed. She put it down on the table.

"This is good!"

"Thank you, Mistress!"

Relief flooded his chest. He knew it was the type of story he wanted to read, and he was fairly confident it was good, but he was too immersed in it to see it clearly, and of course, any praise from his Mistress made him giddy.

"I'm surprised."

"You're surprised that my writing is good?"

"I'm not surprised that it's good; I'm surprised in the way that it's good. It's reserved, but still sexy, and there's good character development."

Michael's main complaint with bad erotica was the lack of character development, so the compliment landed well.

"I knew you were clever, but writing a novel is different. This is promising, and I'd like to talk about us working together more."

"Yes Mistress."

He started forcing down his smile before realizing he didn't have to.

"I'd like to know if you've thought of other courses you could develop for me."

"I have, Mistress. I know you like strap on play, and I imagine a lot of men come to you for that."

She nodded.

“I’m curious if feminization is also a thing.”

“Also a thing?”

“I mean, do a lot of men ask you for it?”

She tilted her head back and forth.

“Not as many as want strap on, but some. And I do like it, especially for humiliation.”

“I was thinking strap on training with a hidden agenda of feminization. It’d be really hot if you took men down the road of cock worship and sissification without them knowing. Have you ever studied hypnosis, Mistress?”

“No. Have you?”

“Yes.”

“Really? When?”

“I used to tutor students for standardized tests. Part of it is making sure they know the material, but an equally important part is retraining the way they handle uncertainty, and that means pushing them past self-limiting beliefs. Hypnosis really helps with that.”

“Pushing past self-limiting beliefs? Hmm...where have I seen someone do that recently?”

Her smile was contagious.

“Are you blushing, Michael?”

“I am, Mistress.”

He took a drink of water.

“Anyway, I think it would be fun to have a class like ‘strap on training,’ and at the end, guys suddenly want to wearissy dresses and suck cock for real.”

She looked at him slyly.

“You have a devious mind.”

“I do, Mistress.”

“Have you ever tried topping? I think you’d be good at it.”

That felt good to hear.

“I used to attract a lot of submissive women, so I’d spank them and toss them around in bed, but I’ve never dommed anyone like...like you do, Mistress.”

“You should think about it.”

“Thank you, Mistress.”

Her phone rang. When she saw who was calling, she stood.

“Hold on a second.”

She walked into her bedroom. Michael couldn’t hear much of her conversation, but she was clearly upset. She came back a few minutes later, composed but clearly annoyed.

“Is everything ok, Mistress?”

“No. A slave was tasked months ago with reserving a table at Balthazar this Saturday night, and he didn’t. He’s only just telling me now.”

“That’s awful! A table for two?”

“Yes.”

She shook her head.

“I had doubts about him before, but this is the end of our relationship.”

Michael winced. What a tragic punishment! He noticed that her water glass was close to empty and refilled it.

“Thank you.”

“Of course.”

There was a brief silence, and he realized she was waiting for him to continue.

“Anyway, I can teach you some techniques of hypnosis. It shouldn’t be difficult for you to learn.”

They talked for a while about the project, then Mistress Bianca had him get dressed.

“Do you know Purple Passions?”

“Yes Mistress. It’s in Chelsea.”

“On your way home, stop there and buy the two dildos I’m texting you. Get anal lube, as well. I want you to practice tonight, 10 minutes with the small dildo and 10 minutes with the medium. Imitate the positions and movements you’ll make while I fuck you.”

His dick pulsed.

“Yes Mistress.”

“Also, I want you to get more in touch with your body. Do you get massages?”

“No Mistress.”

She texted him a number.

“His name is Paulie and he’s the best. He’s in Williamsburg, or right next to it. I can’t tell where neighborhoods start and stop here. Anyway, make an appointment for this week. You’re to get a massage at least once a month.”

“Got it, Mistress.”

“Tell him I sent you, and don’t ask a lot of questions on the phone. He’s particular.”

“Understood.”

“And get another STD test today.”



“Yes Mistress.”

She shook her head and frowned.

“I told him how important that reservation was to me.”

“That sucks, Mistress.”

They hugged at the door, and when she pulled back, she stroked his cheek and smiled. He relived that moment all day.

When he got home, Michael called Sheila, an ex-client who was phenomenally wealthy and connected to almost every important person in the city. He’d helped her daughter, who had always struggled on standardized tests, ace her SAT and get into her first-choice college. Sheila had cried when she saw her daughter’s scores. She told Michael he was a miracle worker and informed him to call if he ever needed a favor. He called.

“Wow! That’s a big ask, Michael.”

He couldn’t tell if she were serious. It was a joke how difficult it was to get a table at Balthazar, but he figured they kept a few spots open for VIPs, and she was definitely a VIP.

“Let me check. I’ll get back to you within the hour.”

Michael worked out while he waited, his phone always within reach. 25 minutes later she texted.

*Reservation for 2, Balthazar 9pm, under the name Bianca. I hope she appreciates it ;)*

Michael screamed, pumping his fist. He texted Mistress Bianca, and she responded immediately.

*You are wonderful!*

*Mwah!*

Michael went for a run, smiling the entire time. When he got back, he edited his

novel. His energy was still high, and as he made small corrections and adjustments, he could feel the story getting better, filling out.

That night he put a towel down on his bed to begin his anal practice. He had sterilized the dildos earlier and placed them on the towel along with a small tub of anal lube. He stripped and sat on the towel, recognizing immediately that there wasn't enough room for both him and the dildos and the lube. He grabbed a washcloth from his closet and set it next to his towel, then moved the dildos and anal lube over. He got back into bed. He unscrewed the lid to the anal lube, but saw it wouldn't fit on the washcloth. He got up again and put the lid on his dresser, then got back into bed. He scooped out a generous amount of lube and rubbed it around the rim of his asshole before pushing his finger inside him. He realized he should have brought paper towels to wipe off his fingers. He thought about wiping them on his towel but decided against it. He got out of bed, careful not to touch anything with his right hand, and walked gingerly to the bathroom, which felt odd with the lube inside of him. He washed his hands, grabbed another washcloth and got back into bed. He spread lube on the smaller dildo, then wiped his hands off on the washcloth, not paying attention to what he was doing and getting lube on both sides. He didn't want to place the washcloth back on the bed and didn't want to get up, so he wadded it into a ball and chucked it into the bathroom. He grabbed the dildo, immediately getting lube on his hands again, which he now just accepted as part of the process. He lined it up with his ass, breathed deeply, and pressed. It went in easily all the way to the base. Michael lay back in his bed. He realized his phone was across the room and he had no way to time himself. He tried to count slowly to 100, but he kept losing focus. Eventually, he went back to the bathroom, removed the dildo and placed it in the sink. He then reapplied lube, washed his hands, grabbed his phone and got back into bed. He lubed up and inserted the medium sized dildo, which also went in easily, surprisingly so. He wiped his hand on his stomach and set his timer for 10 minutes. He made a mental note to buy more towels.

He imagined Mistress Bianca climbing onto the bed, her black strap on dildo between her legs. He rubbed his cock as he pictured her lips and her full breasts. He saw her lining up her dildo as she looked down at him, her hair falling around her face. He arched his his back as she entered him, then rocked slowly back and forth, lifting his chin slightly, his mouth open. He imagined her voice, ordering him to turn over. He pressed his chest to the bed as he felt her hands on his hips and her cock plunging into him, claiming him as her own. He stroked himself, imagining her taking him until his alarm went off and he returned to

reality. He removed the dildo and placed it in the sink, then got in the shower and cleaned off.

The next day, Michael started an online journal titled 'Bianca,' where he wrote her the emails he knew better than to send: asking her if she needed anything, professing his love, outlining how they could make their relationship work. It helped release the pressure.

She hadn't reached out by dinnertime, but Michael didn't go into his usual spiral. Slowly, he was becoming more confident in her feelings for him. Nothing was set: she was still testing him out, and he'd never be her only slave, but she clearly liked him. Or at least she enjoyed talking to him. Or at the very least, she found him interesting enough for now.

He wondered what he could do to deepen their relationship, and he realized he had no idea. He barely knew how to act in a vanilla relationship, and the extra complication of femdom, along with her living in Thailand and only being in town for 10 days and having a harem of other slaves didn't help. His only models for winning a woman's heart were movies and books, and he had learned over the years that these were ridiculously inaccurate and unsuccessful when tried in real life. And so he worked out and meditated and wrote his femdom novel. She texted at 10pm.

*Michael,*

*Be at my hotel at 9am tomorrow morning. Don't eat breakfast before coming.*

*Mistress Bianca*

Kiara let Michael into the hotel suite. She was wearing a thin, pink nightgown that looked like it had been sewn on. She gave him a hug, then a kiss on the lips. It caught him off guard, which made her laugh.

"I surprised you!"

"You did."

He wished he hadn't tensed up, and that he could ask for another kiss. He saw her studying his face.

“Would you like to try that again, Jake?”

“Yes, please. Should I go outside and come in again, you know, take it from the top?”

“Of course.”

He went outside and knocked, and she pretended she was greeting him for the first time. He took her in his arms and dipped her, as if they’d been dancing. He brought her upright and kissed her on the mouth, their tongues meeting as she put her arms over his shoulders.

“That was nice.”

She kissed his cheek and gave him a soft pat on the butt.

“Mistress Bianca wants you to take off your clothes and kneel by the chair with your head down.”

“Yes Kiara.”

Mistress Bianca came out after a few minutes. Michael wanted to spring up and hug her, but he resisted the impulse, feeling supremely grateful to be old enough or mature enough or whatever enough to be able to do so. She ignored him, and Kiara served her coffee from a room service carafe.

“Jake, come here. Hands behind your back.”

She sat at the dining table in her dark blue, silk robe. In front of her, in pieces, was a plastic chastity device. She looked at Michael’s groin, then his face.

“You need to shave. There’s a razor and scissors in the bathroom. Trim first, then shower, then shave. Go.”

She gave a wave of her hand.

“Yes Mistress.”

It wasn’t easy. He didn’t have the steadiest hand, and the small hairs near the base of his penis were difficult to get. Afterwards, he felt raw, even after

applying lotion. Mistress Bianca inspected him.

“You’ll need to get better at that.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She picked up a plastic ring from the table and opened the top.

“I’m pretty sure this is the right size for you.”

She pulled his balls and cock forward, then slipped the open ring around their base. Her touch was businesslike, but it still melted him that she was touching his genitals. She closed the top of the ring and pushed a cylindrical piece of plastic through the hole at the top, then picked up the plastic tube.

“Have you been in chastity before, Mic-?”

She almost said his real name but caught herself. Michael looked over at Kiara, who was cleaning the kitchen counter.

“Kiara can know my real name, Mistress.”

“Very well.”

Hearing her name, she looked over.

“Kiara, my real name is Michael, not Jake.”

“Ok.”

She went back to cleaning. Michael looked at Mistress Bianca.

“No, Mistress. I’ve never been in chastity.”

“That’s a surprise! I thought from your writing you had.”

“No, Mistress.”

“This will be interesting for you, then.” She slid the tube over his cock. The cylindrical piece of plastic fit through an opening at the top of the tube. She threaded a small lock through a hole at the tip of cylinder and clicked it shut.

“There! I’ll hold the key while I’m in town. I’m not sure what I’ll do when I leave. I might give it back to you or to a Mistress here.”

“If it’s ok, Mistress, could I keep the key? I work out a lot.”

“You can work out in chastity.”

“Really? It doesn’t seem like it.”

Kiara sat at the table, and with a nod from her Mistress, poured herself coffee.

“Let’s try it out. Run in place.”

Michael looked at Bianca and then Kiara. They were sitting in almost identical postures, holding their coffee cups the exact same way. Michael blushed slightly, then slowly lifted his knees up one at a time to see if the chastity cage restricted his movement. It didn’t as long as he kept his knees slightly splayed. He jogged in place for 10 seconds and then stopped.

“Keep going.”

He started again. Mistress Bianca watched him for a moment, then turned to Kiara.

“I’m getting my nails done today, then we’re meeting with William at 1pm.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

They looked back at Michael, and both took slow sips from their mugs. Mistress Bianca turned to her slave.

“I’m sorry you didn’t get to see Michael give Sebastian head. It was very sexy.”

“That sounds sexy! Did he enjoy it, Mistress?”

“Very much. He was a little tense at the beginning, unsurprisingly, but he loosened up and got into it. Sebastian liked it, too.”

“That’s wonderful!”

Michael thought back to the other night, to Sebastian’s huge cock filling his

mouth. He didn't feel ashamed. As with his experience at the sex party, it was just a thing he did, and it made his Mistress happy.

"He has talent for a beginner, but I'd like him to get better. It would be good for him, and I have some plans for him in the future that require it. Give him some pointers tomorrow."

"I'd love to, Mistress."

They both turned and looked at Michael, who continued jogging.

"That's enough, Michael. Sit on the couch."

Mistress Bianca nodded to Kiara, who came over and sat on his lap, facing him. Her nipples were visible through her nightgown.

"Put your hands on me."

He rubbed her back, then around to her breasts. She put her hands on top of his and made a small circle with her pelvis.

"Ow! Fuck!"

His dick felt like it was being crushed! In all his fantasies about being put in chastity, he'd never imagined what it would feel like when the cage squashed his erection. It hurt! He took deep breaths as Kiara climbed off of him.

"Come over her, Michael."

With two fingers, she lifted up his penis, which had filled his cage and was pressing against the piss slit in the front. Kiara came up behind him and stroked his butt. Michael jerked away.

"Michael!"

"Sorry, Mistress, but it really hurts!"

"Apologize to Kiara."

He turned.

“I’m sorry, Kiara, it just hurt.”

Kiara made a sad face, then winked. He looked back at Mistress Bianca, who was still examining his penis as it tried and failed to get fully erect.

“I trust you haven’t eaten breakfast?”

“Correct, Mistress.”

“Are you hungry?”

“I am, Mistress.”

Still holding Michael’s caged cock, she turned to Kiara.

“Pet, order Michael a mushroom and onion omelette with rye toast.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Mistress Bianca released his penis.

“Grab a cushion from the couch and kneel, forehead to the floor.”

She ignored him until the food came.

“Pet, is there a large bowl in the cupboard?”

“I’ll check, Ma’am.”

Kiara searched through the cupboards until she found a large soup bowl, which she brought to the table.

“Up, Michael. Come here.”

She gave him a disapproving look.

“I was going to let you eat your breakfast off my feet, but you were rude to Kiara.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress.”



“Pet, scrape Michael’s food in the bowl. Toast too.”

When she was done, she handed the bowl to Mistress Bianca, who walked with it to the bathroom.

“Come, Michael. Crawl after me.”

She placed his bowl on the floor, then took off her robe and pulled up her red nightgown, leaving her bottom half naked.

“Eyes down, Michael. Look at your breakfast.”

She crouched over his bowl and peed into it. It smelled strongly, and there was a lot of it.

“Grab a towel and your breakfast and come back to the front room.”

Michael placed the towel in front of the reading chair and his bowl on top of it, as directed. His Mistress grabbed her coffee and sat.

“Eat. No hands.”

Her pee came up over the edges of his food, flooding it. He gave a tentative sniff. It smelled really strong. He stuck his face in the bowl and, to the best of his ability, lapped up his breakfast. The wet toast was absolutely vile. It was harder than he thought, eating like a dog, and eventually he accepted that his entire face would be soaked in her piss. As he ate, Mistress Bianca talked more with Kiara about their day and what she should wear for their meeting with William.

When he was finished, he sat back on his heels. Mistress Bianca looked down at him.

“What are you doing?”

“I’m done, Mistress.”

“Is your bowl empty?”

“All the food is gone, Mistress.”

“Is that what I asked?”

He got the hint.

“Sorry, Ma’am.”

“You may use your hands.”

He lifted the bowl to his lips and drank, smelling her scent, his dick pressing against its confines. He washed the bowl, then knelt.

“Get dressed and go home. Meditate today for 30 minutes and work on your novel for at least four hours. Tomorrow night we’re going to a private party with a number of dommes and their slaves. It starts at 8. Be here at 6:30. Wear the kilt and top that you bought in San Francisco. I trust you still have them?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Spend 10 minutes with the small dildo tonight, and 15 with the medium. You’re probably getting fucked tomorrow.”

“Yes Mistress.”

He took the train back to Brooklyn, his dick locked in chastity, and the taste of her piss still in his mouth.

He finished the first draft of his novel that day. Now he would need to edit. He wished he could get specific feedback, but he knew Mistress Bianca was too busy. He debated going for a run through the park, but he worried his chastity cage would get in the way, so he rode his exercise bike, instead. As he pedaled, he thought back to something his therapist had advised him, which was to break down his desires into the smallest steps possible. The first step was to be very clear on what he wanted. So what did he want? He wanted to be Mistress Bianca's live-in slave in Thailand: he'd fantasized about that since he'd first read her website months ago. But back then it was a lark, a fantasy that would never come true. Now, though, there was the smallest glimmer of hope, and Michael realized that he'd only ever thought of the sexy, fun aspects of service, never the reality of 24/7 submission. Was he really willing to give up his life to serve her? He thought, not for the first time, that he didn't actually know her, not well. He didn't know what her childhood was like or how she got into domination. He knew some of what being her submissive would entail, but what would he do in his downtime? Would she allow him to work? Would he be allowed to travel? He thought about how much easier it would be if he could find someone here. But even as he thought it, he knew he wouldn't look for anyone else: he wanted to serve her.

There was one sticking point, however, and it was love. He was worried she would never love him. She loved Kiara, or at least it seemed that way, but Kiara was exceptional. Without love, it couldn't work, and he knew he'd eventually grow bitter.

A college friend had had a rich, older boyfriend who got her pregnant when she was 24. She'd grown up poor, and she wasn't interested in an abortion or raising a child on her own, so she married him. She didn't love him, though, and over time her feelings for him dwindled while his only increased. That imbalance ate away at them. When Michael talked to her, she always complained about her husband and her marriage, her feeling of being stuck. He saw them out at dinner once, a couple years later, and he was shocked by how bitter they both looked, especially him. He'd always come across as happy and dumb, like a dog, but he was clearly miserable, and he'd gained weight. They finally divorced, but

Michael hadn't forgotten the lesson that living with a woman you love who doesn't love you back will destroy your soul.

But would it be the same with Mistress Bianca? He didn't expect her to love only him, and she clearly had the capacity to care for multiple people. What if she felt an attachment to him that was close to love? Could he accept that? He went over this with his therapist the next morning, who seemed more optimistic than he did.

"She clearly likes spending time with you. So talk about it with her. What do you have to lose?"

"I guess the fantasy that we live happily ever after."

"Is keeping that fantasy important?"

He exhaled.

"No, it's not. But how would I even broach the subject? I feel like it'd push her away."

"So let's talk about it."

"I'm just having trouble accepting she could love me." He held up one hand, palm towards her. "I remember what you said, that she might want someone who's there for her, but it's hard to think that I'm that guy."

His therapist paused for a moment and held her chin between her index finger and thumb, a sign that she was about to either reveal a flaw in his thinking or point out a negative habit. It was the latter.

"You go to that place a lot, where you say you can't accept that she likes you. I'm curious if it's an avoidance mechanism."

"What do you mean?"

"I know it makes you uncomfortable to think about this conversation with her, and when I proposed talking more about it, you went back to that place. Is it possible you're using it to avoid thinking about a difficult conversation?"

He knew instantly that she was right, but he wasn't ready to admit it. He pretended to think about it.

"Ok. I was stalling. But I'm pretty sure she doesn't want a primary relationship. I think she may even have said that to me."

She waved that away.

"People say that all the time, and then they meet someone they like and it goes out the window. Just because she doesn't have a primary partner now doesn't mean anything. She may decide you're worth it."

He thought about that. He wasn't sure what to say, so he just nodded.

"So let's throw out some ideas of how you can start the conversation, and what you want to get across to her."

By the time the session ended, Michael had the outline of his conversation, and he'd promised his therapist he'd have it before Mistress Bianca left New York. The idea made him horribly uncomfortable, but it was undeniably the right thing to do.

On the subway ride to her hotel, Michael bounced his leg nervously, terrified his conversation with her would go horribly awry. He rehearsed the opening he'd created with his therapist, but it seemed clunky and obviously flawed. How had he not noticed that before? He tried to think of an alternative, but each idea was worse than the last, and his anxiety threatened to become full-blown panic. He wondered if tonight was even the right time to have that talk with her, and he realized with relief that it wasn't. Her attention would be on the party, and after she would need time alone. Forcing a discussion about their future would be a mistake, and one with potentially disastrous consequences. His relief was immense, especially because he hadn't chickened out: he'd made the right decision. He arrived at her hotel room in a great mood.

Kiara, wearing her pink nightgown, let him in and gave him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Her hair was slightly damp, and she looked slightly younger without make-up. He wondered if she were even 30.

"Mistress is in the shower. Strip, then I'm going to teach you some blow job tips!"

She led him to the couch. On the coffee table were two life-like dildos and a strap on harness.

“Mistress Bianca said you have natural ability, but there are things I can tell you that will help you get even better.”

Michael thought about how to respond, eventually deciding on “ok.”

“Before we touch the cocks,” she nodded at the dildos, “know that first and most importantly, giving a blowjob should be pleasurable for you.”

The logical side of Michael’s brain demanded that he tell her that that was impossible, that he only gave head because Mistress Bianca made him. He realized, fortunately, that he didn’t need to do that, and it would be rude besides.

“When you touch his penis with your lips or tongue or hand, you should be focusing on your pleasure, too. When I touch your arm-”

She ran her fingers slowly down his arm. It felt sensational.

“I do it because it feels good to me. That makes it feel great for you, too.”

“It does.”

“So make sure you’re doing what feels good. Second, take your time. There’s no rush. It will seem like a lot of time is going by, but for him, it will seem quick.”

“Slowly. Got it.”

“Third, your mouth is going to get dry, so take breaks from sucking to kiss the shaft or his balls, and to rub his penis over your face. You can also ask him to spit on his penis for you, or in your mouth.”

Michael tried and failed to avoid picturing that in his head. He frowned.

“Fourth, make sure you spend time licking his balls and his taint.”

She grabbed the harness from the coffee table and threaded one of the dildos through the ring in the front, then stepped through the legs and pulled it up over her hips. She smiled at him as she tightened the straps.

“I want you to practice on me. Kneel.”

She pointed at the floor in front of her. Her tone was light and cheery.

“Start by running your fingertips over the back of my legs and my butt, then around to my inner thighs. Soft, light touch.”

Michael rubbed Kiara’s smooth thighs and butt, which made the entire exercise worth it. He looked up at her green eyes and her slightly upturned nose. His dick tried to get hard, and he winced.

“That’s nice. Now use your breath, blow on my thighs and my cock.”

Michael brought his lips close to her inner thigh and blew. She inhaled quickly.

“Oh, that’s really sexy!”

It was amazing to him that he could turn her on.

“Now kiss it...good. Now flick the frenulum with your tongue...good. You’re doing really well. Take me in your mouth.”

She was leaning back slightly to get a better view.

“Look at me. Eye contact is sexy...good. Now take a break and rub me over your face...very nice, now see how far down you can go.”

Michael pushed down, keeping eye contact, then pulled out. He did it again.

“Good. Keep using your hands. Rub my butt. Lightly rub my asshole.”

He didn’t need to be told that twice. Kiara moaned softly.

“I like that. Keep doing it. Now put my balls in your mouth.”

She lightly scratched his head, sending shivers down his his body. He kissed her thighs. He thought about kissing her taint, but he didn’t have the nerve, and one of the harness straps was in the way.

“That’s very good, Michael. You can stop. Sit on the coach.”

He sat next to her. She patted his thigh.

“You did really well! Did you like when I scratched your head?”

“I did.”

“I could tell, but I’m good at noticing things like that. If a guy does something you like, let him know. Guys like that. Ok?”

“Ok.”

“Good. Give me a hug.”

It was a little awkward, as hugging someone next to you on a couch always is. She spoke into his ear.

“I think you’re going to be really great at giving head!”

She stood up.

“Mistress wants to see you.”

She brought him to the bedroom, where Mistress Bianca had just gotten out of the shower. She was wearing a towel around her body and another wrapped around her head. Michael wondered if females had to learn how to wrap a towel around their head or if they were just born with the knowledge.

“Knees, Michael. Forehead to the floor.”

He would have liked to keep staring but quickly got into position. He heard them getting dressed. They talked, and for a moment or two they kissed. It was clear that they understood each other very well. Kiara seemed to read her Mistress’ mind and often brought her things without being told. It was also clear that they loved each other. Michael longed to hear the same affection in Mistress Bianca’s voice when she spoke to him.

“You may look at me, Michael.”

Her hair was pulled back into a bun, and she was wearing a black, latex dress that revealed ample cleavage. Her bright red nail polish popped against the dark



fabric. She looked like the CEO of Masturbatory Fantasy Incorporated.

“Oh my God!”

She smiled and gave him a pat on the cheek. He looked over at Kiara, who was wearing a tight latex dress of her own, modeled after a French maid’s outfit. It was devastating.

“You both look so amazing! I...I don’t know what to say.”

“I’m sure you’ll think of something. It’s time to go.”

They both put on jackets, and downstairs they found their Uber without difficulty. The party was in Brooklyn, not far from Michael’s house. They rode in silence, until he remembered that they had met with a potential investor the day before. Michael wasn’t sure Mistress Bianca wanted conversation, but he was too curious not to ask about it.

“It went very well! I need to talk to you about it, as it concerns you.”

“It does?”

“Yes. But now isn’t the time to go into details. We’ll talk about it at lunch tomorrow. Find a place not too far from the hotel. 1 pm. Make sure they have vegetarian options.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“You’re representing me at this party, so be on your best behavior.”

Michael stole a glance at the driver. He didn’t seem to be paying attention, which made Michael assume he was. He blushed, then gave himself a quick lecture that Mistress Bianca was the one he needed to impress, not some stranger. It didn’t help.

“No, Ma’am. I understand.”

“Address each woman as Ma’am until you know their preferred honorific. Don’t stare. If someone asks you to do something, and you’re unsure whether I want you to do it, ask me. If I’m not available, use your best judgment.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“I’m going to push your limits tonight.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

He looked again at the driver, who had the same nonchalant look on his face. He was definitely listening. He’d assumed his limits would be pushed at the party, but hearing her say it made him nervous and excited, and he started cataloguing all the things that might happen. When he looked back at her, she had a slight smile on her face.

“Any questions?”

“No, Ma’am.”

The party was in a large, stunning mansion in South Brooklyn, owned by one of the couples in attendance. At the beginning, it was tame, as Mistresses caught up over drinks in a posh living room that looked straight out of *Architectural Digest*. Some slaves acted as footrests, others stood at the ready, refilling their owners' drinks as needed. In total, there were six Mistresses and seven slaves, two of whom were women, one of whom was Kiara, who knelt at Mistress Bianca's feet.

The Mistresses were dressed in different styles of fetish gear. One looked punk, in a short, red-plaid skirt and black shit-kicker boots. Another was dressed for a formal, albeit kinky dinner party, in a tight black dress, pearls and elbow-length gloves. There were a few corsets and leather skirts. A few were drop-jaw beautiful, but none — Michael thought — were as beautiful as his Mistress.

Both female slaves wore variations of a French maid's costume. The other female, who was called Honey, was thin and pale with small, perky breasts and long brown hair. At first, Michael thought she was plain, but she got sexier each time he looked at her, until he had to warn himself to stop staring.

The males were all naked. Some were in chastity. Some wore collars. Of the males, Michael decided he was the second most attractive. There was one who was younger, taller, and — in Michael's opinion — better looking than he was. He was also muscular, and he wore leather straps around his biceps, giving him a gladiatorial vibe. The rest of the slaves looked slightly older than him, and they weren't in great shape. After what felt like 30 minutes, the formally-dressed Mistress stood.

"Before we head downstairs, the male slaves will write their names on a piece of paper, fold it, and put it in this bowl."

She pointed to a glass fishbowl, next to which rested two pens and several pieces of paper. When that was finished, the hostess — Mistress Clara — led everyone downstairs to a large playroom with red walls and soft lighting. The room looked professionally decorated, with a large Oriental rug that matched the red walls

and that Michael was sure cost over \$50,000. There was a spanking bench in the center of the room and shackles hanging from the ceiling. Along the wall were at least two dozen spanking implements: crops, paddles, hairbrushes, canes, each hanging from an antique brass hook. There were four doors that Michael soon learned led to a boiler room, a laundry room, and two small bedrooms. The space was very clean, and even though the lights were low and it was subterranean, it didn't feel dingy. Michael stood with his hands clasped behind his back as the Mistresses seated themselves on two brown-leather couches against the wall. Someone pinched his butt. He looked quickly, and Kiara was standing next to him, her face blank. She looked around at the Mistresses, who all seemed preoccupied, then winked. It occurred to him that this was exactly the type of party he'd been searching for.

A slave brought the fishbowl down and set it on the coffee table in front of Mistress Clara, who ordered the male slaves to kneel on the rug, heads down. He heard the Mistresses stand and walk to the wall, and he figured, correctly, that they were picking implements. Mistress Clara spoke.

"Here are the rules: we're going to beat you. The first slave to make a sound gets punished severely. Any questions, slaves? Just kidding. Ready ladies?"

There was enthusiastic consent, and Michael saw out the corner of his eye the Mistresses line up. Mistress Clara was in front, and she gave the first slave a solid whack with her crop. He kept silent. She moved to the next slave in line and then the next, giving each a solid strike. Then the next Mistress began, hitting each slave, a little harder it seemed. Michael felt good about his chances as long as he stayed focused. Four Mistresses had gone through the line, and no one had said a word.

"Ladies, I'm about to end this game."

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

"Ah!"

The slave directly to Michael's left, Frank, had lost, and he was taken to the

spanking bench and tied down tightly. His Mistress, Domina Violet, went to work on him, lecturing him for embarrassing her and telling him that she would have to increase his pain threshold with daily beatings. He screamed and begged for mercy, which only seemed to irritate his Mistress. After a thorough beating, Mistress Devon, a pretty, but severe-looking woman with sharp, straight bangs and a lot of eye makeup, took over and quickly had him wailing and blubbering.

Finally, Frank was united. He kissed Domina Violet's feet and begged for forgiveness. She had him kneel facing the corner with his hands behind his neck. Everyone moved back to the couches. Mistress Clara reached into the fishbowl and pulled out a name.

"Mister Blue."

A man at the end of the row lifted up.

"Yes Ma'am?"

"You're next. Shackles."

He nodded, then stood and walked to the center of the room, where Mistress Clara attached his wrists to the shackles hanging from the ceiling. She walked to the wall and removed a long whip from its hook, then cracked it several times to warm up. The remaining male slaves knelt with their heads down and listened as Mister Blue was whipped severely. Michael marveled at the man's pain tolerance, as he barely cried out.

"Jake."

It was his Mistress' voice.

"Yes Mistress?"

"Stand up."

She was sitting next to a gorgeous, raven-haired woman with an angular face and high cheek bones, who she introduced as Domina Morgan. She made the 'turn around' symbol with her finger.

"Very nice! May I?"

“Of course!”

She felt his butt, then held his cheeks apart.

“Slave!”

The tall, handsome slave hustled over.

“Mark, this is Mistress Bianca’s slave, Jake. I think you and he have excellent sexual chemistry, don’t you?”

The slave looked at him, then back at his Mistress.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Isn’t he sexy? Don’t you want to kiss him?”

“Yes, Ma’am. Very much.”

Michael looked at the base of the wall, at an outlet to the right of the couch. The screws on the top and bottom were both perfectly horizontal.

“Jake.”

He looked quickly at Mistress Bianca, who looked at him without smiling. The message was clear.

“Don’t be shy, Jake, ask him if he’d like to fool around.”

Michael looked at Mark.

“Would you like to fool around?”

“Boring!”

Domina Morgan shook her head.

“Stop. Mark, come here.”

She pulled her silver necklace from between her breasts, revealing a small key, which she used to unlock his chastity cage.

“We’re going to role play. You’re at a club. Mark, you see Jake across the room and decide you must have him. Jake,” She looked at him. “You want him, too. Do you think that’s within your range?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Great. Entertain us.”

“Jake,” Mistress Bianca spoke. “You’ll suck Mark’s cock.” She looked at Mark. He nodded, then looked at his own Mistress and nodded again. Then he looked at Michael and nodded. Michael nodded back.

“Jake. You didn’t come to the club tonight to meet someone, but you can’t resist Mark’s smoldering sensuality.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Mark, stand over there.” Domina Morgan pointed to the left side of the room. “Jake, stay in the middle here. You’re on the dance floor. Remember, both of you, this is your porn audition. Don’t fuck it up.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Ready Jake?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Mark?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Porn audition, take one. Action!”

Michael swayed back and forth to imaginary music. Mark walked over and around him, looking him up and down in an exaggerated manner.

“Hi sexy!”

“Hi! Wait, are you the cable guy from earlier today!”

One of the Mistresses laughed. To Michael’s surprise, Mark didn’t miss a beat.

“I am. Did you follow me to the club?”

“I did. I never got to thank you for fixing my cable.”

“I have an idea of what you can do.”

He held the back of Michael’s neck and drew him in for a kiss. Michael placed his hands on his chest. Michael had kissed two different men in college during a drunken, bisexual game of spin the bottle, and he hadn’t liked it. This was no different. Mark’s lips were too hard, and he was altogether too masculine. It occurred to him that he’d rather suck Mark’s dick than kiss him. Since he was going to have to do that anyway, he decided to get it over with, and kissed his way down Mark’s chest, eventually dropping to his knees.

“Slower,” someone yelled from the couch. Michael remembered what Kiara had told him earlier and caressed Mark’s thighs, going up the back to his ass, then around to the inside, grazing his balls. Mark stroked his cock until he was hard.

“Give it a kiss.”

Michael gave the tip a kiss, then a lick.

“Jake, look in Mark’s eyes.”

It was uncomfortable, but he reminded himself for the second time that night who he was there to impress. He focused slightly above Mark’s eyes and held his hefty cock around the base. He flicked the frenulum with his tongue. He imagined Kiara was smiling.

“Good boy, Jake. Now take the tip of his cock in your mouth.”

He ran his tongue back and forth under the head, which Sebastian had liked. Then he sucked gently.

“Keep going.”

Domina Morgan walked over and put clothespins on Mark’s nipples. They must have been tight, because he quickly sucked in air. Michael rotated his hand around Mark’s shaft as he went in and out, filling his mouth with the larger man’s dick.



“Lift his cock up and suck his balls.”

Michael followed the orders as they came. He felt his cock growing in his cage — not enough to hurt, but definitely growing — and he wondered if he were turned on by giving head or the humiliation of doing so in front of a roomful of strangers. He hoped it was the latter.

“Jake, stop moving. Mark, hold his head and fuck his mouth.”

Mark held him lightly as he moved his hips in and out. He wasn't going very deep, which Michael appreciated. He heard his Mistress' voice.

“Go in farther, Mark. I want to hear Jake gag.”

Mark pushed in until Michael gagged, then pulled out.

“Keep doing it.”

He pushed in again, and Michael coughed. Mark continued thrusting, going in until he heard Michael choke or gag, then pulling out. Michael felt his eyes tearing, and a drop fell down his cheek.

“That's enough. Well done, both of you.”

The other Mistresses clapped.

“Jake, come here.”

Mistress Bianca unlocked his chastity device and removed it. The cool air on his cock felt wonderful.

“You and Mark come here,” she pointed to the side of the couch. “Get into a 69 position, on your sides. Rest with your cocks in each others' mouths. You don't have to suck, but I want your mouths full.”

“Yes Mistress.”

It was awkward getting into position, but they eventually got there. Domina Morgan kicked Mark in the butt.

“Move your noses into each others' ball sacks...yes, like that. Smell each other's

balls.”

Two other men were forced to have sex, and the fifth had to flirt with and then fuck a sex doll. As he waited with his nose in Mark’s balls, Michael reconsidered his earlier belief that this was the type of party he’d always wanted to attend.

Mistress Bianca finally had pity and allowed Michael to kneel in the corner until Mistress Clara called all the slaves back in front of the couch. There, each Mistress pulled a name from the bowl. She and the slave she’d chosen retreated to a corner of the room, or to the spanking bench, or to one of the side rooms. The punk Mistress, Domina Violet, picked his name, but Mistress Bianca spoke to her briefly, and she passed his paper to Mistress Devon.

Michael had seen Mistress Devon on Eros over the years, but he’d never considered sessioning with her. She had a lot of experience, and she was good looking, but their interests didn’t line up: she was too sadistic and she didn’t do strap on. She was also a lesbian, and Michael only sessioned with women he could potentially date.

He followed her into one of the side rooms, which had a bed and a small nightstand with a lamp. The walls were dark blue, and there was a framed, black and white poster of a woman holding a whip, standing over a bound man covered in cuts and bruises. Mistress Devon sat on the bed and had Michael kneel in front of her.

“Your Mistress said you’re good at foot massage.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

She took off her shoes. Michael started with her right foot, warming it up slowly, feeling for any knots or tightness. He felt like he was missing out, and he imagined Domina Violet was doing something fun with whoever she was with. He wondered why Mistress Bianca had orchestrated the switch.

“That feels really good, good pressure.”

“Thank you, Ma’am.”

“Your Mistress told me ball busting is a hard limit of yours.”

“Yes, Ma’am. Ball busting is a limit.”

“That’s too bad. It’s my favorite thing to do. Keep massaging my feet.”

As he rubbed her feet, they talked, and he found her to be a lot nicer than her online persona. She then lay on the bed and ordered him to give her a full body massage. He heard one of the Mistresses in the next room orgasming.

When they came back to the main space, Mistress Clara was fucking Kiara over one arm of the couch while Mistress Bianca fucked Honey hard over the other. The slave girl’s long hair bounced around her face as Bianca’s thrusts slammed her hips into the couch. Honey had her eyes closed tightly and was breathing heavily through her mouth. Michael hoped that one day that was him. He felt a hand on his back. It was Domina Violet.

“Hello Jake. I missed getting to play with you and your cute butt.”

“Yes, Domina.’

“Your Mistress said I could hurt you.”

The right corner of her mouth turned up.

“Come.”

She led him to the spanking bench. As the ropes tightened around his wrists, ankles and back, he prayed that Domina Violet wasn’t as sadistic as Clara and Devon. He doubted it, though: there didn’t seem to be much mercy in this basement.

His prayer was declined, but being in public gave him a nervous energy that raised his pain threshold. That said, he was screaming long before the end. He had promised himself he wouldn’t beg for mercy, and he didn’t, but the pain was intense. Domina Violet was both skillful and cruel, beating down the back of his legs and even getting into his inner thighs. Mistress Bianca was at his side when it was done, steadying him with a hand on his arm.

“Are you ok?”

“Yes Mistress. That was intense.”

“Violet’s a real sadist. You did well.”

She led him toward the couches, where Kiara and Honey were about to square off in competition. Kiara knelt between Domina Morgan’s legs, and Honey knelt before Mistress Devon. Mistress Clara stood in front of them.

“First slave to make their Mistress come wins. Loser gets a beating.”

Mistress Bianca leaned close to him,

“Bet all your money on Kiara.”

“Done and done, Mistress.”

As sexy as Honey was, she was no match for Kiara, who was preternaturally sensual. It wasn’t long before Morgan was moaning and then shouting and then coming.

“Oh my God! That was...oh my God! I didn’t think...Oh!”

Michael smiled. He’d been there.

Honey continued until Mistress Devon came, then crawled back to her owner, Mistress Annabel, who held her beneath her chin.

“You disappoint me, Honey.”

Honey bowed her head and apologized.

“Not good enough, dear.”

Mistress Annabel stood. She was a striking woman, and she reminded Michael of a Viking warrior. She was six-feet tall with broad shoulders and reddish brown hair pulled back into a pony tail. She had large breasts and was wearing a red corset and a black leather skirt. She grabbed a handful of Honey’s hair and dragged her to the spanking bench.

“No! Ow! Please Mistress! Please!”

Honey looked positively terrified. Mistress Annabel tied her down, then walked to the wall and grabbed a leather strap. Before she even started, Honey was

pleading for mercy.

Annabel went much easier on her than any of the other Mistresses had gone on the men, but Honey was extremely sensitive, and she was soon crying. Her tears turned Michael on, and he wondered if he were more sadistic than he'd thought.

Mistress Clara brought out a rubber sheet and handed it to Mister Blue, who spread it over the carpet. She addressed the room.

"Unfortunately, our time is almost at an end. There's just one more treat today for a lucky slave."

She pulled a piece of paper from the fishbowl and held it aloft with a dramatic flourish.

"For those of you who are new, the name on this piece of paper will rest on his knees on that sheet. The other men will masturbate onto his face."

Michael said a silent prayer that the name on the paper wasn't his. He didn't want to embarrass or anger his Mistress, but he couldn't let that happen to him. Clara looked at the paper, then at the slaves. She turned it so everyone could see.

"Mister Blue!"

Michael exhaled.

"Here are the rules. Slaves, you'll go one at a time. If you can't come within five minutes, you take Mister Blue's place."

Mister Blue bore his position with stoicism, or maybe he was happy about it. Michael couldn't tell. Probably, he just knew better than to complain.

Mark went first, standing over the kneeling man, who kept his eyes closed and his hands behind his back. The rest of the slaves milled about, stroking themselves. Kiara and Honey served the women wine as they watched with different levels of interest. After a few minutes, Mark's breath increased and he came with a grunt, dumping an impressive load of semen onto Mister Blue's face.

Michael was next. He was anxious not to take Mister Blue's place and a little

worried he wouldn't be able to perform. But being in chastity the last couple days helped, as did the image of Kiara and Honey's competition, which Michael kept front and center in his brain. He heard Mistress Clara's voice.

"Keep your mouth open, dear."

Michael came with about a minute to spare, pasting the man's forehead, and then, with his second volley, aiming for his mouth. The other men succeeded as well, and at the end Mister Blue's face was coated in semen, some of which dripped down onto his chest and the rubber sheet.

In the Uber back to the hotel, Mistress Bianca made sure Michael was ok. Other than that, she wasn't talkative. At the hotel, Michael hung up her clothing and brought her a glass of water. She put his chastity cage back on him, then told him to leave.

The next day they met for lunch. Mistress Bianca arrived five minutes late and in a good mood. Michael stood.

“You seem happy today, Mistress, and beautiful.”

“Thank you, Michael.”

She kissed his cheeks and sat down. He asked about her morning, but she waved away his attempt at small talk.

“I was curious about something.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Did you wish it was you and not Mister Blue at the end?”

“No, Ma’am. I was actually very happy it wasn’t me.”

She shook her head.

“That’s not very adventurous of you, Michael. Don’t you want to expand your horizons?”

He looked to see if she were teasing. She was.

“I feel like I’ve done a lot of horizon expansion lately, Ma’am. In a good way, of course.”

“Well, next time I’ll see if I can’t rig the game. Unfortunately, there’s not a party before I leave. Hmm...”

She pursed her lips.

“Maybe I’ll take you to a glory hole.”

“Are there glory holes here?”

“I’m sure. I really do want to see you covered in come.”

He looked to see if she were teasing again. She wasn’t.

“May I ask a question, Ma’am?”

“Not yet. I’d like to tell you about my meeting the other day.”

One of Mistress Bianca’s subs, William, was a very rich older gentleman who wanted to help bring femdom into the mainstream. They had talked for almost a year about forming a new business and laying the strategy for how it would work. Finally, the other day, he transferred a large sum of money to fund the company Mistress Bianca would run.

“In ten years, I want to normalize women controlling men. I want the tools of control normalized, as well: chastity cages, collars, punishment.”

“That sounds wonderful, Mistress.”

“I showed him the chastity class, and an excerpt from your book.”

“Really?”

“Of course. I want you to be part of it.”

“Really?”

She gave him a stern look.

“No. Just kidding. You’re fired.”

She raised her eyebrows.

“Ok. I deserved that, Ma’am. I’m just surprised.”

“Why? You’re a good writer and you have good ideas.”

The waiter came and they ordered.



“How close are you to starting the business, Mistress?”

“Very close. I have our business plan and strategy, and a tech team, and now I have money. What I need is content. Our first products have to be subtle. It can’t be hard-core porn. The femdom has to be a part of it, but not the whole thing. Your knowledge of hypnosis and the emotional side of learning is very intriguing. If we’re going to popularize femdom, we need people to accept that it’s ok. You can help us do that.”

“I’m imagining a story with a female-led relationship where the domination isn’t highlighted, it’s just there, almost as an aside. Like the fact that he does all the chores and she controls and limits his orgasms is shown, but never specifically addressed.”

“Exactly.”

She leaned forward.

“We’ll start with one book and one movie. The male characters have to be submissive, but strong and likable.”

“Do you mean a book and a movie based on that book?”

“No. They need to be separate. You don’t need to understand why, other than that they’ll be marketed in different ways.”

He nodded.

“At the same time, we’re starting a separate platform for content distribution. Think OnlyFans or Clips4Sale but owned and run by sex workers, so much more favorable terms for the women who use it. We have an agreement with a bank, so there shouldn’t be issues with censorship and withholding payments. I want to create a site that doesn’t disappear its clientele every six months.”

“That’s a lot going on.”

“I’ve been working on this for almost two years.”

Their food came and they started eating. Michael worked up the courage for what he needed to say next.

“Ma’am, it sounds amazing, and I want to be a part of it. I liked making the chastity class, and I love serving you. But this would be a lot more work. I would need to be paid for it.”

“Yes.”

“And I would need a contract.”

“Yes.”

They ate silently for a while. Michael felt like he might float up to the ceiling. This project would keep them intertwined and necessitate regular communication. That Mistress Bianca wanted him to be a part of her project alone was flattering.

“May I ask you something now, Ma’am?”

“Yes. Now you may.”

“Are you trying to set me up with Mistress Devon?”

“Yes, but not romantically. You’re not her type.”

“Wrong equipment.”

“Correct. She mentioned that she was looking for another slave, and she’d be able to keep an eye on you when I’m not around.”

She thought she was being helpful and kind, but his chest hurt. She wouldn’t do this if she wanted him as her live-in slave.

“What is it, Michael?”

“It’s nothing, Ma’am.”

“It clearly is. Tell me.”

He took a deep breath. His eyes seemed magnetically drawn to the floor, but he forced himself to look at her.

“I don’t want another Mistress, Ma’am. I want to serve you.”

“I live in Thailand.”

“That’s not a problem.”

“You’d move to Thailand?”

She meant it as a joke.

“Yes, Ma’am. I would.”

He looked back at the floor. She didn’t say anything for a moment. She had to be used to men falling in love with her.

“You’d give up your life here to be one of my slaves?”

“Yes, Ma’am. Definitely.”

She studied his face.

“I don’t have any family. My new business, if it even happens, I could do from anywhere. There’s nothing keeping me here, Ma’am.”

She was silent for a while. He didn’t want to meet her eyes. If she were looking at him with pity it would break his heart. She reached across the table and stroked his hand.

“I think you’re looking for a Mistress you can marry, where you’re her only slave. You’ll never have that with me.”

“I do want that, Ma’am, but I would take less if it meant serving you.”

“You don’t really know me.”

“I know enough.”

She thought about it for a moment.

“Is your work on my project dependent on this?”

“No Mistress. I want to do that regardless.”

The rest of lunch was slightly awkward. At one point, she asked him why he wasn't seeing anyone, and he reexplained his struggles with online dating. It was like trying to explain poverty to someone who had only known wealth. She did give him one piece of good news as they were leaving.

"I'm extending my stay here for another week. You'll come to my hotel tomorrow at 3pm. Bring workout clothes."

"Yes Ma'am."

The next day, Michael showed up at the hotel at 3pm. Mistress Bianca was waiting for him, reading his story. He stripped naked, then knelt and kissed her feet.

"Take a shower."

She was waiting for him in the bedroom when he came out. She slipped off one of her socks and handed it to him.

"Masturbate into this. You have five minutes."

"Yes Mistress."

He didn't want to come. Once he did, he'd feel a lot less submissive. If she wanted him to do something that stretched his limits, it would be monumentally harder. It suddenly occurred to him that that was exactly what was going to happen, and that this was a test, and the fact that she was testing him was probably a positive.

"You have one minute, Michael."

"Mistress, may I have a little more time? I don't think I'm going to make it."

"Hurry."

He didn't make it, but she gave him more time, and he finally came into her sock. She took it from him and shoved it in his mouth.

"That stays there. Come."

She led him onto her bed, where he waited on hands and knees as she retrieved her cane.

“I was going to let you go down on me if you came on time, but now I have to punish you.”

He knew she was lying, but he was still disappointed in himself. He wanted to be perfect for her, and each time he wasn't, it hurt.

CRACK!

“Mnmnh!!”

CRACK!

CRACK!

“Unnhh!”

CRACK!

CRACK!

The pain was horrendous.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

He was screaming into his sock after the 10th blow. She stopped after 15. He collapsed onto his stomach.

“Get up. Go to the dresser. Take out my pants.”

Michael hustled to the dresser and removed three pairs of pants he'd never seen her wear.

“Do you see how they're folded?”

He nodded.

“Unfold them, then fold them again.”

Michael did as asked. He wasn't particularly skilled at folding clothes, but he went as slowly and carefully as he could, ignoring the post-orgasmic voice in his head telling him this was stupid. When he finished, Mistress Bianca went through them.

“What is this?”

She pointed to a small wrinkle.

“Lean over the bed.”

CRACK!

“Mnnnh!!”

CRACK!

Michael collapsed down to the floor, his hand shielding his butt.

“Get up. Take out my shirts.”

Michael folded and unfolded her shirts. Unfortunately, she found more wrinkles.

CRACK!

CRACK!

CRACK!

“Again.”

Michael refolded her shirts, this time to her satisfaction. He then folded her

socks, underwear, and lingerie, earning 11 more strokes with the cane.

“Lay on the floor. Here, in front of my chair. On your back.”

She placed her feet on his face and took out her phone. Over the 45 minutes, she made five phone calls. Every so often, she moved her feet, at one point crossing one over the other. When she finished her last call, she walked to the dresser and grabbed a piece of paper and a pen.

“Come, into the other room.”

She placed the pen and paper on the table, then pulled out a chair.

“Sit. Write ‘I am Mistress Bianca’s slave’ 100 times. If one word is illegible, you’ll redo all 100 lines.”

“Yes Mistress.”

She walked back into her bedroom and closed the door behind her. She returned a moment later carrying her purse. She looked over his shoulder but didn’t say anything, then put on her shoes and left.

Like a lot of suburban kids, Michael had mowed lawns to earn money when he was younger. It was boring work, but he found that if he concentrated on making each row as clean and straight as possible, he actually enjoyed it, and time went quicker. He repeated that now, wrenching his normally sloppy handwriting into neat and orderly rows. He took deep breaths and stopped each time he felt impatient, not doubting for a second that Mistress Bianca would follow through on her threat. By the time he was finished, he was shaking.

Mistress Bianca returned shortly after and checked his work in front of him. She carefully went through each line, and Michael was relieved he’d taken his time.

“Get changed. Go to the gym and workout. Come back at 6. Not sooner.”

“Yes, Mistress.”

A workout was exactly what he needed after such a painstaking task. He lifted weights — it was chest and biceps day — then ran on the treadmill for half an hour. He got back to Mistress Bianca’s room covered in sweat. To his surprise,

Honey answered the door.

“Hi Jake. I’m Honey. We met at the party.”

“Hi. Yes, I remember.”

“Come in.”

He followed her to the couch, where Mistress Bianca and Mistress Annabel were drinking wine. Annabel was wearing red heels and a dark blue, scoop neck dress that showed a lot of cleavage. She put her glass down on the coffee table.

“Take of your clothes, both of you, then kneel.”

Michael snuck looks at Honey’s body as they disrobed. He couldn’t believe he ever thought she was plain looking.

“Jake, we’d like to see you top Honey. Talk with her in the bedroom about her limits and what she likes and doesn’t like. Then come back and perform for us.”

Michael nodded and stood. He looked over at Honey, who remained kneeling with her eyes on the floor. He wondered what was going on until he realized she was waiting for his permission to move.

“Come, Honey. Crawl after me.”

“Yes, sir.”

She followed him to the bedroom, where she knelt at his feet. Michael felt a little goofy, but he knew, much like wearing a kilt and shoulder harness, that commitment was key. If he believed he could top her, he could. Otherwise it would be a mess.

“Tell me what you like.”

“I like having my nipples played with, Sir. And I like having my hair pulled, especially being dragged by my hair. Not just by my hair, but dragged with me crawling after.”

“Got it. What are your limits?”



“Don’t hit me in the face, obviously not punching, but no slapping either. I’m very sensitive to pain. Don’t put anything in my ass, that’s reserved for my owner.”

“Is touching your face ok?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Do you have a safe word?”

“Penguin.”

“Penguin. Got it. Do you have a scene you enjoy, or should I pick one?”

She looked confused, and he realized he shouldn’t have asked. Stupid!

“Actually, I’ll pick one.”

She nodded.

“You’re my wife, and you’re scared of me, and it’s time for your weekly review. Just kneel at my feet and play along.”

“Of course, Sir.”

“Jake, move a chair in front of the couch so we can see you clearly. Mistress Annabel will unlock you.”

She handed his chastity key to Mistress Annabel, who pointed to a spot in front of her. Michael kept his hands behind his back as she leaned forward and unlocked his chastity cage. He sighed as he felt the cool air over his penis. She held his balls firmly.

“Honey is very dear to me. I trust you understand that.”

She wasn’t squeezing him hard, but he could feel her strength.

“Of course, Mistress.”

“Put on pants and socks, but keep your shirt off.”

“Yes Mistress.”

He quickly got dressed, then sat in the chair in front of them.

“Begin.”

He took a deep breath.

“Honey! Get over here. Now!”

She came running from the bedroom, her face full of concern. He pointed to the ground in front of him. Honey knelt.

“Kiss. Once each foot...Good. Up.”

He held her chin and stared at her without smiling. She looked frightened. He stroked her hair.

“You know that I care for you, don’t you, darling?”

“Yes Sir.”

“And you know I want to be nice to you. I want to be kind.”

“Yes Sir.”

“But I can’t do that if you won’t let me. Isn’t that right?”

“I, I don’t understand, Sir.”

“Your job is keep this house spotless, is it not?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“And did you?”

“Yes, Sir. Of course.”

“Really?”

She became less certain, scared even.

“I...I believe so, Sir. I tried.”

He ran his fingertips over her lips.

“You tried?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He pushed his index and middle fingers into her mouth.

“Suck.”

He held the back of her head and pressed his fingers deeper. She gagged, but he held her tight, until she coughed and pulled back. He gripped her hair and dragged her toward the wall.

“Please Sir! You’re hurting me!”

He stopped for a second, until he realized she was playing her part. He brought her to the wall and pressed her head close to the baseboard. He ran a finger along it and showed her.

“What is this?!”

“I’m sorry Sir! I don’t clean the baseboards every day! There’s not time!”

“Come. Right now.”

He dragged her back toward the chair. Her pleading was so realistic he had to remind himself that she liked this.

“Over my lap.”

He felt her soft body pressing against his stomach and started to get hard. He rubbed her butt.

“I want to be good to you, Honey. I had such a fun night planned.”

“I’m sorry, Sir.”

He ran his fingertips down the inside of her thighs, then along her butt. He

spanked her, lightly at first, then increasing in intensity. He paused often to make sure she was ok, and he glanced once or twice at her Mistress.

“Harder, Jake.”

He increased his force, hitting her in the same spot over and over. She squirmed and wailed and begged for mercy, but she didn’t use her safe word.

“That’s enough spanking. Pull her by her hair to the bedroom and fuck her.”

He looked at Mistress Annabel to make sure he’d heard her correctly. He had. He dragged Honey into the other room as she pleaded for him to stop. The two Mistresses followed, bringing their wine glasses with them. He threw Honey onto the bed.

“Stand next to the bed and hold her thighs.”

He was rock hard already. He pulled her to the edge of the mattress and plunged into her. She was sopping wet.

“She likes to be fucked hard.”

Her pussy felt incredible. He reached under her thighs and held her wrists, pulling her toward him as he plowed into her. She moaned and arched her back. Her eyes were closed, and her mouth was slightly open. He could see her top teeth.

“Ohhh, thank you, Sir!”

“Flip her over, Jake.”

He climbed onto the bed and help her hips. Her watched as her body rocked forward and back with his thrusts. He heard the bedsprings squeak. Her hair was in her face and she tossed it back over her head. They were both starting to sweat, and he could feel her muscles squeezing him. He started doing breathing exercises. He knew he didn’t have long.

“Mistress Bianca, may I come?”

“Come in her mouth. Hold her hair while you do it.”

He pulled out and grabbed Honey's hair, bringing her to his cock. She took him in her mouth and sucked him gently, then pressed her finger against his asshole. He came immediately, screaming as he did. His pelvis bucked as he emptied himself into her. He kept hold of her hair as he pulsed twice more, then collapsed back on the bed. Mistress Annabel stood and looked down at him.

"I'm told you like to eat your come."

"Yes Mistress Annabel."

She nodded at her slave.

"Give the nice man his semen, Honey."

Honey crawled over. He opened his mouth, and she let his come fall from her mouth into his in a big glob. It bounced off his tongue and hit the back of his throat. He retched, and the two dommes laughed heartily.

"Honey," Mistress Annabel spoke. "Bring me a chair from the kitchen."

"Would you like a hairbrush?"

"No, I'll use my hand."

She sat and patted her lap.

"Come, Jake."

All he wanted was to curl up in a ball and go to sleep, but he placed himself over her lap. She held him firmly around the waist.

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

WHAP!

Michael thrashed and gritted his teeth. His submission had all but disappeared after his second orgasm, and he kept himself focused by repeating his mantra: 'I exist to make Mistress Bianca happy. I yearn to be Mistress Bianca's slave.'

She spanked him 50 times in rapid succession, then pushed him onto the floor.

"Get in the bathtub, on your back."

The porcelain was cold against his back. Both Mistresses entered shortly after. Mistress Annabel hiked up her dress and took off her underwear. She squatted over Michael's head.

"Open."

Michael wondered how often she went to the bathroom, because her stream was hard and fast and it lasted for what seemed like over a minute. She didn't seem to care if he swallowed it or not, so he didn't, letting her urine fill his mouth and then spill over the sides. When she finished, she wiped herself, then put on her underwear and left the room. Mistress Bianca took her place.

"Drink it, Jake. All of it."

Her pee tasted foul, but it was her, so he drank obediently, repeating his mantra in his head. Her stream slowed and eventually stopped. She stepped out of the tub, then wet a towel and wiped her feet. Michael sat up.

"What are you doing?"

"I-"

"Lie down. You're not done."

She lowered the toilet seat and sat. After a moment, Mistress Annabel brought Honey into the room, holding her by the back of her neck.

"Please, Mistress. No!"

"Get in the tub, Honey."

"Please, Ow! You're hurting me!"

“I won’t ask again.”

Honey stepped into the tub, hugging her arms around her body. She looked like she were about to cry.

“Pee on him, Honey.”

Annabel laughed, and Mistress Bianca joined in. Honey looked absolutely horror-stricken. She refused to make eye-contact with Michael.

“Look at him, Honey. Look in his eyes.”

“C’mon, Honey! Do it!”

“Pee in his mouth, Honey!”

“Hurry, Honey!”

Honey looked distraught. She was such a tender soul that harming anyone, even within role-play, was horrible to her. He gave her ankle a light squeeze.

“It’s ok, Honey. I like it.”

She exhaled, unclenching enough to obey her Mistress’ orders. Michael let her pee fill and spill over his mouth, as he had with Mistress Annabel.

“Jake, thank Honey for peeing on you.”

“Thank you, Honey.”

“You’re welcome.”

She quickly got out of the tub and wiped off her feet, then left the room. Mistress Annabel laughed.

“I love torturing her like that.”

“She’s so precious.”

Mistress Annabel looked down at Jake.

“I hope you enjoyed your shower!”

It was a stupid joke, but Michael played along.

“I did, Mistress Annabel. Thank you.”

She left the room, and Mistress Bianca squatted down next to him.

“You’re really soaked, Michael.”

“I don’t think Mistress Annabel pees very often.”

She laughed.

“It’d be fun to leave you here for a while, but Annabel and Honey are leaving, so take a shower. Be quick.”

Michael scrubbed himself clean, washing his hair several times. He hurriedly dried off and met everyone in the front room. He kissed Annabel’s feet, then gave Honey a hug. Annabel patted his cheek.

“Good playing with you.”



“Come.”

Mistress Bianca walked to her bedroom and lay on her bed. She patted the space next to her.

“How do you feel?”

“Ok, Mistress. It’s hard after I come, especially the second time.”

“You did well.”

“Thank you.”

They were silent for a moment.

“Would you hold me, Mistress?”

“Of course.”

She wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into her. He felt suddenly, intensely sad, and his chest hurt.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s ok, Mistress. I’m ok.”

She knew he was lying, but she didn’t press, and that made it hurt even more.

Later, she made him tea and sat across from him at the kitchen table. He could feel her staring.

“I have an idea.”

“Yes Mistress?”

“Come visit me in Thailand. Come for a month. You’ll work on the screenplay for our new venture and see what it’s like to serve me every day. At the end, we’ll talk about whether you still want to be my full-time slave.”

He held still, worried that if he moved, everything would come crashing down and he’d find himself back in his house, in his bed, upset to realize it had all been a dream. She raised her eyebrows.

“Yes?”

“Yes! Yes, Mistress! Of course!”

He opened his mouth to ask her a question, then caught himself, realizing it was not something he should ask.

“What is it?”

“Nothing, Mistress.”

“No, Michael, you’re not allowed to have secrets from me. What is it?”

“I just...”

She waited. He tried to figure out a better way to say what he was feeling, but he couldn’t, and eventually the silence dragged on long enough that he had to say something.

“Why me?”

She squinted.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean...I know you’re not in love with me, but...”

She seemed confused. Could she really not understand?

“I don’t understand why you like me.”

He wanted to say more, but he stopped himself. She seemed unfazed.

“We match well, don’t you think?”

“I do, Mistress. It’s just...hold on, I need a moment to think how to put this...”

He stared at the table top.

“You could have anyone you want, so why me?”

She rolled her eyes.

“I can’t have anyone I want. Why do you think that?”

“Not anyone, but I’m sure you’ve seen the way men look at you when you walk down the street.”

“I could have a lot of people, yes, but I’m looking for a very specific relationship. I need a slave. Not a fake slave, not a bedroom slave, not a slave for a couple months then do what he wants, but a real slave. On top of that, I’m picky. My slave has to be interesting and attractive, they have to appreciate art and fashion, and they have to be able to get along with my other slaves, even when those slaves aren’t particularly friendly. I’m very demanding and I’m very particular and I expect all my needs met and my desires fulfilled immediately and without complaint. That narrows my options quite a bit.”

He wondered if she really thought he was interesting and attractive.

“I guess I thought you’d be with someone like Sebastian, Mistress.”

She shook her head, as if he’d missed her entire point.

“Sebastian is phenomenal in bed, and he’s sweet, but he’d be a terrible slave.”

She studied him for a moment.

“You’re too caught up in monogamy. You think one person has to satisfy everything, and you’ve created a hierarchy with sex at the top. But sex is just one factor. I like Sebastian, but I wouldn’t want him around all the time.”

He liked hearing that.

“Michael. You’re a very good submissive. You push through limits for me; you

flew across the country just to see me.”

“You saw through my business meeting excuse, huh?”

She pressed her lips together and tried, unsuccessfully, to hold back her smile. She imitated his voice.

“Ms. Bianca, I saw that you were, uh, going to San Francisco and I, uh, have a business meeting there, uh, about business stuff.”

“I didn’t say it like that.”

She kept imitating his voice.

“I do have a girlfriend. She doesn’t go here. She goes to a different school.”

“Ok. I get it.”

“You’re nice, but not a pushover, and you make me laugh. You’re financially stable and you got me a table at Balthazar on a Saturday night. That was impressive.”

“Ok, but I’m not going to be able to do that in Thailand.”

“Are you trying to talk me out of liking you?”

“No, Ma’am. I take it back.”

“Good.”

They were silent for a moment. She put her hand on his forearm. It felt electric.

“Relax, Michael. It’s just a trial. I’m not collaring you. But...if you want to be with me as one of my inner circle, you need to believe you belong. You’re interesting and fun and smart, and you’re sexy, but I’m not interested in being with someone who feels unworthy.”

That night, Michael replayed their conversation dozens of times. He felt both ecstatic and terrified. What if he screwed everything up? He pictured talking to his therapist. He heard her voice telling him that Bianca invited him to Thailand because she liked him. She wanted him to succeed; he just needed to be himself.

It was good advice. He began pacing. Each time he started imagining what would happen in Thailand, he stopped himself. He didn't want to set any expectations. Also, he needed to get better at being present, because that's what Mistress Bianca wanted. He stretched, then lay in bed, his hands over his heart, smiling.

The next day, he talked again with Kevin, his potential new business partner. He hadn't sent the NDA they'd agreed on, but he asked Michael to send samples of his work to show an investor, anyway. Michael reiterated his need for a signed NDA, explaining in very general terms that his last business had ended in a lawsuit. Kevin was irritated, and he expressed reservations about whether Michael's idea, as he understood it, would even work. He implied that Michael's hesitancy could potentially lose them this investor, and that it was ridiculous besides, as he was a friend of a friend.

"I understand why you're paranoid, but I don't think it would kill you to explain a little better how everything would work. Just try to look at it through my lens."

Mistress Bianca returned to Thailand. Michael saw her one last time before she left, but just for lunch. She gave him the key to his chastity cage and instructed him to wear it for six hours every day. She didn't make him come on his food or anything else, and they talked mostly about the new business and his impending trip to Thailand, which would be in six weeks. She wanted some time alone after her travels. They hugged goodbye, and Michael went home feeling strange and emotional and empty and full. That evening he sent her a short text wishing her a great trip, along with a picture of a kitten and puppy hugging. He then bought her a dress from her wishlist that cost over \$500.

*Michael,*

*First, thank you for the lovely dress. I'd been hoping someone would get me that one! Secondly, it was wonderful to see you in New York. I feel like we're getting to know each other better and I'm seeing a willingness in you to push yourself and try new things. I'm happy about that and your service as a whole. You're very obedient and you never push me for attention.*

*I have other things I'd like to talk about, but first I want to check in on something from our last conversation. You brought up your potential business partner. I don't remember his name, Ken or Kevin, but I'm concerned about his refusal to send you an NDA. This is standard business practice and should not be*

*an issue. I'm happy to have my lawyer write you a quick NDA. Contact Clarissa if you'd like that, but do NOT send any more of your ideas until he's signed something.*

*Ok, enough of that unpleasantness. I look forward to you coming to Thailand, but I don't want to talk about it now. I need to recharge alone after being so social during my travels. Before you come, however, I want you to work on relaxing your anal muscles. I like to fuck hard, and I want you to be able to take it. I've included a practice schedule for you. I'd like you to buy one more dildo, larger than the two you have. I've included a link below. In addition, work on your self-acceptance. I've included exercises for that as well. Do them every morning, along with your meditation.*

*Finally, your orgasm schedule remains Tuesdays and Fridays. As always, you must consume your cum. On Tuesdays, continue coming on a cracker and eating it. On Fridays, cum on a dildo and then suck it off. As you masturbate, think about buying me gifts. Imagine buying me dresses and shoes and anything I want.*

*I will be off social media and email for the next two weeks. We'll talk after.*

*Mistress Bianca*

It was the longest message she'd ever written him, and it filled him with joy each time he read it. It said something that even in his most pessimistic state he couldn't find one statement to feel bad about: her care for his well-being was undeniable.

Unfortunately, his pessimism was crafty. When its claims that Bianca secretly hated him stopped working, it adapted, telling him that she didn't really know him, and she would realize her mistake once she did. It told him she regretted her invitation and was just waiting for the right time to disinvite him. Some days he couldn't stop imagining horrible scenarios. It wore on him, and it was annoying to constantly flip from hope to despair. As always, he talked about it with his therapist.

"I know we've discussed this a lot, but it still seems strange that she'd choose me."

He sat on his therapist's couch, leaning forward, his elbows on his knees.

“Not that I’m terrible. I know that.”

“Ok. Let’s look at it objectively.”

She held up a finger.

“You’ve written a course for her that she adores, and she likes your fiction, which is perfect for her new business.”

She held up another finger.

“You flew across the country to be with her, showing that not only were you willing to make sacrifices for her, but you have the time and resources to do so.”

Another finger.

“You showed that you were willing to push through difficult situations to please her.”

Another.

“You got her a table at Balthazar on a Saturday, showing that you were good at getting things done. Honestly, there’s a lot there. Those are the things that many women are attracted to.”

Michael nodded. He was having trouble staying negative.

“I guess I don’t see those things, or most them, as all that difficult, so they don’t resonate as great qualities.”

“And for some reason, you think she’s too good for you.”

She was being sincere. And she was right: he did think she was too good for him

“But it is hard-”

He was about to go down that same tired road, and he realized he didn’t want to. He was sick of it. Surely he could accept that, at the very least, a woman who’d invited him to come live with her for a month was at least moderately interested in him.



“Ok. Fine. I accept that she’s curious to know more about me, and it might work.”

His therapist smiled.

“How did it feel to say that aloud?”

“Not bad.”

His therapist, he was happy to learn, was excited for him to go to Thailand.

“It’s important to spend consecutive time together before you uproot your life for her. It’s easy when you’re seeing someone for just a week or for a day here and there. If you get upset or overloaded, you can go away and come back when you’re in a better mood. But being forced to deal with someone when you’re upset...that tells you if the relationship can work.”

It was incredible to him that she wasn’t more judgmental. He was talking about giving up his life to be a woman’s slave halfway around the world, and she didn’t seem to have a problem with it.

He hadn’t told her everything — specifically his experiences with Sebastian and Mark — but he’d told her a lot, and she hadn’t judged him other than to make sure that he stuck to his boundaries, which of course he hadn’t. She only had one concern.

“I know this isn’t pleasant to talk about, and I’m sorry to bring it up, but I want to make sure you’re protected financially. From what you’ve said about Bianca, she seems honest, but there are con artists out there, and I’d like to know that you’re taking steps to protect yourself.”

He didn’t like hearing it, and with almost anyone else he would have been upset, but his therapist was so unquestionably supportive that he knew she was looking out for him. Still, it was hard to accept.

“I’m taking care of it.”

She nodded, and Michael changed the subject.

The next day, he opened a new checking account. He transferred \$30,000 into it,

and informed the bank about his trip to Thailand, so his account wouldn't be flagged for suspicious behavior. His therapist was right: it was a good idea not to expose himself completely.

For the next six weeks, Michael was fanatical about his practice. He set hard and fast times for his mantra, meditation, self-acceptance practice, and anal training. He'd never been one for schedules, but he was so determined to follow Mistress Bianca's rules to the letter that he wrenched himself into consistency, aided by multiple alarms and written reminders taped around his house. As a result, he didn't miss an assignment. It helped that he was desperate to keep himself busy and avoid thinking about his current situation. For the past two weeks, life had been wonderful and challenging and adventurous, full of sex and submission. It was the life he wanted. Every time his Mistress had been pleased with him, his system flooded with dopamine. That was gone now, and his existence seemed empty by comparison. It was amazing to him that he'd lived the way he did. How had he stood it? There was nothing there!

Mistress Bianca put a teaser on her website about her new chastity course, and seeing it filled Michael with pride in a way his personal achievements never had. His company had been successful, and he'd had a lot of success tutoring students, but those accomplishments never translated into joy or confidence. What he did for Mistress Bianca, however, made him proud. He was proud of the work he did on her daily tasks, and for her chastity course. He was proud of following her rules about his mantra and meditation. But most of all, he was proud of having earned her attention. Out of all the men who wanted to serve her, she'd chosen him.

Michael got a massage from Paulie, who turned out to be an Australian ex-pat, ex-rocker who talked kind of like a stoner and who was absolutely incredible with his hands. He did a mixture of Reiki and massage, and Michael felt so great afterwards that he set up weekly appointments.

After three-and-a-half weeks, Mistress Bianca reached out to inquire about his practice and his novel. She was a week-and-a-half late getting in touch with him, and Michael had avoided catastrophizing only through constant vigilance of his thoughts, like a tightrope walker carefully placing one foot directly in front of the last. Her message was much needed relief.

*Mistress Bianca,*

*I'm glad you've had a good rest. I've been doing well. I'm finished with my novel. I had originally planned to self-publish but can hold off if you want it for the new venture. Otherwise I'm doing my practice, as instructed, and very much looking forward to Thailand.*

*Best,*

*Michael*

*Oh, I told Kevin I needed an NDA before I sent anything else and he is sending me one this week.*

Michael stayed in that night. He'd been going out even less than normal since Mistress Bianca left, as nothing seemed worth the effort. New York as a whole was irritating him. He'd always been bothered by the noise, but now the constant sirens were intolerable. What was the logic behind making them loud enough to hear from a half-mile away? The whole city seemed to operate on the belief that constant, ear drum-shattering noise was an acceptable price to ensure that no fire engine or police car ever had to use its horn. The city's infrastructure was insufficient, as well. Subways were overcrowded, and the wheels shrieked as the cars pulled into the station. If he were 23, there'd be no way he would move here; he'd never be able to afford it anyway. Rents had tripled, but wages had barely inched upward. The city was dying.

To avoid spiraling into depression, he became even more regimented with his schedule. He imagined Mistress Bianca was watching him and acted to impress her at all times. Each night, he knelt before her picture and repeated his mantra, which now felt so natural it would have been weird if he didn't do it. More and more, he retreated into his life of service.

Two weeks before his trip, his daily task was to watch an inspiring video. He found a graduation speech by David Foster Wallace titled This is Water. His message to the seniors that day, delivered in his uncharismatic speaking style, was that the small, boring, sometimes frustrating tasks adults have to do each day are what life is actually about, and how you handle them determines your level of happiness. Michael hadn't expected to like it: he wasn't actually in the mood for inspiration, but the speech was undeniably brilliant and the main point unquestionably correct. It helped that Michael was a fan of his non-fiction. He realized, without bitterness, that when Foster-Wallace warned the graduates

about who they might become if they went down the road of frustration and bitterness, he meant Michael. Later that evening, he thought back on his actions since the lawsuit, and he realized he'd sunk into a negativity and self-centeredness he'd thought he'd outgrown. He needed to change, and now he knew where to start.

The next day, Mistress Bianca sent him an email with instructions of what to bring, including a gift for Clarissa, her assistant, and Brian, her chauffeur, who'd pick him up at the airport. She also told him to visit Domina Lin two days before his flight, and to ask her to cover his butt in bruises.

He emailed her wishes to Domina Lin, who replied enthusiastically. They set up a session for the early afternoon, and Michael arrived with a gift for her from Mistress Bianca, which she had ordered him to purchase.

Domina Lin was her normal fun, sadistic, awesome self, and they laughed a lot. She beat him with almost a dozen different implements, including a soft, brutal cudgel that he'd never seen before. As the beatings progressed, Michael laughed less, but Domina Lin picked up the slack. It was a fun session with a skilled and caring dominatrix, but something was missing. Afterwards, Michael realized that Mistress Bianca had changed domination for him. She'd given him a taste of a lifestyle relationship, unrestrained by time and completely dependent on her desires. It was more challenging and not always pleasant, but it satisfied a deep longing in his soul. A pro session, even with someone as wonderful as Domina Lin, couldn't compete.

Afterwards, Michael bought gifts for everyone on Mistress Bianca's list, plus some items he'd read were hard to find in Thailand, such as Dr. Bronner's soap and dark chocolate.

He spent the next day packing and trying to stay calm. He went over instructions with the friend who would take care of his house while he was gone, then made sure all the windows were closed and anything in the fridge that could spoil was thrown out. He reminded himself over and over not to overthink, and to just let what would happen, happen. The best possible time he could have would come if he stayed open. He was able to believe — sometimes for long stretches — that everything wouldn't fall apart at the last minute.

The next day, Michael boarded his plane for Thailand and a month with Mistress

Bianca.

END OF PART 1

## [About the Author](#)

Thimble has been interested in femdom since before he knew what sex was. His hope is to create stories with full, rounded characters and mostly believable plots that are sexy and fun. He has written eight novels and three short stories. Look for his titles on Amazon.