



HOSTILE TAKEOVER

GEORGE MASON

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Hostile takeover

Description

A young lawyer named Michael is having a very successful career. His smartness and attention to details rightly earned him a high ranking position in his firm. However, Michael is having one problem; he is not getting along with women. During his life, he refused to all the attempts to establish a relationship with the opposite sex. Moreover, he even destroyed a reputation of some of the women he got to know.

One day, during his daily morning walk in the park, Michael encounters a young Lady named Karen. This spontaneous encounter quickly leads to an unforeseen result. Attracted by Karen's beauty and kindness, Michael is about to ask her to go out with him. However, instead, Karen promises to help Michael with his problem. Hoping to spend more time with a new friend, Michael quickly agrees.

Understanding Michael's submissive nature Karen starts to dominate him. Under her orders poor guy performs notorious humiliating activities. Moreover, Karen demands Michael to apologize before his victims. Struggling to keep up with his new Mistress' requests, Michael finds himself more and more falling under her spell.

Chapter 1

This pleasant Monday morning, as usual, I was walking to my work. I was working in the large well-known firm as a lawyer. 5 years after the college I landed a job of my dreams. From the intern I grew up all the way to company's representative in large deals. My bosses liked my hard-working attitude, attention to details, and smartness. They expressed several times their desire to promote me further. Becoming a partner was definitely something I could already see in my near future.

However, my personal life was heading toward a completely different direction. Working around the clock, without much rest even during weekend, I could hardly spare time to myself. Don't get me wrong, I have some experience with the opposite sex, after all. Yet, even during my college years, all my attention was about achieving better grades and restraining myself to casual encounters with girls. Each time they asked me out, I always was very cautious and restricted. Unwilling to be a weirder, I even went to a couple of dates. Nevertheless, these relationships were intentionally cut by me at the very beginning. I simply couldn't afford myself some affair taking valuable time out of reaching my goals

Maria

2 years ago, I got a seemingly usual case of a business takeover. Apparently, our client wanted to acquire a major stock in some failing company. Obviously, he was confident to turn the things around and make some profit. The suggested price was quite decent, so I didn't anticipate any challenges. Nevertheless, to my great amazement, the target company refused to the proposed price. Moreover, the company even hired the services of a well-known lawyer office in order to prevent the hostile seizure.

This office was notorious for its dedication to customers. The group of office's lawyers immediately applied for restricting order against our client. His actions were motivated by a pure personal intent, according to the group. The skilled professionals supplied unanimous evidence of their claim. All my attempts to convince the judge failed and the order was granted.

Frustrated and angry I turned to the last resort. I hired a private investigator to spy after group's leader, Maria. In her late twenties, this gorgeous lady was a sight for the sore eyes. Very smart and independent she used both her articular and personal skills to a full extent. So far, she won all her cases in a knockdown.

Several days after a complete collapse of my arguments, I finally got a material against Maria. It was an absolute stun! Apparently, she never had to convince the judge. He fell a victim to an unquestioned beauty of this vicious girl. Next day, holding tight the revealing photos I visited a general attorney's office. At the end, both lovers were forced to resign, and the restricting order was canceled. My client successfully acquired the company and I got another promotion. My conclusion from the case was obvious: never mix between your work and a personal life. Too sad I haven't listened to my own words in time.

Laura

I met Laura during my 2nd year in college. An attention of this gorgeous blond was sought by many. Yet, somehow, she set her eyes on me, a complete nerd from nowhere. According to Laura, my dedication and self-control attracted her the most. Reluctantly, I agreed to date this stunning beauty.

As I said before, I have never been a fun of dating, especially during my college years. Therefore, instead of taking the opportunity by both hands, I intentionally ruined the first date. I was telling some inappropriate jokes, tried to be too close to her, and made everything I could to get Laura unhappy. Obviously, the date didn't last for long.

Yet, next day, when some fellow students asked about our relationship, I exaggerated the real events. Instead of telling the truth, I ended up describing various poses of our presumed sexual activities. After few days I admitted to dumping Laura, thus ruining her reputation completely. Poor girl approached me and asked to tell the truth. Yet, I just viciously laughed at her beautiful face.

Jasmine

My last year in college was particularly naughty. As a best in class student I had a best chance to have a great career. Therefore, some girls were keen to

forget my reputation and connect with me. One girl, Jasmine left anyone behind. She chased me everywhere I went library, class, even dorms. Jasmine's continuous push only aggravated my angriness.

One day I decided to teach her a lesson she will never forget. Playing dumb, I asked her out. Shocked in disbelief, she eagerly agreed to meet at some fancy restaurant. Polite and charming I was doing my best to convince Jasmine in my sincere feelings. I told some funny jokes and showed my attraction to her. All that time, I kept filling her glass and even succeeded to sneak some sleep medicine inside. Obviously, after a few more minutes, Jasmine became drowsy and found herself sleeping on the table, exactly according to my plan. Next, after I smeared some food on her face, I pulled out my phone and took some nasty pictures. A few minutes after, all our class knew about Jasmin's misfortune. She became an outcast and never approached me again.

Olivia

Some interactions with the girls were particularly uneasy. For example, a couple of weeks ago I met 18 years old teenager named Olivia. She lived with her mom at the same complex as me. The young lady was wearing old clothes and noticeably was not doing great. Out of pettiness, I openly approached her and offered some help. Unfortunately, Olivia misinterpreted my kindness as a payment for sexual services. Embarrassed and humiliated, the poor girl blushed and pushed me away. Angry, I screamed and cursed at her. When Olivia finally ran away, it was all over. Numerous bystanders ignited the unpleasant rumors about a poor girl.

Chapter 2

I was still living in the same small apartment I started renting after the college. The neat thing about this apartment was its location. Situated in the downtown, it was just 10 minutes' walk from my work. All I had to do is to cross a nice quiet park while thinking about my daily work duties. I must admit, this short walk soon enough became an asset. It helped to plan and come up with some unexpected ideas. Countless times, I found myself purposelessly wondering around the park trying to crack some hard customer case. I was walking back and forth along park's tiny roads without paying real attention to my whereabouts.

This time, as many times before, I was going across some side path. Suddenly, a young woman ran toward me from nowhere. Her quick motion came as a complete surprise to me and inevitably we crashed into each other and both fell on the ground. As a true gentleman, I apologized and offered my help.

"Oh, no. No need to say sorry. It's all my fault," said young lady while gracefully holding my hand and rising up.

In no time I found myself staring at the most beautiful lady I have ever seen. Imagine long brown hair, cute face, tight sport clothes, and you will understand my feelings. To give you a complete picture, her posture and face expression all expressed good manners. I liked her way of taking responsibility and blaming herself. As someone involved with people, I was always paying a great importance to the inclined meaning of gestures and behavior. She truly meant the sincere apology when she was saying her last sentence. Her next words only proved my observation.

"I feel really uncomfortable with all this situation. Based on your attire you were probably walking to your work. Look how dirty your pants and jacket are because of me."

At that time, I finally moved my eyes from watching her face and examined my clothes. My costume was indeed dirty at many places. While my pants only required some small cleanup, jacket was completely ruined. I tried to

clean the pants with my hands as if showing my ability to handle this situation. To my surprise my new friend offered her help with the jacket.

“There is a small bench a few steps from here. Maybe we can sit there, and I will try to fix it?” She asked me and without waiting for my reply went ahead toward the bench.

Nodding my head in approval, I meekly followed her lead. Next order of events should be flashing the red light in my head. Nevertheless, at that time, I simply stood nearby and watched my savior to pull out wipes from a small bag. With her long fingers she carefully touched my jacket and moved the paper across the dirt patches making my senses to grovel. Aware of the effect she is causing me, she dragged her palm down almost reaching my privates. I began to breath heavily and silently begged her with my eyes for more. This slow execution lasted for a few minutes. All that time hear she stared at my blushed face. I have never experienced such a strong feeling of both desire and embarrassment.

“I think, it’s enough for now,” my unknown rescuer abruptly cut herself. Reading my mind, she waved me to sit down on the bench next to her.

Wordlessly, still trying to asses my feeling I quickly abided. Her soft, gentle touches seemingly opened some barrier in my head, showing me all the potential of being with a woman. Scenes of love, mutual sharing and care started to fill my head. I couldn’t get my eyes off her gorgeous face.

“You probably are late to work already. I must be leaving too. Tomorrow, I will try to jog here at the same time. Was really nice to meet you,” said my lovely friend and quickly ran away.

Speechless, I continued sitting there for some time. My world just crashed on me. All my achievements and goals looked suddenly insignificant. All I wanted is to protect that girl, to make her happy. I was willing to give up all my money in order to see her smile again.

Chapter 3

Obviously, my whole day at work went around the wish to see my Lady again. Yes, in my thoughts, I already began to reference her as mine. The mere idea of sharing her with someone else was unbearable. I just silently prayed for the day to be over and relentlessly counted hours until our next encounter.

Following day I woke up early and started preparing myself for the most important meeting of my life. Wishing to make a good impression, I went over and over my speech and closely examined my clothes. I wanted to ask my Lady to go on a date in a most honorable way I could imagine. I rehearsed my words about admiring her beauty and showing my desires. I even bought her flowers and chocolate as a prove of my intentions. Assured and ready, I finally made my way to the park.

I can't describe completely my feeling when I saw the bench. Overwhelmed with anticipation, almost trembling, I quickly sat down. Waiting for my Lady became a true torcher. Countless times I asked myself when she will come and checked my watch. After a while, I even began worrying about her dodging me. The thought of being left alone became unbearable.

Precisely at the arranged time, my dream girl showed up and approached the bench. She noticed my presents and approvingly nodded her head. Wordlessly, she sat down and waved for me to stand up. After I quickly obeyed, she stared into my eyes and playfully asked,

"Well hello. I think you want to tell me something, do you?"

Hearing a sudden inquiry totally broke my plans. Mumbling and unable to talk clearly, I only succeeded to tell her,

"I want ... I would like ... Mmm"

"What happened? Are you OK?" She inquired politely.

"I want ... I would like ... You look ...," I struggled again.

"Ok, let's start over. Don't try to improvise, just answer my questions as fully as you can," she abruptly announced while sternly looking at me.

"What is your name and profession?" She asked me.

“My name is Michael Olster. I am a senior associate at Merck,” I replied

“See Michael, it’s easier when you know exactly what to say. So, why do you have flowers and chocolates? Are you asking me out?”

Her soft tone made wonders with my self-control and confidence. Without any problem I openly described my feelings and my wish to be with her. She looked both unsurprised and uninterested. A slight smirk on her face, caused my heart to beat faster. As if having inclined to explain the obvious she announced,

“I don’t think we are ready for dating, yet. You don’t know me enough. You even don’t know my name. By the way, its Karen Mosley.”

“Karen, please give me a chance. I am willing to sacrifice everything for you,” I exclaimed in a last attempt to influence her decision.

Her eyes widened for a moment as she was noticeably stunned by my last words. Eventually, she licked her upper lip with tongue as if making some sort of pleasurable decision.

“Well, now it’s beginning to be interesting. I think, this is a very big statement to make. I will hold you to your word very soon. For now, tell me more about yourself,” she asked me.

Something in Karen’s attitude, made me very calm and relaxed. I really felt comfortable to disclose all my secrets to her, something I would never be doing with anybody else. Little by little, I described all my futile attempts with women, my fears about being used. I even told Karen about Olivia and my college dates. Noticeably, she began loathing me as her eyes swiftly narrowed. From the other hand, I even told her my attitude toward women. For the first time in my life, I openly admitted my admiration and great respect toward them. Such a precise formalization stroke even myself. Being not completely honest, I felt embarrassed to admit it.

Despite my worries Karen never smiled or laughed at me. She only approvingly nodded her head, prompting me to tell more and more. Her stern face expression gradually changed to a more pleasant one, as if she began to understand my struggles.

After my story was over, my Lady unhurriedly stood up and approached me. Showing her attitude, she softly kissed me on my cheek. Absolutely

stunned I stayed still while she hugged me and gently patted my shoulder.

“That’s OK Michael. There is absolutely nothing to be ashamed of,” she kindly assured me.

Suddenly, her hand watch started ringing.

“Oh, I am late for a meeting. See you tomorrow,” was all she said before quickly running away.

Puzzled, I continued standing there for a while. From one hand, Karen indeed hugged and kissed me showing her attitude. From the hand, my gifts were left untaken, thus emphasizing her refusal to date me. I kept thinking about this strange situation for a whole day. Eventually, I convinced myself that Karen simply forgot to collect the presents since she was in a hurry. Reassured, I started thinking about our future together. It’s a human nature to choose always the best scenario. However, the further described events will completely shatter my predictions.

Chapter 4

Anticipating our next meeting, I waked up early and quickly started to plan. Completely disregarding my yesterday's failures, I once again compiled seemingly a perfect action plan. I should invite Karen to a dinner at some nice restaurant. Not knowing her preferences, I looked up a few different options. Prepared and ready, I strolled to the park.

Karen appeared precisely at the same time as usual. It looked like she was following a tight schedule. We exchanged brief greetings when the things started to proceed differently to my plans. Without letting me to start a conversation she broadly smiled and announced,

“Michael, I think I can help you with your problem. I can show you how to behave with women, how to talk and approach them. No doubt, my training will change your attitude and make you a better man. As a return, I demand only to trust my judgement and intentions in all the actions I will ask you to do. Are you willing to try?” Karen asked me.

Without much apprehension, I quickly agreed. There is nothing to lose, as I can always refuse. Right? For some reason, Karen demanded a formal agreement, not just a few words. Thus, I had to officially announce my agreement by stating my name.

“I, Michael Olster, officially agree to be trained by Karen Mosley to treat my problem with women. I agree to trust her judgement and intentions.”

As if willing to erase some built tension between us, Karen openly smiled and proceeded,

“I think, the best way to do it is to have two sessions every day. People tend to agree to more adventurous things in private, so we should go with the Skype calls at evenings. Our morning meetings will then focus on a further enhancement of techniques we practiced early. Does it sound like a plan?”

“Oh yes, I am looking forward toward our today's evening session.” I said cheerfully. The realization of being together with Karen more time, made me happier.

“I like your attitude. Remember to always trust me and believe in yourself. I am confident, you can achieve great things and become a real masterpiece with my help.” Karen reassured me.

With the last words, we quickly exchanged our Skype nicknames and agreed on the time for the evening session. Same as before, Karen had to leave for her another meeting. So, she briefly kissed my cheek again and left. I was starting to like this spontaneous ritual of kissing.

“Next time, I should try to kiss her back,” I thought to myself.

Smiling and imagining our evening encounter, I was not paying much attention to surroundings. My coworkers, however, quickly noted my strange behavior.

“Look, I think, Michael is in love,” said my boss’s secretary to her friend Ashley.

“No way. How can anyone like such a cold narcissist? He absolutely hates women,” answered Ashley.

I briefly overheard their conversation when I was going to the boss’s office to sign some papers. Still wearing a big smile on my face, I proceeded to enter the office, as if nothing happened. These two bitches were the main gossip makers, so there was nothing surprising here. Yet, it was kind of weird to hear rumors about myself.

Finally, work was over, and I headed home. When I arrived, I carefully tested the camera and sound on my computer. I even quickly showered and changed my clothes. The time was almost up, when my Skype started ringing. I quickly hanged on and the call started. To my delight, Karen opened her camera. In fact, she used one of the upscale models as I was able to see her surroundings and full body. She was sitting at the desk staring at me.

“Hello Michael. Please open your camera.”

After I quickly obeyed, Karen continued with her stern voice,

“Let’s start from the obvious. Every relationship is based on a power exchange. There are some people who were born to lead, to command. For example, I like to control people, to give them orders. That defines me as a

leader. Others are destined to follow the leaders, to help them. There is nothing wrong with that. You, Michael, clearly belong to the second kind. You will execute great as an apprentice, as a supporter. I think, your problem is the unwillingness to give up some powers. Today we should start to loosen that control grip you are so eager to display. Do you agree?" she asked me.

"Yes, we should do it," I replied absent mindedly.

"Ok, first thing first. As I am training you, you will call me a trainer, or handler, from now on. This is done in order to establish some borders between us. Every phrase toward me must be accompanied by one of these words. Is it clear, Michael?"

"Yes, trainer", I quickly replied.

"Good, you are a quick learner. Now, let's get back to the subject. I am going to give you a set of orders. You should try to meekly follow without any questions or objections. Remember, I am doing it for your own good, Understood?"

"Yes, trainer".

"Move your head from side to side and open your mouth."

Joyfully, I hastily conformed proudly showing my actions to the camera. Something in Karen's voice or intonation prompted me to comply instantly. Moreover, it felt so right to conform to her desires.

"Good job, Michael. See it was easy just to do what someone else is telling you. Let's raise the stakes a little higher. I want you to jump for five times and then to do twenty pushups. I know what you are not in shape, but I would like to see your dedication. You will strive to do as much as you can, Got it?"

"Yes, trainer", I replied and without further ado started jumping. Willing to make a good impression on Karen, I quickly finished with my five hops, and went to do pushups. At the count of ten I felt some fatigue and hard breathing. After fifteen, I couldn't move my hand muscles. Exhausted, I went down on the floor trying to catch up some air.

“Good job, Michael. I quite satisfied with your efforts. I am not too worried about your physical strength for now. Yes, there is a place for improvement there. However, your mental compliance is much more important. Tell me when you will be ready for your next assignment.”

“Mental compliance. What does she mean under that? Isn’t it enough already?” I asked myself while still laying on the floor.

As if like hearing my questions, Karen started to explain.

“Under mental compliance, I mean an ability to execute the given order without any objections. As a leader, I want my subordinates to follow my orders to the best of their abilities. I can’t tolerate any disobedience as it undermines my guidance. Good leadership is based on the strong mutual trust. Only when the supporters trust their leader, they will be ready to obey. So, while working on making you trust me more, we will try to improve your mental compliance. It’s probably hard for you to understand it now, but a mental compliance directly influences the way you behave and live. Enough talking. Are you ready?”

Still under impression of her words, I nodded my head and stood up.

“I asked you a question, Michael. Please try to answer in a proper manner,” suddenly came Karen’s comment.

“Yes, handler. I am ready to continue,” I hastily replied.

“Great. I will let this defiance to go unnoticed for now. However, I got my penalty notes here,” she showed me the notebook with my name.

” Any further insolence will be counted toward your weekly punishment. Based on the number of events and their severity, I will decide the nature of your penalty. Is it clear, Michael?”

“Yes, handler,” I replied. For some reason, this is how I decided to call Karen now.

“Then it is settled. Now to your next task. I want you to get down on the floor on your knees.”

When I hesitantly obeyed, came her next remarks,

“Come on, Michael. I want to inspect your posture. Move the camera down that moment!”

“Yes, trainer,” I replied and put the camera on the floor facing me.

“By the way, for our tomorrow’s session change your web camera to something decent with a better quality and a wider view angle.”

“Yes, trainer.”

“Now to your posture. Your back should always be straight. In addition, your hands should be behind the back. It’s also very important to look down.”

After I complied, Karen continued,

“I call this position as a Form number one. This is a basic setting which should be your default stance. Some people mistakenly regard it as a very demeaning and even shameful. I think, it only shows the nature of relationship between the subordinate and his executive. These two persons are never supposed to be on the same level, and the pose is just a reminder of this status. Any questions, Michael?”

“No, no questions, trainer,” I replied.

“When our time for today is almost over. For our morning meeting, I want you to practice pushups, as I want to see them reaching twenty. Also, practice the Form number one. It should be done on an instinct and without any remarks. Bye for now,” she told me and without waiting for my replay stopped the meeting.

From my side, I kept sitting on the floor trying to comprehend. Instead of being gentle and kind, Karen showed up as a harsh, demanding person. I guess, it’s all part of her extended personality. Yet, for me it was quite an unpleasant shock. Yes, I must admit, her explanations were quite reasonable and even enjoyable to some extent. I was able to see the reason for my issues with women. Regarding Karen’s treatment, I still had a lot of doubts. How the hell sitting on the floor will make me a better person? Maybe tomorrow I will get a better comprehension about it. Puzzled and uncertain, I did more pushups, and even practiced a new posture. Finally, after all this was done, I showered and went to sleep.

Chapter 5

My next day started as usual as all the other days. I quickly did all the morning arrangements and strolled to the park. When I approached the bench, I sat down on it and waited for my beautiful trainer. Karen's timing was a little odd, however. She came a little bit earlier and took the matters in her hands from the beginning.

"Michael, take your default position immediately! I will notice your discrepancy in my penalty book," she angrily announced.

In a matter of seconds, I found myself sitting on the grass on my knees.

"Great. Now when the order in the house is achieved, we can proceed further. In a few words describe what did we learn yesterday."

"We learned about differences between personalities and defined a mental compliance, trainer," I replied feeling myself back in college.

"You are doing great, Michael. Now can you describe differences in personalities based on our relationship?"

The word relationship in the last statement, made my heart to beat faster from joy. For the first time, I was finally in a relationship with a woman! Not just a regular woman, but as beautiful, smart and sophisticated as Karen. Filled with happiness, I proudly began to explain,

"There are 2 different kinds of people, leaders and followers. The first are giving orders, the seconds are executing them. I am a natural subordinate bound to be led by others. From the hand, you, my trainer, have a completely opposite behavior pattern. You can influence and command others."

"Good job, Michael. You got it right. Satisfied with your answer, I will let your last transgression of omitting my title to get unnoticed. It's very important for you to understand that difference between us. Your true nature should define your behavior, not the other way around. It will make your life much easier and will relieve you from unnecessary worries."

With her last words I began to understand something. All that time I unconsciously behaved like a leader with women, something in a complete

opposite to my real destination. This realization struck some nerve inside my mind. I instinctively felt a rightness of the last declaration. With this recognition I felt a huge gratitude toward Karen for showing me my designation. Knowingly, she smiled at me,

“Glad you understand that. You are a fast learner, very smart, and educated. I am happy to help you in your journey to become better. Strictly speaking, there is a third kind of people. They are neither leaders, nor supporters. Most of the times they switch roles trying best of the worlds. However, they tend to understand quickly that neither role is appropriate for them. Then, they try to switch them again.”

“Our time is coming to an end. It was very helpful and well spent. See you at evening. Don’t forget to buy a new web cam. I brought some wipes for your knees. In the future, plan ahead and oversee how following my orders will result on your clothes.” Karen giggled to me while pulling out wipes from her bag. She threw them to me, and swiftly ran away.

Still under heavy impression about today’s meeting, I slowly stood up, wiped grass signs from my pants, and walked to the office. I had to change my mindset completely and to come in terms with my destiny. In other circumstances, I would be ashamed of myself. Instead, Karen succeeded to empower my confidence. Her care and attention toward me, showed me another side of my deviation. She regarded it as something well known and even valuable for the leaders. If I am meant to become someone else’s subordinate, Karen by far was a best option. I decided to do whatever possible in my ability to become her apprentice, her helper. My whole world began to change because of my spontaneous park encounter with a most beautiful handler on a planet.

Obsessed with job duties, I completely forgot about a new web camera. I remembered that only when the workday was over. Desperate, I quickly ran to a nearest electronics shop. I tried my best to make a purchase as fast as I can. However, when I finally reached home, I was already running late by 5 minutes. Hastily, I connected my new equipment, sat on the floor, opened Skype and called Karen.

“Michael, you have 30 seconds to explain your tardiness,” she strictly announced.

“I am sorry, trainer, I was buying a new web camera. This will never happen again,” I apologetically replied.

“You just got yourself, another mention in a penalty book, I will not tolerate any unpunctuality, Are we clear?”

“Yes, trainer.”

“Ok, let’s start our session, then. Remember we were talking about mutual trust and confidence between executive and subordinate?”

“Yes, trainer.”

“Please describe me in detail your understanding of this subject based on our connection.”

“Yes, trainer. As your apprentice, I obliged to trust your judgment and intention,” I replied.

“Correct. Let’ see whether you really mean it, shall we?”

“Yes, trainer.” I replied in anticipation.

“I want you to stand up and take off all your clothes. I mean all of them, no exception,” came Karen’s order.

My reaction to her command shocked me. Instead of being embarrassed, in no time I found myself unbuttoning my shirt and pants, throwing them on the floor, and pulling down my underwear. It felt so natural and liberating to show my gorgeous handler all parts of my body. As if like casting my feelings, my cock began to harden. So, I tried to hide my erection by covering my privates with my hands. My actions were abruptly cut by Karen,

“Keep standing and open your legs wider. Also, raise your hands and put them behind you head. Retain you back straight, all the time while keeping your eyes down.”

After I complied, Karen called the pose as a “Form number two”.

According to her explanation, it will be used to observe my body. Indeed, she carefully examined every inch of my figure, as if like trying to imprint my acceptance of her actions. All that time, I kept standing still showing my utter compliance. Despite the chilly weather outside, I was sweating and

holding my brief. I stared in disbelief at my deserted clothes. How the hell, this young girl succeeded to pull this out? Is she a magician?

“As a sign of your new life position, I don’t want you to wear any underwear anymore. That should constantly remind you our current session. Also, for our tomorrow’s meeting, completely shave your pubic hair. I have plans for your privates making them more desirable and appealing. Bye for now,” said my handler and stopped the call.

Wondering about her plans, I showered and began shaving my pubic area. I loosely spread a shaving cream, and then carefully moved a sharp Gillette’s razor over the painted skin. I had to repeat the procedure for a couple more times in order to achieve best results. Watched my bare cock and balls, I tended to agree with my beautiful handler. My privates indeed were looking completely different and more pleasing. Remembering Karen’s command, I also collected all my underwear pants and put them aside on a separate shelf. Furthermore, I even tried to wear my pants and walk without the underwear. I must admit the new feeling was odd, but not disturbing much. I convinced myself that I simply have to get used to it. Confident and calm again, I quickly fell asleep.

Chapter 6

Next morning, I remembered my lesson and brought wipes and even spare clothes with me to the park. Without any hesitation, I kneeled on the grass and waited for my trainer. When she came, Karen broadly smiled to me. My posture obviously pleased her. Inspired by her reaction, I tried to start the conversation,

“Good morning, trainer. How was your day so far?” I casually asked her.

However, her reaction was totally unpredictable. With the stern look, Karen quickly approached me and slapped my face.

“Never try to be casual with me and undermine my authority again, Michael. I am not your girlfriend, but your trainer. It looks like you do not understand the power balance between us. Let me demonstrate you that. Strip off and take a Form number two!” she commanded.

Without much choice, I hastily obeyed and stood bare naked before the angry girl. Next, she grabbed my balls with her palm, and painfully squeezed them. My scream was met with the following words:

“See, I literally got you by the balls. With a little effort I can make you impotent for the rest of your life. Do you want me to proceed?”

“Oh, no, no. Please forgive me, trainer. I will never do it again,” I begged Karen.

“Good boy,” said my beautiful tormentor and released her grab.

As if nothing happened, she examined my shaved genitals. With her right hand she grabbed my cock and moved it around while her left hand touched my skin. Noticeably, she got a vast experience of performing this exam, as all that time her movements were very precise. Satisfied with her observation, she pulled out wipes from her bag and carefully cleaned her hands. To my complete shock, instead of throwing the used paper away, she did something unthinkable. Karen gestured me to open my mouth and then forcefully pushed the dirty tissues inside.

“Chew and swallow it, boy. I want you to swallow your pride with it!” Karen commanded me.

Humiliated and broken, I started crying. The whole idea of training became an absolute nightmare. After seeing my reaction, Karen tried to calm me down. She hugged and softly patted my head.

“That’s Ok, Michael, I forgive you. We all do mistakes. I am very proud of your achievements. You are really making me happy with your progress. I know it’s a completely different world for you, but you are doing great,” she reassured me and left away.

“How could this gorgeous woman be soft and gentle from one hand, and so harsh and strict from another.” I asked myself in vain. Still in tears, I put back my clothes and slowly walked out of the park.

Completely taken by the morning’s events, I couldn’t concentrate on anything else. I just sat calmly in the office and thought about my sad story. I began to realize that Karen’s intentions toward me are very much different from my expectations. Instead of becoming my girlfriend, she likes to humiliate me. Her purpose is to strip off my identity, and build a completely new creature, fully dependent on her.

“Such thing will ruin my career, my dreams, and my life. Do I really want her to succeed?” I kept asking myself.

One part of me was answering No. I can’t give up anything because of a girl, even such a cute as Karen. From the other hand, the other part was fascinated with my attractive trainer and was willing to do everything for her. These parts fought a fierce battle over my heart. One time I was about to cancel the whole training arrangement. Minutes after, I was looking to perform more demeaning acts. Even when I arrived home after work, I still couldn’t choose between the two. Heavily questioning my ability to stand up to Karen, I couldn’t decide whether to cancel today’s session or not. Eventually, I simply selected to disregard it and to continue with my usual activities. After I showered, exhausted I quickly fell asleep

Couple of hours after, the long sound of a doorbell woke me up. Still sleepy, I went to the door to see who is there. To my shock, at the entrance, I saw Karen impatiently standing and pushing the doorbell button. Unwilling to attract neighbors’ attention, I hastily opened the door and invited my trainer inside. After she entered my apartment, I closed the door and tried to explain myself,

“I have decided to cancel our training, Karen. I am not enjoying the recent activities, you put me through,” I told the girl while sheepishly avoiding her look.

“I don’t believe you, Michael. You were born to take orders from others. This is your purpose in life. I tried to go easy on you, but you refused to go along. Yet, your nature will disallow to cancel these sessions. I bet, tomorrow morning you will approach me in the park and will beg me to take you back.”

“Never,” I quickly interrupted.

“We shall see,” Karen viciously smiled before leaving my house.

Filled with self-confidence I went to sleep. The correctness of my actions deemed undoubtful to me.

Chapter 7

Next morning, I found myself in the park, kneeling next the bench. Ashamed of myself I sat on the grass waiting in anticipation for my trainer. My inability to overcome my desires made me insane. Performing my self-destructive activities was very hard. Yet, Karen was right again. Once she removed the barrier in mt head, my downfall became imminent. My striking tormentor appeared precisely in time. Unsurprised, she smiled at me.

“I am glad we managed to resolve all conflicts. Now when you finally came to terms with your destiny, we can start a second stage of the training. By now you should already understand my intentions and goals. Please tell me in your own words where do you see yourself in my plans.”

“I see myself as your subordinate, trainer. As someone willing to obey all your orders without any hesitation.” I readily replied.

“So, what is the right name for such a subordinate, Michael?”

“It’s called slave, trainer,” I admitted.

“Let’s go one step further. If you designate yourself as my slave, how you should call me, then?” Karen inquired.

“Mistress. I shall call you Mistress, trainer.”

“Good job, Michael. This is how you will call me from now on. Why don’t you show me how to greet your Mistress!” Karen ordered me.

Without hesitation, I promptly crawled toward her and planted kisses on her shoes. She was wearing white sneakers. Heavily worn running shoes were slightly covered with mud and grass. Willing to show my Owner respect I tried to clean them with my lips. Soon enough my mouth and tongue were covered with mud and grass too. Nevertheless, I moved my head between right and left shoes in order to cover them evenly. Since no other command was given, I continued my demeaning task for a while. Despite all the humiliation, I was happy to become a slave for such stunning Lady. Yes, I will never be her boyfriend or lover. Yet, I will fulfill my life purpose by serving a most gorgeous women in the world.

Satisfied with my effort, she lowered her body and patted my head.

“You just did your first steps in the new world, Michael. You still have so much to learn. Be assured, I will guide and accompany you in this journey. Together, we will make you much better than before. We will not be having our usual evening session today, as I am meeting with my friends. To keep you busy, I would like you to learn more about your new status. I expect you to describe me how it should change your attitude toward me and other women. See you tomorrow here, my dear.”

With the last words she kissed my cheek and left.

Chapter 8

Rest of day I just browsed an Internet in a sheer request to satisfy my Mistress. I went through a ton of information online, visited forums and blogs. All sources were emphasizing one main idea: slave is a property of his Mistress. By agreeing to submit, he loses all privileges and rights. I also understood one thing: being a slave is a hard-earned privilege. By attending to his Mistress, a slave fulfills his dream and makes himself useful and desirable. Since a complete and full submission is a key trait of a good slave, I decided to offer myself entirely to my new Owner.

Next morning, I knelt on the grass and rehearsed my answers. Probably I focused too much on that, as I missed Mistress occurrence. She was silently standing there waiting for me. After I came to my senses I immediately crawled to her legs and kissed them begging for forgiveness.

“How dare you to insult me, slave. First you disregard my appearance. Then, you start talking without permission. I don’t even want to ask you about your homework – you obviously failed it too. If you were wearing my collar, I would be beating hell out of you. However, since you are not worthy to be claimed as mine, I will go easy on you.”

“Get on all fours, slave!” Mistress commanded me.

When I obeyed, she first showed me her open hand pointing down.

“From now on, that will be the sign to get on all fours,” she explained me.

Next, she started walking and waved me to crawl following her steps. As if trying to teach me walking like this, my Owner slowly marched around. At first, it was little difficult to move my hands and legs in a proper order. Yet, after a minute or so I became more accustomed to Mistress’ pace. She gradually increased the speed, prompting me to move faster. At one time she even jogged in order to test my new learned skills. Apparently, I performed to her satisfaction, as she hasn’t reprimanded me. I was tired and began breathing heavily when she finally stopped and sat on the ground.

“Take off my snickers, boy,” commanded my Mistress.

Still trembling I slowly crawled and untied her shoes. Showing my contempt, I pulled off her shoes and put them on the ground. The slight odor of sweat coming from Mistress' socks was barely noticeable. Of course, I disregarded it and continued waiting for more instructions which came shortly.

"Take off my socks, slave!"

Gently touching my Owner's skin, I pulled out the socks and laid them on the shoes. Apparently, the socks prevented the bad smell, as the scent now became clearly perceptible.

"How do you like that smell, Michael?" Mistress joyfully inquired.

Remembering to answer the truth, I grimaced and tried to explain it politely,

"I do not like it, Mistress"

"Well, you better start enjoying it. I can assure you that you are going to sniff it a lot. Enough talking. I want you to clean my feet with you tongue. You shall start with the right leg's sole. I will tell you when to move to the next part."

Defeated and humiliated I touched with my lips Mistress' dirt sole. I pulled out my tongue and moved it up along my Owner's skin. Trying to disregard a pungent sweat's aroma, I licked all the moisture and dirt. Salty sense of Mistress' sweat reached my taste buds and caused me to cough. Laughing at me, Mistress commanded to move my tongue slowly in order "to feel the flavor".

When her right sole was clean, she ordered me to clean between the toes. There, I struggled in vain to pull out some dirt particles in between the toes. Seeing my failure, my cruel tormentor had some pity on me. She parted her toes with her fingers and allowed my tongue to reach inside. At some point, she told me to open my mouth wider and then showed her toes inside. Completely disregarding my feelings, she commanded me to suck them as "a popsicle". Slowly she tried to push her leg deeper inside and eventually caused me to puff again. Finally, I was tasked to clean the upper side of My Owner's foot. The left foot followed the same procedure.

"Good job, slave. Now your learned how to clean girl's feet," declared my satisfied Owner when we were done.

“However, your punishment is not done yet. Stand up and come with me,” she told me.

“Always keep walking 5 feet behind me,” she instructed me further.

We walked silently through the park and reached a parking lot. When we approached her new Porsche Cayenne, she opened it and waved me to come inside. My attempt to sit at front was adamantly denied,

“Slaves are sitting on the back,” Mistress coldly reminded me of my new position.

We drove to the nearest ATM; there I was tasked to pick up some cash from my account.

“Take your daily maximum and come back,” Mistress ordered me.

I quickly withdraw 2500\$, came back and gave the money to Mistress. Without any other word, she just nodded her head and gestured for me to go back to my seat. Perplexed, I couldn’t understand my feelings. All of the sudden, it became so natural to fulfill most embarrassing commands without any objections. I just unprotestingly gave away my hardly earned money. My attitude was puzzling me and made me feel uncomfortable. When should I stop listening to this mischievous girl? Should I put a red line somewhere.

My self-searching abruptly ended when we arrived at my home. However, instead of walking to my apartment we went straightly to Olivia’s place. When we approached the door, Mistress signaled me to get on all fours. Next, she ringed the doorbell. The door opened and we faced stunned Olivia staring on us.

“Hello Olivia, my name is Karen. Here with me we have Michael. I think you know him. May we come in?” asked my Owner.

Speechlessly, still in shock, Olivia just opened a door wider and signaled for us to walk inside. Mistress made a couple more steps and I crawled after her.

“is you mom home, Olivia?” asked my Mistress.

“Oh no, she is working until late,” answered Olivia.

“Well, it’s even better. Strip, slave, and take Form number one,” commanded my vicious tormentor.

Utterly embarrassed, but unable to refuse, I removed all my clothes and kneeled on the floor. I tried not to look on Olivia, but still was able to see her widely open mouth and eyes.

“Dear Olivia, Michael told me everything about his unacceptable behavior regarding you. I think, it’s a good opportunity to teach him a lesson. Don’t you agree?”

“Y... yes. I guess so,” mumbled Olivia trying to understand.

“It is settled, then. Slave show Olivia how you greet all superior women!” Mistress directed me.

I crawled to Olivia and relentlessly kissed her feet. Disgusted, she tried to move away, but I followed her around the room. Mistress looked on our chase and sincere laughed.

“Come here, boy!” She demanded.

When I complied, she gestured me to open my mouth, took out the cash I gave her, and showed it into my mouth. Next, she waved me to crawl to Olivia and give the money to her.

“Michael would like to show his apologies for all the troubles he caused you. Would you please take this small gift from him, as a sign of his remorse?”

“Yes, if it’s coming from his heart,” answered Olivia.

“Oh, yes. I can assure you; he is doing it in the good faith,” chuckled my Owner.

Olivia lowered down and took the money from my mouth. Her next actions surprised even my tormentor. She gently patted my head and softly whispered,

“Good boy, Michael. You are such a good boy.”

Moment later, quickly grasping the situation, she passed me and sat behind. Then, she grabbed my balls and squeezed them forcefully.

“Bitch, you caused me so much pain. I want to ruin your balls the same way you ruined my life!” she exclaimed.

I felt an enormous pain and was about to faint, when Mistress came to my rescue.

“Olivia, Olivia,” she started calling her.

“Please calm down. I understand your frustration with Michael. Yet, I still have plans for his genitals. You can kick him, instead.”

Noticeably Mistress’ words felt on the right ground. Olivia let my balls to go, and began kicking my back with her leg. This painful procedure felt like a blessing after a previous fierce attack on my privates. I screamed from all the discomfort and humiliation, prompting Mistress to calm down Olivia again.

“Olivia, it’s enough!” she tried to convince her.

After the latest offence was over and Olivia was trying to chill down, came Mistress’ offer.

“Listen, Olivia. I think you have the right talent to deal with guys like Michael. Why wouldn’t you join me at my next party on Saturday night. I intend to show off Michael to my friends. How does it sound?”

“Oh, yes. Of course, I will join. Thank you for inviting me,” cheerfully smiled Olivia.

From the other hand, I began trembling from fear. What should I suppose to do in this party? What if someone will recognize me? My concerned look was met with the joyful remark from my malicious teaser,

“Worried already Michael? Well, just perform your assigned tasks and you will be fine.” My Owner assured me.

“We probably should be going now. It was pleasure to meet you Olivia.”

“The pleasure was all mine. Thank you for coming. I really enjoyed the show,” smiled Olivia.

“Put back your clothes, and greet goodbye to Olivia, boy” demanded my oppressor.

I quickly conformed and began kissing Olivia's feet. This time, however, she was very keen for me to continue. Seemingly, she enjoyed my debasement very much. After both ladies exchanged kisses and waved farewell we finally left

Chapter 9

Our next destination was my apartment. Knowingly, Mistress went straight ahead prompting me to walk behind. Then inside, she demanded me to remove my clothes and kneel at the center of the living room. I did as I was told while watching my Owner taking a comfortable seat on my sofa.

“I hope you got the idea, slave. There are no limits for me. I will always find a way to humiliate you even further. I do not care whether you enjoy it or not. You will simply obey me or will leave. Got it?”

“Yes, Mistress!”

“Great. Now when we are done with it, let's hear your homework. I tasked you to learn more about slavery in general and about your new status in particular. So, start talking, slave.”

“Yes, Mistress. A slave is a property of his Mistress. He gives up all his personal right and becomes a complete possession of his Owner. As a slave, I am supposed to fully obey you and all my superiors. My behavior, clothes, and attitude should all emphasize my position as a submissive.”

“Well done, slave. It's sad, however, that I had to punish you in order to understand all that.”

“Let me know explain you how I see our new future together. Even though, I call you slave, you are not a full slave yet. My full slave will wear a special collar provided by me. The collar is a sign of my ownership. It shows that the collared slave belongs to me and displays my agreement to claim the slave as mine. It's a very important bond between Mistress and slave. Therefore, it's awarded in a special ceremony witnessed by friends.”

“Your recent transgressions show that you are still not ready for this ceremony. I think, the problem is your incorrect attitude. Deep inside you still regard all our activities as some sort of a game. It's not a game, Michael, it's your new life. I think, to convince you I should punish you more. From now on, instead of adding all your sins into the book, I will administer an immediate execution. Let me show what I mean. Come here and lay on your stomach across my legs, boy,” Mistress commanded.

Quite embarrassed, I complied.

“Now count with me,” said my tormentor and slapped my behinds with her open hand.

“One, two, three, ..., ten” she relentlessly spanked me.

I felt humbled like a small boy. To my discomfort, my bottoms began to hurt badly. At some time, instead of continue counting, I cried for forgiveness. Yet, my cruel oppressor just added 10 more strikes as a result of my violation. Eventually, the execution has stopped, and I could take some rest. Unable to sit, I just stood next to my violent Owner.

“Go, and fetch us some food, slave”, command my tormentor.

I ran to a kitchen and prepared some sandwiches with salami and veggies. I put them on 2 plates and came back. Mistress grabbed one plate and simply motioned for me to sit down on the floor. Puzzled, I continued staring at her.

“You will eat on the floor, slave, “explained my Owner.

Unable to sit properly, I tried to find some other posture on the floor. My movements irritated Mistress and she exclaimed,

“Get on all fours and be quiet, for god’s sake!”

After we ate in silence, I collected the plates and went back to a kitchen. When I returned, Mistress was waiting for me. She held her underwear pants in her hands.

“As my slave, you will be required to provide some personal service to me and to my friends. That’s why you should get accustomed to my scent,” she explained and gave me her panties.

“I want you to smell them first. Next, lick the crotch area until it will be all wet with your saliva. I want to see them inside your mouth during our today’s Skype meeting. “ she commanded.

“I am leaving now. So, show me your respect, as I have taught you.

After I fell on the floor and planted kisses on her feet, my Owner left the house.

I brought panties closer to my face and carefully examined them. The crotch area was all wet from a precum.

“Mistress surely got excited ordering me around,” I thought to myself.

In addition, the butt area was slightly brown adding to my humiliation. Without much choice I tried to smell the soft fabric. Unpleasant mix of urine and excrements hit my nose. Unable to sustain the smell, I quickly moved the panties away. I had to repeat my tries a few more times, until the odor became tolerable.

Next, I closed my eyes from shame and began licking the crotch area. Salty taste of sweat and precum entered my mouth. To make it more pleasant I tried Mistress’ suggestion and mixed it with my saliva. Nevertheless, the taste was awful and I almost coughed. Trying not to concentrate much on taste’s origin, I quickly swallowed the result mixture.

After, the crotch areas have been cleared, I began to deal with the brown stain. Learning from my previous mistakes, I simply collected as much saliva as possible, and then spitted it over the stain. I returned on my steps a few more times. Noticeably, the brown area became wet and ready for my next step. Embarrassed, I sucked in all the small dirty particle and quickly swallowed them. Despite all my effort, light brown area was still clearly visible. Remembering my Owner’s commands, I pushed the panties inside my mouth. Recalling the washer, I tried to wet the panties with my saliva while moving them around my mouth with tongue. I kept washing the fabric until the Skype’s call has started.

Final Chapter

A few month later.

A wealthy Lady named Karen Mosley was throwing a party in her house. Despite a small number of invited friends, a gathering promised to be very colorful. The guests, all woman, were met by the beautiful young hostess which led them to their designated places. Noticeably, all the invitees knew each other, as they openly hugged and even briefly exchanged some words.

Suddenly the light dimmed and after a few seconds all visitors watched a new scene. A young couple was standing at the middle of the room. In fact only the Lady was standing, The man was kneeling next to her.

“Dear friends. With the big pride and honor, I would like to introduce you my sub, Michael. This young lad has expressed a desire to become my collared slave. After verifying his intentions, I agreed to claim him as my slave. If no objections are expressed, I am going to award him my collar. Is there anyone here protesting my move?”

“No Karen, you are in your own right”, answered each of the guests.

“Then, let me put my collar on him, and seal his fate!” exclaimed a young Lady and locked the collar around man’s neck.

“Let the festivities begin!” shouted all the people in the room, except a new slave. Yet, no one was paying attention to his feeling, as he became just a property of his Owner.

To be continued ...

The End.
August 2019