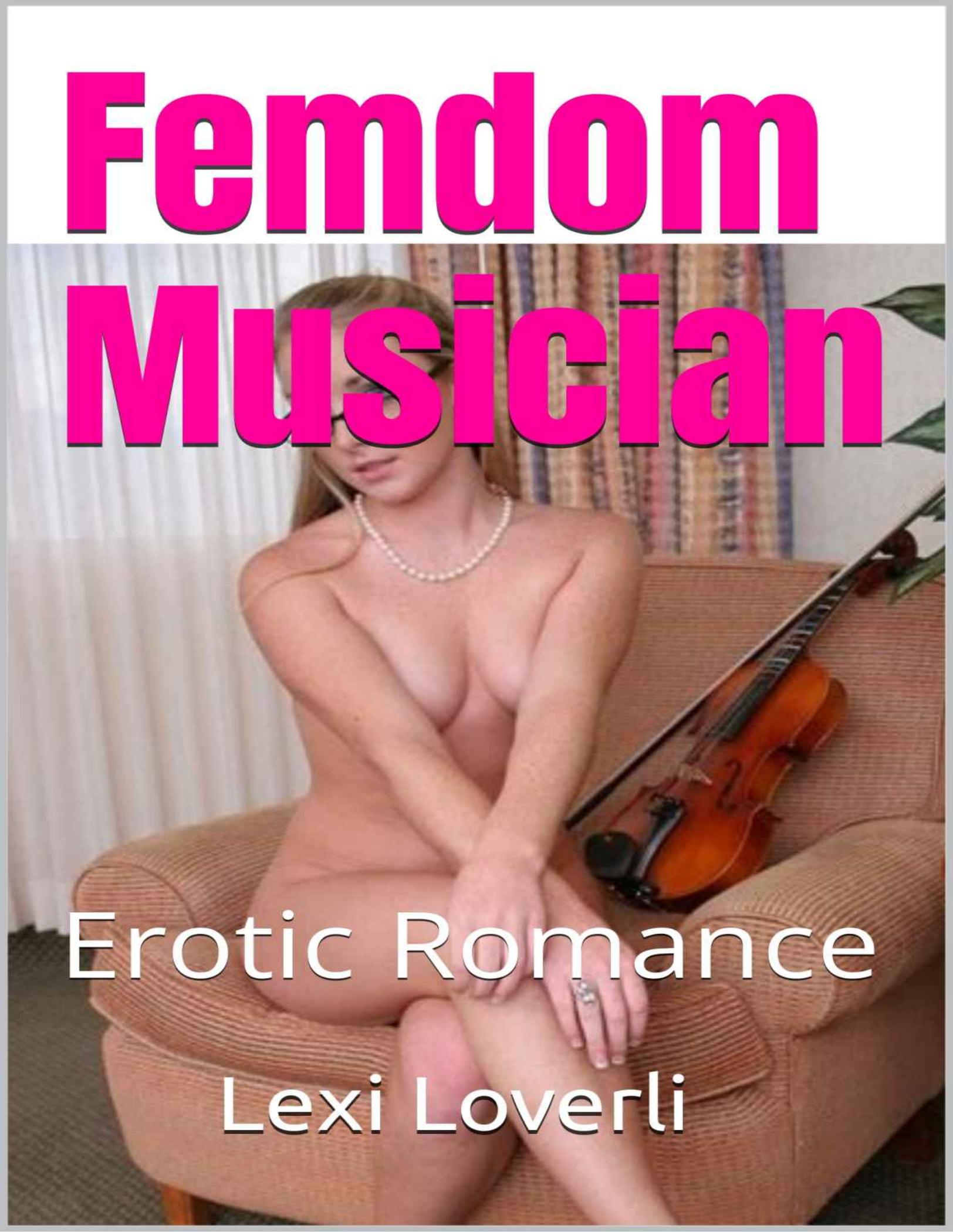


Femdom

Musician

Erotic Romance

Lexi Loverli



Femdom Musician

Lori Loverli

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"I am leaving now, Ma," Renee called, rushing out the door and into the elevator of a luxurious building on Fifth Avenue.

As the elevator opened up on the ground floor, the doorman opened the entry door to the street,

"Have a nice day, Miss Reiner," the doorman said pleasantly.

"Thank you, Henry," Renee replied politely and dashed out.

A black limousine was waiting outside. A uniform chauffeur opened the car door when he saw Renee coming out of the lobby.

"I'll take the subway today, George," Renee said, smiling kindly.

"Very well, Miss Reiner," the chauffeur said, closing the door and watching Renee walk away.

As she descended the subway stairs, Renee heard a violin playing. She knew that melody. It wasn't easy to play, and she was curious to see where it came from.

A young man, tucked in a corner at the end of the stairs, played the violin. Renee stood and listened until she heard the loud hum of the train approaching. She pulled out a five-dollar bill and placed it in the violin case.

Her eyes met the young man's eyes briefly as she straightened up. Renee felt a shiver running down her spine. The young man's eyes were intense green-gray, and he met Renee's stare with pride.

Renee entered the train and sat down, thinking about that young man. She played the piano and violin and knew harmony well to realize how good a player that young man was.

The train reached the station right next to the Performing Art School that Renee attended. The rest of the day was busy with ballet class, tap dancing, and rehearsal for the end-of-semester show.

Exhausted, Renee rode the train back home in the afternoon. When she got off the train, she looked for the street musician, but he wasn't there.

"How was your day?" Renee's mother asked during dinner. Every night Renee and her mother had dinner served by Ana, their maid.

"It was good. You'll come to the end of the semester show, won't you?"

"Of course, dear, I can't wait to see you dancing," Renee's mother replied lovingly.

Renee smiled at her mother. She was the only child, and her parents pampered her with love and affection. When she was sixteen, her father died from a heart attack. It wasn't easy, but they were filthy rich, and her mother took her on trips abroad to occupy her mind.

After dinner, Renee retreated to her room. She had to do some reading for the art history class, but the street musician's image interfered with her concentration. I have to do something about him, Renee thought.

The following day, Renee left home earlier. She turned on a voice recording app on her phone while rushing down the subway stairs.

The musician stood in his corner playing. When he saw Renee, he started a new melody that Renee did not recognize. Renee placed a five-dollar bill and looked at the musician, but he looked down and did not meet her eyes.

Renee texted her friend, Ben, in school to meet her at the cafeteria at lunchtime. Ben played the violin and studied music composition at the school, and Renee was sure he would know the melody she recorded in the morning.

As she expected, Ben listened to the recording and knew right away that piece,

"This is a romance number two for violin by Beethoven," Ben said, "it is not one of Beethoven's famous works, and it is not easy to play. Who played that?"

Renee told Ben about the street musician.

"He played it in the subway?" Ben couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Yes," Renee said with a smile.

"He is an exceptional violin player and should be here in school," Ben said.

Renee just nodded and switched the subject. They chatted for a while and then parted to their classes,

Renee stood for a few minutes every morning during the weekdays listening to the street musician until the train came. She always gave a five-dollar bill and looked at the young man hoping to meet his eyes. But he kept his eyes down and did not look back.

One day, while Renee stood listening, a group of young punks rushed down the stairs and ran into Renee, knocking her down to the floor.

The musician stopped playing and rushed at Renee, helping her to get up, "Are you okay, Miss," the man asked with a light accent.

"I am fine, thank you," Renee said and felt that shiver when her eyes met the musicians.

The musician turned back to his corner and cried, "Damn." The violin case with the donations was gone. Someone stole it while he helped Renee to her feet.

"I am so sorry," Renee said, "I'll get you a new case."

"I don't need your pity," the musician snarled and climbed up the stairs quickly, leaving the subway.

Renee sighed and rode to school, wondering why she was excited about the musician.

The following day, the musician was playing as usual. He had a cheap plastic case in front of him.

Renee put a five-dollar bill in the case and said, "Listen, I am sorry if I offended you. I did not mean to do that. You play the violin beautifully, and I just wanted to thank you for helping me to get up from the floor."

The young continued to play, and after a brief moment, he looked into Renee's eyes,

"I'll be here when you come back," he said with that charming accent.

Renee smiled with relief, electricity running down her spine, "Great, I'll see you then," she said excitedly and rushed into the train.

When she got off the train in the afternoon, she heard the violin.

She stood watching the musician and listening to the beautiful, rich sound of the violin.

The musician finished playing, placed the violin in the case, and looked at Renee, "Do you drink coffee?" he asked.

"Yes, of course," Renee said, surprised.

And then it dawned on her. The musician was asking her, in his odd way, if she wanted to have a cup of coffee with him.

"I know a coffee shop nearby. They have good coffee," Renee said.

"Oh, great, I like good coffee," the musician said and started climbing up the stairs leading out of the subway.

Renee walked next to the musician. They got out of the subway, walking side by side silently to a small coffee shop around the corner from the subway.

The musician paid for the coffee, and Renee did not say a word, careful not to offend.

They sat down, and the musician looked into Renee's blue eyes and cracked a smile.

"I am Stanislav," he introduced himself.

"I am Renee," Renee reciprocated.

"Very nice to meet you, Renee," Stanislav said.

It sounded so cute with his accent, "Likewise," Renee replied, keeping her words to a minimum.

"I am from the Czech Republic," Stanislav offered suddenly.

"Oh! I visited there with my mother."

"My country is lovely," Stanislav said proudly.

"It sure is. How long have you been in the US?"

"About a year."

"You play the violin very well. Where did you learn to play?"

"I played in my country from a young age. I gave performances to people until I was fourteen years old."

"And then you stopped?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"I have to go now. It was nice meeting you, Renee," Stanislav said and got up abruptly.

"Yes, it was nice meeting you, Stanislav," Renee said, still sitting and watching Stanislav rushing out of the coffee shop.

Renee knew she had touched on a sensitive subject, but he played so well that she got to know what happened. And Stanislav gave her that tingle down her spine.

Renee decided to record Stanislav playing and show it to one of the music teachers in school. But the corner in the subway station was empty. Renee was disappointed and hoped to hear the violin sound the next day. But a week passed, and there was no sign of the street musician.

Renee told her mother what had happened with the musician. Her mother listened attentively and said, “Why don’t you invite him for dinner?”

“I wish I knew where he lives. He might be sick and needs help,” Renee said.

Her mother smiled kindly, “I think he is fine. He’ll be back at the subway.”

As Renee’s mother predicted, the street musician was there a couple of days later when Renee got off the subway after a long day at school. Stanislav cracked a smile when he saw Renee, and when he finished the melody, Renee smiled at him and said, “That was a beautiful piece, Stanislav.”

“Thank you,” Stanislav replied politely.

“My mother would like you to come over for dinner,” Renee said, hoping the invitation wouldn’t offend him.

“You told your mother about me?” Stanislav seemed to be surprised and impressed.

“Yes, I told her how good you play the violin and that you are from the Czech Republic.”

“Really?” Stanislav was enthralled with the news, “Tell your mother I accept her invitation.”

Renee did not think twice. She picked up the phone and her mother, “Hi Ma, I am standing here with Stanislav, the violin player, and invited him for dinner.”

Stanislav watched her dumbfounded. He didn’t expect such a swift reaction and was struck when Renee turned to him, “My mother is asking if you would like to come over now.”

“Now?”

“Yes, we usually eat dinner at six-thirty.”

Stanislav looked at his watch. It was five-thirty. He pondered for a second and said, “Yes, I’ll be glad to.”

Renee informed her mother and hung up. “Let’s go,” she chirped, happy to have company at home.

As they walked into the luxurious lobby of Renee’s apartment building, Henry approached them,

“Good evening, Miss Reiner,” he said, looking at Stanislav with suspicion. Renee sensed it and said, “Henry, this is Stanislav. He is our guest,” she said, looking into Henry’s eyes to make her point.

Henry smiled politely, “Welcome, Mr. Stanislav,” he said and opened the elevator door for them.

Stanislav gasped when he walked into the luxurious apartment. The floor was shiny hardwood with high ceilings, beautiful furniture, and paintings on the walls. It was a huge apartment that occupied the entire top floor of the building.

Renee led Stanislav to the living room, where her mother was waiting.

Stanislav understood where Renee got her beauty. Mrs. Reiner was a beautiful lady in her mid-forties. She stood tall, her honey color hair was done in a bun, and her big blue eyes were alert and warm.

“Very nice to meet you, Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner said as she shook hands with Stanislav, who couldn’t avoid ogling her big boobs and long legs in high heels.

“Nice to meet you too, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav replied politely, noticing the sparkling diamond bracelet and necklace she wore.

At that moment, a young maid wearing a uniform entered the living room with three glasses of wine on a tray.

“Thank you, Ana,” Mrs. Reiner said and turned to Renee and Stanislav, “Please have some wine.”

They sipped the wine, and Mrs. Reiner talked briefly about the weather while examining Stanislav. She appeared satisfied with what she saw and changed the subject.

“Stanislav, I heard you are a good violin player,” Mrs. Reiner commented.

Renee looked at her smiling, “He is a great player,” she chimed in, confirming.

“Thank you,” Stanislav said modestly.

“We’ll have to hear you, perhaps after dinner?”

“It would be my pleasure,” Stanislav responded cordially.

Ana, the maid, suddenly appeared in the living room, “Dinner is ready to serve,” she announced.

“Excellent, Ana. I am sure this young man is hungry. Let’s go to the dining room,” Mrs. Reiner said and walked leading the way.

A long dining table set for three. Grace Reiner sat across from Renee and Stanislav. No one had been seated at the table’s head since Mr. Reiner passed away.

Grace and Renee talked about music and composers, making Stanislav feel comfortable in subjects he was familiar with. Grace refrained from asking Stanislav any personal questions after Renee told her about Stanislav’s reaction to her question about his life-changing event.

After dinner, they moved to the living room. Ana came in with three glasses of sherry, “Thank you, Ana, that would be all for

tonight,” Grace said.

“Very well, Mrs. Reiner,” Ana said, smiling politely, happy to be free of duty.

Renee sat at the piano and played a tune while Grace and Stanislav listened. When she finished, they clapped, and Grace turned to Stanislav, “Would you play something for us?”

“Of course, I’ll be glad to,” Stanislav replied. He felt comfortable with the kind manners of Renee and her mother and picked up the violin.

Grace and Renee listened attentively to Stanislav playing, exchanging looks and smiles. Grace was impressed with what she heard. Renee did not exaggerate. Stanislav was a phenomenal player.

“That was excellent, Stanislav,” Grace said with awe.

“Thank you, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav replied humbly.

“Listen, Stanislav,” Grace made up her mind, “I think that you should attend the Performing Art School, and I know a few people there that could open the doors for you. Would you be interested in studying there?”

“Yes, I would love to go there,” Stanislav replied excitedly, adding, “But I don’t have money for that.”

“I think with your talent, you would be able to get a stipend,” Grace said with a slight smile, “I can call tomorrow morning; why don’t you stay the night here, and we’ll talk more in the morning.”

“Stay the night here?” Stanislav said, dumbfounded.

“Yes,” Grace said, “Come with me. I’ll show you to your room.”

Stanislav looked lost and looked at Renee, “It is fine, Stanislav,” Renee said kindly, “We have a few extra bedrooms here, and you’ll be comfortable.”

Grace was already on her feet, “Let’s go, Stanislav,” she said. Grace Reiner expected everyone to listen and follow her orders, and people always did. Stanislav was no different.

Renee smiled at Stanislav, encouraging, and he followed Grace through a long hallway. Grace opened the door to a bedroom furnished with a metal bed and desk and had an adjacent bathroom.

“You may take a shower. The towels are here,” Grace said, opening a cabinet full of towels and sheets. She smiled kindly, “Good night.”

“Good night,” Stanislav replied, thinking the room looked like a palace compared to the hole in the wall where he was living.

Grace closed the door behind her and returned to the living room.

“What do you think?” Renee greeted her anxiously.

“He is very talented,” Grace replied.

“I don’t mean that,” Renee admonished.

Grace smiled mischievously, “I think that we can train him.”

“He is a proud man,” Renee said cautiously.

“I noticed, and it would be more fun to train him. He will respond well, not to worry.”

“I am glad that you think so. I am missing a man slave around,” Renee replied, looking at her mother with smiling eyes.

Grace looked at her daughter warmly, “It will be fine, Renee.

The morning sun woke up Stanislav. He washed up and opened the door looking down the hallway. The apartment was silent, and he gingerly walked down the long hallway. Suddenly, he heard, "Good morning, Stanislav." Ana, the maid, smiled at him, "Come to the kitchen and have some breakfast."

"No one at home?" Stanislav asked.

"Renee is at school, and Mrs. Reiner left for some errands, but she said she has good news for you, and you should wait for her."

"Okay," Stanislav said as he sat at the kitchen table and wolfed the food Ana had prepared. After breakfast, Stanislav went to his room and played the violin leisurely until he heard a knock on the door. Ana informed him that Mrs. Reiner wanted to see him in the living room.

"Did you sleep well?" Grace inquired when Stanislav entered the living room.

"Yes, very well, thank you."

"Well, Stanislav, I have good news for you. Mr. Carter will give you an audition tomorrow morning."

"Really?" Stanislav said, "Thank you so much for helping me, Mrs. Reiner."

"Do you have a suit and tie?" Grace asked, knowing well that Stanislav didn't have it.

"No, I don't have a suit and tie," Stanislav said with concern.

"I'll get you one. Let's go shopping," Grace chirped.

The limousine took them to Saks, and Grace went on a shopping spree, getting a suit and a few pants and shirts, and other articles. Stanislav protested, saying he didn't need so many clothes, but Grace continued cheerfully shopping for him, saying, "Talent like you deserves a break."

When they returned to the apartment, Grace told Stanislav to go to his room and practice the piece he that he would play for Mr. Carter. "And I want to hear it after dinner," Grace said sternly.

Stanislav played all afternoon until Ana came and led him to the kitchen, “Sit down. I’ll get you dinner,” she said. Stanislav understood that he wouldn’t eat with Mrs. Reiner and Renee, and he didn’t mind. Mrs. Reiner was very generous, and he felt grateful.

After he finished eating, Ana said, “I’ll get you from your room when Mrs. Reiner is ready to hear you playing.”

Stanislav nodded and left. An hour later, Ana knocked on the door, “Mrs. Reiner is ready to hear you now.”

Renee and her mother were sipping sherry when Stanislav walked into the living room. They greeted him with a smile, and Grace said with no pleasantries, “Play, Stanislav.”

When Stanislav finished playing, Renee clapped with appreciation. Grace was reserved, “It was good, Stanislav. I want you to go to bed now and get a good rest. The Audition is tomorrow at nine.”

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav said, and he looked at Renee, but Renee looked away as if saying you should listen to my mother.

Stanislav left the living room. When he reached his room, he washed up and went to bed, his head spinning with thoughts about Renee and the audition the next day.

Suddenly, without knocking, the door opened, and Grace walked in.

Stanislav gasped at the view of Mrs. Reiner. She wore a silk robe that hung on her big breasts, and the shape of her erect nipples protruded from the silk material teasingly. Her hair fell loose on her shoulders, and she walked in high heel shoes. She looked sexy as hell.

Grace sat on the edge of the bed silently. The robe slid sideways, revealing her long shapely legs. She let Stanislav ogle her for a couple of seconds and then said, “Are you nervous about tomorrow’s audition?”

Stanislav swallowed nervously. His penis stirred under the cover, “I am a little bit,” he admitted.

“I want you to be successful tomorrow, Stanislav. You want to perform well, don’t you?”

“Yes, of course, Mrs. Reiner.”

“Good. I’ll help you to relax and get a good night’s sleep, okay?”

Stanislav was confused and wasn’t sure what Mrs. Reiner meant, but he blindly agreed, “Okay,” he replied.

“Take the cover off,” Grace commanded.

There was something in Mrs. Reiner’s tone of voice that made Stanislav react without hesitation, and he kicked off the cover.

Grace hid a smile when she saw the bump on Stanislav’s underwear. She looked into his eyes and said with that commanding tone, “Take off your underwear and tuck your hands behind your back.”

Stanislav’s hands shook when he removed the underwear, and his face reddened, embarrassed from his exposed erect penis. With hands tucked under his back, he looked at Mrs. Reiner with anticipation and apprehension.

“There is nothing to be embarrassed about,” Grace said, feeling Stanislav’s anxieties as she placed her index finger just below Stanislav’s testicle, massaging lightly.

Stanislav’s penis was erect and jerked from Grace’s touch.

“You like when I touched you?” Grace asked, cupping the testicles and massaging lightly.

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav replied, starting to moan.

Grace moved her hand up and palmed Stanislav’s penis motionless. She looked into his eyes, “Have you had a girl making you come?”

“No, Mrs. Reiner.”

“Do you want to see my tits?” Grace changed course.

Stanislav’s face lit up, “Yes!”

“Stanislav, I expect you to address me properly,” Grace admonished.

Stanislav got the hint and repeated, “Yes, please, Mrs. Reiner.”

“Keep your hands tucked, and beg me to see my tits,” Grace said as her hand started to stroke slowly.

“Please let me see your tits, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav begged appropriately.

“That was very good, Stanislav,” Grace said and circled the penis head with her thumb, hearing with satisfaction Stanislav’s moans.

Grace pulled the robe open and exposed her big breasts. She then bent and lifted Stanislav’s head into her chest.

Stanislav lunged at the breast, sucking the nipple hungrily.

Grace stroked faster, listening to Stanislav’s moans.

Suddenly, Stanislav excitedly moved his hand to touch the breasts.

Grace reacted instantly. She let go of the cock, straightened up, wrapped the robe covering her breasts, and slapped Stanislav’s face hard, “Where did I tell you to keep your hands?”

“I am sorry,” Stanislav apologized, tucking his hands behind his back.

Grace slapped him again, looking at him angrily, “I am sorry, Mrs. Reiner!” she snarled.

Stanislav realized his mistake and repeated, “I am sorry, Mrs. Reiner, I am very sorry.”

“I want to relieve you and make you cum, but you make it difficult,” Grace said in an accusing tone.

“I am very sorry, Mrs. Reiner, it won’t happen again, I promise,” Stanislav tried to appease.

Grace stood and looked down at Stanislav. So far, she thought it was going well, “You will need to apologize to me.”

“Of course, Mrs. Reiner; how do you want me to apologize?”

Grace returned to her position sitting at the edge of the bed, and grabbed Stanislav’s cock. She held it tight and ran the thumb over the penis head.

“I’ll let you come first, but you have to promise me that you will do exactly what I say to apologize.”

“I promise, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav confirmed.

Grace pulled the robe open and hovered over Stanislav’s face, “You may have it,” she said.

Stanislav didn't need any more encouragement. He lifted his head and latched onto Grace's nipple, making sounds of pleasure as Grace stroked his cock faster.

Grace felt the hardening of Stanislav's penis and felt that he was about ejaculate.

"You ready to come for me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Reiner," Stanislav said in between rapid breaths.

Grace twisted her palm over the penis head, "I want you to give me everything you have," she whispered, turning her palm fast.

Stanislav made a screech and ejaculated all over his stomach.

Grace did not stop. She changed the pattern and stroked the entire length of the penis, watching Stanislav with an amused smile as he lifted his groin, swaying side to side, trying to handle the sensations she expertly afforded him.

Finally, Grace let go of the penis, "Look, Stanislav, I have your cum on my fingers."

Stanislav, still recovering from the orgasm he had, just looked silently.

"Here, clean it," Grace said, placing her hand in front of Stanislav's face. But Stanislav did move.

"It is healthy for you," Grace encouraged, "Try a small lick."

Stanislav did not move. Grace was patient. She knew well that it might disgust Stanislav as happened to all first-timers. She rubbed a little bit of cum on her nipple.

"Take my nipple, Stanislav."

Stanislav couldn't resist; he opened his mouth and sucked the nipple.

"Does it taste good?"

"Not too bad," Stanislav smiled with relief.

Grace put more semen on her breast, and Stanislav sucked it without hesitation. Grace picked more semen from his stomach with her finger and fed Stanislav, who obediently licked her finger.

“Isn’t it good?” Grace exclaimed, happy that Stanislav had behaved well.

“Yes, not bad.”

Grace slapped Stanislav’s face hard, “I want you to beg me to feed you cum, Stanislav, and address me properly.”

Stanislav understood why Mrs. Reiner slapped him and tried to appease her, “Please, Mrs. Reiner, feed me cum.”

Grace picked more cum with her finger, and Stanislav licked it off while Grace patted his head, “I like when you listen to me, and you like it too, don’t you?”

Stanislav sucked Grace’s finger, “Of course, Mrs. Reiner.”

After Grace finished feeding Stanislav cum, she said, “Are you ready to apologize?”

Stanislav remembered that he promised to apologize and agreeably said, “Yes, Mrs. Reiner.”

Grace stood tall in high heel shoes, “I want you to stand on all fours and look up at me.”

Stanislav got out of bed and obediently stood on all fours looking up at Mrs. Reiner.

“Keep your palms on the floor, bend, and kiss my feet. And when I say kiss, I mean lick them like a lollipop. Do you understand, Stanislav?”

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner.”

“Okay, down and kiss,” Grace commanded.

Stanislav licked the exposed part of Mrs. Reiner’s feet in high heels. The feet were smooth and smelled good, and Stanislav was not embarrassed. He started to enjoy his position at Mrs. Reiner’s feet.

“You may apologize now,” Grace said with a slight smile watching Stanislav licking her feet.

“Please forgive me, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav complied and licked faster in long movements.

Grace thought he did well for the first time, “I accept. Get up on your knees, Stanislav,” she instructed.

Stanislav stood on his knees and looked with an awe as Mrs. Reiner pulled open the bottom of her robe, exposing her soft hairless vagina.

“You like to kiss me here,” Mrs. Reiner asked, tapping her delicate pink vagina lightly vibrating the lips.

“Oh, yes! Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav replied excitedly.

Grace wrapped the robe hiding her treasures, “I’ll let you taste it if you do well in the audition tomorrow.”

Stanislav looked at her with cravings, “I’ll do my best, Mrs. Reiner.”

Grace lifted Stanislav’s chin with her index finger and looked into his eyes, “You get ready at eight o’clock. Ana will have breakfast for you. We leave at eight-thirty sharp.”

“Okay, Mrs. Reiner.”

Grace looked at him in silence for a couple of seconds, then turned and left without a word.

Stanislav got up. He took a shower and went to bed. He was drained from the experience of the evening, and he instantly fell asleep.

When Grace entered her bedroom, Renee was waiting for her, “How did it go, Ma?”

“It went well,” Grace said, smiling mischievously.

“More details, Ma!” Renee demanded.

“He came quickly and was quite obedient for a first-timer.”

“How big is he?” Renee inquired anxiously.

“He has a nice size cock,” Grace replied.

“What do you mean, nice size?” Renee wanted to get more information that was important to her.

“I would say about seven inches,” Grace gave the answer Renee was looking for.

“That’s good. I can’t wait to play with him.”

“You will if Mr. Carter thinks that Stanislav has a chance.”

“I am sure that Mr. Carter will be impressed. I was impressed, and Ben was impressed. This guy is talented. He needs some steering.”

“And I am sure you can steer him,” Grace laughed.

Stanislav woke up early the following day. He dressed in the suit Ana prepared for him and waited for eight o'clock.

"Good morning, Stanislav," Ana greeted him, "You look nice. Sit down."

Stanislav smiled lamely, "Thanks, Ana." He sat at the kitchen table, and Ana served him breakfast.

"Mrs. Reiner doesn't eat breakfast?" Stanislav was curious.

"She likes it in her bedroom," Ana replied shortly, annoyed by the question. Stanislav felt it and ate silently.

At eight-thirty, a bell in the kitchen rang, "Go to the entry room and wait for Mrs. Reiner," Ana instructed urgently.

Stanislav stood in the entry room waiting anxiously. A minute later, Grace and Renee walked in,

"Are you ready, Stanislav," Grace asked, smiling cheerfully.

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Reiner," Stanislav replied, gripping the violin case handle.

"Good luck, Stanislav. I know you'll do well," Renee said as she placed her palm on Stanislav's chest, her big blue eyes radiating affection.

Stanislav felt his heart skip a beat from Renee's touch, but he smiled politely, "Thank you, Renee."

"Let's go," Grace said, leading the way out of the apartment.

The limousine stopped in front of the art school, and the chauffeur opened the car door helping Grace out of the car with a gloved hand.

Stanislav came around from the other side of the car, ogling Grace. She looked stunning with a floral green Cami dress hugging her curves, sensually accentuating her firm big breasts and the long shapely legs in black high-heel pumps peeking out of the front slit of the dress.

They walked in silence through the halls of the building. Grace knew her way around and finally stopped in front of an office door. Without knocking, Grace opened the door and walked in.

"Oh, Mrs. Reiner," Charles Carter exclaimed as he got up from behind his desk, "So nice to see you."

"Nice to see you too, Charles," Mrs. Reiner replied.

“And this is Stanislav,” Charles said, smiling at Stanislav, who stood quietly next to Grace, “I heard from Mrs. Reiner about you, and I would love to hear you playing.”

“Thank you, Mr. Carter,” Stanislav replied cautiously.

“So where are we doing it,” Grace was all business.

“Let’s go to the listening room,” Charles said, stepping from behind his desk, “This way, please.”

They entered an acoustically isolated room with a small stage and a few chairs facing the stage.

“Stanislav,” Charles instructed, “Why don’t you stand on this stage and get ready.”

Grace and Charles sat in chairs facing the small stage watching Stanislav, who pulled out his violin and tuned it.

“Okay, I am ready, Mr. Carter,” Stanislav said.

“Go for it,” Mr. Carter said.

When Stanislav finished playing, Charles and Grace whispered. Stanislav couldn’t hear what they said, but it looked like they had discussed something and Mrs. Reiner nodded with agreement.

Mr. Carter got up, handed Stanislav a booklet, and said, “Congratulations, Stanislav. You passed the screening test. Here is a piece we require applicants to play for the admission committee. You have seven days to practice. I’ll let you look at the notes and see how you feel about it. We’ll be back shortly.”

With that, Charles turned around and said to Grace, “Let’s talk outside, Mrs. Reiner. Stanislav needs a few minutes to look over the admission challenge notes.”

Grace nodded and followed Charles out of the listening room, “Let’s go in here,” Charles said as he opened the door to another empty room. As they entered the room, Charles locked the door and dropped to his knees,

“Please forgive Mistress G. I am so sorry about what happened. It will never happen again.”

“You don’t need to address Mistress G. You are not my slave.”

“I know, but I am begging you to take me back. I need you! I want to be your slave again.”

“I expect all my slaves to be obedient. I explained it clearly. You are out if you make three infractions.”

“Yes, you explained that to me,” Charles went down and licked Mrs. Reiner’s feet in high heels, “Please give me another chance. Please! I can’t live without seeing you. I need you. Please! Please!”

Grace looked down at Charles. She did not feel sorry for him. The rules were clear and strict, but she thought about the audition Charles made so quickly and decided to give him a chance.

“I’ll give a screening test to see how much you want back, Charles,” Grace said in a low voice.

“Thank you! Thank you, Mistress G,” Charles gushed with excitement.

This time Grace let him call her by her mistress’s name and continued, “And I also will have to punish you for the third infraction you made so foolishly.”

“I understand, Mistress G,” Charles said eagerly. He would do whatever it took to be Grace’s slave again. The benefits outweighed the punishments, and he liked when Mistress G punished him most of the time.

“Okay, Charles, undress and lie on your back in front of me.”

Charles quickly removed his clothes and lay on the floor, hands tucked under his back.

Grace looked at Charles with an amused smile. She wasn’t surprised that Charles wanted to be back in her Chamber, where she entertained herself with enslaved men. Some men needed a firm hand from a beautiful, domineering woman who gave them their fantasy. Grace enjoyed doing that. It was her hobby.

Charles lay quietly waiting for Mistress G. His penis was erect, and he looked at Grace with cravings. Grace pulled her dress up, revealing a smooth hairless vagina, and stood above Charles’ head.

“You like what you see?”

“Yes, I like it a lot, Mistress G,” Charles replied they he used to when Grace played with him in the Chamber.

“Open your mouth,” Grace ordered. Charles complied. Grace dropped down, standing on her high heels, her vagina in front of Charles’ face.

“Open wider!” Grace ordered and then urinated a weak stream of urine that filled Charles’ mouth. She then straightened up on her feet, “Swallow!”

With closed eyes, Charles swallowed the urine.

Grace stepped between his legs and placed her shoe on Charles’ erect penis,

“Did you like my drink?”

“Yes, Mistress G, I liked your drink,” Charles replied appropriately.

“Was it sweet?”

“Yes, Mistress G, it was sweet.”

“Would like more?”

“Yes, Mistress G, I would like more.”

“Beg!”

“Please, Mistress G, please give me more drink,” Charles forced himself to say.

Grace let go of Charles’ penis under her foot and stepped above him, his head between her long legs in high heels.

“Open!” Grace said as she dropped down and squirted into Charles’ mouth. She then straightened and watched Charles swallowing it with a disgusted facial expression.

“Turn around, hands behind the back,” Grace barked. Charles complied, laying on his stomach, chin touching the floor.

“Kiss my feet and beg for more urine,” Grace sneered. She did not like disobedient enslaved men.

“Please, Mistress G, please give me more urine,” Charles said again, licking Grace’s feet avidly.

Grace stepped back, spread her legs wide, and emptied her bladder over Charles' head. When she was finished urinating, she wiped with Charles' shirt, pulled down her dress, smoothing the wrinkles, and ordered him to turn around.

Grace stood between Charles' legs, her high heel pressing his penis.

"Congratulation, you passed the screening test," Grace said mockingly and kicked his balls hard with the pointy toe of her high-heel pump.

Charles screamed and went into the fetal position holding his testicles in excruciating pain.

Grace opened the door and said behind her back, "I'll invite you soon to the Chamber," she said, walking out, closing the door behind her, barely hearing Charles' broken voice, "Thank you, Mistress G."

Grace entered the other listening room, "Stanislav, let's go!" she called.

They walked down the hall in silence. Stanislav sensed that Mrs. Reiner was in a foul mood and kept quiet.

George, the chauffeur, was ready outside and opened the door for Mrs. Reiner. Stanislav went around and sat at the end of the seat, keeping his distance from Mrs. Reiner.

Grace opened a compartment and pulled out a glass and a bottle of Whisky. The limousine whisked smoothly through the street, and Grace relaxed after a few minutes. She crossed her long legs and leaned on the back of the seat.

"What's your impression of the audition challenge, Stanislav?" she asked quietly.

"I think I can master it," Stanislav replied, trying hard not to ogle Grace's firm thighs revealed by the slit of her dress.

"You think?"

Stanislav immediately corrected, "I know I can master it."

"Mr. Carter said that you need all the time possible during the seven days till the committee audition. You may stay in your room at our apartment and practice uninterrupted."

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Reiner," Stanislav said with sincere gratitude.

At that moment, the car stopped. “George will take you to your place to get your stuff,” Grace said as she accepted George’s gloved hand, helping her out of the car.

Grace disappeared into the building, and George drove Stanislav to his little room in the basement of an old building. Stanislav did not have many belongings. The most treasured piece was a small box with photos of his parents and a few clothing articles he had brought with him when he came to the US.

Stanislav returned to his room and started practicing. It was a complex piece to play.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Renee walked in without knocking,

“Hi Stanislav, I heard the good news, congratulation!”

“Thank you, Renee,” Stanislav said, surprised by the abrupt interruption.

“Take a break! Let’s go out for lunch,” Renee said, her blue eyes glittering cheerfully.

Stanislav looked at Renee with an awe. She wore a halter neck blouse and floppy mini skirt. Her creamy smooth complexion was so sensual that Stanislav couldn’t help but stare at her, lost for words.

Renee grabbed his hands, “Let’s go, Stanislav,” Renee laughed.

Stanislav followed her, gazing at her long legs in high heel sandals. As they walked on the sidewalk, Stanislav glanced sideways at her tits as they bounced lightly with each step. Renee wasn’t a fan of bras.

Renee pretended she did not notice Stanislav’s glances at her bouncing tits.

They ate lunch at a small diner. Renee wanted to know everything about the audition and the challenge notes he received from Mr. Carter. Stanislav enjoyed telling her all about it and opened up about how he felt.

“I am sure you’ll do well,” Renee offered with an encouraging smile.

“I hope so,” Stanislav said.

“You will. Just practice. My mother and I will help you, don’t worry.”

“Thank you. You and your mother are very kind to me.”

Renee did not reply. She smiled warmly, and they silently ate the rest of the meal.

When they reached the building, Renee placed her palm on Stanislav's chest intimately, "I need to do some errands, but you go in and practice," she said, planting a quick kiss on Stanislav's lips, turning around, and walking away.

Stanislav watched her round ass and the long smooth legs as they reflected slight sun rays. He felt his cock stirring. Renee's touch was a pleasant surprise and arousing. His emotions for Renee grew stronger. She was beautiful, intelligent, and kind, and he knew he was falling in love. Stanislav sighed profoundly and went up to his room to play the challenge piece.

At six o'clock, Ana knocked on his door, "Stanislav, come to the kitchen."

Ana served him dinner, "Mrs. Reiner asked me to explain to you a few things since you'll be living here."

"Okay."

"Breakfast served at eight, and dinner at six right here in the kitchen. You never, and I repeat, never cross the hallway to the living room or Mrs. Reiner and Miss Renee's living quarters without permission."

"Okay."

"You may come to the kitchen to grab a snack or eat lunch. Did you understand everything I explained?"

"Yes, I did. It wasn't too complicated."

"Don't get smart with me," Ana retorted, "And leave the kitchen when you finish eating."

"Okay, Ana, I didn't mean to upset you."

"You didn't. Just get your ass back to your room. I have a lot of work to do here," Ana smiled.

Stanislav went back to his room. He took a break from playing and watched TV, wondering if Mrs. Reiner would show up like last night.

Grace's phone rang. It was Renee.

"What's up, honey," Grace greeted.

"I won't be able to make dinner today. Ben has a rehearsal with the quartet he is trying to form, and I want to listen to these guys."

"That's fine, honey, not to worry."

"Thanks. I know you don't like to eat dinner alone."

"You took Stanislav for lunch?" Grace asked, changing the subject.

"Yes, he is a nice guy."

"He sure is," Grace laughed.

"Are you going to take care of him tonight?" Renee asked, concerned.

"I am planning to since you are not here," Grace laughed lightheartedly.

"That would be good. I'll take care of him tomorrow night."

"That's a deal," Grace laughed.

"Please lock him," Renee said.

"I am planning to," Grace laughed again.

"Could you use the transparent plastic cage with the large pee hole?"

"I can do that, Renee. Don't worry. I'll fix him for you."

"Thanks, Ma."

"You are welcome," Grace replied and hung up.

At the other side of the line, Renee smiled. There was no rehearsal of the quartet, but her mother did not need to know everything. Renee walked into a building, rode the elevator, and rang the bell.

Ben opened the door smiling, "Come in, beautiful."

Renee walked in directly to the bedroom, took off her top, and slid down her skirt, "I am horny," she announced.

"Glad to hear that," Ben followed her to the bedroom.

Renee sat in a chair, spreading her legs wide and rubbing her delicate pink vagina,

“Come here, Ben,” she said, her blue eyes challenging Ben.

Ben dropped to his knees and buried his face between her legs.

“Oh,” Renee moaned with pleasure. “Do my clit, Ben, yes, that’s good,” she said, patting Ben’s head affectionately.

Ben knew well what Renee liked. He aroused her, making her dripping wet.

“Come on, Ben, give me your cock,” Renee cried between short breaths.

Ben dropped his pants. His penis was erect and ready.

Renee stroked the hard cock. She loved Ben’s penis. It was long and reached deep inside her, and enabled them to be in various positions without sliding out.

Ben pulled off Renee’s hand from his cock. He held her hands, looked into her eyes, and pushed his stiff cock into her vagina. The penis head slid up and down several times and then glided in, easily lubricated by Renee’s moist opening.

Renee’s moans grew louder. Ben moved slowly. He started to moan as the warmth of Renee’s abyss enveloped him.

“Faster, baby,” Renee cried as she wrapped her legs around Ben’s waist. Ben placed Renee’s hand behind his neck and lifted her. Renee hung on his neck, moving her groin up and down, making loud sounds of pleasure.

Ben stepped onto the bed and lay on top of Renee, pumping fast. They worked in rhythm. Renee countered Ben’s moves. Her breaths became shorter. Ben banged forcefully and quickly. Renee felt as if she were starting to float on clouds.

“I am ready, Ben! Come for me,” Renee shouted excitedly. Ben banged and rotated his groin, transmitting electric sparks. Renee dropped her arms to the side with a slight tremor of the climax, feeling the heat of Ben’s semen splashing inside her.

They lay side by side, panting for a long minute. And then Renee turned and kissed Ben, “That was wonderful.”

“It always is with you.”

“Really? It isn’t that great with Rachel?” Renee said sarcastically.

“Rachel is a good girlfriend. She is pretty, a good cook, and loyal, but sex is average.”

“Oh, I am sorry to hear that,” Renee mocked.

Ben pinched her playfully, and Renee returned a pinch. They laughed and playfully pinched each other until Renee got on top of Ben, stroking his cock that had a second wind.

“Are you ready for a second round?” Renee asked with a hoarse voice.

“Sure am,” Ben laughed and pulled Renee into him, enjoying the feeling of her breasts pressed into his chest.

Renee kissed him and put her hand back, guiding his erect penis into her, “Welcome back bad boy,” she whispered in his ear. Ben groaned and started to bang.

They made love again, drawing immense pleasure from each other.

When they rested after a second climax, Ben asked, “How is it going with that street musician?”

“He got a committee audition.”

“I was sure he would get it. He is talented.”

“Yes, he sure is,” Renee agreed.

“Are you going to fool around with him?” Ben asked with a knowing smile.

“Maybe.”

“You will,” Ben said accusingly, “I know you will.”

“Maybe,” Renee smiled, “I got to go now.”

Ben did not reply. He stayed in bed, watching Renee put on her clothes.

“Okay, Ben, I’ll see you next time,” Renee said.

“Okay, love,” Ben smiled and watched Renee disappear from view, thinking about their odd relationship. Never commitment, but with a lot of affection and sex. Ben knew they were the same cruel people who took advantage of others with no mercy and used each other for good sex.

Stanislav turned off the TV and got ready for bed. He was tired and figured that Mrs. Reiner wouldn't come by.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Mrs. Reiner walked in. She looked at Stanislav scornfully,

“Stanislav, I want you to wait for me naked. Do you understand?”

“Yes, of course, Mrs. Reiner.”

“Okay, undress, and this is the last time I tell you to do so!” Mrs. Reiner said, looking at Stanislav sternly.

When Stanislav was naked, Mrs. Reiner slowly slid off her robe and let it fall to the floor.

Stanislav gasped. Mrs. Reiner had see-through lingerie under the robe. She was beautiful, standing tall in high heels like a goddess.

“Down on your knees, Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner said quietly in that authoritative tone.

Without hesitations, Stanislav dropped down in front of Mrs. Reiner.

Grace smiled lightly at Stanislav's reaction. She lifted his chin with her index finger and looked into his eyes, her blue eyes radiating dominance and confidence.

“You did well today, Stanislav. I am proud of you.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav said, his cock hardening from the slight touch of Mrs. Reiner's finger.

“You earned a kiss,” Mrs. Reiner said as she slowly lifted her lingerie, exposing her smooth triangle, “You want to kiss, don't you?”

Stanislav's eyes were fixed on those delicate pink lips, “Yes, I would love to kiss,” he said absentmindedly.

Grace slapped his face, “Look at me,” she returned him to reality.

Stanislav looked up at Mrs. Reiner with surprise but became attentive.

“Keep your hands behind the back,” Mrs. Reiner instructed, gently pulling Stanislav's head between her leg, “Kiss me small kisses from bottom to top.”

Stanislav kissed those delicate vagina lips lovingly, inhaling Mrs. Reiner's scent. He felt the urge to stroke his cock but kept his hands on the back and kissed, kissed, and kissed.

Grace pushed him out, "Look at me," she repeated. When she got Stanislav's attention, she continued, "Stick your tongue out and insert it in the gap between my lips, moving left and right until you open and flatten them. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mrs. Reiner," Stanislav said happily, eager to follow the instructions, as Grace pulled his head back between her long legs.

Stanislav inserted his tongue between the lips, moving the tongue side to side, up the length of the vagina, and then down. He loved the taste in his mouth. The lips were soft and pleasantly moist and softly spread flat the command of his tongue.

"That's good," Stanislav heard Mrs. Reiner's voice, "Now lick with a flat tongue the way you lick ice cream."

Stanislav started to moan, gulping the moist he created with his tongue, aroused and delighted.

Grace looked down at Stanislav, loving her sex with youthful excitement. She then spread her vagina with two hands, and Stanislav dived in with louder moans breathing heavily.

Grace instructed him to lick and suck her clit, and Stanislav happily complied, and they both moaned with pleasure.

"You like, Stanislav?" Grace mocked.

"Yes, Mrs. Reiner, very much," Stanislav replied, oblivious to the cynical tone of Mrs. Reiner.

Grace smiled and turned around, bending down with one palm resting on the seat of a chair in front of her.

Stanislav lunged at the view of the spread ass and shuddered slightly when he felt Mrs. Reiner's hand grabbing his cock.

Grace stroked Stanislav's hard cock. She felt the wetness of his pre-cum and wiped it with her thumb.

Stanislav moaned louder, shoving his tongue as deeply as he could. The sensations absorbed him, and his mind flew out of his head. And as Grace increased the stroking pace, Stanislav cried, ready to ejaculate.

Grace straightened up and sat on the chair, pulling Stanislav's cock up and gliding it up and down over her wet vagina.

Stanislav couldn't hold it any longer and ejaculated while Grace had his penis aiming at her vagina.

Grace stroked his cock and patted his head to calm him down. And then, silently, Grace pushed his head down into her. Stanislav licked off his cum cleaning Mrs. Reiner's smooth triangle devotedly.

"Stanislav, get down on all fours," Mrs. Reiner broke the silence in a commanding voice.

Stanislav reluctantly parted from Mrs. Reiner's sex and stood on all fours before her.

"Did you enjoy kissing me?"

"Yes, Mrs. Reiner, I enjoyed it a lot," Stanislav replied excitedly.

"You may thank me now," Grace said, pointing her index finger down. Stanislav knew what to do. He bent and licked her velvety feet in high heels, "Thank you, Mrs. Reiner," he said repeatedly.

"That's enough," Grace interrupted Stanislav's ritual, "Lie in bed for me."

Grace got up and picked up her robe. She searched the pockets and got the chastity cage.

"I want to give you a gift, Stanislav," she said as she sat at the edge of the bed and expertly fit the chastity cage on his manhood.

Stanislav was dumbfounded, "What is that?"

"This is a chastity device. It keeps your penis locked," Mrs. Reiner explained patiently.

"Why do I need it?" Stanislav asked innocently.

"It helps you to concentrate on playing, and nothing else," Grace said with a slight smile.

Stanislav did not reply. He did not like the chastity cage, but he was at Mrs. Reiner's mercy and accepted.

"You'll get used to it and won't feel it after a while. You shouldn't have any problem urinating with it."

"I see," Stanislav said absently.

"Go to sleep now, and practice tomorrow. I want to hear you play in the evening after dinner."

"Of course, Mrs. Reiner."

"Good night."

"Good night, Mrs. Reiner," Stanislav said politely, but he jumped out of bed when the door closed behind Mrs. Reiner. He looked at himself in the mirror. His penis was inside a transparent plastic tube, and a small paddle lock held the chute and a ring behind his testicles. He pulled the plastic tube and cried from pain as the testicle hoop crashed into his balls. No way he could take it off.

Stanislav needed to pee and was concerned, but it worked well. The urine flew out of the open hole at the end of the chute. With a sigh, he returned to his bed, and after a minute, he dozed off with images of Mrs. Reiner's beautiful body.

The following day, after breakfast, Stanislav started to practice. It was a complex composition, and he worked hard to master it. The day passed quickly, and he went to the kitchen at six, starving. Ana tapped on the shoulder when he finished his meal, “Mrs. Reiner wants you to play in the living room at eight o'clock. She said that you should be naked.”

“Naked?” Stanislav exclaimed with surprise and anger.

“Yes. And if I were you, I would do what she says,” Ana warned sternly.

“Do you get naked for her?” Stanislav asked sardonically.

“Yes, sometimes,” Ana replied and turned her back to him, busied herself in the sink.

Stanislav got the hint and left the kitchen, thinking he would like to see Ana naked.

At eight o'clock, Stanislav walked into the living room gingerly. He left on his underwear since he wasn't comfortable walking totally naked.

Mrs. Reiner, sitting regally in a chair holding a riding crop whip, looked at him scornfully, “Did I say naked?”

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner.”

“And wearing underwear is naked?” Mrs. Reiner asked, tapping the flap of the riding crop on her palm.

“I guess not,” Stanislav said, embarrassed by the situation he got himself into.

“You have twenty seconds to go to your room, undress, and return here naked,” Mrs. Reiner said, looking at her watch, “Starting... now!”

Stanislav ran to his room, dropped the underwear, and returned to the living room.

“That was twenty-three seconds,” Mrs. Reiner said and got up. She stood tall in high-heel pumps. Her nipples poked the thin fabric of her dress sensually.

Stanislav, panting from the sprint, felt his penis erecting and pressing into the plastic confinement.

“Put your hands behind the head,” Mrs. Reiner ordered in that commanding voice, watching Stanislav intently. She continued, “I’ll punish you with three whiplashes, one for every second you were late. Count!”

Stanislav made an “Ow” when he felt the smack on his ass. He was so disoriented and stayed silent.

Mrs. Reiner stepped in front of him and ran her palm over his cheek, “I didn’t hear you counting. We’ll have to count to four from the beginning,” she said with a slight smile and then stepped back and hit again.

“One,” Stanislav counted, clenching his teeth. The pain wasn’t that bad, and he embraced himself for the next whiplash, which landed on his ass with loud zaps.

Grace was satisfied with Stanislav’s counting and quickly finished the other two whiplashes. She then sat back in her chair and said, “Let’s hear you play.”

Stanislav nodded, picked up the violin, and placed the notes on a stand in front of him. He played the whole piece, which took about eight minutes. When he finished, he looked at Mrs. Reiner, waiting for her comments.

Grace got up, stepped behind Stanislav, and turned the booklet to the first page, “Play again.”

Stanislav felt a smack on his butt a minute into playing the piece. He made a loud cry and stopped playing.

“You missed the note here,” Mrs. Reiner said, pointing the riding crop to the note.

“Yes, you are right, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav said, wondering how Mrs. Reiner detected that.

“Play it again.”

Stanislav repeated that page and went on. Mrs. Reiner slapped him with the whips a few more times, correcting him.

When Stanislav finally reached the last note, Mrs. Reiner said, “You have a lot of work to do. You may go to your room.”

Stanislav grabbed the notes booklet and squirreled out of the living room. He lay in bed feeling his sore ass and thought about what had happened in the living room. He admitted that Mrs. Reiner had good points, and he deserved the whiplashes for not noticing the subtle intricacy of the melody.

The door suddenly opened, and Renee walked in dressed only in a T-shirt that hardly covered her butt, “Hi Stanislav,” she chirped, “How is practice going?”

Stanislav froze with surprise. It took him a second to recuperate, “Hmmm, it went fine,” he said, not mentioning the rehearsal with her mother.

“Oh good,” Renee said and sat on the edge of the bed. She smiled at Stanislav and inserted her hand under the cover patting his chest, “You want to fool around?” she asked mischievously.

Stanislav was astonished and lost for words. Renee was so beautiful, and he had the chastity cage on him, “Hmmm, Hmmm, I don’t know,” he weakly said.

Renee rubbed his chest, “What, you don’t like me?”

“No! No! I like you very much,” Stanislav protested.

Renee smiled, “Show me how much you like me,” she said as she bent and touched Stanislav’s lips. Stanislav hugged her and kissed her. His tongue penetrated her mouth, meeting hers. They engage in a passionate kiss. Stanislav closed his eyes and was absorbed by the emotions he felt. But Renee cut it short and broke off.

“Let me see you,” she said, laughing, and pulled off the cover. Stanislav’s face reddened as Renee looked at the chastity cage.

“Oh, Wow!” Renee exclaimed as if she didn’t know what she was about to see, “My mother locked you, didn’t she?”

“Yes,” Stanislav said in a small voice.

“It’s okay, Stanislav; I’ll get the key from her, don’t worry.”

“Thanks,” Stanislav mumbled.

Renee ran her finger over the tip of the penis head that stuck out of the pee hole. Stanislav trembled at her touch. Renee bent and licked the penis head,

enjoying the sound of Stanislav's moaning. She then jumped up and stood on the bed, peeling off the T-shirt.

Stanislav looked up, absorbing the view of Renee's milky naked body. She was stunning. Her breasts were round, with erect pink nipples pointing up teasingly. The vagina lips protruded from the silky-smooth hairless triangle like a flower.

Renee smiled and looked down at Stanislav, "You want to kiss me?"

"Yes!"

Renee bent, sat on Stanislav's chest, and pulled his head into her sex, hiding a smile when she heard his excited moans as he kissed her, running his tongue over her delicate lips, exploring her taste and scent. She then turned around, presenting Stanislav with a round ass.

Stanislav's moans grew louder. He licked her vagina up and down, and then his tongue traveled over her ass crack, stopping at her tight pink opening. Renee made a loud moan when Stanislav's tongue touched the rim of her asshole, and Stanislav shoved it in, hearing Renee's delighted sounds.

Renee stayed in that position for a while, letting Stanislav enjoy her asshole, then turned and kissed him. They engaged again in a passionate kiss until Renee broke it off.

"You liked my asshole, Stanislav," Renee asked mockingly.

Stanislav was unaware of her tone of voice, "I like everything about you," he said, looking at her lovingly.

"I asked if you liked kissing my asshole," Renee countered angrily.

Stanislav's face reddened, "Hmmm, yes."

Renee felt Stanislav's embarrassment, "There is nothing to be ashamed of, Stanislav. It is natural to like the female body."

"Yes, of course," Stanislav said for lack of a better response.

"Tell me that you like kissing my asshole," Renee demanded.

Stanislav felt more comfortable, "I like kissing your sweet asshole," he said, smiling.

Renee laughed and got up. She put on her T-shirt and slid into high heel sleepers.

“You enjoyed yourself?”

“Yes, very much,” Stanislav replied, lying in bed and watching Renee with admiration.

“Thank me!”

“What?” Stanislav did not understand.

“Did my mother teach you how to thank?”

Stanislav was confused, “Hmmm, I think she might have,” he said hesitantly.

Renee’s blue eyes turned cold. She slapped Stanislav’s face, “Get down on your knees and thank me,” she hissed.

The change in Renee’s manners shocked Stanislav. He did not move fast enough for Renee’s liking and was rewarded with another hard slap on his face. Renee looked at him coldly. She pointed her index finger down, “Thank me, now!”

Stanislav dropped down and licked Renee’s velvety feet. He heard her voice, “I don’t hear anything.”

“Thank you, Renee,” Stanislav said, enjoying the creamy smooth feet.

“Thank me for letting you kiss my ass,” Renee demanded.

Stanislav had no problem at point. He hungrily licked Renee’s sexy feet, showing his gratitude, and said, “Thank you for letting me kiss your ass.”

“Sweet ass,” Renee corrected. She made him repeat several times and then ordered him to straighten up on his knees.

“You did good, Stanislav,” Renee said, looking into his eyes possessively.

“Thank you,” he replied humbly. He stood submissively on his knees, looking up at beautiful Renee, and surrendered to her power over him.

“I want you to go to bed immediately and practice all day tomorrow. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Renee.”

“Okay then, kiss me goodbye,” she said, lifting the T-shirt to expose her sex.

Stanislav moved forward and kissed those delicate lips tenderly.

Renee looked down at him with a conquering smile and then turned around. Stanislav lunged at her enticing ass, but Renee walked away and left the room without a word.

After a long day of playing, Stanislav came to the kitchen for dinner. Ana served him a delicious meal, "How is playing going," she inquired politely. "Good," Stanislav replied shortly.

"I hope so. Mrs. Reiner will be waiting for you at eight o'clock with the whip," Ana said and then continued, "And you know how to dress, don't you?"

Stanislav was confused for a second, "No, how?"

"In the clothes you were born in," Ana laughed and left the kitchen to set the dining room for dinner.

Stanislav watched her disappear and wondered how she knew about Mrs. Reiner's whip.

At eight, Stanislav entered the living room and gasped. Mrs. Reiner and Renee were sitting comfortably, looking at him. He didn't expect to see Renee and his penis hardened, pressing against the plastic encasement at her sight.

Renee sat next to her mother, dressed in a black evening gown and black high heel pumps. She looked gorgeous.

Mrs. Reiner didn't waste any time. She looked with approval at Stanislav's nakedness and said, "Play for us." She and Renee listened intently to Stanislav's violin.

After Stanislav played the last note, Renee got up and stepped in front of Stanislav, holding a thin, flexible wooden cane that ended with a comfortable handle. She kissed his cheek affectionately, "Play for me again, Stanislav."

Stanislav started to play. Renee stood next to him, looking at the musical notes. Stanislav played for a short while when he heard the whisp sound of the cane and jumped from pain, shouting as the thin wood hit his butt.

"Do you see that small 'e'?" Renee said, pointing with the cane at the page of the notes, "That means extended. It is double long."

"I am sorry, I didn't notice that," Stanislav said, swearing at himself for missing it.

“Now you do. Play from the beginning,” Renee said impatiently.

Stanislav started again, and shortly after he passed the ‘e,’ Renee hit him again. Her whiplashes were more painful than Mrs. Reiner’s and left a thin red line on his ass. Renee explained why she stopped him, and he started from the beginning again.

Mrs. Reiner watched her daughter with a slight smile, and after an hour of stopping, starting from the beginning and playing again, she got up, “Renee, that’s enough for one day,” she said and then looked at Stanislav and with a changed tone of voice she said, “Go to your room now and stay there.”

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav said, looking down and quickly leaving the room.

“What do you think?” Grace asked Renee after Stanislav left.

“I think he would pass the committee audition with flying colors,” Renee said with a smile.

“But you corrected him many times.”

“Yes, but it was only fine-tuning.”

“I see. Are you going to take care of him tonight?”

“Of course, he is my pet toy.”

“Okay, enjoy.”

“I need the key,” Renee laughed. Grace smiled knowingly and handed her the key for the chastity paddle lock, “I am going to bed; good night.”

“Good night, ma.”

Stanislav lay in bed waiting. To his surprise, his butt was sore, but the pain subsided significantly. He admitted that Renee gave him good pointers on improving the melody, and he was grateful.

An hour later, the door opened, and Renee walked in. She removed the robe she was wearing and naked jump on the bed. Stanislav hugged her lovingly, and they kissed. Renee broke the kiss, “I have the key,” she laughed.

“Really? Can I take it off?”

“You could when I give it to you,” Renee said, laughing again, enjoying her teasing.

“You’ll have to beg for it,” Renee said sternly and turned to lie on her stomach, “You can start by kissing my asshole.”

Stanislav attended to Renee’s sweet butt opening, kissing and licking lovingly. Renee moaned with pleasure, and after a while, she turned around. She lifted her legs, “Take off my shoes and kiss my feet,” she said. Stanislav licked the soles of her feet. They were whitish pink, soft, and smooth like a baby’s feet.

“I don’t hear anything,” Renee said in a warning tone.

Stanislav licked faster, “Please take off the chastity cage,” he begged. Renee enjoyed that moment, “Again,” she ordered. After a few pleas, Renee was satisfied.

“Come here,” she said. Stanislav came closer, and Renee unlocked the paddle. Stanislav’s penis inflated erect out of the enclosure hard as a rock. Renee laughed at the scene and grabbed the penis. It had a decent length, but what Renee liked was its thickness. Nice cock, she thought, stroking it lightly.

“Check my pussy to see if it is ready for you,” Renee whispered. Stanislav bent forward and treated her vagina while Renee stroked his cock, enjoying the hardness in her palm.

“Is it ready?” Renee inquired.

“Yes, it is ready,” Stanislav replied, moaning with desire.

“Ok, get on top of me,” Renee instructed. Stanislav lay on top of her, supporting himself with his palms on the bed.

Renee guided his hard manhood inside her and gasped when she felt his cock stretching her vagina membrane. It was as she expected, arousing and enjoyable. But Stanislav started to pump fast. His face reddened, and he breathed in loud short intakes and came quickly panting with a thrill.

Renee enjoyed the short encounter but wasn’t even close to the climax. She patted Stanislav’s head affectionately, “Was it your first time?” she asked gently.

“Yes,” Stanislav admitted looking away, embarrassed.

“You know it was too short, and I didn’t have a chance to come,” Renee said, knowing well that she would make Stanislav feel guilty for not performing.

“I am sorry. I’ll try to do better,” Stanislav said, feeling lost.

“If you cannot satisfy me with cock, you’ll have to satisfy me with your tongue,” Renee said, laying out her web of dominance.

“What do you mean?” Stanislav did not understand.

“Eat my pussy and make me come.”

Stanislav slid down and licked her vagina, gulping his semen. Renee pulled his head up to her clit, “Suck my clit.”

After a while and a few more instructions, Renee was satisfied.

“Lie down. I need to lock you,” Renee said.

“Why?”

“Because my mother wants you locked, that’s why,” Renee said impatiently.

Stanislav accepted the explanation silently and obediently lay down, letting Renee lock him again.

Renee got up and put on the robe sliding into her high-heel pumps.

“Thank me,” she ordered, pointing her finger down.

Obediently, Stanislav got off the bed and down to her feet, licking the creamy, soft feet, “Thank you,” he said.

“Thank me for letting you fuck me,” Renee instructed.

Stanislav repeated the plea again and again until Renee was satisfied. She then turned and left the room without a word.

The next evening, after a long day of practice, Stanislav entered the living room gingerly.

Renee was standing beside the stand with the musical notes holding the cane whip. She wore a tank top that reached her navel and short pants. Her creamy long legs were lustily displayed in high-heel pumps, and Stanislav felt his cock hardening, hitting the plastic enclosure.

“Play,” she said shortly. Stanislav stood next to her and began to play. He passed all the places Renee had corrected him in the previous night without a hitch, but as he started to play the other notes, Renee beat him mercilessly. Her whiplashes were painful, and Stanislav screamed from pain, but somehow, he reached the end.

“Good,” Renee said, “You may go to your room.”

Stanislav lay in bed naked, waiting. The pain subsided, but his mind raced with thoughts about Renee. The feelings he had for her were undeniable. And Stanislav fantasized about making love to her until she would climax in his arms. His daydreams were interrupted abruptly as the door opened, and Renee walked in.

Without preliminaries, Renee peeled off her robe and jumped on the bed, kissing Stanislav passionately. This was a different Renee, a loving girlfriend, utterly other from earlier, and Stanislav was delighted to have her, kissing her back with closed eyes.

Renee broke off the kiss, “Do you want to fuck me?” she asked, point blank.

Stanislav was flabbergasted. Renee never ceased to surprise him. She could cruelly beat him, but then she could be affectionate and loving.

“Hmmm, yes, of course,” he mumbled.

“You think you could do better than yesterday?” Renee taunted.

Stanislav was embarrassed at mentioning his performance, but he bravely said, “Yes, I am sure I can.”

Renee giggled. She liked the way Stanislav replied. “Okay then, get me ready,” she said, pushing him gently down to the treasures she had for him between her legs.

Stanislav did not disappoint her. With youthful excitement, he made love to her vagina. And when Renee lifted her legs, exposing her butt hole, Stanislav shoved his tongue into her pink asshole in a fast rhythm. Renee moaned, enjoying his tender touch and wondering how his cock would feel in her ass.

“Come up, Stanislav,” Renee said and removed the chastity cage, watching with a smile as Stanislav’s penis sprung erect. She stroked his cock, enjoying it hardening in her palm. Stanislav did not need much foreplay. His cock was stone-hard, and he was ready.

Stanislav climbed on top of her. Renee held his erect penis, rubbing her wet vagina, not letting him inside. “Look at me,” she said.

Stanislav looked into the blue of Renee’s eyes and felt lost. Emotions boiled in him as he tried to concentrate.

“I want you to keep eye contact,” Renee said, her eyes glittering mischievously. Stanislav nodded in agreement.

Renee released her grip on his cock, and it slid inside her. They both made an “Oh” sound as the sensation encapsulated them.

“Go slow now,” Renee instructed, holding Stanislav’s butt locks. She liked how his penis felt inside her, looking into Stanislav’s eyes, demanding attention.

Stanislav silently followed the directions Renee transmitted with her palms steering his ass. He moved slowly and rotated his groin, to Renee’s delight. But when he closed his eyes, overjoyed, Renee slapped his face, “Look at me,” she shouted angrily.

They moved in sync. Renee set the pace, and Stanislav followed. And then Renee removed her hands from his butt and wrapped her arms around his neck, boring into his eyes, “Fuck me, Stanislav, fuck me hard.”

Stanislav felt that his head was floating on clouds. He banged with all his might, feeling Renee’s countering his moves. He couldn’t hold it any longer. He closed his eyes and shrieked as he ejaculated. A quiet after the storm enclosed him. He made whimpering sounds and lay on top of Renee, panting.

Renee brushed his head gently, letting him calm down. She smiled at the view of Stanislav with closed eyes having an orgasm, and did not interfere. She did not reach climax, but it did not matter. She had a good time and saw the potential of Stanislav’s cock.

“Was, was I okay?” Stanislav asked hesitantly, concerned and insecure.

“You were fine, much better than yesterday,” Renee smiled at him encouragingly.

“Oh, I’m so happy,” Stanislav smiled with relief.

“We’ll need to work on it some more. But you were good,” Renee laughed lightheartedly.

Stanislav looked at Renee admiringly. He was enamored with her.

But Renee was all business. She picked up the chastity cage and locked Stanislav’s cock. And then got out of bed and stood tall in high heels. Her manner changed, “Thank me,” Renee ordered in a commanding voice, pointing her finger down.

Stanislav was caught by surprise, but he quickly recovered and went down to her feet, licking fervently, emotions of love and submission surging in him, “Thank you for letting me fuck you,” he repeatedly said, feeling gratitude for this beautiful girl that indulged him with pleasures he had never experience before.

Renee let him enjoy her velvety feet for a short while, “Get up on your knees,” she ordered. She lifted his head by the chin and looked into his eyes. Stanislav felt small and powerless, accepting Renee’s superiority.

“You go to bed now. No violin playing until tomorrow morning,” Renee instructed.

“Yes, Renee,” Stanislav replied eagerly, feeling a strong desire to please Renee in any way he could.

Renee turned around and spread her ass cheeks, “You may kiss me goodnight,” she said mockingly.

Stanislav dived in, kissing and licking the tight pink hole excitedly, but Renee kept it short. She walked away without a word, leaving Stanislav on his knees with a tongue hanging out.

Ana knocked on the door early afternoon the next day. Stanislav stopped playing the violin and opened the door, “Yes?” he asked, wondering why Ana was there.

“Mrs. Reiner invited you for dinner tonight. Be in the dining room at six thirty and dress in your suit.”

“Okay.”

“She also said she wants to hear you play after dinner, so bring the violin with you.”

“Okay.”

Ana left, and Stanislav returned to practice. At six-thirty, he entered the dining room dressed as requested with a suit and tie. Ana was there and nodded, acknowledging him, and left the dining room. A minute later, he heard the sound of people approaching.

Mrs. Reiner, Renee, and another young man entered, holding a glass of wine.

“Hi Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner greeted with a warm smile, “I would like to introduce you to Ben. He is a fellow violin player and studies at the Art School.”

Ben and Stanislav shook hands and exchanged nice to meet you.

“Well, everyone, sit down,” Mrs. Reiner instructed. She and Renee sat on one side of the table, and Stanislav sat next to Ben on the other side.

“I heard a lot about you, Stanislav,” Ben said with a friendly smile.

“Oh, really, I hope good things,” Stanislav replied, noticing Renee watching him with an amused smile.

“Yes, excellent things,” Ben said and then continued to talk about the quartet he formed with his friends. Mrs. Reiner was cheerful and kind, making Stanislav feel comfortable at the table. Renee did not speak much. She watched the others smiling politely.

After dinner, they moved to the living room. “Play for us, Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner ordered commandingly.

While Stanislav was busy putting up the stand for the notes, Ana walked in with three sherry glasses. It was apparent who did not get a drink, but Stanislav did not care. He tuned his violin and played.

The three of them sat and listened intently, sipping sherry. When Stanislav finished, Ben got up and opened a violin case. He stood in front of Stanislav, "Let's play together."

They played together for a minute, and then Ben stopped. Stanislav followed suit and stopped.

"You hear this passage," Ben said, "Listen." He played the last few notes, and Stanislav looked at him with appreciation.

"You got it?" Ben asked with a smile.

"Sure did," Stanislav smiled back. Ben vibrated the notes extending the music beautifully, and Stanislav repeated.

"Yes, that's good," Ben said, hearing Stanislav vibrating, "Let's continue," Ben said. A few more times, Ben stopped and gave Stanislav pointers on how to improve.

When they finished, Renee got up, "Hey, Ben, I have those photos to show you," she chirped.

"Oh, great," Ben said, putting his arm around Renee's waist, hugging her intimately, and they walked out of the living room.

After Renee and Ben left, the room became silent. Mrs. Reiner looked at Stanislav with a pleased smile, "You played well. Two more days to go."

"Thank you, Mrs. Reiner."

"You may go to your room," Mrs. Reiner said, dismissing him.

Stanislav lay in bed, his head spinning. What Renee and Ben were doing? Renee never invited him to her room. And Ben hugged her possessively. He tossed and turned, hoping Renee would come, and finally fell asleep.

At the other end of the apartment, Renee walked into her bedroom with Ben. It was a large bedroom in pastel colors, furnished with a bed, a vanity with a huge mirror, a chase, and a chest drawer. The bedroom had an adjacent living room equipped with a leather sofa and recliners.

“What do you think?” Renee asked while undressing.

“About what?” Ben asked, taking off his shirt.

“About Stanislav.”

“I think he is a better violin player than me,” Ben said, sitting on the edge of the bed and taking off his pants.

Renee was already naked, “You don’t say!” she exclaimed.

“I say,” Ben laughed, tickling Renee’s butt.

“Seriously, Ben, do you really mean it?”

Ben grabbed Renee and pulled her onto the bed, “I mean it, you stubborn woman,” he said, kissing her chest playfully. They kissed briefly, and Ben disengaged, “And what do you think?” he asked.

“About what?” Renee countered, stroking Ben’s cock and giggling.

“About Stanislav in bed,” Ben said, rubbing her clit.

“What? are you concerned about competition?” Renee teased.

Ben got on top of her looking down, “And what if I am?”

“Then you have to work harder to beat it,” Renee said, pushing Ben’s cock inside her.

Ben started to pump, “You bitch, I’ll show you the competition,” he shouted.

“Yeah, show me!” Renee replied, countering Ben’s movements and moaning loud.

Ben knew how to excite Renee, they moved silently in sync, and their moans grew louder until Renee screamed, “I am coming. Give it to me. Now!”

Ben banged hard and ejaculated deep inside her. Renee hugged him tightly, a shiver running through her body, and then she dropped her arms to her sides, panting with pleasure. Ben always did it to her, making her come with an electrifying orgasm.

“I need a drink,” Renee said after a while and got up. Ben followed her to the adjacent living room, sitting on the sofa, watching her pouring Brandi

into two glasses.

“Here,” Renee handed the drink to Ben. They took a sip, and then Renee, still standing, placed her foot on the sofa, exposing herself, waiting silently. Ben stared at her sex. He took another sip and then buried his face between Renee’s legs. She always aroused him and unconsciously made him submit to her whims.

Renee patted Ben’s head affectionately, enjoying his tender touch, “Do you like to kiss my ass?” she asked out of the blue.

Ben lifted his head and smiled, “You have a beautiful ass,” he said.

“That’s not what I asked,” Renee retorted, looking into Ben’s eyes angrily.

“I like it sometimes,” Ben admitted.

Renee pulled Ben’s back into her, “Get back in there, you naughty boy.”

Ben resumed his treatment of Renee’s ass. He loved her tight pink asshole but would never admit it to her.

Renee moaned, delighted, took a sip, and asked, “What about fucking me in the ass? Would you like that?”

“I don’t know. I never fucked in the ass,” Ben teased.

“Oh, poor boy,” Renee played along, “You were missing so much!”

“Perhaps you could teach me how to do it,” Ben giggled.

“Let me check if your cock is ready for such an adventure,” Renee said, extending her arm and grabbing Ben’s cock.

“I think it is,” Ben said and pulled Renee down by her waist, placing her on his lap.

“Aren’t you a naughty boy?” Renee giggled and wrapped her arms around his neck, “Show me what your cock can do to my ass.”

Ben groaned and hugged Renee with one hand pressing her breasts into his chest, and his other hand glided his hard penis over the rim of her asshole.

Renee pressed her forehead into Ben’s their eyes glared at each other in the short distance between them, “Get it in, you asshole,” Renee hissed.

Ben placed his penis head on Renee's butt opening, "Shove it in your ass, bitch," he countered.

Renee straightened up and sat down on Ben's cock, making a long "Ohhhh," as the stiff penis entered her rectum. She then rode slowly up. Ben held her waist and pushed her down. Renee smiled and leaned forward, hugging Ben's neck, "Go for it, Ben," she whispered.

Ben gripped her buttocks and lifted Renee standing up. He then laid her butt on the arm of the sofa, and Renee let go of his neck and leaned back until her head lay on the sofa seat, her legs up in the air.

Renee looked up at Ben, "Give me your cock," she yelled, aroused.

Ben started to pump, and with his thumb, he massaged Renee's clit. His cock moved faster, and his thumb moved faster in sync with his cock.

Renee yelled with pleasure, "Give it to me, Ben, give it to me."

Ben moved faster, and Renee became louder as the sensations overtook her until she climaxed and reached that treasured orgasm that enclosed her. Ben paused, watching Renee with a smile. He knew how to make her come and enjoy enormously.

Renee recuperated from her high and extended her arms up. Ben pulled her up, and Renee sat on the arm of the sofa, hugged Ben, and wrapped her legs around his waist, "Fuck my ass," she whispered, looking into his eyes, challenging.

Ben grabbed her ass cheeks and pumped fast. His breathing became shorter. He banged her hard and came with a groan ejaculating for the second time.

Renee hugged him tightly and kissed him. They stayed embraced for a while, and then Renee broke it, "Let's take a shower," she said.

Ben nodded and pulled out his cock. After the shower, they had another drink, and Ben said, "I need to get going."

"Good idea," Renee encouraged. She did not like overnight guests in her bed.

Renee walked Ben to the door. They kissed briefly and said good night. Renee returned to her bedroom and burrowed under the cover. She fell asleep instantly with the smile of the cat that ate the canary.

Stanislav woke up the following day, and the first thought that crossed his mind was what Renee was doing last night. He tortured himself thinking about it, but after breakfast, he dove into practice. He knew the scores by heart and played them over and over again.

At dinner, Ana told him that no rehearsal was scheduled for tonight. “Mrs. Reiner said you should get a good night’s sleep and meet her at nine-thirty in the entry room.”

Stanislav was disappointed but accepted. The committee audition was set for the next day at ten o’clock, and he was ready. He had no visitors that evening; all he could think of was what Renee was doing. Stanislav was obsessed with her and couldn’t get her out of his mind.

The big day arrived. At nine-thirty, Stanislav, dressed in a suit and tie, was waiting for Mrs. Reiner, who showed up a minute later.

“Are we ready, Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner smiled at him kindly.

Stanislav clasped the handle of the violin case, “Yes, Mrs. Reiner. I am ready.”

“Just relax, Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner said, sensing Stanislav’s nervousness.

“I will, thank you, Mrs. Reiner.”

The limousine took them to the Art School. Mrs. Reiner led the way to a listening room where Charles Carter greeted them warmly and told Stanislav to get on the small stage and get ready.

The door to the listening room opened, and Renee with Ben walked in. They sat discreetly in the back row. Renee smiled at Stanislav encouragingly, and Stanislav’s heart melted. She was so beautiful and kind. He knew he was in love with her.

A few other people took a seat, and then the three committee members took their places in the front row.

“Stanislav,” one of the committee members said, “We gathered here to evaluate your application for admission and scholarship. Have you practiced the scores Mr. Carter provided you?”

“Yes, I did,” Stanislav replied nervously.

“Good. You may play when you are ready.”

The room was silent. All eyes were on Stanislav. He picked up the violin, tuned it, and said, “I am ready.”

“Please play,” the committee member said, scribbling some notes on the paper pad.

Stanislav played, his eyes boring the distance to Renee. He played for her, and the music flew beautifully.

The three committee members took notes while he was playing, and after he finished, they discussed quietly. The room was dead silent except for the low whispers of the committee.

And then, the committee asked Stanislav to play again. He repeated with the same quality, putting his heart into the melody, looking at Renee for aspiration.

The committee discussed again and then announced, “Congratulation, you have earned a place in our school. You’ll receive the formal admission letter in the mail.”

The room burst with the sound of clapping hands. Renee stood up, clapping, smiling broadly. Ben whispered something in her ear. Renee nodded, clapping, and Ben left.

Stanislav stood on the stage, smiling meekly. He felt exhausted but exhilarated. The committee and other people left the room. Renee approached Stanislav and hugged him affectionately, “Congratulations,” she said, “Let’s go out tonight to celebrate.”

Stanislav nodded. He was speechless and overwhelmed. Renee kissed him briefly and disappeared. Only Mrs. Reiner and Charles stayed in the room.

“Let’s go, Stanislav,” Mrs. Reiner said, and as she walked out of the room, she said behind her back, “Charles, tonight at eight.”

“I’ll be there,” Charles beamed, jumping with excitement. But Mrs. Reiner was already in the hallway walking out of the school with Stanislav in tow.

The rest of the day passed uneventfully, and at dinner in the kitchen, Ana informed him that Miss Renee wanted him to meet her at the entry at seven-

thirty, dressed casually. Stanislav smiled happily. He looked forward to spending time with Renee.

Stanislav was in the entry room already at seven. He was excited and anxiously waited for Renee. At seven-thirty, Renee walked in. Her hair was in an elegant bun exposing her long silky neck adorned with a black pearl necklace. She wore a sparkling mini cocktail dress that hugged her curves sensually and accentuated her long lusty legs in black ankle strap high-heel shoes.

“Wow!” Stanislav cried, “You look fantastic.” He felt the urge to drop down and kiss her beautiful feet in those sexy high heel shoes but refrained.

Renee smiled and did not reply directly. She hung on Stanislav’s arm and smiled sweetly, “Let’s go celebrating.”

They walked out to the waiting Limousine.

Fifteen minutes later, Charles Carter arrived at the apartment building. Henry, the doorman, called the apartment. He got the okay from Ana and escorted Charles to the elevator. When Charles reached the apartment, the door opened, and Ana greeted, “Hello, Mr. Carter. Please follow me.”

Ana led him through the hall of Mrs. Reiner’s quarter and stopped in front of a black door. Charles knew what to do. He thanked Ana, opened the door, and walked in, closing the door quietly behind him.

Charles undressed in the familiar small entry room, and naked, he walked into the Chamber, standing on his knees in front of a high-back chair keeping his hands clasped behind his back. The Chamber was a large room painted black. One wall was made of mirrors; on the other walls, all kinds of sex equipment and whips were hung or placed on shelves. Benches, pads, and chairs were scattered on the floor, and a few chains hung from the ceiling.

At eight o’clock, a door opened behind the high-back chair, and Grace walked in dressed in a black strapless latex garter dress barely covering her butt. Her big breasts sensually exploded out of the latex confinement. She walked in black high-heel pumps and sat in the high-back chair.

Charles looked at her, and his heart pounded. Grace was stunning. He missed her so much.

Silently, Grace pointed her index finger down. Charles bent and kissed her feet lovingly.

“How are you, Charles?” Grace asked softly.

“I am well, Mistress G,” Charles responded adequately, licking the smooth feet with pleasure.

Grace nodded. Charles’ behavior was acceptable. “Are you ready to be disciplined?”

“Yes, Mistress G., I am ready.”

Grace stood on her feet, looking with a slight smile at Charles licking her feet, “On all fours,” she said quietly and then walked to one corner of the Chamber.

Charles followed her on all fours and stopped before two chains dwindling to the floor.

“Up on your knees and tie your wrists,” Grace ordered. Charles fastened the cuffs at the end of the chains on his wrist. When he finished, he heard a low hum of an electric motor. The chains moved up, lifting his arms.

Grace stopped the motor when Charles was stretched up. Only the tip of his toes touched the floor.

Grace stood in front of Charles and ran her palm on his cheek, looking into his eyes, “How many minutes were you late, Charles?”

“Only eight minutes, Mistress G,” he replied helplessly with his head tucked between his stretched arms.

Grace did not reply. She walked away, her high heels making a loud click-clack sound on the hardwood floor, and stopped in front of a section of the wall, examining the whips that hung there. She returned holding a long snake whip and wrapped it around Charles’ neck, pulling and kissing him.

Charles returned her kiss with excitement. He loved Grace’s touch, and his penis hardened from the erotic kiss.

Grace broke off the kiss and looked him in the eyes, “Let’s make it ten. It is a round number that I like.”

“Of course, Mistress G,” Charles was quick to accommodate.

Grace stepped back and undressed while Charles devoured the view of her firm breasts, flat stomach, and long legs in high heels. She then glided the whip tail over Charles' neck until the whip fell on the floor. Dragging the whip tail on the floor, Grace walked and stepped behind Charles. She rotated the whip in the air. The whip swirls in a menacing swish sound, and Charles cringed with fear.

“Count!” Grace ordered as she lowered her arm, and the whip wrapped around Charles' torso with momentum.

“Aw,” Charles screamed and immediately counted, “One.”

Grace rotated the whip tail and lowered it, administering another painful blow. She then stepped back, spun the whip, and dropped her arm. The whiplash hit Charles without wrapping around.

Charles counted devotedly, and when he reached seven, Grace stepped back further, rotated, and shot. Only the tip of the tail smacked Charles' ass. Charles screamed. It was painful. He couldn't hold it in and started to cry. Charles' crying didn't faze Grace. She continued to whip Charles mercilessly until he counted ten.

Charles stood on the tip of his toes sobbing. Tears ran down his cheeks. Grace came around and looked at him with apathy. She picked up a testicle ring and fit it over Charles' balls. To the ring was attached a thin cable hooked to the wall. She then lowered the chains and instructed Charles to uncuff himself.

“On all fours,” Grace ordered, not waiting for Charles to recuperate, and started to walk. Charles followed her and suddenly was stopped by a sharp pain in his groin. He reached the end of the cable and couldn't move any further.

Grace turned around and stood before Charles, “Kiss and apologize.”

Charles tried to reach her feet but couldn't. The ring pressing his balls prevented him from moving forward.

Grace lifted the whip and beat him, “Kiss and apologize,” she repeated. Charles tried his best. His face reddened from the effort, “I can't reach Mistress G,” he said, sobbing.

“Maybe I can help,” Grace said, stepping behind Charles and banging his ass with her shoe. Charles’ scream was ear-piercing.

Grace smiled with satisfaction and stepped in front of him, closer, and repeated, “Kiss and apologize.”

Charles’ face reddened as he reached her feet. He kissed and apologized. Grace stepped an inch back, “Again.”

Charles stretched. Tears in his eyes reached Grace’s feet, and he apologized again.

“You may step back,” Grace said.

“Thank you, Mistress G,” Charles said, and with great relief, he moved back, releasing the pressure on his balls.

Grace looked at him, smiling lightly, unhooking the cable from the wall. “Come with me,” she said. Charles knew the rules of the Chamber and followed Grace on all fours. Grace sat in the high-back chair and ordered Charles to stand. Charles stood with his hands behind his back.

Grace leaned forward and grabbed Charles’ cock pulling him closer. Charles’ penis was erect, as it always happened after punishment.

Grace stroked his cock, “Did you miss me?” she asked.

“I missed you very much, Mistress G,” Charles said wholeheartedly.

Grace placed her legs on the arms of the chair, spreading wide, and glided Charles’ penis head over her moist vagina. Charles started to moan. Grace inserted the penis head inside her holding the rest of the penis in her hand. She moved the penis in circles. The Penis head entered and exited her vagina, making Charles moan loudly with quick intakes. Charles was aroused to his limit.

“Do you want to fuck me?”

“Yes, Mistress G,” Charles shouted.

Grace held his cock motionless, “Kiss me.”

Charles bent forward and kissed Grace with passion. Grace wrapped her arm over his neck, kissing him back while holding his cock with her other

hand. And then she released his cock, moved her hand gripping his buttock, and pushed him inside her.

Charles broke the kiss and shrieked, but Grace held his neck and didn't let him straighten. She looked into his eyes, "Welcome back, Charles," she said and then removed both hands.

Charles straightened, and like a wild horse, he forcefully banged his groin into Grace's, huffing and puffing and yelling undiscerned words.

Grace let him do whatever he wanted. Charles pumped in a trance; the world shut off around him. He released all the anguish and desire he felt, and with no break, he banged and ejaculated with immense relief. He then stood panting loudly, his penis pulsating inside Grace's warm vagina, opened his eyes, and met Grace's stare.

"Thank you, Mistress G," he said in a weak voice, trying to recover from his high.

Grace did not reply. She placed her feet on the floor, got up, and, keeping Charles' cock inside her, wrapped her arms around his shoulder and kissed him. Charles kissed her back enthusiastically. He wished he could hug her, but he kept his hands on his back, careful not to make any infraction of the rules.

Grace broke the kiss, nibbled on Charles' earlobe, and whispered, "I accept your apology, but for the last time."

"Thank you, Mistress G," Charles' voice burst with happiness and relief. Grace was important to him, and not visiting her was the worse punishment he had ever suffered. He dropped to his knees, licking Grace's sex while she patted his head.

"Thank you, Mistress G," Charles repeated, gulping the vagina juice and kissing avidly.

Grace was pleased by Charles' reaction. She started to realize the depth of Charles' feelings for her. She ran her fingertips through his hair, soothing him, and said, "Come with me."

Grace walked across the Chamber and opened the door to the relaxation room. It was set as a living room with a sofa, coffee table, and two chairs.

Grace usually ended the encounters with her subs in that room, letting them relax and touch her before she sent them home. It reinforced and cemented the bond she had with her slaves.

Charles followed Grace on all fours, and when they entered the room, Grace said, "You may stand up."

"Thank you, Mistress G," Charles said, smiling as he stood on his feet.

"You may call me Grace in here."

"Yes, of course, Grace," Charles said, looking at Grace with admiration.

Grace sat down on the sofa and patted the seat next to her. Charles sat carefully, keeping his hand on his back.

Grace gave her subs five minutes of relaxation. She started the timer and said, "You may touch me, Charles."

Charles touched her tenderly. He ran his palms on her back, gently squeezed her tits, sucked her nipples, and hugged her lovingly. Grace caressed his head and let him do what she knew he fantasized about.

Charles brushed her hair with his palm, kissed her long silky neck, and went back to her breasts, sucking her nipples hungrily and hugging her tightly.

The five minutes elapsed quickly, and when the timer rang, Grace got up and walked out.

"Grace!" Charles called.

Grace turned and looked at him, "Yes?" she said.

"May I invite you for dinner one day?"

"Why?"

"Because I love you and enjoy your company."

Grace hesitated. She liked to keep her relationship with subs confined to the Chamber. But she was fond of Charles, and he reminded her of her husband.

"Would you play the violin for me?"

"Of course, I'll do anything you ask me," Charles replied.

Grace stood and looked at Charles, considering.

“I love you. I’ll do anything for you,” Charles heatedly said.

Grace decided, “Get down on your knees.”

Charles dropped to his knees immediately.

“I’ll give thirty seconds to stroke and come on my feet. Starting... now!”

She said and looked at her watch.

Charles raced to meet her demand. He stroked fast with eyes fixed on Grace’s vagina for stimulation. It took him forty seconds to ejaculate, but Grace didn’t say a word. She pointed her finger down, and Charles cleaned her feet lovingly, hoping he had passed the test.

After a brief moment, Grace turned and walked away, saying behind her back, “You may call me next week.”

As the door closed behind Grace, Charles jumped to his feet with a thrill. He got a date with Grace! Happily, he went to the entry room and got dressed. When he came out of the entry room, he saw Ana waiting in the hallway.

“Hi, Mr. Carter. Let me escort you out,” she said politely. And when they reached the entry door, Ana opened it for Charles and said good night.

Charles drove home exuberantly and kept repeating in his head, “I got a date with Grace!”

Renee and Stanislav sat in the limousine in silence. Stanislav was overwhelmed. The first time he went out with Renee and was insecure. Renee sat beside him, looking straight forward and wondering how the evening would go. She pretended she did not notice Stanislav staring at her long legs stretched in the spacious limousine.

The limousine stopped in front of an upscale nightclub. George opened the door for Renee and helped her out of the car with a gloved hand, and Stanislav came around from the other side, standing next to Renee.

“You don’t need to wait for us, George. We’ll take a taxi home,” Renee said.

“Very well, Miss Reiner,” George replied and returned behind the wheel.

Renee linked her arm with Stanislav, “Let’s celebrate,” she smiled.

As they walked into the nightclub, Stanislav saw Ben getting up and waving for them. His heart sank. Not him again, he thought. But he put on a brave face and shook Ben’s hand.

“Congratulation, Stanislav,” Ben said with a friendly smile, “Let me introduce you to my girlfriend, Rachel.”

Stanislav breathed with relief and shook Rachel’s hand, “Nice meeting you,” he said politely, examining her. Rachel was a cute brunette with a toned body, and she smiled at him warmly, “Likewise,” she said.

“Drinks on me tonight,” Ben announced as the waitress took their orders.

They chatted, and when the band played a tune that Renee liked, she pulled Stanislav’s hand, “Let’s dance.”

Stanislav had a blast dancing with Renee, smiling at her, overjoyed. They returned to the table and had another drink. Stanislav kept his first drink. He wanted to stay alert, but Renee, Ben, and Rachel consumed drinks without hesitation.

A slow tune started. Ben got up and pulled Renee. They danced, hugging each other closely,

“How is it going with Stanislav?” Ben inquired with a smirk smile.

“Going well,” Renee retorted and stuck her leg into his crotch.

“Is the competition heating up?”

“Yes.”

“I am sorry to hear that,” Ben mocked.

“You are an asshole,” Renee said with a smile.

“And you are a bitch,” Ben countered with a broad smile.

Stanislav and Rachel sat silently at the table, watching Renee and Ben dance. At the end of the dance, Renee and Ben returned and had another drink. Renee was drunk and laughed at Ben’s joke but pulled Stanislav for another dance.

They stayed on the dance floor for a couple more dances, and then the band played another slow tune. Renee wrapped her arms around his waist and laid her head on his shoulder. Stanislav hugged her feeling a surge of emotions as they moved to the rhythm of the music.

They returned to the table. It was late, and Ben asked for the check. Stanislav peeked at the bill and couldn’t believe the large amount that Ben had paid without a blink.

Outside, Renee and Stanislav said goodbye and got into a cab. Renee laid her head on Stanislav’s shoulder, drunk. When they reached the apartment building, Stanislav helped her to her feet, hugged her, and helped her get into the apartment and her bedroom.

It was the first time Stanislav was in Renee’s bedroom. He was impressed with the size and décor, but Renee needed attention, and Stanislav was there to serve her. She lay on the bed face down, “Undress me,” she mumbled.

Gently, Stanislav removed her shoes and then unzipped the back of the dress. Renee turned around, peeling the dress off her shoulder. Stanislav pulled the dress down, Renee lifted her butt, and the dress was off her.

Renee wore a tiny G-string undie and didn’t bother taking it off. She moved the front of the undie sideways and pulled Stanislav by his hair between her legs. Stanislav treated her tenderly, kissing and licking, but Renee was drunk and impatient, “Give me your fucking cock,” she shouted.

Stanislav undressed hurriedly, looking at Renee lying with spread legs exposing her beautiful vagina to him. His cock was erect and ready, and he

shoved it into Renee's warm vagina.

"Oh, yes, baby. Yes, fuck me hard. Yes, fast, baby, fast," Renee shouted. Stanislav knew that Renee was drunk, but it did not matter to him. He was overjoyed in making love to the woman he loved. And when Renee shuddered as she reached her climax hugging him tightly, Stanislav ejaculated, happy as one could be.

Renee recovered quickly and pushed Stanislav away from her. She then turned on her side and fell asleep. Stanislav gently covered her with the blanket and lay next to her, looking at her beautiful face. He was in love, and lying beside her in bed was a dream come true.

Stanislav fell asleep with a smile but woke up rudely in the morning. Renee kicked him hard,

"What are you doing here?" Renee shouted angrily. She kicked him again and screamed, "Get out of my room!"

Stanislav jumped out of bed, picking his clothes, and was hit by a shoe that Renee threw at him, shouting, "Out, out!"

The following days were quiet after the incident in Renee's bedroom. Stanislav did not see Renee or Grace. He waited for the promised letter and dreamed about Renee. A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts,

"Come in," Stanislav said. He knew that it was Ana. Renee never knocked on the door.

"This came for you," Ana said, handing him a letter.

"Thank you," Stanislav said and waited for Ana to leave. He then ripped open the letter and read it with a pounding heart. The Performing Art School offered him a full stipend and dormitory accommodation for one year. Stanislav jumped excitedly, looking for Grace to show her the letter. She wasn't in the living room. Stanislav was disappointed and returned to his room, reading the offer letter repeatedly.

A couple of hours later, Stanislav heard a knock on the door. It was Ana again.

"Mrs. Reiner wants to see you. Come with me," Ana said urgently.

"Now?" Stanislav was surprised.

"Yes, now. Come with me," Ana said, looking tense and impatient.

Stanislav walked with Ana through the living quarters of Grace and Renee and stopped in front of a black door. Ana opened and gestured to Stanislav to get inside and walked in, undid the buttons of her uniform, saying to Stanislav, "Undress."

Stanislav was astonished and froze in place.

"I said undress," Ana repeated, already naked. She had a dark complexion with perky small breasts, and Stanislav enjoyed watching her.

Ana walked into the Chamber with no other words. Stanislav undressed and walked into the Chamber, looking around with apprehension. He saw Ana standing on her knees in front of the high-back chair. "In here," Ana said, pointing at a space next to her.

"What's going on?" Stanislav asked.

"Shut up and stand on your knees," Ana hissed.

They stood on their knees silently for a few minutes, and then, a door opened behind the chair, and Grace walked in dressed in the black strapless latex garter dress. She sat in the chair, crossing her long legs. Her blue eyes were cold, examining the two in front of her.

“Get him the neck collar, Ana,” Grace said quietly.

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner,” Ana replied, got up, and fetched a neck collar that had attached handcuffs. She fastened the collar on Stanislav’s neck and handcuffed his wrists. Stanislav stood on his knees with hands handcuffed behind his head.

“Get the black snake,” Grace ordered, and Ana promptly got the snake whip.

Grace turned her attention to Stanislav, “Tell me, Stanislav, did Ana explain to you the rules of the house?”

“Yes, Mrs. Reiner.”

“So you know you are not allowed in the living room without permission, don’t you?”

“Yes, I know, Mrs. Reiner.”

Grace nodded to Ana, who stood ready with a snake whip and struck Stanislav.

“Aw,” Stanislav cried. Grace nodded to Ana again, and the whip cut through the air and hit Stanislav hard.

“If you knew you were not allowed without permission, why did you enter the living room?”

“I received the letter from the school and wanted to show it to you,” Stanislav answered sincerely.

Grace nodded to Ana, and Stanislav felt another painful whiplash.

“I don’t need to explain how you would have done it properly and not entered the living room without permission, Do I?”

“No, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav said, helpless and defeated.

Grace got up and stepped behind a bench that was in a Y shape. Ana whipped Stanislav again, “Go there,” she barked.

Stanislav walked laboriously on his knees. When he reached the bench, Grace ordered him to lie on the bench, and Ana tied his ankles at each end of the Y bench. Stanislav lay with spread legs. Suddenly he felt the bench rotate, and he hung upside down. He heard Grace's high heels click clacks as she walked to one of the shelves and returned with a wooden paddle that looked like a wooden ruler with a comfortable handle.

Grace returned to the bench and undressed. She liked to punish her subs naked in high heels and looked at Stanislav with a vicious smile. She lifted her arm and hit balls with the paddles without preliminaries. The pain was excruciating, and Stanislav screamed.

"You are ungrateful and disobedient," Grace said and smacked him again.

"And you need to learn to respect the rules," Grace continued and hit again, "Do you understand?" she asked with another beating.

"Yes, I understand," Stanislav cried with tears running down his forehead. He could only see Grace's black high heels in his position upside down and couldn't know when she would whip.

Grace hit him one more time, hard. Stanislav's scream was ear-piercing. Grace beat him again and signaled to Ana, who turned the bench straight and untied Stanislav's ankles.

"Get up on your feet," Grace barked. She whispered something to Ana, and seconds later, Ana tied his ankles to a leg restraining bar."

"Get the black cock," Grace ordered Ana and looked at Stanislav with ice-cold blue eyes.

Stanislav stood on his feet, helpless, with hands tied behind his head and legs restrained by a metal bar, but he was glad to have a break from the beating.

"We want to make sure that you understand the rules perfectly," Grace said, looking into his eyes, paused, and nodded to Ana, who stood behind Stanislav with a strap-on dildo fastened on her groin.

"Fuck him," Grace ordered, and Ana shoved the dildo into Stanislav's asshole and pumped.

Stanislav felt violated. His balls hurt from the beating, and he hated the feeling of the dildo in his ass.

Grace stood before him and stroked his cock, “Faster, Ana,” she instructed. Stanislav was aroused by the view of Grace’s naked body. He started to moan as Grace’s palm treating his penis sent sparks into his head.

Silently, Grace stroked faster as Ana thrust the dildo into Stanislav’s ass. And then, Stanislav couldn’t handle the sensations any longer. Grace felt it, removed her hand from his penis, and stepped back. Stanislav screamed. His penis jerked in free air and shot semen that landed on the floor.

Grace gestured to Ana to stop.

“Get down and clean your filthy cum,” Grace ordered, whipping Stanislav’s ass with the paddle.

Stanislav went down on his knees, and with hands tied behind his head, all he could do was lie on the floor and lick his cum. He moved with his elbows from one spot to the other while Grace kicked him with the pump’s pointy tip, hurrying him.

It was humiliating and painful. But finally, Grace ordered Ana to release him from the neck collar.

“Get out of here,” Grace said contemptuously. He tried to get up, but Grace struck him, “You walk here on all fours, you disobedient pervert.”

With free hands, Stanislav stood on all fours and moved toward the door as fast as he could. Ana opened the door for him and closed it when he passed the threshold.

Stanislav dressed quickly, went to his room, took a shower, and wept quietly in bed. It was a horrendous experience he had just had. He was ached and mortified.

Back in the Chamber, Grace ordered Ana, “Get the pink cock for me, Ana.”

Ana changed her harness and returned to find Grace waiting for her, lying on a cushioned bench. She dropped down and attended to Grace’s sex, gently kissing and licking. Grace moaned with pleasure, responding to Ana’s tongue movements.

“Give me your cock,” Grace cried with excitement. Ana got up, inserted the dildo into Grace’s vagina, and moved slowly.

“Faster,” Grace shouted excitedly as the pink dildo ripped her vagina, sending vibrations into her body.

Ana pumped faster and faster until Grace shouted, “I am ready. I am ready.” Ana pulled out and went down, latching and sucking Grace’s clit. Grace wrapped her legs around Ana’s head like a vice. She moved her groin up and down, making loud moans while Ana sucked her clit, never letting it out of her mouth. It took a few more seconds, and then Grace sighed with relief, releasing Ana’s head and enjoying the warm waves of the orgasm she had reached.

Ana let go of Grace’s clit and licked Grace’s vagina and ass crack tenderly. Grace quieted down and patted Ana’s head, and after a while, she got up and left the Chamber without a word.

Ana dressed in the entry room and returned to the house chores, wondering what kind of bonus Mrs. Reiner would give her. She needed money to send abroad, and Mrs. Reiner was generous if Ana performed to her liking.

Several hours later, Ana returned to Stanislav’s room and knocked on the door. Stanislav played the violin to relax from the torture he had experienced in Chamber. He stopped playing and opened the door.

“Mrs. Reiner wants to see the letter now in the living room,” Ana said quickly, turning around, “And hand the letter on your knees,” she added, walking away.

When Stanislav entered the living room, he saw Mrs. Reiner sitting regally in a chair, “How are you, Stanislav,” she greeted politely.

“I am fine, thank you,” Stanislav replied and dropped to his knees, handing the letter to Grace.

Grace read the letter and handed it back to Stanislav, “Congratulations, you deserve it, and I am sure you’ll do well in school.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Reiner.”

“You may stay here until the dormitory is available to you,” Grace said with a slight smile.

“Thank you, Mrs. Reiner, it is very kind of you,” Stanislav replied, his voice sincere with appreciation.

“But as long as you live here, you must obey the rules. You understand that, don’t you?”

“Yes, I understand, Mrs. Reiner,” Stanislav replied carefully.

Grace looked at him silently for a few seconds. Stanislav felt decimated under her stare. Finally, Grace dismissed him, “You may go to your room.”

Stanislav got up on his feet and dashed out of the living.

A minute later, Ana showed up in the living room, announcing that the dinner was ready.

“Hi, Mom,” Renee greeted Grace as she entered the dining room.

“And how is my daughter doing today?” Grace smiled warmly.

“She is doing well,” Renee smiled back. They sat at the table, and Ana served the first course.

“I punished Stanislav in the Chamber today,” Grace said out of the blue.

“Why?” Renee was surprised.

“Because he entered the living room without permission.”

“Why would he do that?” Renee couldn’t comprehend.

“Because he got an offer letter from the school and wanted to show it to me.”

“Really? Offer letter?”

“Yes, stipend and dorms.”

“He must have been happy and wanted to share it with you,” Renee tried to rationalize Stanislav’s behavior.

“Well, that is not a good enough reason to break the rules,” Grace replied tersely.

“No, it is not,” Renee agreed with her mother, wondering how Stanislav felt.

“I am going to dinner with Charles tomorrow,” Grace changed the subject.

“Really? A date?” Renee exclaimed happily.

“I think he called it a date,” Grace replied with a slight smile.

“And what do you call it?” Renee countered.

“I don’t know, honey. He is a sub.”

“He is a sub in the Chamber, but a nice man,” Renee tried to stir her mother’s view.

“A sub is a sub,” Grace summarized it.

“Like you would go out with someone that is not a sub,” Renee said sarcastically.

“I might,” Grace laughed.

“Ma, it has been a long time since dad passed away. It is about time that you start dating outside of the Chamber,” Renee said, hoping that her mother would listen to her.

“How was the dance rehearsal,” Grace changed the subject as Ana brought in the main course.

“It was fine,” Renee said, understanding that her mother did not wish to discuss dating men anymore.

At the end of the meal, Renee told her mother that she was going to Ben’s quartet rehearsal, “And if I don’t see you tomorrow, have a nice dinner with Charles.”

“I will, honey. Have fun tonight,” Grace said, kissing her daughter lovingly.

A knock on the door interrupted Stanislav's daydreams. Stanislav knew who would be at the other side of the door and wondered why.

"Miss Reiner invited you to dinner tonight, six thirty at the dining room," Ana said, turned, and walked away quickly.

Stanislav couldn't believe what he had just heard. Renee invited him for dinner!

The dining room was set for two, and Stanislav wondered where Mrs. Reiner was. But his thoughts quickly shifted as Renee walked in dressed in a strapless mini dress and high heels. She smiled and kissed Stanislav lightly, "Sit down," she invited, and then turned to Ana, "We'll have the red chateau tonight."

"Yes, Miss Reiner," Ana replied and hurried out, coming back seconds later with a bottle of wine and two glasses. She poured the wine into the glasses and left quietly.

"Congratulation," Renee said, smiling, lifting the wine glass.

"Cheers," Stanislav responded, tapping Renee's glass and smiling back happily. After taking a sip, Renee looked at Stanislav fondly, "So tell me what the school offered you?"

"One-year tuition and dormitory accommodation,"

"That is wonderful!" Renee exclaimed as Ana served the first course.

"Yes, it is more than I expected, but it happened thanks to you."

"No, Stanislav, it happened because you are talented. And one day, you'll be a famous violin player."

"Maybe," Stanislav said modestly, "Where is Mrs. Reiner?" he asked curiously.

Renee laughed, "She has a date with Charles."

"Charles Carter?" Stanislav wanted to confirm.

"Ah ha," Renee smiled, sipping wine.

They ate leisurely. Stanislav had a great time talking with Renee. She was cheerful, intelligent, and knowledgeable on any subject they talked about.

And he just loved her company. But he knew that with Renee, he couldn't predict what she would do next or in the future.

When they finished dinner, Renee grabbed Stanislav's hand, "Let's go to my room," she said with a mischievous smile.

Renee walked through her bedroom into the adjacent living room with Stanislav in tow. And there on the sofa lay a beautiful violin.

"Wow," Stanislav exclaimed, "This is a beautiful violin. May I play it?"

Renee smiled at him, "This is our violin. You may play for me, but only naked."

Stanislav laughed in his head. So typical for Renee to be naughty. But he tore off his clothes and gently picked up the violin with appreciation, "Beautiful," he mumbled as he ran the bow over the string.

Renee grabbed his cock and looked into his eyes, "Play for me," she said seductively.

"What would you like to hear?"

Renee did not answer. She stepped back and stripped. Naked in high heels, she grabbed Stanislav's erect penis again, "Play for me," she repeated.

Stanislav understood what she meant. He started to play the romance by Beethoven, the melody he played for her in the subway.

Renee's smile widened. She sat on the sofa leaning back, stroking Stanislav's cock and looking into his eyes. The violin's sound was warm, rich, and clear, filling the room and creating an intimate atmosphere.

Renee's stroking intensified. Stanislav had difficulty concentrating on the playing as the sensation in his penis overwhelmed him. And halfway through the melody, he missed notes. Renee smiled and stroked faster, distracting him. Stanislav did his best to play until he reached his limit and stopped playing before the melody ended.

Renee straightened up in her seat. Her eyes radiated coldness, "Did I tell you to stop?" she demanded.

"No, I am sorry," Stanislav realized his mistake.

“You need some discipline to understand how I want you to play the violin for me,” Renee hissed and got up from the sofa.

“I am sorry,” Stanislav repeated.

“Shut up and get on all fours,” Renee growled. She walked to her bedroom and picked a spanking paddle from her treasure drawer.

Renee sat on Stanislav’s back, “Count, and if you drop me, you start counting again.” With that, Renee smacked Stanislav’s ass. Renee’s hits were powerful and inflicted sharp pain. Stanislav tried to withstand the pain but couldn’t and shouted, “Aw.” Renee smiled, lifted her arm, and hit again. Stanislav counted, “Two.” Renee turned the paddle sideways and hit Stanislav’s testicles with the edge of the paddle. Stanislav dropped down with a scream.

“Get up on all fours,” Renee said in a quiet, warning tone. Stanislav gathered all of his willpower and got up on all fours, “Start counting from one,” Renee said viciously. She then spanked him five more times, got off his back, and sat on the sofa, watching Stanislav sobbing with tears running down his face.

“Come over here,” Renee said and lifted Stanislav’s head by the hair into her chest, “Take my nipple, baby,” she said softly. Stanislav lunged at her breast sucking her nipple greedily, drawing comfort from the affection Renee bestowed on him.

Renee caressed Stanislav’s head, “We don’t have to see each other, Stanislav,” Renee said quietly.

Stanislav was alarmed. He lifted his head from her breasts, “What do you mean; I want to see you!”

“If you want to see me and fuck me, you’ll have to listen to me and obey,” Renee said gently.

“I will, I will,” Stanislav promised.

“Are you sure you are willing to obey me unconditionally?”

“Yes, I am!” Stanislav cried, sucking Renee’s nipple as if his life depended on it. The thought of losing Renee frightened him to the core.

“Okay, Stanislav, I’ll let you fuck me, but remember, you must listen to me, and I do not repeat myself. Do you understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

“And if you disobey again, I’ll punish you in the Chamber. Do you understand?”

Then mention of the Chamber made Stanislav shiver, but he eagerly said, “Yes, I understand.”

“I want to hear you saying you understand and you’ll accept punishment if you disobey,” Renee sealed Stanislav’s commitment to her.

Stanislav repeated his commitment. He then bent and licked her feet, repeating, wanting to appease Renee in any way he could.

Renee was satisfied with Stanislav’s reaction. She knew she owned him and knew how to play on his feelings. He was playdough in her hands, and she liked it and saw in him a good potential for her sexual needs.

“Get up,” Renee said, “Play for me.”

Stanislav picked up the violin again. Renee leaned on the sofa back. “Look at me,” she instructed, stroking his cock, enjoying the music and her control over him. As the music filled the room vibrant, Renee increased the pace of her stroking. Stanislav moaned, clenched his teeth,” and continued to play.

“Play for me,” Renee repeated and twisted her palm over his penis head. Stanislav missed some notes, the violin shook in his hand, but he kept moving the bow following the melody.

“Play for me,” Renee whispered as she felt Stanislav’s climax coming. It took a few more strokes, and Stanislav ejaculated on Renee’s stomach and chest, but he continued to play.

Renee let go of Stanislav’s throbbing cock and listened to the violin’s sound until Stanislav finished the melody and stood smiling proudly.

“Let’s take a shower,” Renee said, getting up and pulling Stanislav by his penis. Renee turned on the water in the marble bathroom and handed Stanislav a soap. In silence, Stanislav washed her from top to bottom with a loving, tender touch.

Renee reciprocated, washing Stanislav's chest, back and gentiles. She then turned off the water and kissed him affectionately, "Make love to me, baby," she whispered, seductively rubbing her thigh into his crotch.

Stanislav hugged her, enjoying the feel of her silky skin. He tried to insert his penis into her, but Renee moved back, laughing, "In bed," she said and ran, still wet, to the bedroom. Stanislav ran after her, dripping water, and they fell on the bed, kissing passionately.

"Wipe me, baby," Renee said, gently pushing Stanislav's head down, and he devotedly licked every inch down to her vagina.

"My clit, baby," Renee instructed. Stanislav complied, and after a minute of loving treatment, Renee pulled him up, kissing him and wrapping her legs around his waist, "Fuck me, baby," she whispered.

Stanislav did not disappoint her. He started slow, rotated his groin, and then pushed and pumped harder, looking into her blue eyes, hypnotized.

"Faster, faster," Renee demanded. Stanislav thrust his erect penis fast, enjoying the view of Renee's beautiful face below him, and then suddenly, Renee hugged him tightly, her legs crossed over his waist like a vice, and she trembled slightly, making a soft long "Oh."

Stanislav felt as if his mind flew out of his head, sparks exploding; he ejaculated with euphoria and lay on top of Renee weeping with tears of happiness.

Renee ran her fingertips through his hair in calming motion, smiling with satisfaction. She had the orgasm she wanted. Stanislav's discipline helped, and he finally performed as she expected. But Renee had enough for one evening. She pushed Stanislav away, "Get dressed," she ordered.

Stanislav was disappointed. He wanted to lie and hugged Renee. It was never enough time with her. But he remembered what he signed up for and reluctantly got out of bed and dressed.

Renee watched Stanislav get dressed slowly. She then spread her legs, "Kiss me," pointing at her vagina. Stanislav bent and licked those delicate lips that spread wide after his penis bangs.

"Next time I invite you, you come naked to my room, understand?"

“Yes, Renee.”

“And you never, never contact me without permission. You got that?”

“Yes, Renee.”

“Repeat the rules I laid for you,” Renee said, looking at Stanislav, amused. He was so predictable.

“Come naked to your room and never contact you without permission,” Stanislav parroted.

“Good, you may leave now,” Renee dismissed him.

Obediently Stanislav left Renee’s bedroom and wondered when he would see her again. He was waiting for the dorm apartment to be available on the first of the month and had mixed feelings about it. It would be nice to have a place right next to the school and start a new chapter in life, but it would be far from Renee, and he was concerned that he wouldn’t see her often. Stanislav knew that Renee wouldn’t go out of her way to see him, and living in the apartment was convenient for her.

Time elapsed slowly. Stanislav played in his room, went for walks in the park, and waited, thinking about Renee. He couldn’t get her out of his mind. It was an obsession that didn’t let go. Stanislav admitted that he loved to obey Renee’s orders and felt liberated when he served her. He was aware that it was not a traditional relationship, but it was an exciting relationship that turned him on, yearning for more.

One day at dinner time, Ana served him and said, “Miss Reiner invited you tonight at eight o’clock.”

“Really?” Stanislav exclaimed, thrilled.

“Yes, really,” Anna replied tersely and busied herself at the sink.

Stanislav remembered Renee’s instructions, and at eight o’clock, he knocked on her bedroom door naked. Renee opened the door dressed in a silk robe, high heels, and slid-in shoes. She grabbed Stanislav’s cock, and kissed him affectionately. Then she turned and peeled the robe, letting it fall on the floor while she walked to the adjacent living room. Renee sat on the sofa where the violin was laid and pointed her finger down. Stanislav went down on his knees before her.

“How have you been?” Renee asked, running her palm over his cheek, looking warmly into his eyes.

“Good,” Stanislav said, absorbing the view of Renee’s beautiful face and perky breasts he craved to touch.

“You missed me,” Renee said, stating a fact, looking at him amusingly.

“Yes,” Stanislav admitted.

“And thinking about me,” Renee continued boring into Stanislav’s soul.

“Yes.”

“You want to play for me, don’t you?”

“Yes, very much,” Stanislav said. There was a point to hiding his feeling.

Renee liked his answer. She leaned forward and kissed him. Stanislav kissed her back, enthused with emotions. It was a short kiss. Renee budgeted her affection, knowing well that it would increase Stanislav’s desire.

“Make my kitty purr for the violin,” she whispered as she leaned on the back of the sofa, spreading her legs. She patted Stanislav’s head while he attended to her sex, kissing tenderly, preparing it for his erect cock.

Renee moaned leisurely, enjoying Stanislav servicing her. He turned out to be a good sub, she thought, smiling with satisfaction.

“That’s enough,” Renee interrupted Stanislav’s trance, “You may play for me now.”

Stanislav was hungry for more kissing but got up on his feet and picked up the violin. As he started to play, Renee stood up, grabbed his cock, and led him to the bedroom. She stood in front of the vanity mirror, looking into his eyes, and bent. Standing in high heels, her round ass was prominently up, and Stanislav missed a note gazing at the view before him.

Renee smiled mischievously and inserted Stanislav’s erect cock into her wet vagina, pushing backward until the entire length of his cock was swallowed up inside her. Stanislav made a great effort to continue playing the melody. Renee rotated her butt at the rhythm of the music, brushing his hard penis with her vagina, sending sparks into his brain.

Stanislav clenched his teeth and continued to play. He wouldn't spoil the moment by stopping playing, and he chugged along while Renee fucked him seductively. Finally, Stanislav reached the last note.

"Give me the violin," Renee said and laid the violin on the vanity top, keeping Stanislav's cock inside her. Stanislav was aroused. He couldn't move his cock freely with the violin in his hands, but free, he held Renee's hips and thrust his cock with deep desire and passion.

Renee laughed at Stanislav's reaction, "Fuck me, baby," she incited. Stanislav banged her forcefully. They both moaned, enjoying the sensations they pleasure each other. And then, abruptly, Renee broke off. She turned, grabbed Stanislav's cock, and led him to her bed.

They kissed greedily, and Stanislav guided his hard cock inside her again while their tongues touched in an erotic dance, moving from one mouth to the other.

Stanislav moved his penis slowly, and Renee wrapped her legs around his waist, lifting her groin and letting the max length of his cock inside her.

"Yes!" Renee shouted, aroused, "Fuck me hard," sensually hitting Stanislav's ass with her feet.

They moved in synch faster and faster until Renee trembled and Stanislav ejaculated both in ecstasy.

Renee hugged him tightly, panting, and said, "You played well for me."

Stanislav kissed her tenderly, silently thanking her, then rolled off and cradled her in his arm. Renee brushed her palm on his chest affectionately. They lay quietly for a while, and then Renee said softly,

"Stanislav, it is time for you to leave."

Stanislav could stay there forever, but he reluctantly got off bed, knowing he must obey or bear the consequences.

Renee burrowed under the blanket, turning her back to Stanislav and hearing the door close. Stanislav went back to his room and lay in bed. He couldn't fall asleep. The images of Renee ran through his mind repeatedly. He couldn't get enough of her and knew there was nothing he could do

about it. He must obey her whims, or he will lose her. And the thought of not seeing Renee again was agonizing.

Days passed by, and no word from Renee. Stanislav was concerned. In three days, he would move to the dormitory and might lose connection with her. His nights were sleepless, tortured by thoughts about Renee and what she was doing. Two days left. At dinner, he looked at Ana, hoping that she would say, "Miss Reiner invited you," but Ana was quiet as usual, served him dinner, and busied herself with kitchen chores.

Stanislav watched TV in his room until his eyes closed, and he drifted into an uneasy sleep. Suddenly, in the early hours of the morning, the door opened, and Renee walked in and jumped on the bed. Her breaths smelled of alcohol.

Stanislav woke up with a thrill. Renee was in his bed!

"I need your cock, baby," Renee mumbled, drunk. Stanislav kissed her and then gently undressed her. Renee was impatient, "Give me your fucking cock!" she shouted.

Stanislav made love to her. Renee was loud and climaxed quickly. She then pushed Stanislav away, turned on her side, and fell asleep. Stanislav covered her gently, lying beside her, and closed his eyes. He fell asleep instantly with a happy smile.

In the morning, Stanislav went to the kitchen and made toast for Renee. As he was ready to leave the kitchen, Ana walked in. In a split second, Ana grasped what Stanislav was doing. She smiled, "Wait, Stanislav, take this with you," and got a fresh croissant and a bottle of orange juice.

"She likes that in the morning," Ana said, smiling amusingly, "And serve the croissant on a plate and get a glass for the orange juice."

"Thank you," Stanislav said with appreciation and hurried to his room. Renee was still sleeping peacefully. Stanislav remembered what happened last time when he lay beside her in the morning and sat on a chair, waiting for her to wake up.

An hour later, Renee stretched and opened her eyes. She saw Stanislav sitting in a chair, watching her with a concerned expression. Renee knew why Stanislav was worried. She smiled and chirped, "Good morning."

“Good morning,” Stanislav replied, relieved that Renee wasn’t angry. He got up and brought the tray to the bed, “I got you some breakfast,” he said proudly.

Renee’s smile broadened. She picked up the glass, implicitly waiting to be served. Stanislav opened the bottle of orange juice and poured it into the glass. Renee took a few delicate sips, then put the glass on the tray and jumped out of bed, “I need a shower,” she said and went to the bathroom.

Stanislav stood at the entry of the bathroom, watching Renee washing under the warm water spout. It was a spectacular view, and he hoped she would ask him to join her. But Renee washed and rinsed herself, ignoring Stanislav. And as she stepped out of the shower stall, she barked, “Towel.”

Stanislav rushed to get a fresh towel and handed it to her. Renee wiped her face, threw the towel to Stanislav, and then turned around, waiting to be served. Stanislav devotedly wiped her back, then went down on his knees and wiped her legs. Renee turned to face Stanislav, and he dried her thighs and crotch. He wished he could kiss those delicate pink lips but did not dare without permission. When he wanted to move up to her chest, Renee pulled the towel, wrapped it over her upper body, and walked out of the bathroom.

In the bedroom, Renee sat at the desk and took a bite of a croissant. Without looking at Stanislav, she asked, “When do you move to the dorms?”

“In a couple of days, on Monday.”

“Do you know who your roommate is?”

“A roommate?” Stanislav was surprised.

Renee turned and looked at Stanislav, who sat on the bed watching her eat, “Didn’t you know that you share a dorm room?”

“No, I didn’t.”

“Well, you know now,” Renee laughed, taking another bite of croissant. After a pause, she inquired,

“What classes did you register for?”

Stanislav told her about the courses he selected, and Renee nodded in approval, “Good choices. Do you know who teaches the violin techniques?”

“I think it is Charles Carter.”

“He is an excellent teacher; you’ll learn much from him.”

Stanislav did not reply. He figured that Renee knew about Charles’s class from Ben, and he did want to delve into that subject.

Renee finished eating and stood up, “Get me the shoes,” she ordered curtly.

Stanislav jumped on his feet, fetched the high-heel pumps, and went down on his knees, holding the shoe. Renee placed one hand on his shoulder for balance and slid her silky foot into the shoe. Stanislav wished he could touch and kiss her foot, but Renee, aware of Stanislav’s feelings, changed feet, and Stanislav helped her with the other shoe.

Dressed with a towel over her upper body, Renee picked up her dress and opened the door, ready to leave.

“You forgot your undie,” Stanislav reminded her, still on his knees, watching every move Renee made intently.

Renee stopped at the door and smiled. “You keep it as a souvenir,” she said and closed the door behind her.

It was dead quiet after Renee left. Stanislav picked her laced G-string underwear, so tiny, so intricate. He sniffed it, enjoying Renee’s scent, then folded it gently and put it in his drawer as if it were a treasure.

The following days elapsed slowly. Stanislav started to pack. He had more clothes than he ever had in the US and wondered how he would handle his belongings. But Sunday morning, when he went to the kitchen for breakfast, he saw a suitcase near the table.

“Mrs. Reiner said it is for you, and you can keep it,” Ana said in her usual terse manner. Stanislav thanked Mrs. Reiner in his head, and after breakfast, he finished packing. There was nothing else for him to do but wait.

Stanislav wished to see Mrs. Reiner and thank her for the hospitality, but neither she nor Renee was anywhere in sight.

He tossed and turned in bed on his last night at the Reiner’s apartment. His hope for a visitor faded away as it got late, and finally, he fell asleep.

At breakfast on Monday morning, Ana told him that George was waiting for him and would give him a ride to school.

Stanislav picked up his suitcases and went to the entry room with the last-ditch hope of seeing Renee, but only Ana was waiting for him. She opened the door, “Take care, Stanislav,” she said and quietly closed the door behind him.

When the limousine reached the school, George shook his hand, “Good luck Stanislav,” he said, smiling kindly.

“Thank you,” Stanislav replied and walked into the dormitory, looking for his assigned room. The dormitory was enormous, with long halls and rooms on either side. The bathrooms were shared for every eight rooms. Stanislav was impressed when he found his room. It was lovely, with two beds, two closets, and two desks. The window overlooked the courtyard and provided good lighting.

Stanislav looked around and saw that on one bed there was a suitcase, and he settled on the other side, hanging his clothes, wondering who was the owner of the other bag. At that moment, a short flabby guy walked in.

“Hi, I am Marty,” the guy introduced himself.

“Hi, I am Stanislav,” Stanislav reciprocated.

“Nice to meet you, Stanislav,” Marty said, “I see you are a violinist,” he continued looking at the violin case on top of Stanislav’s bed.

“Yes, and you?”

“I am playing the oboe,” Marty smiled, friendly and kind.

Stanislav nodded with appreciation. Oboe was one of the most challenging instruments to play.

“You want to grab lunch later in the cafeteria?” Marty offered.

“Yes, sure.”

“We can go after that to the orientation,” Marty smiled in good spirits.

“Yes, sure,” Stanislav agreed. He hadn’t had a friend since he came to the US and welcomed the opportunity. Marty looked like a friendly and easygoing guy.

It was a busy day and a busy week. Classes started the next day, and Stanislav went through the pain of the beginning, learning where the classrooms, the gym, and the practice rooms were.

By the end of the first week, Stanislav felt comfortable. Marty was a good, considerate, clean, and organized roommate. And the coursework was terrific. It blew his mind. He loved the composition class and, right in the first week, acquired new violin techniques he cherished. But Renee was on his mind. He often thought about her and hoped to run into her in school.

By the second week, Stanislav got into a routine. He went to classes during the day, practiced in the evening, and thought about Renee.

“Hey, Stanislav,” Marty approached him on Friday, “There is a party on the first floor tonight,” he said with his friendly smile. Marty was a social butterfly and knew about everything that happened in school.

“I’ll pass,” Stanislav said. He wasn’t in the mood to socialize.

“Come on, man,” Marty tapped his shoulder, “It would be fun, and there would be many freshmen girls.”

Stanislav did not want to come across as a snob and agreed to join Marty. The party took place in the auditorium on the first floor. The chairs lined up along the walls, dance music played loud, and a table with all kinds of liquor bottles provided spirit.

Stanislav had a glass of wine and stood at the corner watching the scenery. Marty already knew quite a few people he talked to. Others danced or stood in groups conversing, drinking, and laughing. Stanislav recognized a few people from his classes but had no desire to speak to anyone.

“Are you the shy type?” Stanislav suddenly heard a voice next to him. He turned and looked at a smiling face of a pretty girl with black hair and hazel eyes.

“I guess I am,” Stanislav replied.

The girl extended her hand, “I am Lisa,” she said and shook his hand. “I am Stanislav,” Stanislav reciprocated.

“Stanislav!” Lisa exclaimed, “That’s a long name. May I call Stan?”

“Yes, of course.”

Lisa looked at him, smiling. Stanislav was good-looking, and she liked his subdued manner. She was a confident girl, well aware of her attractive appearance. She gulped her drink, “Well, Stan,” she laughingly asked, “Would you give the honor and dance with me?”

They danced a few dances, and when a slow dance started, Lisa wrapped her arms over his shoulders and stuck her legs into his crotch. They danced cheek to cheek silently, Lisa hugging him tightly. At the end of the song, Lisa kept hugging him and talked in his ear, “You want to come up and see my room?”

Stanislav understood well what ‘see my room’ meant. He disengaged, “I don’t think so,” he said.

“My roommate is out for the weekend,” Lisa said, thinking Stanislav was concerned about privacy.

“No, I don’t think so,” Stanislav repeated.

Lisa grabbed his hand, “Let’s go,” she said, pulling him with her toward the exit. Lisa did not take no for an answer, and usually, men did not decline her invitations.

Stanislav tugged along. What the hell, he thought.

Lisa's dorm room was identical to his room, and to his surprise, Lisa had no boundaries. She stripped her clothes and hugged and kissed him naked with no preliminaries.

Stanislav ran his palms through her soft body. Lisa had round, medium size breasts with long brown nipples, and Stanislav sucked them cheerily, starting to enjoy himself as his cock hardened.

Lisa unbuttoned his shirt, pulled down his pants, reached for his penis, and stroked it while kissing him passionately. Stanislav pushed her onto the bed and went down to her sex. Lisa had a bush, and her scent was different from Renee's. Some hair stuck in his mouth. It was a different experience, and Stanislav tried to enjoy it and not think about Renee.

Lisa moaned and pulled him up, then went down and sucked his penis hungrily, making joyful cravings. It was a pleasure Stanislav enjoyed tremendously. His cock got hard as a rock, and when Lisa slid up, he turned her on her back and entered her. Stanislav made love the way he did with Renee. Lisa loved it, moaning loudly, purring loving words, "Oh, Stan, Oh, Oh."

Lisa came first with a shout and then lay quietly, letting Stanislav bang her until he ejaculated. It was not the same high he felt with Renee, but releasing the pressure in his balls was welcome.

They lay hugging intimately, "You are a good lover, Stan," Lisa said out of the blue. She was surprised at how good Stan was, making her climax ecstatically.

Stanislav just smiled. He wouldn't divulge that he had an excellent sexual trainer named Renee, but he kissed Lisa affectionately and said, "I need to go back to my room."

"Stay the night," Lisa suggested.

"I really need to go. I have a lot of work to do tomorrow."

"You can do the work after you sleep here. Please stay with me," Lisa pleaded.

There was no harm in staying the night after Lisa gave him a good time, and Stanislav agreed. Lisa kissed thank you, placed her head on his chest,

hugged him, and closed her eyes, smiling with satisfaction. She had a great night, better than expected.

Stanislav lay on his back with open eyes, listening to Lisa's soft breathing and thinking about Renee, wondering when she would contact him. He knew the rules with Renee. She would see him when she wanted to. And lying next to Lisa after having sex, he couldn't wait to see Renee.

After a restless sleep, Stanislav woke up in the morning with the smell of fresh coffee.

"Good morning," Lisa smiled and handed him a cup of coffee.

"Thanks," Stanislav said. He needed the coffee desperately. While he sipped the coffee, Lisa went down on him, kissed his penis head, and then sucked his cock, reflexively arousing him. When Stanislav's cock was hard to Lisa's liking, she sat on him and rode his cock at an increasing pace, swirling her groin and moaning loudly until she came.

Stanislav lay motionless, letting Lisa fuck him, and when she came and lay beside him, he said, "I've got to get back to my room."

"Okay, Stan, you have a good day," Lisa said, releasing him from her sexual demands.

When Stanislav entered his room, Marty jumped out of bed, "You got lucky last night," he said in an accusing tone.

"Yea, I did," Stanislav said absently.

"I saw you were leaving with Lisa," Marty did not let it go.

"You know her?" Stanislav was surprised.

"She is a looker, and in my piano class, you can't miss her."

"You take a piano class?" Stanislav was astonished.

"Yes, it is my minor. I like playing the piano."

"Oh, okay," Stanislav said, "Excuse me, I need a shower and have a lot of work to do."

"Yeah, yeah," Marty chimed but smiled fondly at his roommate.

The following week had elapsed with routine work. Lisa contacted him several times about having dinner with her or going to a party on the weekend, but Stanislav declined. He focused on his work and couldn't get Renee out of his mind smelling her undie he stashed in his dresser drawer, hoping to run into her one day in school.

His wish came true. One day, as he exited a classroom, he saw Renee. Dressed with a mini flappy skirt and high heels sandals, she looked beautiful and sexy.

"Hi, Renee," Stanislav said shyly.

"Stanislav!" Renee exclaimed, hugging and kissing him briefly, "How have you been?"

"Pretty good," Stanislav said, looking at her with cravings.

Renee felt his emotions. "Hey, why don't you show me your dorm room? I would love to see where you live now," she said mischievously.

Stanislav had another class, the last of the day, but he said excitedly, "Sure, I would love to show you."

Renee linked her arm with his, "Let's go," she smiled at him reading his mind like an open book.

When they entered the room, Renee asked, "Which one is your bed?"

Stanislav pointed to his bed, and Renee jumped on top of the bed, "Let's inaugurate it," she said naughtily as she stripped her clothes and stood naked in high heels.

Stanislav gazed at her silky body. His penis hardened like a rock. Renee hugged and kissed him while Stanislav patted her hair and back, reaching her ass. Renee ran her fingertips through his hair, "Take off my shoes," she whispered.

Stanislav immediately went down on his knees and removed her high heels sandals while staring at her beautiful hairless vagina.

"You may kiss," Renee said softly. She knew what Stanislav craved and let him have it.

Stanislav kissed her smooth, hairless vagina, joyfully running his tongue over those pink lips. What a feeling! Her scent and taste drove him nuts. He missed her so much.

Renee patted his head, smiling at Stanislav's view, kissing her vagina with closed eyes and a dreamy expression. She then pushed him away and burrowed under the cover, "Are you going to join me?" she asked in a little girl's voice.

Stanislav ripped off his clothes and jumped on the bed, hearing Renee's welcoming laughter. They kissed, and Stanislav entered her eagerly.

"You missed me," Renee said, looking into his eyes, stating a fact they both knew was actual.

"A lot," Stanislav said. Renee smiled, hugged, and kissed him as if she rewarded his feelings toward her.

They made love passionately. Stanislav came with euphoria, while Renee had a quiet climax. They lay embracing intimately, satisfied with the orgasms they just had.

Suddenly, the door opened, and Marty walked in, "Oh, I am sorry," he said and was about to turn around and leave when Renee stopped him. She lifted the cover and sat on the bed, her firm breasts with erect nipples on display, "Stay. I am about to leave," she said.

Marty stopped on his track staring at Renee's naked body.

"What is your name?" Renee asked casually, as if it was natural to be naked in front of a stranger.

"Marty," Marty answered, swallowing nervously but looking at Renee.

"Marty, could you hand me my purse?" Renee asked, but it sounded like instruction.

Marty picked up her purse and gave it to Renee, who opened the bag and got a hairbrush. Without a word, Renee handed the hairbrush to Stanislav, who sat behind her. Stanislav sat up and brushed Renee's hair leisurely.

Marty stood next to Renee, watching her with awe.

"Marty," Renee turned, looking at him with big blue eyes.

“Yes,” Marty said, melting under Renee’s stare.

“Get me the underwear,” Renee ordered without any pleasantries.

Marty searched under Renee’s clothes on the floor and returned with the G-string undies. Smiling, Renee lifted her feet from the floor, gesturing to Marty to put them on. With shaking hands, Marty threaded Renee’s feet through the two sides of the undies. Renee got up, and Marty shaking with nervous excitement, pulled up the undies covering her beautiful vagina.

Renee turned around, “Fix,” she barked. Marty shifted the thin string and covered her ass crack.

Renee sat back on the sofa, “What are you playing, Marty?” she inquired politely, tapping on Stanislav’s hand, implicitly telling him to continue brushing her hair which he did, enjoying how Renee handled his roommate.

“I play the oboe,” Marty replied obediently, staring at Renee’s bare tits.

“Nice instrument,” Renee said, paused, and ordered, “Get me the shoes.”

Obediently, Marty fetched the high-heel sandals and stood with the shoes in his hands, dumbfounded.

“Don’t stand clueless. Put them on,” Renee admonished, and Marty responded quickly. He went down on his knees and fit one shoe on Renee’s foot, fiddling with the tiny buckle. While Marty was busy with the other shoe, Renee grabbed the hairbrush from Stanislav and dropped it into her bag; then, she stood up.

“Marty, the skirt,” Renee ordered. Marty brought over the skirt holding it open for Renee to insert her legs while holding his shoulder for support.

Renee ran out of patience. She picked up her blouse, put it on, grabbed her purse, and walked out of the room without a word.

“Wow!” Marty exclaimed, “She is incredible!”

“Yes, she is,” Stanislav agreed, leaving the room to shower.

After his last encounter with Renee, Stanislav confirmed what he knew: making love to Renee was special. The orgasm and the joy he felt with Renee couldn’t compare to his feelings when he made love to Lisa. And deep inside, he suspected he wouldn’t have this exuberant high with any

other woman. Stanislav was deeply in love with Renee, and it was shackling his interactions with other girls.

Time passed quickly; Stanislav was busy with coursework, practice, and rehearsal with the school orchestra. He saw Lisa one more time out of boredom, not desire, and he always walked in the school hallways looking for Renee, hoping to see her again, but to no avail.

After a couple of months, Stanislav got worried. What if something happened to her? He had no way of knowing and no one to ask. He would even ask Ben, but Ben graduated, and Stanislav didn't have his contact information. He pondered what to do. If he called, Renee would be upset at him, but if he didn't call, he would never know what was happening. And he longed to see her, touch her, smell her scent, hear her voice.

Two more weeks passed, and there was no sight of Renee. Finally, one weekday evening, Stanislav picked up the phone and dialed Renee's number.

The phone rang for a while, and then Stanislav heard, to his surprise, Ana's voice, "Reiner residence, may I help you?"

"Oh, Ana, this is Stanislav," he mumbled.

"Yes?" Ana responded dryly.

"Is Renee around?"

"Hold on," Ana said. The line was quiet, but Stanislav's heart pounded loudly.

And then Ana came online, saying, "Miss Reiner is not available," and the line went dead.

Stanislav's heart sank. It was clear to him that Renee did not like his call. But at least I know she is okay, comforting himself.

A week passed since he called, and then one morning, Stanislav received a text, 'My place tonight at 8 pm.'

Renee wanted to see him! Stanislav jumped out of his skin with joy. He couldn't concentrate in class. All he thought was how wonderful it would be to see Renee. He was ready way before eight o'clock and watched Renee's building from the other side of the street until the time arrived.

Henry, the doorman, called the apartment and then let him in. Stanislav knocked on the door with a trembling hand. The door opened, and Ana

greeted him, "Come with me."

He walked after Ana crossing the living quarters of Renee, and they stopped in front of the black door. Ana opened the door, "Get in. You know what to do. Right?"

Stanislav understood what was happening and embraced himself for the punishment that would come in response to his unwarranted call. He undressed and stood on his knees in front of the high-back chair, waiting.

Suddenly, the door behind the chair opened, and Renee, dressed in a red latex garment and red high-heel pumps, walked in and sat in the chair. Renee looked at him silently for a few seconds. Stanislav looked back, thinking how beautiful and sexy she was.

"Get on all fours," Renee suddenly said. She got up from the chair and walked to a short bench with a hole in the center. Stanislav did not need instructions. He walked on all fours after her. When he reached the bench, Renee ordered, "Hop on, penis through the hole."

Renee tightened a belt over his back, locking his arms on the sides and another strap over his legs. His neck and head stuck out of the short bench.

Renee stood before him and undressed. Her complexion shimmered in the low light of the Chamber, and Stanislav drank up the view of her long legs in high heels and perky breasts with erect nipples. Renee let him absorb her spectacular curves for a few seconds, then walked away and grabbed a short leather snake whip. Stanislav watched her hearing the click-clack of her high heels. Renee returned, standing in front of Stanislav, swirling the whip in the air,

"What didn't you understand about the rule do not contact?" she asked quietly.

"I am sorry. I hadn't seen you in school for a long time, and I was worried that something had happened to you."

"You were worried," Renee mocked.

"Yes, I was," Stanislav said heatedly.

"I guess we need to cure that worry, don't we?"

Helpless, tied, his neck started to ache. Stanislav replied weakly, "Yes."

“You count to ten, and if you drop your head, we’ll have to start all over again,” Renee said, amused at the expression on Stanislav’s face.

Renee stepped to Stanislav’s side, lifted her arm, and whipped. Renee hit was painful, and Stanislav screamed, "Aw," and then immediately counted, “One.”

“You,” Renee hit again, hearing “Two.”

“Never,” whiplash, “Never,” whiplash, “Call without permission.” Stanislav counted, keeping his head up with great effort. It wasn’t easy. Renee beat him hard with no mercy. Tears ran down his face. His ass became red and sore. Nothing fazed Renee as she relentlessly and cruelly punished him.

Finally, Stanislav counted ten. He wasn’t sure how he got that far, but he breathed relief.

Renee dropped the whip on the floor and climbed on the bench, lying on him, pulling his head up by the hair, “Is your worry cured?” she asked scornfully.

“Yes, Renee,” Stanislav replied, feeling Renee’s breasts against his back, her erect nipples poking him.

Renee extended the other hand and grabbed Stanislav’s cock underneath the bench. She stroked his cock while lifting his head by the hair.

“Tell me again, what is the rule of contact?” she asked, feeling Stanislav’s penis hardening in her palm.

“Never contact without permission,” Stanislav shouted.

“And what do you do when you are worried?” Renee taunted, increasing the pace of stroking.

“I wait for you to contact me,” Stanislav shouted.

Renee let go of Stanislav’s head. Stanislav dropped his head, watching Renee’s hand stroking his hard cock under the bench.

Renee stroked and twisted her palm over the penis head listening to Stanislav moan with a smile. When Renee sensed that Stanislav had reached his limit, she lifted his head again and talked in his ear, “You want to come for me, you disobedient pervert.”

“Yes!” Stanislav cried. His body was tensed and aching.

“Maybe I’ll let you when you don’t break the rules,” Renee said viciously, letting go of his cock.

Stanislav testicles hurt. He was about to ejaculate when Renee stopped. His cock hung in the air throbbing with pre-cum wetness. There was nothing Stanislav could do with tied hands and legs.

Renee got up, put on her dress, walked somewhere in the chamber, and returned wearing gloves. She dipped her hands in a dish she carried, “This is just a reminder of the rules,” she said and rubbed Stanislav’s raw ass with her gloved hands.

Stanislav’s scream was ear-piercing. The salt solution felt like millions of needles puncturing him. Renee smiled with satisfaction, poured the rest of the solution on his ass, then threw the dish and the gloves on the floor, turned, and left the Chamber without a word.

Stanislav lay on the bench, head dropped down, panting with pain, wondering how he would get out of the bench. A few minutes later, he heard a door opening and looked up. Ana came to his bench and unfastened the belts. “Get dressed, and wait for me until I finish cleaning up the mess here,” she said.

Relieved, Stanislav went to the entry room and dressed. His body ached, and he thought about Renee and how cruel she was. But admitted that she warned him in her bedroom that she would punish him in the Chamber. It was his choice to see her and live with the consequences.

Ana showed up and led him to the front door, “Take care, Stanislav,” she said as she opened the door and closed it quietly behind him.

It took only one day for his body to heal. The memories were worse than the physical pain, and Stanislav had difficulty associating the sweet loving Renee with the malicious cruel Renee. He wasn’t upset with Renee for punishing him harshly and hoped she would see him soon. More than hoping he couldn’t do a thing to advance his desires.

A week later, he received a text, ‘Call me tonight at 8 pm.’ Stanislav was cautious, wasn’t sure if he should be happy about calling Renee, but at eight o’clock sharp, he rang her.

“Hi, Stanislav; how are you?” Renee answered the phone.

“I am good, thanks,” Stanislav replied hesitantly.

“There is a new show in the Demon art gallery, and I want you to be my date. Wait for me tomorrow at six o’clock dressed in suit and tie.”

“Okay,” Stanislav said but realized that the line was dead. Renee didn’t ask him if he wanted to go or if he was available tomorrow night. But Stanislav didn’t care. Going out with Renee was always fun. And he looked forward to seeing her.

Dress in a suit and tie, Stanislav waited at six o’clock. The limousine arrived shortly after. Stanislav walked around the car and entered the back seat from the driver’s side. Renee, dressed in a beautiful sparkling evening gown, her hair in an elegant bun, was smiling at him warmly. Stanislav smiled back and sat beside her, unsure how to behave after his Chamber experience. But Renee was cheerful. She hugged and kissed him, and Stanislav melted under her affection.

Renee broke off the kiss and held Stanislav’s hand, interlacing her fingers with his. “I am glad you could come,” she chirped as if she gave him an option. Stanislav smiled politely but was happy to be next to her and couldn’t hide his feeling. Renee read his thoughts and steered him the way she wanted.

“This is the opening night for the show, and the artist is from your country,” Renee rambled on.

“Really? From the Czech Republic?”

“Yes, and he will be there. Maybe you could chit-chat in your language,” Renee laughed lightheartedly.

Stanislav looked at her admirably. The punishment was a fading memory, and he enjoyed the moment. Renee always made him happy, craving her company.

They arrived at the gallery. George opened the door for Renee, helping her with a gloved hand. Stanislav came around.

“You don’t need to wait for us, George,” Renee dismissed the chauffeur, linked her arm with Stanislav, and stepped into the gallery.

Renee said hi to a few people and introduced Stanislav. She behaved like a loving girlfriend looking at the paintings, expressing her thoughts, and holding his hand. At one point, the painter, Jan, approached them, and Renee beamed, telling him how much she loved his show. And on a whim, she bought two paintings.

Jan was grateful, and when Renee made the introduction for the two men, Stanislav said hello in Czech. Jan's face lit up, "Where are you from?" he asked Stanislav in Czech. Stanislav told him, and Jan said, "I don't want to talk too long because your beautiful girlfriend would feel uncomfortable, but you are a lucky guy to have such a gorgeous woman."

Stanislav thanked him, and they switched to English. Jan talked about the two paintings that Renee purchased and told her they were his favorite, and after a while, Jan excused himself and moved on to other patrons.

"What did he say to you in Czech?" Renee wanted to know.

"He said that you are beautiful and have excellent taste in art," Stanislav lied, buttering Renee's ego.

"I am hungry," Renee said out of the blue, not responding to the painter's compliment. Stanislav was dumbfounded and unsure how to react to Renee's hunger announcement.

"There is a good restaurant across the street. Let's go there," Renee said, pulling Stanislav's hand. They walked across the street, and Stanislav stopped on his track.

"What's the matter?" Renee asked, annoyed that Stanislav had stopped walking.

"This looks like an expensive restaurant. I can't afford that," Stanislav said honestly.

Renee laughed and kissed him lightly, "One day, you'll be a famous and rich violin player, and you can buy me dinner here. But tonight, enjoy it. It's on the house."

Stanislav smiled shyly, "You think I'll be a concert violinist?"

"I know you will. Now let's get inside. I am hungry."

Stanislav nodded and stepped with Renee into the restaurant. When he saw the menu, he choked. It was way more expensive than he thought.

“What are you having?” Renee inquired. Stanislav chose the cheapest item on the menu. Renee smiled, and when the waiter came to take their orders, Renee confidently said, “We’ll both have today’s special and a bottle of red wine.”

The waiter nodded and, a minute later, brought two glasses of red wine. “Cheers,” Renee chirped, tapping Stanislav’s glass. The evening was memorable. They talked about Stanislav’s classes and what he would take next semester. They talked about music and art. They ate delicious food and drank wine.

Stanislav loved it. Renee was intelligent and funny. The conversation flew quickly, and Stanislav couldn’t believe that the meal ended with the dessert he had just finished.

Renee handed the waiter her credit card without even looking at the bill, and Stanislav thought how nice it was to be wealthy and not care about spending money.

“Let’s go to your room,” Renee said as they walked out of the restaurant.

“Marty would probably be there,” Stanislav said cautiously.

“I know that,” Renee retorted.

Stanislav didn’t say a word anymore, fearing that he would upset Renee and ruin the night. Renee decided what to do and how to do it, and Stanislav must go along and obey her whims or lose her.

They took a taxi, and when they reached the dorms, Renee instructed, “When we enter your room, I want you to undress and get under the cover immediately.”

“Okay,” Stanislav said but started to worry about the game Renee would play. He knew her well enough to realize that she had some plan under her sleeve.

They saw Marty sitting at his desk reading something when they entered the room. Renee approached him and patted his head, “Hi Marty, what are you

reading?" she asked cheerfully while watching Stanislav from the corner of her eyes, undressing as she ordered him.

"Oh, hi," Marty replied pleasantly, "I just go over some notes for the rehearsal next week."

"Nice," Renee said, running her fingertips through Marty's hair, "Listen, Marty, I want to have sex with Stanislav, but you don't have to leave the room because of that."

"Oh, no problem, I can go downstairs to the TV room," Marty offered.

"We wouldn't mind if you stayed in the room and watched us," Renee said softly.

Stanislav was lying in bed naked but covered with a blanket and wondered what Renee was up to.

"Oh, that's okay. I can go downstairs," Marty offered again.

"Marty, I want you to stay," Renee said point blank, "What if I let you undress me?" she sweetened the deal.

"Oh, I don't know," Marty hesitated.

"Don't you like to see me naked?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you can be naked too," Renee suggested mischievously, "But undress me first. Okay?"

Marty pondered as Renee turned around and instructed, "Pull the zipper in back, Marty."

Marty succumbed to Renee, and with hands trembling, he complied and pulled down the zipper. The dress opened up, and Renee pushed it down her hips, letting it fall on the floor.

"Help me out," Renee said as she lifted her foot in high heels. Marty bent and pulled the dress over her feet, staring at Renee's round bare ass. He laid the clothing on his bed, and when he turned back, he saw Renee standing in high heels, naked, facing him.

Marty stared at her erect nipples, pointing up perkily and down her long legs in high heels and shaved vagina.

“You want to touch my tits?” Renee seduced.

“Ah-ah,” Marty said, gazing at her.

“You have to undress first,” Renee demanded.

“Oh, I don’t know,” Marty said again.

“That’s fine, Marty; if you don’t want to have some fun, you may go to the TV room,” Renee said in resignation and turned her back to him.

Marty hesitated, reconsidered, and said, “Okay, I’ll undress.”

Hovering over Stanislav and stroking his cock, she said behind her back, “Okay, I’ll count to three, and then I’ll turn, and I want to see you totally naked.”

Marty, staring at Renee’s ass and long legs in high heels as she bent over Stanislav, heard, “One,” and quickly took off his T-shirt and pulled down his shorts with the underwear.

“Three,” Renee announced and turned around.

Marty stood naked, looking embarrassingly down. His penis was erect.

Renee hid a smile when she saw the small size of his penis. She stood with hands on her waist, taller than him by a couple of inches, “Clean your hands with the wipes,” she ordered.

Marty complied quietly. Renee and Stanislav exchanged a smile, and Renee put her finger on her lips, signaling Stanislav to be quiet.

Renee watched Marty, and when he was ready, she grabbed his hands and put it on her breasts, “Squeeze my tits gently,” she instructed. Marty cupped her breasts with a broad smile. His penis jerked and hardened.

Renee let him enjoy it for a few seconds, “Keep your hands on tits and go down with me,” she said as she slowly bent down and stood on her knees. Marty did the same, holding on to her breasts. Renee held Marty’s hands and removed them from her breasts, “I am going to stand up. You stay where you are,” she said, got up, and stepped back.

Marty gazed at Renee standing with spread legs, her finger rubbing her vagina erotically.

“Marty stroked your cock,” Renee said in a quiet, commanding voice. Marty absently started to stroke. Renee played with her vagina, “Stroke it for me,” she incited, “Yes, Marty, that is beautiful. Go faster.”

Marty stroked, watching Renee playing with her vagina, hypnotized by the view of her sex and her voice. Renee moved one hand over her vagina, and with the other, she made stroking movements, demonstrating to Marty how to stroke, “Faster, Marty, faster,” she moved her hand, and Marty followed suit.

Marty’s breathing became quick and louder. His eyes were fixed on Renee’s sex while stroking his cock in a trance.

Renee stretched her vagina, pulling the lips wide apart, “Come for me, Marty. Give me your cum,” she whispered. Marty watched her intently and ejaculated with relief.

Renee lost interest in Marty, but playing with him aroused her. She turned and lifted Stanislav’s head between her legs, “Make my pussy purr for your cock, baby,” she said excitedly.

Stanislav served her while his cock hardened like a rock. After a short while, Renee lay in bed for him, and he entered her, going slowly, swaying his groin, and then faster, “I am ready for you, baby. Give it to me,” Renee talked in Stanislav’s ear, “Give it to me, now!” And Stanislav ejaculated with a groan.

“You made me ready good, baby. Get my clit. Make me come for you,” Renee said, pushing Stanislav down. He excitedly latched and sucked her clit, making her yell with ecstasy until she came trembling with joyful moans.

Renee pulled Stanislav up and kissed him. They kissed passionately, hugging until Renee broke off. She patted Stanislav’s chest and lay her head in the crook of his arm.

“Let’s get some sleep,” Renee said softly. Stanislav kissed her lovingly, nodding in agreement.

“Marty,” Renee suddenly called, “Cover me with the blanket,” as if she knew he was watching them.

Marty got up from the chair he was sitting in, watching Renee and Stanislav making love, and gently covered Renee with the blanket.

“Go to sleep, Marty,” Renee mumbled, dozing off.

Marty burrowed under the bed cover across the room but had difficulty falling asleep. It was an unforgettable night, and vivid images of Renee constantly crossed his mind.

Stanislav was the first to wake up in the morning. He watched Renee sleeping next to him and didn't dare move, concerned that he would interrupt her sleep but lifted his head to check on Marty, who slept heavily in his bed.

Renee woke up a while later. She opened her eyes and smiled, seeing Stanislav looking at her lovingly. “Good morning,” she said, kissing him lightly. “Good morning,” Stanislav reciprocated happily as one could be.

“I am hungry,” Renee announced.

“I'll go down and get you something,” Stanislav offered immediately.

“No, don't,” Renee said, then turned around to look at Marty, who was still sleeping.

“Marty!” she called loudly.

Marty stirred and opened his eyes. Renee removed the bed cover and lay naked, looking at Marty amusingly.

“Marty!” she repeated.

“Yes,” Marty replied, captured by the view of Renee's naked body.

“I am hungry,” Renee stated.

“Oh, I can get you something if you like,” Marty offered.

“I want plain croissant and orange juice.”

“Okay, do you want something, Stanislav,” Marty said as he got up and dressed.

“Just a cup of coffee, black. Get the croissant from the coffee shop down the street and bring a plate and a cup for the orange juice,” Stanislav instructed, knowing Renee's needs.

“Okay,” Marty said and left.

Renee turned to Stanislav grabbing his cock, “Wow, you are hard! We have some time for a quicky.”

Stanislav smiled and kissed her. Renee laid a pillow under her stomach, lifting her ass teasingly, “Get it in, you horny boy,” she laughed.

Stanislav did not miss a beat; in a second, he banged her aroused with cravings. Renee always did it to him. Drove him crazy with desire. They moved in synch. Renee lifted her butt when Stanislav thrust. It was fast, exciting, and fascinating. They moved in a trance quicker and faster, moaning until Renee reached a climax, and Stanislav came shortly after.

Stanislav lay on Renee’s back panting as the door opened and Marty returned with breakfast. Marty put the food on Stanislav’s desk and turned to leave when he heard Renee’s voice, “Marty, where are you going?”

“Oh, I thought I let you two have some privacy,” he said.

Renee pushed Stanislav and got up from the bed, “Hey, I have an idea. Why don’t we all go to the amusement park?”

“I don’t know,” Marty declined.

Renee ran her palm over Marty’s face while he stared at her perky breasts, craving to touch her again.

“Marty, you come with us to the amusement park,” she said decisively. There was no argument, “Okay,” Marty surrendered.

Meantime, Stanislav got up and put on shorts. He arranged the croissant on the plate and poured orange juice into the cup.

Renee sat regally at the desk, took a sip of orange juice, juttet something on a piece of paper, and handed it to Stanislav, “Take my dress and put it in my locker, and get the gym bag for me. Here is the locker number and lock combination.”

“But it is the women’s locker room,” Stanislav objected.

“It is Saturday morning; nobody will be there,” Renee retorted, annoyed. Stanislav felt her anger and left without any more objections.

Renee took a bite of croissant and said, “Marty, get me my purse.” Marty obediently fetched the purse. Renee pulled out a hairbrush and silently handed the hairbrush to Marty, who happily stood behind her and brushed her soft long hair.

Renee took another bite and asked casually, “Did you like to watch me fucked?”

Marty choked, surprised, but answered, “Yes, it was interesting.”

“Did you learn anything new?”

“I did,” Marty admitted.

“What was it?”

“Hmmm, the part when Stanislav kissed your pussy.”

“You saw similar things in porno movies, didn’t you?”

“I did, but last night was different,” Marty said without elaborating. Renee did not probe further. She knew what Marty meant.

“Maybe you could do it to your girlfriend,” Renee said, finishing the croissant.

“I would if I had a girlfriend,” Marty laughed.

“We’ll need to prepare you for that,” Renee said with a mischievous smile.

At that moment, Stanislav walked into the room. He smiled when he saw Marty dressed, brushing Renee’s hair. Renee was the only one naked in the room, and both men stared at her.

“Do you want to dress me, Marty?” Renee asked, turning around in her chair.

“Sure,” Marty beamed. He wouldn’t pass having the opportunity to touch Renee’s soft, smooth body.

“Stanislav,” Renee ordered, “Go downstairs and get us a taxi. Marty and I will be down shortly.”

Stanislav nodded and left, wondering what Renee wanted to do with Marty, but he wasn’t worried about it. Marty was not a competition, just a toy for Renee.

“Get the undie from the bag,” Renee instructed after Stanislav closed the door behind him.

Renee stood on her feet, and Marty went down on his knees with the undies in his hands.

“Marty, watch,” Renee said as she placed her middle finger at the bottom of her vagina and ran it slowly up between the lips, “You run your finger in your future girlfriend’s pussy gently up until you feel a little bump. This is the clit.” Renee stretched her vagina’s lips showing Marty the clit.

Marty, holding the undies, watched her intently.

“You don’t press it. Just massage it gently,” Renee said and demonstrated. “And if you lick and then suck it, never let it out of your mouth; you’ll get the reaction you saw last night.”

Marty nodded, silently thanking Renee, wondering how Stanislav knew what to do.

“Okay, put on the undies,” Renee said, laughing.

Marty lifted the tiny underwear over Renee’s long legs and covered her sex. He then got the shorts and T-shirt and put them on. Renee sat back in the chair while Marty grabbed the sneakers and socks. He stood on his knees, and Renee put her feet on his thighs, waiting to be served, but Marty did not move. He stared at her feet, hypnotized. The soft soles of Renee’s feet touched his bare thighs making his penis hard as a rock inside his short pants.

Renee sensed his emotion. She lifted her legs and touched Marty’s face with her feet. Reflexively, Marty held her feet and kissed them. Renee let him have her feet for several seconds, then said softly, “Put on the socks. Stanislav is waiting for us downstairs.”

Marty shook his head as if waking up from a dream. He finished his job with socks and sneakers. Renee got up and snatched her purse, “Let’s go have fun, Marty.”

Renee sat in the middle of the back seat of the taxi. She treated Stanislav and Marty equally, placing her palms on their thighs.

They screamed and laughed in scary rides, holding Renee's hands. They went on the carousel, then walked around the park stopping at different booths. They had lunch from a food truck, talking and laughing about their reactions on the rides. In a shooting booth, Marty did well, won a teddy bear, and proudly gave it to Renee.

"Thank you, Marty," Renee said kindly. It was the first time Stanislav heard Renee thanking someone. He looked at her lovingly, appreciating what she was doing for Marty and enjoying her shapely legs that were long even with the sneakers she wore.

Finally, Renee ended the day, "I am tired. Let's head home, boys," she said. In the taxi, Renee sat in the front, giving her home address to the driver. They did not talk during the ride, and when the cab stopped in front of Renee's building, she stepped out of the car without a word.

Marty opened the window and called, "Thank you, Renee, it was a great day." Renee lifted her arm holding the teddy bear, signaling that she heard him, and disappeared inside the building.

"Wow," Marty commented, "She lives in this building?"

"Yes, and her family owns the building," Stanislav informed him.

"Wow, rich, beautiful, and smart. She is one special girl," Marty gashed.

Stanislav did not reply, but in his head, he answered, "You don't have the slightest idea how special she is."

A week later, Stanislav got a text, 'Call 6 pm.'

"Hi Stanislav," Renee greeted when he called.

"Hi, Renee," Stanislav answered, his heart pounding.

"I want you to help me to carry the paintings from the gallery. I'll pick you up tomorrow at ten." And the line went dead.

Stanislav shook his head, smiling. Typical Renee. But he was aware that Renee knew that he would do anything, anytime, for her.

The limousine stopped in front of the dorms, and Stanislav hopped in.

"Good morning," Renee greeted with a kiss. Stanislav was overjoyed. Renee's company always made him happy. He looked at her lovingly and kissed her again. "Oh," Renee laughed, "Someone is emotional."

Stanislav backed off, embarrassed at Renee's revelation of his feelings. Renee felt it, put her palm on his thigh, squeezing lightly, and smiled at him kindly, silently telling him that it was okay with her.

"Wait for us," Renee instructed George as he helped her out of the car. She walked into the gallery with Stanislav in tow admiring her swaying hips. Renee looked so beautiful with a green mini-summer dress and yellow high-heel ankle-strapped sandals.

Renee examined the paintings that were framed for her and gave her approval. The gallery owner wrapped them carefully, swiped her credit card, and handed the packages to Stanislav, explaining how to hang them with the hardware he supplied.

At the apartment building, Henry rushed to open the door for them and called the elevator. Renee walked fast to her bedroom and looked at the walls.

"I want one here," she explained, "And the other next to it." Stanislav banged the nails and hung the paintings. Renee looked at the wall with the two pictures, satisfied, "You want to play for me?" she asked wickedly.

Stanislav smiled and went for the violin but stopped as he felt Renee's eyes turning cold. He immediately changed direction and undressed, then picked up the violin and started to play their melody.

Renee lay on her bed, gesturing for Stanislav to come closer. She lay on her stomach and took his cock inside her mouth, keeping it motionless, just running her tongue in circles over the penis head.

Stanislav played as his penis hardened like a rock in Renee's mouth. When he finished the melody, Stanislav couldn't wait.

He looked at Renee with cravings and anticipation. Renee on her back and lifted her dress silently inviting. Stanislav couldn't wait and shoved his cock inside her with a cry expressing the deep desire he felt.

Renee giggled at his reaction and kissed him. Their lips never parted while Stanislav moved his cock inside her, rotating and slowly increasing the pace until he banged forcefully. They came together with their lips pressed at each other, making muffled moans of joy.

Renee was the first to break off. She pushed Stanislav away, got up, and straightened her dress, "Let's have lunch. I feel like having a hot dog."

Stanislav could stay in bed forever, but he knew better and got up quickly. They went out to the street, strolling, Renee hanging on Stanislav's arm, smiling at him affectionately.

They reached a park, got hot dogs from a street stand, and sat on a bench in the park, eating in comfortable silence. It was serene, and Stanislav loved it. But then Renee got up and led them back to her apartment building.

"Goodbye, Stanislav," Renee said, kissed him lightly, and quickly disappeared inside the building.

"Goodbye," Stanislav said to no one and slowly walked away.

Stanislav immersed himself in studying and playing, trying not to think why Renee did not contact him.

Christmas approached. Two days before Christmas, Stanislav got a call from Ana, “Mrs. Reiner invites you to dinner on Christmas day. Be here at two o’clock,” she said and waited for his response.

Stanislav paused, digesting the news, and replied, “Sure, I will be glad to.”

When Stanislav entered the living room on Christmas day, Grace greeted him with a hug, “So nice to see you, Stanislav,” she said, smiling kindly, “I heard good things about you.”

“Really?” Stanislav was surprised.

“Yes, I told her about you,” Stanislav heard a voice next to him. Charles Carter was smiling fondly at him.

“Thank you, Mr. Carter,” Stanislav replied while searching the room for Renee. But she wasn’t there. Disappointed, Stanislav engaged in conversation with Charles, and Grace left them to attend to the other guests.

“I would like you to perform at the end-of-the-year concert,” Charles said.

“I’ll be delighted, Mr. Carter,” Stanislav said, and they discussed the program for the end-of-the-year concert and other school matters.

Several other guests had eggnog served by two servers, Ana’s help for Christmas. The atmosphere was relaxed and friendly, and Stanislav enjoyed talking to some of the guests, wondering where Renee was.

An hour later, Renee showed up with Ben next to her. She and Ben said hi to the guests, and when she approached Stanislav, she hugged him affectionately, “I am glad you are here Stanislav,” she said, her blue eyes sparkling with a smile. Ben shook his hand and said how nice to see him. Stanislav reciprocated but did not feel the same.

The guests were invited to the dinner table a few minutes after Renee’s arrival. Stanislav sat diagonally across from Renee, who sat next to Ben. Their eyes met, and Renee smiled kindly at him as if she knew what Stanislav was thinking.

Charles and Grace sat at the head of the table, and Charles ceremoniously carved an enormous turkey. It looked to Stanislav that Mrs. Reiner and Charles were an item, and it hurt him to think so, but it looked like Renee and Ben were an item.

After dinner, the guests went back to the living room. Renee played a short piece on the piano. Charles and Ben played a violin duet. It was a lovely afternoon for everyone except for Stanislav, who held his emotions and disappointment watching Renee talking to guests and holding Ben’s hand.

When the first guest left, Stanislav seized the opportunity and said goodbye to Mrs. Reiner, Charles, and the other guests. Renee was busy talking to someone, and she just waved him goodbye. Stanislav left with a heavy heart, obsessing about Renee and why she was with Ben on Christmas day. There was nothing he could do. The rules were clear: If Renee did not contact him, Stanislav must wait for Renee until she decided when and where, and he would be readily happy then to play the violin for her.

New Year's Eve arrived, and Marty asked Stanislav to go with him to the dorm party. "I don't think so," Stanislav said. He wasn't in the mood.

"I need you, Stanislav. There is a girl I want to date, and I need your support," Marty pleaded.

"Who is she," Stanislav warmed up.

"Her name is Sylvie. I don't think that you met her. She is not a party girl, but I invited her to the party. She said she would come."

"Okay, Marty, what time?"

"I want to get there early, just in case. I don't know what time she would come."

At the party, Marty stood and watched the entrance. "Here she is!" he cried with excitement. Stanislav stood next to him and smiled, "Go get her."

Marty rushed to a short cute brunette. Stanislav thought that was sexy with the big black rim glasses and walked after Marty.

"Hi, Sylvie," Marty said, "This is my friend, Stanislav," he proudly introduced his friend.

Sylvie was a reserved girl dressed conservatively, "Nice meeting you, Stanislav," she said. Stanislav liked her at first sight. She looked like a good match for Marty. "Likewise," he said, then perked up, "Hey, let's have some drinks. What's your favorite, Sylvie?"

"Oh, the wine will do," Sylvie said modestly. They went to the bar and got a drink. Stanislav tapped his elbow into Marty, "Dance," he mouthed. Marty got the idea and invited Sylvie to dance, and it looked like Sylvie was fond of Marty. Stanislav congratulated Marty in his head and discreetly walked

away. He stood in the corner of the room, watching the scenery. It was still early, several hours before midnight, and Stanislav wondered what to do next. A couple danced near him, and Stanislav moved back and accidentally bumped into someone.

“Oh, I am sorry,” Stanislav apologized as he turned and saw an attractive girl, his type, with blonde hair and blue eyes.

“No worries,” the girl said, looking away, uninterested.

Stanislav took a second look. He hadn’t seen this girl at parties or in school hallways.

“You are not from this school,” he said.

The girl laughed, “I am in the curators’ program and don’t party very much.”

“Oh,” Stanislav said in understanding, the art curators’ program was in a different building.

The girl examined Stanislav, “And you play?”

“The violin,” Stanislav complete the sentence.

“I am Liz,” the girl introduced herself, extending her hand. Stanislav shook her hand and introduced himself. They looked at each other with a smile. Liz liked what she saw, a handsome guy with good manners.

“You want to get out of here?” Liz suggested.

“I would love to!” Stanislav reacted. They got their coats and went outside. It was a clear cold night, and after a couple of blocks, Stanislav suggested getting inside a diner they came across.

“So, tell me about yourself,” Liz said after they settled, sitting in the diner.

Stanislav felt comfortable in Liz’s company. Her blue eyes were alert and projected kindness, and it was easy to talk to her. Liz was a good listener and was interested in his past and present life. After talking about his life for a while, Stanislav realized that he did not know a thing about Liz except her name.

“And what about you?”

“Oh, there is not much to tell,” Liz smiled shyly, “I am from a small town upstate, got married to my high school sweetheart, divorced after three years, and came to the city for school.”

Stanislav looked at her. Liz was good-looking, reserved, and kind. She told him the tip of the iceberg about her life, but Stanislav did not press, “It is almost midnight,” he commented absently.

“Oh, yes, I am glad I am with you, someone to kiss at midnight,” Liz laughed.

“You want to kiss me?” Stanislav joined the laugh.

“I want to kiss someone at midnight,” Liz replied.

“Oh, I am disappointed; I thought you wanted to kiss me.”

Liz grabbed Stanislav’s hand across the table, “I do. I would love to kiss you,” she said softly.

“Then let’s go back to the party for the countdown,” Stanislav said.

They arrived at the party a few minutes before midnight. Marty saw Stanislav and rushed to meet him,

“Can you be out of the room? Sylvie said she wants to see my room after the countdown!” Marty gushed excitedly.

“Of course, Marty, no worries, the room is yours,” Stanislav said grandiosely, happy that things were working out for Marty.

“Thank you!” Marty said and enthusiastically rushed back to join Sylvie, not noticing Liz.

“That was my roommate,” Stanislav explained to Liz.

“I figured that,” Liz said as the countdown suddenly started. When the count reached one, the lights turned off. Liz wrapped her arms over Stanislav’s shoulders as he bent, and his lips touched hers, testing the water. It felt good, and they engaged in a long kiss.

Liz was impressed, “You are a good kisser,” she said.

“Are you surprised?” Stanislav countered.

“Yes and no,” Liz replied, smiling fondly at him.

“What does it mean?”

“It means you can stay at my place tonight and give your roommate a break.”

Stanislav did not reply verbally. He held Liz’s face in his hands and kissed her again. It felt good and helped him to erase the thoughts about Renee.

“Let’s go,” Liz said, breaking the kiss. Stanislav nodded, watching Marty and Sylvie walk out of the party with an amused smile.

Liz lived in a studio apartment near the school. It was small but clean and organized.

“I am going to wash up,” Liz said and disappeared into the bathroom. Stanislav sat in a chair, waiting.

Liz came out of the bathroom wearing black laced lingerie. Stanislav looked at her tan and toned body in appreciation.

“Listen, Stanislav,” Liz said and sat on his lap seductively, “I have my period and cannot have sex, but I’ll take care of you. A present for the new year.”

Stanislav explored her body, running his hands up her legs under the lingerie. He felt her underwear and went up to her breasts.

Liz giggled, “Did you hear me?”

“I did,” Stanislav replied and kissed her. He loved the way Liz kissed him passionately with closed eyes.

Liz broke the kiss and went down on her knees, opening Stanislav’s belt buckle and unzipping it. Stanislav wanted to help remove his pants, but Liz removed his hands to the sides, “Let me take care of you,” she said softly, pulling down his pants.

Liz kissed the bump that stretched Stanislav’s underwear tenderly, “Someone is alive and kicking,” she joked and removed the underwear exposing Stanislav’s erect penis.

“Beautiful,” Liz muttered. She didn’t touch Stanislav’s penis with her hands. She took him into her mouth, sucking with loud moaning, and then inserted the entire length of the penis, sliding it down her throat effortlessly. She then rotated her head with the penis inside, arousing Stanislav to his limit.

Stanislav moaned, watching Liz with an awe. She surprised him and excited him.

Liz let go of his penis. She licked the balls up to the penis head, looking into Stanislav's eyes demurely but seductively.

Stanislav patted her head affectionately.

“Fuck my pretty face,” Liz said and thrust his penis inside her throat, bobbing her head, keeping her hands behind her back. Stanislav got up on his feet, held her head, and banged her mouth in and out at increasing speed. He closed his eyes, moving fast with short breaths until he ejaculated inside her mouth.

Liz held his penis with her hand for the first time and sucked the penis head, getting every drop of juice Stanislav spat out. His penis was sensitive, and Stanislav tried to pull it out of her mouth, but Liz held it forcefully inside, hearing Stanislav's loud moan, and sucked until his breaths became regular. She then let it out of her mouth, licked the penis, and kissed the penis head, looking up at Stanislav, smiling, “Happy New Year,” she said jokingly, enjoying her control over Stanislav's manhood.

They went to bed. Liz laid her head on Stanislav's chest and closed her eyes, drifting off. Stanislav lay quietly, hating himself for thinking about Renee, but he closed his eyes, hugged Liz, and finally fell asleep.

Stanislav woke up in the morning to the smell of bacon. Liz, dressed in blue jeans and a blouse, smiled at him, “Good morning, hungry?”

“Famished,” Stanislav smiled back, dressed, and sat at the table. It was nice to have someone serving him, but after breakfast, he felt the urge to leave, “I have to get back to the dorms,” he said.

“Sure,” Liz was understanding and did not object. They kissed and parted

The second semester started, and Stanislav was busy as a bee, but two weeks after he saw Liz, he realized he didn't have her telephone number. He pondered what to do, and on Friday night, he knocked on her door.

“Hi,” Liz said with a welcoming smile, “Come in. I was getting ready to have dinner. Sit down and join me.”

They ate and chatted amicably. It was pleasant and relaxing. Liz never questioned Stanislav why she did not hear from him for two weeks. She was happy he was there, and Stanislav was glad he stopped by.

They sat on the sofa, had a glass of wine, and made out. Stanislav kissed her, and Liz responded affectionately and excitedly. After passionate kissing, Liz said softly, "Let's go to bed." She got up on her feet and crossed the room to her bed, undressing without looking at Stanislav, who watched her with awe. Liz was reserved but a free spirit when it came to lovemaking.

Lying naked in bed, Liz invited, "Are you going to join me?"

Stanislav felt dumbfounded. He got up and undressed, staring at Liz's naked body. Her breasts were small with long nipples and fair in contrast to her tan complexion. Her vagina was smooth and hairless, with a light brown triangle that the bikini covered. She was beautiful, sexy without inhibitions. He went down to kiss her vagina's lips, but Liz pulled his head up, "I am ready, let me get you ready for me," she said, giggling.

Liz slid down and took his manhood into her mouth, making him hard like a rock. Satisfied with her handiwork, she sat on top and inserted his stiff cock inside her wet vagina. Liz rode with closed eyes, moaning softly.

Stanislav couldn't wait much. He turned Liz and lay on top of her, banging. Liz's moans grew louder. Her mouth opened slightly, and her eyes closed. She didn't talk but held his buttocks and pushed him hard into her until she screeched as she reached climax. She then let go of his butt and countered his moves banging him back, "I want your cum in my mouth," she yelled.

Stanislav pumped fast, pulled out, and brought his cock up. Liz lifted her head grabbed his penis and sucked it until all the load vanished from his testicles. Like last time, Liz licked his cock and kissed it lovingly as if thanking him for the pleasure he bestowed on her.

It was different lovemaking, and Stanislav enjoyed it tremendously. He lay in bed hugging Liz and kissed her. Liz was always ready for his kiss and responded enthusiastically.

After some time, Stanislav wanted to be alone. "I need to go back to the dorms. I have much work to do," he said apologetically.

“Sure,” Liz said. She did not object and did not ask him to stay the night. She let Stanislav do whatever he wished, accepting it submissively.

As he reached the door on the way out, Stanislav remembered, “Hey, Liz, I don’t have your phone number.”

“You know where I live, don’t you?” Liz said amusingly and did not offer her telephone number.

“Yes, I do,” Stanislav said, shaking his head, confused. Liz was different, and he did not understand her but accepted what she offered and left quietly with no other words.

When he reached his room, he found Sylvie and Marty sitting on the bed, making out. “Oh, I am sorry,” Stanislav said, turning around. But Sylvie got up, “It is okay. I am on the way out,” she said. And walked out.

“Go with her,” Stanislav admonished Marty, still sitting with a dreamy expression. Marty got up and rushed after Sylvie. Stanislav smiled and got into the shower. What an evening it was! But his thoughts shifted again to Renee. He hadn’t heard from her and wondered what she was doing and why she didn’t contact him. Nothing I could do; Stanislav muttered and went to bed. He fell asleep quickly, which was different from the previous nights, tossing and turning, thinking about Renee.

The second semester was more complex than the first, with extra curriculum activities. Twice a week, he practiced with the school orchestra. Charles gave him a solo performance with the orchestra in the background. But there wasn’t a single day that Stanislav did not think about Renee. Something must have happened to her life if she did not contact him. He knew that Renee loved him in her own way and wished he could see her. But he did not dare to break the rules.

When Stanislav couldn’t handle his thoughts about Renee, he visited Liz. She always welcomed him with a meal and whatever sex position he wanted. Stanislav enjoyed himself and got relief. He became lazy, and when he was about to ejaculate, he just pulled out, and Liz slid down quickly, taking him into her mouth and sucking every drop he had. Stanislav couldn’t recall even once that he ejaculated inside her vagina or ass. Liz

wanted to feel him ejaculating. She loved the feeling of his throbbing penis in her mouth.

Stanislav got into routine life. Liz never demanded anything from him. She just gave herself lovingly, never asking anything back. It was a convenient arrangement that helped Stanislav forget Renee for a few hours.

The end of the semester arrived quickly; between weekly visits to Liz, studying, and rehearsing, Stanislav somehow controlled his thoughts about Renee.

The end of the year concert was scheduled. Two performances, early afternoon and evening.

The music hall was packed; every seat was taken. The afternoon show went smoothly. Stanislav performed spectacularly, and the audience clapped with appreciation. Many people shook Stanislav's hand in the reception after the concert, but he was fixed on one thing. Renee. She was there with Ben making her way to him. Stanislav's heart skipped a beat at her view. Renee hugged him, "That was a fantastic performance," she said. Ben shook his hand and congratulated him on an excellent show.

Stanislav wanted to ask Renee why she didn't contact him but couldn't do it in public with Ben next to her. Suddenly Stanislav felt a tap on his shoulder. A short, plump man handed him a business card, "Mr. Cerny," the man said, "I am Ira Ginsberg. Give me a call tomorrow." And with that, the man left.

"Oh my," Ben exclaimed, "Do you know who that is?"

"I have no idea," Stanislav said, confused by the man's arrogant behavior.

"This is the best agent in the classical music arena," Ben said.

Renee instantly realized the situation, "Stanislav, I want you to call him tomorrow," she said, looking into his eyes, confident that Stanislav would follow her order without questioning.

When Renee wanted him to do something, it was necessary. Stanislav carefully stashed the business card into his wallet, "Yes, of course, Renee," he replied, wishing he could talk to her privately. But Renee linked her arm with Ben's, "We have to go. I'll talk to you later, Stanislav."

Stanislav watched Renee walk out of the reception room. His heart sank, but a gleam of hope shined. She said she'll talk to me later, Stanislav repeated in his head.

The evening concert went on smoothly, and the reception was uneventful. Liz was there congratulating him, but all Stanislav could think was when Renee would contact him. After the show, he went to Liz's apartment and brutally fucked her in the ass, releasing his emotions after seeing Renee. When he was about to come, Stanislav pulled his cock. Liz quickly turned and took his manhood lovingly into her mouth while Stanislav held Liz's head, thrusting his cock forcefully. He ejaculated and wept, his cock pulsating and spurting. Liz felt Stanislav's emotions. She sucked until the throbbing subsided, then kissed his penis head and licked it gently, waiting for Stanislav to relax.

“Good morning, Ira Ginsberg office,” a female voice announced.

“Good morning. May I speak to Mr. Ginsberg?” Stanislav asked politely.

“Who is calling?”

“Stanislav Cerny.”

“Hold on.” Pause, and the receptionist returned, “Mr. Ginsberg asks that you come to the office at four o’clock.”

“Okay.”

Stanislav was impressed when he saw the luxurious office. Ira welcomed him with a warm handshake.

“I think you can do well in live performances and make royalties from recordings. Of course, this will not happen overnight. I need to groom you. But in a few years, you will make good money.”

Stanislav listened to Ira. It sounded too good to be true. “And what do I need to do?”

Ira laughed, “You need to sign a contract with me, and then I’ll schedule you to perform in different orchestras. We’ll start with small towns’ orchestras and make our way to the big cities.”

Stanislav looked at him and thought that he had nothing to lose, “Okay,” he said.

“Here is the contract. Please review it, and twenty-five thousand dollars in advance payment.”

“Twenty-five thousand!” Stanislav couldn’t believe what he had just heard.

“What? You want more?”

“No, no, twenty-five thousand is more than enough,” Stanislav replied.

“Okay then, I’ll see you when you sign the contract,” Ira dismissed him.

Stanislav went from Ira’s office directly to Charles Carter’s office in school. Charles was kind and friendly. He read the contract and said it was fair, and Stanislav was lucky to work with an agent like Ira. After hearing Charles’s opinion, Stanislav returned to Ira’s office the following day and gave the signed contract to the receptionist.

“Let me check with Mr. Ginsberg,” the receptionist said and disappeared. She returned a minute later and handed him an envelope, “Mr. Ginsberg asked for a telephone number and said that he would contact you in a week or so.”

Stanislav gave her his telephone number and left. On the way out, he opened the envelope. A check for twenty-five thousand was there in his name. Stanislav started immediately to search for an apartment to rent. He longed to have a space for himself. Luckily, the following day, he found an available apartment and moved in the same day. Marty was very emotional saying goodbye, and they vowed to keep in touch.

Stanislav bought a sofa, bed, and other necessities and was busy fixing the apartment when a text from Renee arrived, “Call 6 pm.”

“Hi Stanislav, how are you?” Renee answered the phone.

“I am good.”

“Are you still living in the dorms?”

“No, I rented an apartment.”

“Text me your address,” Renee reacted quickly, and the line went dead.

Stanislav texted his address, and a minute later, he received a text, “I’ll be there at 8 pm.” Stanislav smiled. Typical Renee. She didn’t ask if he would be available. She knew he would. He bought a bottle of wine and hors d’oeuvre from a deli down the street and paced in his apartment, waiting for her arrival.

A knock on the door stirred him. He rushed, opened the door, and gasped at the view of Renee. She wore a ditsy floral tie front Cami dress that hugged her curves sensually. Her blonde hair fell luxuriously on her smooth bare shoulders, and her blue eyes sparkled with a smile, “Are you going to invite me in?”

“Oh, of course,” Stanislav said, recuperating from his awestruck.

Renee walked in and saw the wine and goodies Stanislav had prepared, “Nice, I can use a glass of wine.”

Sitting on the sofa sipping wine, Renee inquired, “How did it go with Ire Ginsberg?”

“It went well. I signed a contract with him.”

“That is wonderful!” Renee exclaimed and placed her arm on the back of the sofa, stretching her dress over her firm breasts. Stanislav sat beside her and gazed at her erect nipples that protruded from the thin fabric of her dress.

Renee smiled at him. She read his mind like an open book and let him have it. She untied the front lace of the dress, exposing her glorious tits. Like a magnet, Stanislav leaned forward and latched on her nipple, sucking it with hunger and desire. Renee caressed his head, letting him adore her breasts.

Stanislav sucked her nipples, moving from one to another, making the sounds of a wounded animal. He missed her so much; he needed her in his life. Emotions ran through his body as he hugged, kissed, licked, and sucked her breasts with desire and desperation.

Renee sat silently, patting Stanislav’s head, letting him overcome the emotions of the first touch after a long break of not seeing her. Stanislav sucked her nipple with closed eyes, hugging her, brushing her long hair with his hands, enjoying her closeness.

Stanislav’s adulation aroused Renee. She slid her hand into his pants, gently reaching his penis and massaging it.

“Is this a new bed,” Renee broke the silence.

“Yes,” Stanislav smiled.

“Let’s inaugurate it,” Renee giggled. She got up and slid the dress down her hips, letting it fall on the floor. She wore nothing under the dress and lay naked in bed, amusingly watching Stanislav take his clothes off as fast as he could.

Stanislav joined her in bed. He kissed her and then slid down, kissing her chest, and flat stomach, reaching her smooth, beautiful vagina. He tenderly kissed those delicate lips making sounds of pleasure as he inhaled her scent and tasted her sex.

Renee lay motionless. She let Stanislav lead, and when he came up and entered her, she embraced and countered his moves. Stanislav's eyes were fixed on hers as he moved his hard cock inside her at an increasing pace until he came with a shout.

Renee wrapped her legs over Stanislav's waist, keeping him inside her. She held his face with two hands, looking into his eyes, "I need to tell you something," she said gently.

Stanislav looked at her with anticipation.

"Ben and I are engaged," Renee said.

Stanislav felt as if a knife had sliced through his heart. He was hurt, and with a painful expression, he tried to pull out his penis and move away, but Renee tightened her legs, "Stay inside," she said softly, holding his face tenderly. Stanislav resigned. His world collapsed. He looked away.

"Look at me," Renee said, "I want you to promise me that you'll play your best every performance you have, small or large orchestra."

Stanislav did not reply. He looked at her with a pained facial expression, trying to comprehend the news.

Renee kicked his ass with her foot, "Promise me!" she demanded.

It took Stanislav several seconds to digest Renee's demand, and finally, he said, "I promise."

"I want to hear it. What do you promise me?" Renee did not let on.

"I promise I'll play the best I can every performance," Stanislav declared.

Renee released her hold and spread her legs. Stanislav pulled out his penis and went down, kissing her sex, savoring her, preparing himself for the inevitable that he won't see her again.

Renee patted his head, "I want you to be the best you can be. You do it for me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Renee," Stanislav's muffled voice sounded.

Renee let him enjoy her body for a little longer, then got up and put on her dress. She started to walk toward the door when Stanislav's voice stopped

her, “Will I see you again?” Renee turned and approached Stanislav, who lay in bed watching her intently.

“The rules do not change,” she said softly, running her palm over his face, then turned and left, closing the door quietly behind her.

A new era started in Stanislav's life. Ira scheduled performances in various states. In the beginning, Stanislav played with small orchestras, slowly gaining recognition. Between a busy travel itinerary, he spent time at his apartment. He often visited Charles at school. They became friends. Charles had a wealth of information and advised him on many technical subjects.

He saw Liz occasionally but never invited her to his apartment. He couldn't bear the thought of sleeping with Liz on the same bed he made love to Renee.

One day Stanislav arrived home and found an invitation to Renee's wedding in the mailbox. He angrily threw the invitation on the floor, thinking that he would never go to see her marrying Ben. It would be too painful. As the invitation hit the floor, Stanislav noticed handwriting on the back of the invitation and read, 'Please come to my wedding. Renee.'

Renee wrote, please! He never heard her say thank you or please. She knew I wouldn't go to the wedding, Stanislav thought. But now he had no choice. If Renee wrote please, it meant the world to him. He wondered why Renee wanted him at her wedding. She knew he was in love with her, and it would hurt him to see her in Ben's arms. He couldn't come up with any

explanation, but he asked Ira to clear the schedule for the wedding weekend.

Renee looked stunning in the white wedding dress. Stanislav watched her with Liz by his side. They sat at one of the guests' tables and ate dinner. When the dancing started, Stanislav danced with Liz, and when he returned to the table sipping wine, he felt a tap on his shoulder. Renee smiled at him and turned to Liz, "You wouldn't mind if I stole Stanislav for a dance?"

"Not at all," Liz replied.

On the dance floor, Stanislav held Renee at a respectful distance. "I heard you are doing well, Stanislav," Renee said, smiling at him kindly.

"I guess so," Stanislav said modestly.

"You keep your promise to me," Renee said, stating it rather than asking.

"Yes, I keep my promise to you," Stanislav said, looking lovingly into her eyes, and wondered why Renee married Ben.

"It is all good, Stanislav, you are on your way to becoming rich and famous, and you have a lovely girlfriend."

"Yes," Stanislav said absently.

Stanislav returned to his table, drank another glass of wine, and said to Liz, "Let's go home."

Liz nodded in agreement. She always did what Stanislav wanted. They went to her apartment, and Stanislav sat on the sofa, thinking about the wedding and how much he missed Renee.

Liz sat next to him. She felt his turmoil and patiently sucked his cock. Liz's treatment paid off and aroused Stanislav. He pulled her up and turned her around. Liz understood what he wanted and bent over for him feeling his emotions as he rammed into her with loud shouts of anger and anguish.

Stanislav fucked Liz forcefully. He spanked her ass and banged hard. When he was ready, he pulled out and stood motionless. Liz turned, went down on her knees, and took his throbbing cock into her mouth, sucking it eagerly, swallowing his cum hungrily. She then licked and kissed his manhood until his penis softened.

Still, on her knees, Liz looked up at him and said suddenly, “You are in love with her.”

“What?” Stanislav cried.

“You are in love with Renee,” Liz repeated clearly.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Stanislav replied. He stepped away, “I need to go now,” he said rudely, dressed, and left.

Liz did not object or ask him to stay the night. She watched him silently leave and then got up from the floor, sighing and hoping to see him again soon.

It was all work for Stanislav. Traveling to Europe, Australia, and Asia, he became a famous violin player. His good look helped. He made money from the performances, and his recordings provided a stream of royalty

income. But Stanislav lived modestly in the same small apartment he rented when he got paid twenty-five thousand.

After Renee's wedding, he stopped seeing Liz and went out with other women. In every city he visited often, he had a lover. But he often thought of Renee and wondered how she was doing. She was married, and though he was sure she slept with other men, he knew she respected him more than a brief affair and did not contact him.

His fame grew over the years, and so did his bank account. But his love life was chaotic. He did not commit to one woman and often dreamed about Renee.

About five years after Renee's wedding, Stanislav performed in the city. At the reception after the concert, he ran into Charles and Grace.

"It was an excellent performance," Charles congratulated. They chatted briefly, and Grace asked him how long he would be in town.

"I am leaving next Monday," Stanislav said.

"Why don't you come over on Friday night for dinner?" Grace invited.

Stanislav hesitated, but Grace pushed on, "Renee will be there, and I am sure she would be happy to see you."

Stanislav would love to meet Renee, but seeing her with Ben would be too painful, "Thank you, Mrs. Reiner, but I am not sure I can make it."

Charles understood Stanislav's predicament, "Stanislav, Ben won't be there. They are not together anymore," he said with a smirked smile.

Grace and Charles watched Stanislav's face light up, "Really? I didn't know that."

"Now you do," Charles said, laughing.

"I'll see you Friday evening at six," Grace declared with finality and linked her arm with Charles's, leaving Stanislav standing with an open mouth.

When Grace told Renee about Stanislav's dinner invitation, Renee was upset, "You had no right to invite him!"

"Why not? He is my guest, not yours," Grace retorted.

“Ma, you know how Stanislav feels about me. Why torture him?” Renee said quietly.

Grace looked at her daughter lovingly, “I know how he feels about you, but do you know how you feel about him?”

Renee did not reply. She turned and walked away. “I expect you to be here on Friday at six,” Grace called after her, smiling amusingly, wondering when her daughter would confront her feelings toward Stanislav.

For Friday night dinner, Stanislav dressed in a casual tailored suit. He was excited and nervous about meeting Renee after so many years. As he entered the living room, he spotted Renee immediately. Beautiful as ever, she stood tall in high heels, dressed in a black evening gown.

Grace greeted him with a hug, “I am glad you could make it. Let me introduce you to some of the people here,” she gushed, knowing well that Stanislav wanted to talk to Renee. But Stanislav went through the motion and said hello, nice to meet you, to a few people until Grace let him free.

Renee stood quietly, sipping wine. As Stanislav approached, Renee looked into his eyes. Stanislav felt lost in the blue of her eyes. His heart pumped fast. He knew that his feelings toward Renee did not change with time. He was still in love with her.

“Hi, how are you,” Renee asked casually. She was reserved and calm. Stanislav was disappointed with her chilled reception. He imagined their meeting differently and thought Renee would hug and be happy to see him.

“I am fine, thank you,” Stanislav replied politely, and he couldn’t hold his curiosity, “I heard that you are not with Ben.”

“Yes, we divorced,” Renee answered tersely.

“Oh, I am sorry...” Stanislav did not finish the sentence as Renee cut him off, “Excuse me,” she said and walked away.

Stanislav was astonished and disappointed. His eyes followed Renee watching her talking to other guests. At dinner, Renee avoided his stares and conversed politely with other guests. Stanislav decided to do something. He cannot pass on this opportunity, having Renee with him at

the same place. If I don't do something, Stanislav thought, I won't see her again.

After dinner, Stanislav approached Renee, determined, "Renee, I owe you dinner at that restaurant across from the gallery," he said as confidently as he could.

"What do you mean?" Renee cracked a smile.

"I mean that I invite you for dinner at that restaurant. Remember, you said I'd take you one day when I'll be famous and rich," Stanislav said, determined not to give up.

"Thanks, but I'll pass."

"Why are you doing this?" Stanislav said in desperation.

"Why am I doing what?" Renee pretended not to understand Stanislav while examining him closely.

"Fending me off, being cold."

"Because I don't think it would be good for you to rekindle our friendship," Renee countered honestly.

"Why don't you let me decide what is good for me," Stanislav replied angrily.

Renee examined Stanislav. He seemed angry and determined, "Okays, Stanislav, I could go with you to dinner, but I am warning you. It wouldn't be easy for you to see me again."

"Why wouldn't it be easy? It was easy in the past."

"It was easy because I did not date you, and I let you have it easy," Renee retorted, getting impatient.

"I'll take my chances, Renee. Would you please have dinner with me?"

"You mean a date, don't you?"

"Yes, a date."

Renee silently looked at him for a few seconds and said, "I'll meet you there tomorrow at seven."

Stanislav smiled, relieved, "Great, I look forward to seeing you."

Renee did not smile; she walked away without saying a word. She couldn't explain to Stanislav her heartbroken marriage. She and Ben got along well, playing sex games and having fun in and outside the bedroom. Ben became Renee's husband and slave, obeying and responding to her demands, and she was happily married until Ben had a discectomy procedure. What confounded Renee was the fact that Ben did not consult her. He did it secretly and informed her weeks later. Renee couldn't forgive him for having the procedure without talking to her first, and their relationship cooled. Renee became vicious and punished Ben harshly for futile infractions. At first, Ben accepted the new reality and understood why Renee was furious, but after a while, he had enough and moved out.

Renee was devastated. She didn't expect her marriage to end that way. She thought her married life would be the same as she saw her mother and father until her father died. But it did not happen that way. Ben moved out of their apartment and out of her life. The divorce was easy to dissolve. They both were wealthy and did not ask for any monetary compensation. After four years of marriage, Renee lived by herself, grieving. She did not date anyone after her divorce and took her time to heal. Occasionally, when she needed it, she booked a room in a hotel, went to a singles bar, and returned to the hotel with a one-night stand.

Every so often, Renee read about Stanislav's performances. She did not miss him. Ben filled her life, and she did not need anyone else during her marriage. When she saw Stanislav at her mother's dinner party, images of past encounters flashed in her mind. Stanislav had a special place in her heart. And when he asked her for a dinner date, she hesitated but was also happy that Stanislav desired her. If he wanted to date her, she would have to train him, as she trained Ben. But Stanislav was a working man, not wealthy and free like Ben, and being in a domineering relationship with her, might interfere with his career. Renee had concerns but decided to take it one day at a time and see what would happen. The worse was behind her, she had recovered from the disastrous divorce, and it was time to look forward to the future.

Stanislav waited at the reception of the restaurant anxiously. When Renee walked in, he rushed at her, "You look stunning," he said, staring at her,

wearing a blue halter dress with an exposed back. Her breasts bounced lightly with each step of her long luscious legs in high-heel blue suede pumps.

“Let’s go in,” Renee said, ignoring Stanislav’s compliment. The host sat them at a lovely corner table Stanislav reserved with a good tip.

“Nice table,” Renee commented with a slight smile. She knew what it took to get it and liked that Stanislav made an effort.

“What are you getting?” Stanislav inquired.

“I am thinking I’ll get the fish,” Renee said absently. She had second thoughts about meeting Stanislav on a date.

When the waiter approached to take their order, Stanislav was quick and said, “We’ll both have the special of the day and a bottle of red wine.”

Renee looked at him, smiling slightly at Stanislav’s confidence but letting him run the dinner show. They cheered and sipped wine. Stanislav talked about his trips and funny incidents he had in different countries. Renee laughed, relaxed, and enjoyed the conversation. It was easy going and friendly evening.

When dinner was over, they went outside, where the valet guy brought Stanislav’s shiny Mercedes.

“Nice car,” Renee commented. Stanislav smiled proudly and drove to Renee’s apartment building. He opened the car door for her, and they walked into the lobby. At the elevator door, Renee stopped, “It was a nice dinner. I enjoyed it,” she said, looking into Stanislav’s eyes and sending him a message.

Stanislav got it and didn’t push, “I had a great time also,” he said and paused, “May I contact you again?” he asked, knowing that Renee expected him to keep the rules.

The elevator door opened at that moment. Renee stepped in, and as the door closed, she said, “You may text me when you are in town.”

Stanislav was exuberant as he walked out of the lobby and knew what he had to do before leaving town on his next trip. The following morning, he went to a real-estate agency. A young woman greeted him, “Hi, my name is Barb. How may I help you?”

“I am looking for an apartment to buy,” Stanislav informed her.

Barb asked him a few questions to better understand what he needed and showed him photos of the available apartment. “We can visit if you like any of these.”

“I don’t have much time today, I am leaving on tour tomorrow morning and be back in ten days, but I can tell you that none of these apartments caught my attention.”

“That’s fine, I’ll send you another listing during the week, and you could visit the places when you return.”

“Thanks, that would work well.”

They shook hands, and Stanislav went home, preparing for his European trip. And true to her words, Barb sent him a few listings daily. Stanislav examined the photos and thought he might see one or two of them. Then toward the end of the week, he received a listing that caught his attention. It was a penthouse apartment with French doors in the living room opening into a private rooftop. What excited him was the small pool with a jacuzzi on the rooftop. He immediately messaged Barb that he was interested in that apartment and wanted to see it when he returned.

Stanislav toured the apartment, and it was perfect, with three bedrooms, a large kitchen, and a private rooftop. He signed the purchase contract right there, “I’ll pay cash. When can I have the apartment?”

Barb smiled broadly, “If you wire the funds today, we can register the title tomorrow morning, and you can have the keys by noon.”

“Let’s do it,” Stanislav said decisively.

Excitedly, Stanislav opened the door to his apartment the next day. He walked around, turned on the Jacuzzi, flushed toilets, checked the closets, and watched the view from the windows and rooftop. The apartment was charming, and he hoped that Renee would like it. Of course, it was not the large apartment she was used to, but it was cozy and lovely.

Standing on the rooftop, Stanislav texted Renee, ‘I am back in town and would like to show you something exciting.’

It took Renee two days to respond. Stanislav was anxious and worried that she wouldn't reply. But when he got a text from Renee, 'Pick me up today at 6,' he jumped with excitement and congratulated himself for being patient and not sending more messages during the long wait.

Stanislav walked into the lobby of Renee's building and asked the doorman to ring Renee. "She'll be right down," the doorman said after he hung up the phone.

When the elevator door opened, Stanislav gasped. Renee was dressed in mini summer dress and put her hair in a side ponytail. She was beautiful and radiant sexuality.

"Hi Stanislav," Renee greeted with a smile, and before Stanislav could respond, she asked, "What do you want to show me?"

"Hi, Renee," Stanislav smiled affectionately, "As they say, a picture is better than thousand words, so I have to take you first there."

"Okay, take me," Renee said with a friendly smile, wondering what Stanislav had under his sleeve.

They drove in silence. Renee did not talk and didn't ask Stanislav about his last tour. He was disappointed but kept quiet. When they reached the building, Stanislav opened the apartment door, "Please go into my new home," he said excitedly.

"You bought this apartment?" Renee was surprised.

"Yes, a couple of days ago."

"Hmmm, interesting," Renee said casually, "Let's see it then."

Stanislav showed Renee the apartment; the last tour stop was the rooftop. He opened the French doors and walked outside. The jacuzzi was working as he left it, and the view from the rooftop was fascinating.

Renee walked outside and scanned. It was a nice rooftop, and she liked the jacuzzi. She didn't say a word yet about the apartment. She just looked and nodded.

After a pause, Renee said quietly, "Take off my shoes."

Stanislav tuned to her, immediately dropped down on his knees, and removed Renee's pumps.

Renee looked at him with approval, turned around, slid the shoulder straps of her dress, and pushed the dress down. She wore nothing under the dress, and naked, she dipped into the jacuzzi.

Stanislav, still on his knees, watched her mesmerized. Renee was a goddess, just the way he remembered her.

"Are you staying there and watching or what?" Renee admonished.

Stanislav stirred, got up, undressed, and joined Renee in the Jacuzzi. They sat beside each other, their shoulders touching, "Nice apartment," Renee commented.

"You like it?" Stanislav's face lit up.

"Ah-ha," Renee responded, smiling. She knew that Stanislav had purchased the apartment to impress her, which was fine with her. She admitted that she liked his attention and affection.

"How was the tour?" Renee chatted amicably. It seems that shedding clothes helped. And they conversed, talking about concerts and performances.

Stanislav felt at ease and asked Renee what was on his mind, "How long have you been divorced?"

"Almost two years now."

"And if you don't mind me asking, are you over it?"

"Are you asking me if I am ready for a new relationship?" Renee cut through the chase.

"Yes."

"It depends."

"On what?"

"Whom I would have a relationship with."

"What about me?"

"You asking me if I am ready for a relationship with you?"

“Yes.”

Renee did not reply directly, “Time to get out of the tub,” she said and jumped out.

Stanislav followed suit and handed her the towels he had prepared.

Renee laughed, “Empty house with towels,” she mocked. Stanislav smiled and stayed quiet, watching Renee wipe herself. Her gorgeous lusty body shimmered in the late evening light.

“Shoes,” Renee said quietly.

Stanislav dropped down and held the shoes as Renee glided her feet into the pumps. She wrapped her upper body with a towel and walked into the house without a word. Stanislav was confused, never knew what Renee would do, but followed suit with a towel wrapped over his waist.

Renee walked to the kitchen and sat on the counter, “I think that we need to inaugurate the apartment,” she said mischievously as she lifted her arms, inviting Stanislav, who quickly stepped between her legs. Renee wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him but broke the kiss quickly,

“Did you miss me?” she asked as if she didn’t know.

“Tremendously.”

Renee was satisfied, and their lips met again. This time it was more prolonged and passionate. While kissing, Renee reached for Stanislav’s cock and stroked it gently. She broke the kiss briefly, “You want to fuck?”

“Yes!”

Renee resumed kissing and brushed Stanislav’s penis head over her moist vagina’s lips. She broke the kiss again, looking into his eyes, and inserted his penis inside her. Stanislav made a loud “Oh” as he felt her warmth enveloping him.

“Welcome back, Stanislav,” Renee said and resumed kissing.

Stanislav standing excitedly moved his manhood and felt elated and tense. Every muscle in his body ached for Renee. They moved silently in synch, feeling each other’s rhythm. Stanislav banged until Renee reached a climax, and then he ejaculated.

They stayed embraced for some time. Stanislav understood that Renee answered his question about readiness for a relationship with action, not words, and he was grateful. He dropped down and kissed her delicate vagina lovingly while Renee, sitting on the counter, caressed his head. No words were necessary.

“Get my dress,” Renee broke the silence. Stanislav nodded and went to fetch her and his clothes from the rooftop.

Dressed, Renee walked to the front door signaling that the evening was over. Stanislav did not object. He got more than he hoped for.

When he walked Renee to the elevator in her building, he said, “I would like to take you dancing on Friday night. Would you be available?”

Renee looked at him with an amused smile, “Picked me up at seven,” she said and disappeared into the elevator.

They went to a nightclub on Friday, ate, drank, and danced. It was a lovely evening. Renee was impressed. She had never been to that nightclub and had a good time. When they returned to Renee’s building, Stanislav kissed her and said goodnight.

Renee went to her apartment, got to bed, and thought about the evening. Stanislav had matured since they had a short affair six years ago. She liked the fact that he did not push sex. She was having a good time, and for the first time in her history with Stanislav, she wondered when she would see him again.

Stanislav waited a few days before contacting Renee again. He gained experience in dating and knew that if he were too eager, it would work against him. He searched for an event suitable for the following date and found an art show. He knew the way to penetrate Renee’s heart would not be sex but intelligent courtship.

Renee responded to his message about going to the art show within an hour. It was an improvement over two days, and Stanislav knew he was on the right track. After visiting the art show, they had dinner and chatted.

“What is your performance schedule?” Renee inquired.

“I am staying in town for the rest of the month, and then I travel to Chicago for two concerts.”

“What do you play there?”

“Bruch’s concerto.”

“Oh, I like that concerto,” Renee commented.

Stanislav wanted to say would you come with me, but held off. Too early to suggest that.

When he walked her to the elevator, Renee invited, “Would you like to come up?”

Stanislav hesitated, “I am not sure I want to spend time with you in the apartment you and Ben shared.”

Renee seemed a bit disappointed but said, “I understand.”

“But I’ll tell you what, I ordered a nice bed that I should get tomorrow. The first piece of furniture in my new apartment.”

Renee wrapped her arms around his shoulders, kissed him, and giggled, “I would like to see that bed.”

“You will be the first to see it, I promise,” Stanislav laughed.

“Does it have a headboard with cuffs? I need to tie you if you are a bad boy,” Renee teased.

“The headboard is made of vertical bars, and you could easily tie me.”

“That’s my man,” Renee laughed and walked into the elevator.

Stanislav waited a few days, playing it cool again, and then texted Renee, ‘Would you be available tomorrow? I have tickets for a concert.’

A couple of hours later, he got a reply, ‘No.’

Stanislav smiled. Renee was unpredictable, and that made her so desirable to him. He changed his approach, ‘Are you available to see my new bed?’

The reply came instantly. ‘Yes.’

Stanislav became more assertive, ‘Pick you up tomorrow at six.’

The reply arrived instantly, ‘Tonight 6 pm.’ Unpredictable, Stanislav smiled and texted, ‘OK.’

Renee pulled out the whip she used on Ben. It was a thin, flexible metal rod with a ball at the end of the rod, and it had a comfortable handle. The rod was wrapped with a leather band. Renee removed the leather strip. That was Ben's leather. She smiled, got the new leather band she had prepared for this occasion, and wrapped it over the metal rod, thinking, a new band, a new man.

When the doorman rang her announcing that Stanislav was in the lobby, Renee stashed the whip and leather handcuffs in her tote bag and went downstairs.

Stanislav greeted her with a broad smile, but Renee did not smile, "Let's go," she barked. Stanislav nodded. He accepted Renee's mood and knew the best way to deal with her was to go along.

They drove in silence, and when they entered Stanislav's apartment, Renee walked to the bedroom and examined the bed.

"Pull the bed away from the wall," Renee ordered. She walked around the bed after Stanislav moved it and seemed satisfied.

"Undress and lie on your stomach," Stanislav heard Renee's harsh voice. Renee was up to something, and Stanislav couldn't figure out what, but he knew that he must obey if he wanted to keep seeing her. He kept quiet, undressed, and lay in bed.

Renee used two handcuffs and tied his hands to the headboard bars.

"Hang on the bars and get up on your knees," Renee hissed.

Renee walked around the bed, checking Stanislav's position, standing on his knees, hands clasped to the headboard bars, arms stretched forward. She then stood before Stanislav, looking at him through the headboard spaces, and stripped her dress.

Stanislav watched her mesmerized.

Renee stood naked in high heels, looking at him in his vulnerable position. She pulled the whip out of her tote bag and stepped behind Stanislav. It was dead silence, and then a swish sounded as Renee lifted her arm and came down fast.

“Ow,” Stanislav screamed. The pain was sharp, and the whip left a thin red line across Stanislav’s ass. Renee lifted her arm again and whipped, careful not to hit Stanislav with the ball at the end of the rod.

Stanislav screamed again from the pain Renee inflicted on him expertly.

“I want you to experience what it would be like dating me,” Renee said and beat him again. Stanislav screamed but did not respond to Renee’s statement.

Renee lifted her arm and smacked three times in quick motions. Stanislav shouted and wept, tears running down his face.

“Are you sure you want to date me?” Renee challenged.

“Yes!” Stanislav cried.

Renee lifted her arm and beat him again.

“Are you sure?” she repeated.

“Yes, I love you!” Stanislav announced, not letting the pain distract him. He realized that Renee was testing him and was determined to withstand it.

“I didn’t understand,” Renee said with another hard smack.

“I love you, and I want to date you,” Stanislav shouted, sobbing but determined.

Renee ran out of steam. She dropped the whip on the floor and untied Stanislav’s hands. “Lie down,” she said softly. She then got a bottle from her bag and brushed liquid on Stanislav’s sore butt. The solution she rubbed had a calming effect as it numbed the painful areas, giving Stanislav relief.

“Move over,” Renee said and lay beside Stanislav, brushing his head affectionately. Stanislav’s sobbing died out, and he breathed regularly, looking lovingly at Renee lying next to him, and his penis was hard as a rock.

“Get inside me,” Renee said quietly, spreading her legs. Stanislav climbed on top of her and entered his swollen penis inside her. Renee wrapped her long legs around his waist and her arms around his neck.

Stanislav made a surprised “Oh” when he suddenly felt Renee’s vagina contracting and pressing his stiff penis. Renee released the pressure, paused,

and tightened again. Stanislav made another moan. It was a new sensation he hadn't experienced before.

"You like?" Renee asked, squeezing his penis inside her vagina.

"Yes, a lot," Stanislav replied, smiling.

"I do it only for boyfriends," Renee said as if she were sharing a secret.

Stanislav started to cry. It was happiness feeling, and he couldn't control the tears that dropped down on Renee's face. Calling him indirectly a boyfriend was the best feeling he ever had. His heart gloated with emotions, and reflexively he started moving his cock in slow motion.

Renee countered his moves lifting her groin when he moved in, letting his cock enter her as deep as it could. They moved in rhythm. Sometimes Renee pressed his butt, keeping him motionless, and contracted her vagina, making Stanislav shout with pleasure. She let go and said, "Fuck me, baby, fuck me."

They moved in sync faster and faster, breathing heavily, moaning, and grabbing each other hair. The world shut down. Only their ecstasy drove their bodies to a new high. Stanislav felt Renee tremble as she reached the climax. She held his head close to her, "Give it to me. Give me all you have. Now!" she talked into his ear and tightened her vagina. Stanislav shouted, his penis pulsating rapidly as he ejaculated a jet of warm semen inside Renee.

They lay embraced, calming down for their climax. Renee was first to move and gently pushed Stanislav off her. She went to the bathroom to wash up, and when she returned, she saw Stanislav smiling at her from the bed.

"Do not talk," Renee instructed, "Lie on your stomach, hands on the side." Stanislav was surprised after the hot lovemaking, he expected a warmer greeting, but he turned and lay on his stomach.

Renee covered him with a blanket and dressed. She then sat at the edge of the bed, running her fingertips through Stanislav's hair. It was an intimate moment, and Stanislav lay quietly, enjoying.

Finally, Renee talked. "I want you to get a good night's sleep and pick me up tomorrow morning at ten. We need to do some shopping." Stanislav

moved his head, signaling that he understood.

Renee bent and ran her tongue in a quick circle over his ear, “Love you too,” she said quietly and then left quickly.

Stanislav did not move for a long time. It was the first time Renee expressed feelings toward him and said she loved him! It was the happiest moment in his life, and it took him a long time to fall asleep, his head spinning, thinking about Renee and the future.

The morning sun woke him up. Smiling happily, Stanislav took a shower, dressed, and arrived at Renee’s apartment lobby at ten o’clock. Renee came out of the elevator smiling warmly and linked her arm with his, “Let’s go shopping,” she giggled.

Their first stop was at an intimate lingerie shop. Renee tried on several bedtime attire, silk lingerie that barely covered her round ass, laced lingerie for a comfortable home dress, and a few embroidered G-string underwear.

From there, Renee went to a clothing store where she tried several dresses in a private dressing room. Stanislav approved of her choices and thought she looked beautiful in those dresses. Renee matched pairs of shoes for the different dresses, and with the help of Stanislav and the store saleswoman, they loaded Stanislav’s car with numerous boxes and bags.

They took a lunch break, and Renee chatted happily, and then she recalled, “What time is the concert tonight?”

Stanislav almost forgot about the tickets he had for the concert that day, and surprised, he said, “Eight o’clock.”

“Take me home now,” Renee ordered with a change of manner. When they walked into the lobby of her apartment building, Renee said, “You hang all my clothes in the bedroom closet in your apartment.”

“Yes, sure,” Stanislav said, wondering what Renee had in mind.

Renee held Stanislav’s hand and squeezed gently, “You don’t want me to wear the same clothes I wore when I was married to Ben. Do you?”

“No, of course not,” Stanislav was quick to agree.

“I also like to take a bath before I go out,” Renee said out of the blue.

“Okay,” Stanislav said for lack of a better response.

“And I like my boyfriend to dress me after the bath.”

“Okay.”

Renee entered the elevator, “I’ll be in your place at six o’clock,” she said as the door closed.

Stanislav was dumbfounded, but he followed Renee’s instructions. It took him three trips to his car to get all the boxes and bugs, and he hung Renee’s clothes in the closet and found a space for her undies and shoes. Just before six, he filled the bathtub and waited, wondering how the first day as Renee’s boyfriend would go.

A knock on the door stirred him. He jumped on his feet and opened the door and was astonished to see Renee dressed in a robe and sleepers standing there smiling.

“Hi,” Renee said and walked into the bathroom. She checked the water temperature, got a soap bar from her tote bag, peeled off the robe, and sunk into the water.

Stanislav watched her with awe. He stared at her naked body in the tub, and his cock stirred uncontrollably.

“Take off your clothes, and wash me,” Renee ordered quietly. Stanislav followed directions, and when he came to the tub, Renee handed him the soap and lifted one leg, “You start from the bottom,” she said.

Stanislav enjoyed washing Renee. He ran the soap over her leg and then brushed the soap with bare hands feeling her soft, smooth skin in his palms. Renee changed her legs, then stood on her knees to have her back and ass cleaned, and finally, Stanislav ran his hands over her chest and breasts, making sure to cover everywhere with soap lather.

Renee dipped into the tub and relaxed, and after a short while, she stood and instructed Stanislav to rinse her. Without instructions, Stanislav wiped her wet body with a towel, starting at the top and ending at her feet.

“Get my shoes,” Renee ordered.

“Which one?”

“I am planning to wear the lavender dress, so what do you think?”

“I got it,” Stanislav said and rushed to fetch a pair of lavender high-heeled shoes. He returned to the bathroom, dropped to his knees, and held the shoes as Renee slid her feet in. Naked in high heels, Renee stood in front of the mirror and brushed her hair, “Get me undie,” she said, looking amusingly at Stanislav.

“Which one?”

“Your choice.”

Stanislav fetched a pink G-string thong, went down, and helped Renee to thread her legs into the undie. Stanislav lifted and fit the undie over her crotch, licking his lips with a desire to kiss that beautiful vagina that he covered with the thong. Renee continued to brush her hair and asked for the lavender dress. She looked at herself in the mirror with satisfaction when she was dressed. Stanislav performed well in his first role as a boyfriend.

“Get dressed,” Renee giggled and kissed Stanislav playfully.

They arrived at the concert hall. Renee hung on Stanislav’s arm and interlaced her fingers with his during the concert. In the intermission, Stanislav ran into people that he knew and proudly introduced Renee to them. Renee always held Stanislav’s hand while shaking hands showing everyone that she belonged to Stanislav.

Many heads turned when Renee passed by. Men always ogled her. She was beautiful and radiated sexuality. But Renee was attending Stanislav and no one else. She hung on his arm, smiled at him affectionately, and ignored the ogling eyes. Stanislav felt he was on top of the world and didn’t want the intermission to end. When they returned to their seats, Renee brushed her palm on his thigh, squeezing gently in an intimate gesture.

They returned to Stanislav’s apartment after the concert. As they walked in, Renee hugged and kissed him tearing his clothes. She then took his erect cock into her mouth, bobbing her head and sliding it into her throat. Stanislav couldn’t handle the sensation. He lifted Renee and undressed her gently, then carried her into the bedroom and made love to her.

They climaxed together with loud moans and then lay catching up their breaths. It was a wonderful evening for Stanislav, and he was grateful for

having Renee by his side.

Renee got up and put on one of the silk lingerie she bought earlier, “Let’s get some sleep,” she said to Stanislav running her palm over his face affectionately. Stanislav wanted to get up and put on the brief he used to go to sleep with, but Renee stopped him, “You sleep naked with me,” she said gently as she turned her back to him and grabbed his hand, pulling him into her back. Stanislav hugged her, feeling her warm body through the thin silk material. He buried his face into her soft hair, inhaled her scent, and closed his eyes.

Stanislav woke up in the morning startled. Renee was sleeping peacefully next to him. Last night was not a dream, Stanislav thought. It was a real treat to have Renee by his side. He quietly got up, made coffee in the kitchen, and prepared Renee’s breakfast. Orange and croissant that he froze the other day.

Sipping coffee pensively, Stanislav suddenly heard the high heels footsteps of Renee approaching. He got up as Renee entered the kitchen, smiling and kissing him, “Good morning. How did you sleep?” Stanislav asked affectionately.

“Like a baby,” Renee giggled and sat at the table. She took a small bite of the croissant with a sip of orange juice and seemed satisfied, “We need to do some more shopping today,” she announced.

“Okay,” Stanislav agreed, wondering what was on her mind. He didn’t ask, just watched Renee, still dressed in silk lingerie, with a smile of pleasure.

“I need a vanity and some more casual clothes, and you need living room furniture.”

“Sure,” Stanislav smiled.

“I am taking a shower now, and then we’ll go,” Renee said, happy that Stanislav did not object to her plan.

When Renee came out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped over her upper body, she looked at Stanislav, smiling mischievously, “Dress me, boyfriend.”

“What do you want to wear?”

“You choose.”

Stanislav chose black high heels and a yellow summer dress. When he brought the white G-string undie, Renee standing naked in high heels, said, “We don’t need undie today.” Stanislav felt his penis stirring and came to full erection when he put on the yellow dress. Renee was the sexiest woman he had ever met. He loved her and craved her immensely.

They went to a fancy furniture store that Renee knew. She ordered a lovely vanity with a large oval mirror and two loveseats for the living room with a matching coffee table and chairs. Stanislav was happy with Renee’s choice and was glad that she was helping him to furnish the apartment. The day passed leisurely, with more clothes purchasing, lunch, and pleasant conversation.

In the evening, they went to dinner in one of Stanislav’s favorite restaurants serving European food. During dinner, Stanislav brought up what had been on his mind for a while, “You know, Renee, I am leaving in three days for Chicago, and I would love it if you could join me.”

“How long you stay in Chicago?” Renee inquired.

“Only four days.”

“I know some good clothing stores in Chicago,” Renee said absently.

Stanislav wasn’t sure if Renee said yes, but left it at that. He learned that Renee made her mind when she wanted, not when he wanted.

They returned home and went to bed, pleasuring each other and climaxing together. It was an unimaginably good time for Stanislav, and he couldn’t believe his good luck.

During breakfast the following day, Renee said, “I need to buy a suitcase for the trip to Chicago.”

Stanislav jumped out of his chair and lifted Renee kissing her, silently thanking her for agreeing to join him on the trip to Chicago.

Renee giggled cheerfully, “Put me down, you monster.”

Stanislav couldn’t stop himself as he felt her warmth under the silk lingerie, pulling his penis out and rubbing it over her crotch. Renee laughed, hung on his neck, and Stanislav standing and holding her butt, entered her swiftly.

They kissed, their tongues dancing while they moved in sync, breathing loudly until they climaxed together.

“I need a shower,” Renee said as she dropped back on the chair, panting with glistering eyes.

“Why don’t I make you a bath,” Stanislav offered.

“Go ahead, be a good boyfriend,” Renee laughed joyfully.

Stanislav loved washing her, running lathered hands all over her body. After he rinsed and wiped her, Renee said, “Red shoes.”

Stanislav went to the closet, fetched red high heels, and on his knees, he helped Renee slide her feet in. “Red undies,” Renee ordered. Then wearing undies and high heels, she went to the closet and put on short pants and a blouse.

“Get dressed,” Renee said, smiling at Stanislav, who watched her with admiration.

They went shopping again, then had lunch. The day passed like a dream. And the following days till the trip to Chicago were an unimaginably happy time for Stanislav. They walked in the park, had dinners, danced at nightclubs, and made love.

Renee never went to her apartment. She bought whatever she needed, new stuff for a new boyfriend. On the evening before the trip, they packed with a comfortable silence. A limousine waited for them as they exited the airport in Chicago, taking them to a luxurious hotel where they settled in a large suite.

At dinner, Stanislav said, “I need to practice with the orchestra tomorrow morning, and the concert is in the evening.”

“You do what you have to do. I have many places I want to visit here.”

The hotel room inspired Stanislav, and he made love passionately. Renee let him lead and enjoyed seeing him so happy. Her doubts about her relationship with Stanislav diminished with every passing day, and she was content with the state of her affair.

The following day, each went on his own way. Renee visited a few stores and bought jewelry and more clothes. Stanislav did not see her during the

day and texted her instructions on how to get to the concert hall and her reserved seat.

She was wearing a blue evening gown and a diamond necklace she had purchased earlier. She arrived at the concert hall and was escorted to her seat. She looked regal with hair in a French bun, revealing a long smooth neck and modest cleavage.

Stanislav walked onto the stage to the sound of clapping hands. He bowed, nodded to the conductor, and the orchestra began playing. Stanislav played for Renee. He looked at her moving the bow expertly over the violin strings, and the music filled the concert hall with magic sound.

The audience jumped on their feet and clapped at the end of the last note. They shouted “Bravo” with excitement. It was an unforgettable performance.

Later, at the reception, Stanislav proudly introduced Renee to some of the musicians he knew. Renee hung on his arm and smiled pleasantly. At one point, the conductor came to talk to them. He turned to Renee and said, “You should accompany Stan more often.”

“Why is that?” Renee inquired.

“Because you inspire him. I have never heard him play so well,” the conductor replied.

“I’ll make an effort to join him in concerts,” Renee said politely to appease the conductor. But after a short while, Renee had enough of meeting people and tugged Stanislav’s arm, “Let’s go home.”

As they entered the hotel room, Renee’s manners changed. She slapped Stanislav’s face angrily, “Undress and lie on the bed,” she hissed.

Dumbfounded, Stanislav did as told, wondering what he did that caused Renee to be angry. He didn’t need to wait too long. Renee took off her clothes and pulled the whip. Standing at the side of the bed naked in high heels, she beat Stanislav’s ass hard.

“You never hug a woman in my presence,” she shouted and whipped his ass relentlessly.

“I am sorry, they were just musician acquaintances.”

Renee hit hard, “I don’t care who they are! You don’t hug anyone in my presence.”

Stanislav shouted in pain, “I’ll never do it again.”

“I want to make sure you would never do it again,” Renee said and aimed the ball at the end of the whip on Stanislav’s ass cheek. It was the first time Renee had hit him with the ball, and the pain was excruciating.

Stanislav screamed and repeated, “I’ll never do it again.”

“Of course, you won’t,” Renee seethed and hit the other ass cheek with the ball. Stanislav’s scream was ear-piercing. His body trembled as he sobbed with tears dropping on the pillow.

Renee dropped the whip. She sat at the edge of the bed and patted his sore butt, “You want to be a good boyfriend, don’t you?”

“Yes!”

Renee bent her head, touching Stanislav’s ear, running her tongue in a rapid circle, “And you want me to teach you how to be a good boyfriend, don’t you?”

Stanislav felt defeated. The last few days were so wonderful; he forgot who Renee was and got a rude awakening.

“Yes, Renee, I want to be the best boyfriend you ever had,” Stanislav said heatedly. He really meant it and was concerned that he might lose Renee.

“Good,” Renee said, “I want you to fuck me now. Show me how good boyfriend you are.”

There was no way to tell what Renee would do or say, and she caught him by surprise. But Renee challenged him to no limit. Stanislav turned, feeling the pain in his butt. He clenched his teeth, determined to ignore the pain, and pulled Renee down, climbing on top of her like a macho man.

Renee enjoyed the emotions Stanislav couldn’t hide, “Fuck me,” she incited, and Stanislav entered her furiously. They moved in synch. Stanislav banged her as hard as possible, relieving his emotions and pain.

After they climaxed, Renee turned on her side, grabbing Stanislav’s hand over her chest. Stanislav buried his head in her soft hair as he had done the

nights before. He inhaled her scent and swore that he would never let Renee down. She was the most precious thing in his life, and he wanted to keep it that way.

Renee fell asleep, but Stanislav couldn't. His butt hurt, and he felt blood pulsating where the ball hit him. It was a cruel reality. Renee was his girlfriend, but to have her by his side, he must obey her rules. He was too confident that evening and made her angry. And he knew that Renee could drop him without hesitation if he did not behave, and he was concerned. Finally, he dozed off into an uneasy sleep.

In the morning, Stanislav woke up and extended his hand, but Renee wasn't there. Fear ran through his spine. He got up and breathed with relief as he heard the water running in the bathroom. Renee came out of the bathroom a minute later, smiling warmly, "How did you sleep?" she asked as if nothing had happened last night.

"I slept well," Stanislav answered cautiously.

"Oh, good," Renee chirped, looking at him amusingly, and said, "Take a shower."

Stanislav got up immediately and went to the bathroom. Renee expected him to obey, and he would do whatever it took to appease her. In the bathroom, Stanislav examined his butt. Two blue spots where the whip's ball hit him were visible, but the pain subsided and didn't feel too bad.

They went downstairs to the hotel restaurant. Renee was sweet and loving, hanging on his arm, kissing, and chatting vivaciously. Stanislav reacted with admiration, putting last night behind him.

At the reception after the concert that evening, Stanislav was careful. He shook hands but never hugged any of his acquaintances. Renee was by his side, affectionately hanging on his arm or holding his hand, greeting people cordially and ignoring the ogling stares of many men.

Back in the hotel room, Renee stripped her dress as she walked in and hugged Stanislav, inserting her hand into his pants, "Are you ready for me, boyfriend?" she asked mischievously. Stanislav smiled and tore his clothes. It was fantastic lovemaking. Stanislav couldn't get enough, and after they climaxed, he kissed Renee from top to bottom, spending time at her

beautiful vagina, implicitly thanking her for the pleasures she bestowed on him.

“Let’s get some sleep,” Renee broke Stanislav’s worshipping. Stanislav stopped kissing her, and as she turned on her side and pulled his arm over her chest, he buried his face into her soft hair, inhaling her scent with admiration. Renee was the one who decided what to do and when. Stanislav followed her commands and knew well that punishment awaited him if he did not comply. But it was okay with him if he could have Renee by his side. He would do whatever it took to keep it that way and start to think about the future. He must do something to keep their relationship going, as he knew that Renee could break off their relationship instantly.

They returned home, and a day later, the furniture arrived. The apartment became comfortable. Renee did not go to her apartment. She lived with Stanislav with an unspoken agreement.

“We go out tonight,” Renee announced that day.

“Good. Where to?”

“We meet my mother with Charles and two other couples you don’t know at Charterhouse for dinner.”

Stanislav knew the place. They had good food and a band that mainly played oldies, “That sounds great,” he said.

“Put on a suit and tie,” Renee instructed.

The evening was lovely. The other couples were musicians, and the conversation was exciting and entertaining. Grace watched her daughter and Stanislav with a slight smile. She liked Stanislav and thought he was a better match for Renee than Ben.

After dinner, they moved to the bar area where the band played. Most of the dances were slow, and when Stanislav danced with Renee, she put her head on his shoulder, dancing close and intimate. The party got louder as they consumed liquor. Stanislav had a good time talking to Charles about a new composition when Renee nudged him, “Get me a fresh drink,” she said causally.

Stanislav, involved in the conversation, absently replied, “In a moment,” to finish the thoughts he conveyed to Charles. Renee’s eyes turned cold for a second, but she said nothing, and a minute later, Stanislav got her a new drink. Charles witnessed this scene and knew instantly that Stanislav had made a mistake. He had experience dating Grace. He knew what it takes to date her and did not doubt that her daughter was no different.

Charles was not mistaken. When Renee and Stanislav returned to the apartment, Renee’s eyes turned ice cold. She slapped Stanislav’s face and hissed, “Undress and lie in bed,” and went to the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

Stanislav was surprised. He thought that the evening went well. But he knew that Renee was upset and didn’t want to anger her further. He undressed and lay in bed.

Renee came out of the bathroom naked in high heels. She picked up the whip and handcuffed Stanislav to the headboard. Stanislav was quiet, letting Renee handle him like preparing a lamb for a sacrifice.

Renee walked around the bed, her high heels making an ominous click-clack sound. She tapped the whip rod on her palm, and after several rounds, she stopped at the bedside, lifted her arm, and struck.

“Aw,” Stanislav yelled. Renee hit him again.

“You like being my boyfriend?” she asked quietly.

“Yes, I like it very much,” Stanislav responded, clenching his teeth to endure the pain.

Renee whipped him several times, inflicting enormous pain, “Maybe you should act like a boyfriend,” she said scornfully.

“I don’t understand,” Stanislav cried, sobbing.

Renee pulled him by his hair and looked into his eyes, “You don’t understand?”

“No, I don’t,” Stanislav replied in a small voice.

“What did you do when I asked to refresh my drink?”

It dawned on Stanislav. He remembered that he brushed her off for a moment. What a mistake!

“I am sorry, I was involved in a conversation with Charles,” Stanislav defended himself.

“I don’t want to hear sorry! I want a boyfriend that behaves like a boyfriend.”

“Renee, it will not happen again,” Stanislav promised with tears running down his cheeks.

Renee did not respond. She let go of Stanislav’s head and uncuffed his hands, “You sleep tonight in the other bedroom,” she barked, “Go now!”

Stanislav squirreled to the other bedroom and lay in bed. His butt sore, and his head spun with thoughts. He understood why Renee was upset at him and cursed himself for being so negligent. With Renee, you must be on your toes and attend to her at all times, or you lose her, he thought. Fortunately, he had a surprise for her delivered tomorrow, which would be perfect timing.

In the morning, Stanislav got a text that the delivery would arrive in an hour. He prepared breakfast and greeted Renee with a smile when she came to the kitchen. Renee was cold and did not smile back. She was still upset at him.

A knock on the door interrupted their silent breakfast.

“Do you expect anyone?” Renee asked.

“Yes, special delivery, a surprise,” Stanislav said, smiling broadly.

Renee did not smile back, she went to the bedroom to dress, and Stanislav opened the door to the delivery crew carrying a white piano into the living room. They laid the piano on the floor, went out, and returned with the legs they had carefully assembled.

Renee stood and watched silently. When it was all done, one of the delivery men said, “Please try and see if the piano is tuned to your liking.”

Renee nodded, sat at the piano bench, and ran her fingers over the keys, listening to the vibrating sound of the piano.

“It is perfect,” she announced.

“Great, enjoy it,” the man said and left.

Renee got up from the bench and hugged Stanislav, “It was thoughtful of you to get a piano,” she said softly.

“Anything that makes you happy,” Stanislav said grandiosely.

Renee smiled and kissed him. The unfortunate incident the night before was averted, and life continued. They went to the movies, spent time in the jacuzzi on the rooftop sipping wine, and went to dinners and nightclubs. Time went by quickly, and Stanislav had obligations he had to fulfill. He wasn't a free man.

“I have to go to a concert in Australia next week. Would you join me?”

“No,” Renee replied shortly.

“No?”

“Yes, no. I am not up to traveling the world with you,” Renee informed Stanislav tersely.

“Oh,” Stanislav was confronted with the realization that his lifestyle would not work well with his new relationship. Renee wasn't the type of girl who would unconditionally wait for her lover.

“I see,” Stanislav said, paused, and then continued, “I'll try to change my schedule.”

What Renee feared had materialized. Stanislav was a working man with obligations.

“I'll wait for you at the airport when you return,” Renee comforted him with a kind smile.

“That would be great!” Stanislav exclaimed.

“Yes, it would be,” Renee said abstractly, deep in her thoughts.

During the week that Stanislav traveled, Renee enjoyed the quiet time. She liked to read on the rooftop, relax in the jacuzzi, and play the piano.

One day during the week, she met her mother for lunch.

“How are things going with Stanislav?” Grace inquired.

“Okay.”

“Just Okay?”

“Well, Ma, he is a nice guy, and you know it.”

“I think he is a very nice guy and a better match than Ben.”

“Don’t mention Ben,” Renee growled.

Grace did not respond. She looked at her daughter lovingly and ate silently.

“I like his apartment,” Renee said out of the blue.

“What about your apartment? It is much larger than his,” Grace countered with curiosity.

“To be honest, Ma, I haven’t been in my apartment since I started to go out with Stanislav.”

“Really? Why is that?” Grace pretended to be surprised. She knew her daughter well and waited for her to confront her feeling for Stanislav.

“I am not sure. I guess I don’t want to remember my previous life.”

“I guess so,” Grace agreed with an understanding smile.

Stanislav had three shows in Australia. Every reception after the show, he had to fend off admiring women. In the previous visits, he always slept with one of the women, but he kept his distance this time. He couldn't touch anyone else and would not jeopardize his relationship with Renee. He had much free time to think about his life and how he would like to have the future with Renee.

At the last reception in Australia, a man approached him, "Hello, I don't think we were introduced before. I am Rich Morgan from the Wind band."

"Oh, hi," Stanislav replied politely, "I have heard songs from your band. Very nice," wondering what Rich was up to. The Wind was a famous pop band with songs in the top twenty occasionally.

"I have a proposition for you," Rich said.

"What kind of proposition?"

"Well, what do you think of helping us out with melodies? We'll pay you good money."

"You pay me for what?" Stanislav was astonished. Pop music was far from his repertoire.

"I heard you playing the violin. You put your spin into established notes, and I know you could help us with new melodies for our songs."

"I appreciate your confidence in me, but pop music is not my cup of tea," Stanislav declined gracefully.

"I'll tell you what, Stan, why don't you come to one of our rehearsals? We live in the same city, and it wouldn't take too much of your time, and you'll get a better idea of what I am talking about."

Stanislav thought about it for a moment. It won't hurt to see the Wind band rehearsing. They were famous, and there must be a reason for that.

"Sure," he said, "Why not."

"Great! Give me your telephone number, and I'll contact you and schedule a visit.", Rich said, wrote down Stanislav's phone number, and left, mingling with other people.

Stanislav forgot about his meeting with Rich. He was consumed with thoughts about Renee, wondering what she was doing while he was not around. He missed her terribly and anxiously waited for the flight back home.

As he exited the airport terminal, he saw Renee. True to her word, she waited for him. They hugged and kissed. Stanislav was overwhelmed by his emotions; if Renee hadn't broken his passionate kiss, he would have kissed forever.

When they arrived home, Stanislav hugged Renee and led her to the bedroom, "I missed you," he said, dropping the shoulder straps of her dress down and exposing her perky breasts. With moaning of desire and despair, Stanislav kissed and sucked her nipples, hungry to taste her body.

Renee giggled, "You are horny, aren't you?"

"More than you can imagine," Stanislav said. Renee did not respond; she just slid down her dress and walked to the bedroom naked. Stanislav followed, tearing his clothes off.

Renee stood before the bed and laid her head on the bed. Bending over, standing in high heels, she exposed her round ass and beautiful vagina in an inviting posture. Renee knew Stanislav needed to release some steam built up over their short separation. And as she expected, Stanislav entered immediately; holding her hips, he banged fast and came quickly, releasing the pressure in his balls.

Standing panting, Stanislav lifted Renee and kissed the back of her head. Renee smiled and turned around, wrapping her arms around Stanislav's neck, "You feel better?" she asked sweetly, not showing her emotions, but she was happy that Stanislav desired her.

"Much better," Stanislav smiled, lifted Renee, and lay her on the bed. He lay beside her running his palms over her smooth body, enjoying the quiet intimacy. Renee turned toward him and stroked his erect penis, "It looks like you didn't have enough," she laughed lightheartedly.

Stanislav gently pushed and climbed on top of her, penetrating her again. But this time, it was slow movement combined with a passionate kiss. Renee responded excitedly, moving in sync with Stanislav's rhythm. It was

prolonged tenderizing lovemaking. Renee reached the climax with a soft cry, her body shuddering lightly, and shortly after, Stanislav came for the second time.

They hugged, caressing each other, and Stanislav fell asleep in Renee's arm, exhausted from traveling. Renee smiled at the view of Stanislav sleeping. She admitted she had feelings for him. Their relationship provided her with pleasures, entertainment, and friendship, exceeding her expectation.

Life became a dream for Stanislav. Waking up every morning next to Renee was a pleasure he savored and did not take for granted. They loved spending time at home; Renee played the piano, and Stanislav joined with the violin. Sometimes, Renee stopped playing, "Play for me," she said as she took his manhood into her mouth. Stanislav loved her games, but they came with a price. One time Stanislav was so overwhelmed by the sensations Renee bestowed on him that he stopped playing for a moment, then realized and continued playing.

But Renee never forgave. She made him ejaculate and quietly said, "Get me iced water." When Stanislav returned from the kitchen with the glass of water, Renee grabbed the glass and ordered, "Lie down on the floor." She pulled an ice cube from the glass, stood between his legs, and inserted the ice cube into his asshole.

Renee stood pushing the ice cube with her stiletto heel deep inside his ass. At first, Stanislav did not feel anything, but slowly the pain increased. Renee stood silently waiting, and it came as she expected. Stanislav started to scream from pain and hit the floor with his palms, but he couldn't move; Renee stood on top of him, watching his reaction. When the pain became unbearable, Renee asked quietly, "Did I tell you to play for me?"

"Yes, yes," Stanislav screamed, hitting the floor with clasped hands.

"Did I tell you to stop?" she asked innocently.

"No, no," Stanislav screamed. Renee did not reply; she stood watching Stanislav's suffering with a light smile.

"Please stop, Renee, let me go. It won't happen again, I promise!"

"Are you sure?"

“Yes, I am sure it won’t happen again,” Stanislav screamed, hitting the floor with his fists as if it alleviated the excruciating pain.

Renee stood for a few more seconds, then stepped away, “Go to the bathroom,” she said quietly. Stanislav jumped on his feet, rushed to the bathroom, and relieved himself.

When he returned to the living room, Renee was playing the piano. She smiled at him as if nothing had happened, “Do you want to have dinner at the Chateau?” she asked casually.

Stanislav was happy that Renee was not upset at him and put a smile on his face, “Of course, it sounds great.”

They continued the evening with dinner and dancing. Renee was affectionate, kissing, holding his hand, and smiling. But Stanislav learned his lesson. Renee was loving but demanding, and he had to be on guard with her. He knew well that she let it go this time, but if it happened again, there was no telling how she would react.

Other times Renee was the sweetest girl in the world. She made dinners now and then and let Stanislav have a dessert, her sweet vagina. Sometimes, she said she was thirsty and sat on her high heels sucking his cock and gobbling every drop of semen Stanislav ejaculated.

But sex wasn’t all that made Stanislav’s life like a dream. He went with Renee to the movies, concerts, and art shows. They spent time in the jacuzzi chatting, listening to music, and making dinner together. There wasn’t a dull moment with Renee.

Stanislav talked with his agent and reduced the workload, eliminating overseas concerts. He traveled lightly within the US for two to four days trips. But even those short separations were difficult for him. On one of his trips, he stayed at a hotel that had a jewelry store. In a spare moment, Stanislav walked into the store and looked around. He stopped at the display of diamond rings and examined them. One diamond ring caught his attention, and he asked the saleswoman to show it to him.

Stanislav held the ring and examined it closely. It was a beautiful diamond ring in an oval shape, and the light sparkled through it.

“It is a beautiful engagement,” the saleswoman said, “We don’t see many oval rings. It is one of a kind.”

“Yes, it is beautiful,” Stanislav agreed, pausing, “I’ll take it.”

“Good choice,” the saleswoman said and placed the ring in a red cherry wood box. She closed and opened the box showing Stanislav the ring with light shining on it from the top lid of the box.

“Lovely,” Stanislav exclaimed.

When he returned home, he hid the diamond ring box waiting for the right moment to present it to Renee. The opportunity came by when Renee had her birthday a few weeks later. Stanislav reserved a private booth in a fancy restaurant and took Renee for her birthday dinner.

After dinner, Stanislav went down on one knee, “Renee, I have the time of my life with you, and I love you very much. Will you marry me?” he said, opening the jewelry box.

Renee gasped at the view of the ring shining under the light. But she closed the box, “Sit down, Stanislav, let’s talk.”

Stanislav got up disappointed. He hoped for a different outcome. Renee was sitting across from him, holding his hands on the table, “You know that I am not what you call a good girl.”

“I know you well, Renee.”

“You think you know me. Do you know that if I’m your wife, I might sleep with other men?” she asked, although she had no intention.

“I’ll understand if you need to have sex with other men. Not to worry,” Stanislav replied bravely.

“Do you like to be my boyfriend?”

“I love being with you!”

“So why change?”

“Because I love you and want to have a family with you.”

Renee felt as if a dagger had sliced through her heart. She didn’t show her emotions. She asked casually, “You want a family?”

“Yes, I want to have kids with you. Can you imagine how beautiful they would be?”

“Yes, I can imagine,” Renee said, smiling.

“So, what do you say?” Stanislav asked eagerly.

“Give me some time to think about it,” Renee said, uncommitting.

Stanislav nodded. There was nothing else to say. Renee would decide on her own time, and hopefully, she would say yes.

They finished their drinks and drove back home in silence. In the bedroom, Renee took off her clothes and unzipped Stanislav’s pants, taking his manhood into her mouth. Stanislav moaned with desire. Renee always made him crazy with cravings.

When Renee was satisfied with the hardness of Stanislav’s penis, she turned, lying in bed, placing a pillow under her stomach, “Fuck me in the ass,” she said in a steamy voice.

Stanislav smiled. Renee never ceased to surprise him. He climbed between her spread legs and slowly entered her tight butt hole. Renee cried and pushed her ass up, making Stanislav’s stiff penis penetrate its entire length.

“Fuck my ass,” Renee shouted excitedly as she felt Stanislav’s finger rubbing her clit. They moved in sync, Renee lifting her ass as Stanislav thrust. Renee didn’t take long, and her body shuddered as she reached orgasm. She then turned around and grabbed Stanislav’s cock, stroking fast, “Give me your cum,” she demanded.

Stanislav came with a shout. Renee aimed his cock at her stomach, and the semen covered her belly button and spread over her flat stomach.

“Let’s take a shower,” Renee ended their lovemaking. They washed each other in the shower, and Renee handed Stanislav a towel when they got out. He wiped her gorgeous body devotedly, and when he was done, Renee said quietly, “Shoes.”

Stanislav fetched her shoes, and on his knees, he put them on.

“Nightgown,” Renee whispered, caressing Stanislav’s head. There was an implicit understanding of who was in charge of their life, and Stanislav accepted it lovingly.

A couple of days later, during breakfast, Stanislav's phone rang.

"Hello," Stanislav answered the phone, wondering who that might be.

"Hi Stan, this is Rich Morgan," a voice sounded from the other end.

"Who?"

"Rich Morgan from the Wind band. We met in Australia."

"Oh, yes, Rich, how are you?" Stanislav vaguely remembered his conversation.

"I am fine, thank you. Stan, we are working on a new album. I think that it would be an interesting experience. We work from ten to four o'clock daily, so if you are free one day this week, we would love you to come and hear us."

"Hmmm, yes, I'll try to make it," Stanislav said hesitantly.

"That would be great. I'll text you our studio address."

"Okay,"

"Well, I look forward to seeing you," Rich ended the conversation.

"Who was that?" Renee asked.

"It was Rich Morgan from the Wind band."

"The Wind band, like the pop band?"

"Yes."

"And what did he want," Renee pursued, curious.

"He wanted me to come to their studio and see if I can help them with melodies."

To his surprise, Renee said, "That sounds interesting. The Wind is a good band."

"Yes, some of their songs reached the top twenty. I guess I'll go one day to see them."

"Yes, you should," Renee encouraged.

Stanislav wanted to ask her about the marriage proposal, but he held himself. Renee would decide when she was ready, and he crossed his

fingers that her answer would be yes. He knew well that she could easily say no. There is no way to tell which way Renee would go.

When Stanislav went to see the band, Renee met her mother for lunch.

“How are things with Stanislav,” Grace inquired.

“He proposed,” Renee informed her with a smile.

“And?”

“And I didn’t say no,” Renee laughed.

“Oh, Renee, when will you mature?” Grace admonished her daughter.

“You should have seen the diamond ring he bought, and it was in a wooden box with light shining on it when you open it,” Renee gushed.

“So, you like the ring but not Stanislav,” Grace summarized sarcastically.

Renee burst into laughter, “I like the ring and Stanislav.”

“Then what is the problem? Why don’t you marry him? He is a good guy and will be loyal to you.”

“You think I should?” Renee said doubtfully.

“Yes, I think you should, and I think you will be happy with him.”

“Oh, I am happy with him, all right. I am concerned that being married would change things.”

“I am not saying that it won’t happen. It might,” Grace admitted, “But if you don’t give it a chance, you would never know.”

“Yes, I understand,” Renee said, thinking about Stanislav wanting a family. Deep inside, she wanted it too. It has been a long road for her partying and toying with men. Perhaps her mother was right, and she needed to mature. She wasn’t getting any younger.

Renee and Grace parted, “Good luck making a decision,” Grace said affectionately.

“Thanks, Ma,” Renee said, pondering what to do.

When she arrived home, she heard Stanislav playing the violin. She waited until he stopped and approached him, curious, “How was your meeting with the band?”

“It was interesting. I think I can help them. You heard what I played? That was the melody they tried to develop, but I think I got it for them.”

Renee smiled at Stanislav’s excitement. It would be good for him to try new venues. She knew that Stanislav was waiting for the answer to his marriage proposal, but she needed more time.

The following day, Stanislav arrived home excited. “They loved it!” he announced, hugging Renee.

“Loved what?”

“They loved the melody I cooked up for them.”

“That is wonderful!”

“Yes, and they offered me a job with them.”

“What kind of job?”

“Working on new album melodies.”

Renee smiled but didn’t say anything. She enjoyed seeing Stanislav excited and letting him figure out what he wanted to do.

“You want to hear it?”

“Yes, of course.”

Stanislav pulled out his violin and played the melody.

“Very nice,” Renee congratulated him.

“I think I’ll take the job on a royalty base. This way, I’ll have an income stream and no longer need to travel.”

Renee kissed him, “I think that it is a great idea,” she said, breathing with relief. Traveling was one of her main concerns when thinking about married life with Stanislav.

With that, Renee made up her mind. She would say yes but explain what it takes to be her husband. They went to bed that evening, and Renee had difficulty falling asleep. She thought about her decision to say yes and hoped she wouldn’t make the mistake she had made when she married Ben and pushed him away from her.

The next evening, Renee prepared. She ordered Stanislav to wash her in the bathtub. Stanislav lovingly complied, and after he wiped her and brought the shoes, Renee said, "Wait for me in bed."

Stanislav sensed that something was going on with Renee. He obediently left the bathroom and lay in bed waiting with anticipation.

Renee came out of the bathroom wearing a strap-on dildo. She stood at the bedside and patted Stanislav's ass, "You know Stanislav, I expect full devotion from my husband."

Stanislav, trying to hide his shock at seeing Renee with the strap-on dildo. It was the first time he had seen that, and he replied cautiously, "I understand."

"And I like to fuck my husband," Renee continued as if Stanislav didn't say a word.

"I understand," Stanislav repeated.

"No, you don't. Get on all fours." Renee snared as she stood tall in high heels with the dildo sticking out of her crotch.

Stanislav stood on the bed on all fours. Renee held the dildo and inserted it into his ass. She started to pump while holding his waist.

"You like my cock in your ass?" Renee asked mockingly.

"Yes, Renee," Stanislav said, but he hated the feeling in his ass.

Renee spanked his ass banging harder, "I know you hate it," Renee said, slamming harder, "But if you want to be my husband, you are going to learn to like it."

"I like it, Renee," Stanislav said unconvincingly.

Renee smiled. She pulled out the dildo and stood tall and beautiful, "Beg me to have my cock in your ass," she said, pointing her finger down.

Stanislav went down and licked her feet in high heels, "I want your cock in my ass," he said.

Renee pulled him by the hair and slapped his face, "You beg with please, or you find another bride."

Stanislav licked her feet, "Please let me have your cock in my ass," he said.

“Louder!”

Stanislav repeated, shouting.

“Get on the bed, and lie on your back.”

“Lift your legs,” Renee continued as she inserted the dildo and started to bang fast while she stroked Stanislav’s cock.

“My husband comes for me when I tell him, do you understand?”

“Yes, Renee,” Stanislav said, this time it was an exciting voice.

Renee moved the dildo and stroked his penis, feeling the hardening before ejaculation.

“Are you ready for me?”

“Yes!” Stanislav breathed heavily, trying to hold the urge to ejaculate.

“Good, now be a good husband and come for me. Come now!”

Stanislav made a sound of a wounded animal and ejaculated, the semen landing on his stomach and some reaching his chest.

Renee looked at him with satisfaction. She unfastened the strap-on and playfully slapped Stanislav’s throbbing cock, “Take a shower and clean the dildo,” Renee ordered.

Without a word, Stanislav got up, picked up the dildo, and disappeared into the bathroom.

Renee sighed as she put on the silk lingerie getting ready for bed. When Stanislav returned to bed, she turned on her side and pulled his arm over her chest.

Stanislav hugged her and buried his face in her hair as he always had done, wondering what would happen with his marriage proposal. “Good night,” he heard Renee’s voice and closed his eyes, drifting off.

The following day, Stanislav went to work with the band, and Renee met her mother for lunch.

“I am ready to say yes,” Renee announced.

“Congratulation, that is wonderful!” Grace exclaimed.

“I want you to be there when he proposed.”

“You want me to watch you when he proposed?” Grace couldn’t believe what she had heard.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because you are involved in my decision.”

“Okay, whatever it takes for you to say yes.”

Renee laughed, “I am making dinner tonight, and you are cordially invited.”

“Thank you, my dear,” Grace replied sarcastically.

“And you don’t mention marriage. It is my show.”

“Of course, no worries.”

“Seven o’clock tonight.”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Grace laughed happily. She wanted her daughter to be settled, and Stanislav was a stable young man, a perfect match for her.

“My mother is coming for dinner tonight,” Renee informed Stanislav when he arrived home.

“Oh, okay.”

“She’ll be here at seven, and I want you to dress in suit and tie.”

Stanislav didn’t ask why. No point in guessing Renee. He just accepted and said yes.

Dinner was pleasant. Grace chatted about the work Charles was doing with the yearly concert at school. And was very interested in the new job Stanislav had. Renee was quiet most of the time, making brief comments here and there.

Stanislav felt that Renee was up to something and played along as if it was an ordinary evening. But he knew it wasn’t. Grace rarely went to other people’s homes. She always invited people to her home. Grace was there for a reason, and Stanislav couldn’t figure out why.

After dinner, they sat in the living room sipping wine. Suddenly, Renee got up and played the piano. It was the wedding march. She looked at Stanislav while playing. His face beamed as it dawned on him what Renee was up to.

When Renee finished playing, she said, “Stanislav, if you are ready for devotion, you may propose.”

Stanislav rushed to get the diamond ring and returned to the living room. When he entered the living room, he saw Grace sitting on the sofa and Renee on the piano bench. They were smiling at him warmly. He dropped to one knee before Renee opened the box. The light shined on the diamond, reflecting a beautiful hue.

“Renee, I loved you dearly. Will you marry me?” Stanislav asked eagerly.

“Yes.”

Stanislav jumped on his feet, fit the diamond ring on Renee’s finger, and then kissed her. Grace clapped her hands enthusiastically.

Stanislav broke off the kiss and turned to Grace, “I am glad you are here to witness, Mrs. Reiner.”

“You may call me Grace,” Grace giggled.

“Of course, Grace.”

“Stanislav,” Renee cut off, “Get the bottle of champagne I have in the fridge.” Stanislav left for the kitchen immediately. Grace and Renee exchanged a smile of understanding.

They drank champagne, and Grace said it was time for her to go. She kissed Stanislav, “Congratulations,” she said with a broad smile, “I know you’ll be a good husband.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Reiner; I mean Grace.”

Grace left, and Renee took the bottle and two glasses outside to the rooftop. She stripped and sat in the jacuzzi, sipping champagne. Stanislav undressed and joined her. They drank in intimate silence, and suddenly, Renee said, “I like the month of October.”

It was two months away, and Stanislav was elated, “Yes, October is the best month to get married.”

Renee hugged him, “I knew you would like that, hubby,” she said as inserted his penis inside her. As she turned and sat on him. Entangled together, they continued to sip the bubbly and looked at each other,

smiling. After a while, Renee became impatient, “Are you going to fuck me?”

“Of course,” Stanislav said as he held her butt and began to move. Renee wrapped her arms around his neck, her head buzzed a bit from the champagne, and she moaned with pleasure, “That’s good, hubby, keep going.”

Stanislav kept the slow pace until Renee reached an orgasm, trembling and hugging him tightly. He then turned her around and banged her from behind. Renee bent over for him, enjoying his macho act. She moaned softly, arousing Stanislav until he came inside her weeping from happiness.

It was a small intimate wedding. Renee looked stunning in a white gown, and Stanislav couldn't stop smiling. It was the happiest day of his life.

Grace, Charles, and a few more people congratulated the newlywed couple. Stanislav did not have a family, and his only guest was Marty, who hugged him and Renee enthusiastically, with Sylvie smiling broadly by his side.

They left for ten days honeymoon in an exclusive beachside resort. Their accommodation was luxurious, with a large bungalow and a private beach. On the first day, they went for a night swim. The gentle water waves reflected the moonlight. It was a romantic evening filled with emotions. When they returned to the bungalow, they took a shower and made love passionately.

Stanislav got up and went to the bathroom to wash up and pee. He closed the door behind him, and as he urinated, the door opened, and Renee walked in, "First rule for my husband, you never close the bathroom door. Not here, not at home. You understand?"

Stanislav was surprised and stopped urinating, "Yes, I understand," he said obediently. Renee put her hands on her waist, looking at Stanislav with a slight smile, "Go ahead, finish urinating."

At the view of Renee naked, Stanislav got an erection and could urinate. Renee laughed at his attempt, "You'll get used to it. I like to watch my husband at all times."

Stanislav smiled meekly, "Sure," he mumbled, wondering what other rules Renee had for him. It didn't need to wait long. As they woke up in the

morning, Renee said, “I want you to kiss my kitty every morning before I get up. You understand?”

“Yes, sure,” Stanislav mumbled and went down, kissing her beautiful vagina.

“Okay,” Renee interrupted the morning routine, “Let’s have some breakfast.”

The clubhouse, about ten minutes from their bungalow, offered a delicious breakfast buffet. The spacious dining hall was sparsely occupied by a few couples and groups of four. It was quiet and intimate. After breakfast, Renee checked the list of activities for the day.

“Did you do water skiing?” Renee asked Stanislav.

“No, I never did,” Stanislav admitted. His life was bordered by poverty, and water skiing was a luxurious sport.

“Let’s do it. It is a lot of fun,” Renee said excitedly. She laughed cheerfully at Stanislav’s attempts to rise on the ski and fall into the warm ocean water with a splash. But the boat crew was friendly and explained to Stanislav how to do it, and after a short practice, he rose and stood on the ski smiling broadly. Renee skidded next, and at one point, they held hands while skimming the surface fast.

The resort offered entertainment shows every evening and dancing to a live band. Renee loved the shows and sometimes decided to stay and dance, and sometimes they went back to the bungalow. What to do and when was her decision Stanislav accepted and enjoyed.

Renee got some sun tan and looked gorgeous. Days passed with activities, evening shows, dance, and lovemaking up to the early morning hours. Stanislav obeyed the new rules, kept the bathroom door open, and kissed his wife’s vagina every morning before she got up. At first, he wondered why Renee wanted him to kiss her sex in the morning, but he got it. Renee wanted him to have her taste for the day, and he loved it.

One day in the middle of their vacation, they returned from the beach, and Stanislav went to the bathroom to urinate and closed the door behind him. It was a habit that he was unaware of what he did. When he came out of the bathroom, he saw Renee standing and looking at him with cold eyes.

“Get me the black stiletto shoes,” Renee said quietly but threateningly. Stanislav knew he was in trouble but quickly fetched the shoes and stood on his knees. He helped Renee to slide her beautiful smooth feet into the high-heel pumps.

“Lie on the floor,” Renee hissed as she took off her bathing suit. Stanislav followed her order and spread on the floor, his cock hardening at the view of his beautiful nude wife, tall, in high heels.

Renee stepped between his legs and placed one foot over his erect cock. The sharp heel stabbed his balls, “Tell me, Stanislav, what do you suppose to do with the bathroom door?” Renee asked, her heel pressing harder.

“Keep it open,” Stanislav shouted.

“That’s right! And did you keep it open?”

“It was a habit; I unconsciously closed the door.”

Renee pressed her heel down on Stanislav’s ball, “Habit!” she exclaimed, “We must eradicate this habit, don’t we?”

Stanislav feeling a growing pain in his testicles, knew that he must answer, “Yes, we do,” he said in a crying voice.

Renee stepped down, crashing the testicles to the sound of Stanislav yelling. She lifted her foot, laying it over his ball, “Is your habit eradicated?”

“Yes, it won’t happen again,” Stanislav promised, sobbing.

“We want to make sure it won’t happen again, don’t we?” Renee said. She didn’t wait for an answer and stepped down with total weight. Stanislav’s screams were ear-piercing. His body twisted and shook.

Renee removed her foot and sat on the bed, watching her husband as he sprawled on the floor, holding his balls, weeping uncontrollably.

“Come here,” Renee said, patting the space next to her on the bed.

Stanislav, still sobbing, slowly got up from the floor and sat on the bed. Renee hugged him and gently pulled his head to her chest, “Take it, baby,” she said softly. Stanislav lunged at the erect nipple Renee offered and sucked hungrily, drawing comfort.

Renee caressed his head, “You want to be a good husband, don’t you?”

“Yes,” Stanislav said, sucking her nipple loudly.

“And I told you there will be new rules,” Renee said, gently patting Stanislav’s head.

“Yes, you did,” Stanislav admitted.

Renee reached for his penis and stroked it lightly, smiling at the speedy erection she felt.

“And did you follow the rules today?”

“No, but it won’t happen again!”

Renee felt Stanislav’s cock jerking as he talked, “I believe you, Stanislav,” she said and lay back on the bed, “Fuck me, slam those balls onto me, make me scream.”

Stanislav did not disappoint her. He slammed her forcefully until she shuddered and came. And then Renee pushed him out, slid down, and inserted his manhood inside her mouth. She sucked his cock and moved her hand up and down his shaft until he ejaculated inside her mouth. It was a pleasure she bestowed on him that erased all punishment memories.

Stanislav accepted his wife’s discipline. He attended to her after that incident and ensured she was happy. He wouldn’t jeopardize his marriage. He loved her above and beyond anything else.

They continued the rest of their honeymoon without any more incidents and flew back home, tan, relaxed and happy. Stanislav was proud to have Renee by his side as they started married life, a pleasant, comfortable daily routine.

Stanislav worked with the Wind band, and one of the songs based on his melody reached first place and stayed there for three weeks. He rarely played with an orchestra, but to his surprise, the less he played, the more famous and desired he became. All of his concerts were packed. Renee always accompanied him, and he played for her. It felt like the audience did not exist. Only Renee was there for him.

But life with Renee had its price. One time one of Renee’s friends invited them to a party at her home. Stanislav attended to Renee, got her drinks,

and danced with her, but he glanced at that young girl with deep cleavage now and then. She was pretty and sexy as hell.

If Renee noticed, she didn't show it, but when they returned home, she ordered Stanislav onto the bed, tied his hands, and whipped him mercilessly, hitting him with the ball at the end of the whip.

“You don't ogle other women in my presence!” she shouted.

“I am sorry,” Stanislav apologized. But that made Renee mad, “I don't need a sorry husband. I need a devoted husband,” she screamed and whipped him harshly.

Stanislav had difficulty sitting on his butt for three days after that punishment. But he accepted and admitted that Renee always punished him for a good reason.

“So, how is married life?” Grace asked her daughter when they met for lunch.

“Turned out to be good,” Renee answered, smiling broadly.

“Is he behaving?” Grace wanted to know.

“Yes, I rarely need to punish him. He is trying to appease me.”

“So that’s a good thing, isn’t it,” Grace wanted to confirm.

“Yes, it is wonderful,” Renee agreed.

Grace did not want to say, “I told you so,” but she couldn’t restrain herself, “I knew it would be good for you.”

“Go ahead, Ma, say I told you so,” Renee laughed.

Grace smiled but did not reply.

“I stopped taking the pills,” Renee announced.

“I am so happy; I can wait to be a grandma!” And after a pause, “Does he know that?”

“No, he has no idea. Neither does he know that I take the pill.”

“Really? That is very smart of you.”

“Thank you, Ma,” Renee said sarcastically and thought better of it, “How is it going with Charles?”

“If you ask if I will marry him, the answer is no.”

“Did he propose?”

“He is smart enough not to do that.”

“But you two are an item, aren’t you?”

“Are you asking me if I see other men?”

“No, I am asking if you and Charles are in a binding relationship.”

“Hmmm, I guess we are.”

Renee gave up on getting any information from her mother. She changed the subject; they chatted for a while and then parted.

When she returned, Stanislav was at home, telling her about a new melody he had composed for the band. Renee smiled at him sweetly and ordered

him to undress. They made love in the early afternoon, and in the evening, they had dinner with Marty and Sylvie.

The following day, at breakfast, Renee said, "This croissant is not fresh."

Stanislav was dumbfounded. The croissant came from the same batch he had frozen and served the day before. Renee did not wait for a reply, "Go to bed and wait for me."

Obediently, Stanislav waited in bed naked. Renee showed up a minute later and whipped him a few times, then lay next to him, "Fuck me," she whispered.

Stanislav bent her over and angrily entered her banging furiously. Renee smiled. She got the reaction she wanted, "Fuck me, baby," she screamed excitedly and was overjoyed when she felt his hot cum inside her.

Time flew by like a dream. Stanislav was happy to have Renee by his side and see her daily. He obeyed the rules and admitted that he liked following the rules and Renee's domineering personality. And sometimes, he liked it when Renee punished him, mainly when she used the strap-on dildo.

Something had changed in Renee's behavior. Stanislav couldn't pin it down, but he felt it. When he suggested going to a nightclub, Renee declined and offered to make dinner at home. Stanislav didn't think much of it. He loved spending time with her and accepted without argument if she wanted to stay home.

Renee spent much time in the jacuzzi, and when Stanislav joined her with two glasses of wine, she pretended that she drank the wine but disposed of it secretly into the flower bed. Stanislav was oblivious and continued life as usual.

Renee met her mother for lunch, "I am pregnant," she announced with a happy smile.

"I am so happy," Grace gushed, "How far are you?"

"Six weeks."

"Did you tell Stanislav?"

"No."

“No?”

“I wanted to make sure that it is going well before I tell him.”

“Oh, Renee!” Grace admonished, “He should be the first to know.”

“I’ll tell him today. I want you to come over for that occasion.”

“You want me to be there when you tell him you are pregnant?” Grace couldn’t believe what she had heard.

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t know if I can handle him alone.”

Grace looked at her daughter with a slight smile. Pregnancy changed her. She cannot handle her husband!

“Okay, dear, what time?”

“Seven, and don’t eat dinner. I am cooking.”

Grace laughed, “You become domestic, didn’t you?”

“Just come over at seven and be surprised as if you hear about my pregnancy for the first time,” Renee said as she got up and left.

Grace did not say a word. There wasn’t a point in arguing with a pregnant woman.

At home, Renee announced, “My mother is coming for dinner tonight.”

Stanislav became tense. The last time Grace visited them was when he proposed, hoping this time was not the reverse. He didn’t say anything but took the violin and played to calm himself. Renee smiled and cooked, not giving her husband a hint about the occasion.

Grace arrived at seven and sat at the kitchen table. The conversation was dull. Stanislav knew something was going on, and he ate quietly, watching Renee and Grace with hidden apprehension.

After dinner, they moved to the living room. “There is something I need to tell you,” Renee said.

Stanislav looked at her anxiously. Grace sat with a blank expression hiding her emotions.

There was a pause of silence, and then Renee said, "I am pregnant."

Stanislav felt the sky was falling. He jumped on his feet and lifted Renee hugging her and kissing her face, "I am so happy. So happy!"

"Put me down," Renee laughed.

"Congratulations, you made me the happiest grandma in the world," Grace chimed in.

Still shocked by the news he did not expect, Stanislav blared, "Renee, you don't lift anything and do not carry grocery bags or drink alcohol. I'll take care of everything!"

"Calm down, Stanislav," Renee said, laughing at her husband's reaction, "I know what I have to do."

Grace got up and hugged her daughter, "You made me proud, Renee," she said softly and then turned to Stanislav, "I knew you were the perfect match for my daughter, and I know that you'll be a wonderful father."

"Thank you, Grace," Stanislav said humbly, still smiling and holding Renee's hand as if she would run away from him.

"I must go now. Congratulation again to you two," Grace said and left.

The apartment became quiet after Grace left. Stanislav was still holding Renee's hand, and he looked at her lovingly, "You have no idea how happy I am," he said.

"I think I do, and you can let go of my hand," Renee said, smiling.

They sat outside hugging in silence, and then Stanislav said, "I don't want to know the sex of the baby."

"That's fine. We'll keep it as a birth surprise," Renee agreed and kissed him lovingly.

The nine months had elapsed with Stanislav catering to Renee every day. He followed the rules with a kiss of her kitty every morning, ready breakfast, open bathroom doors, and anything else she wished. He felt that the pregnancy softened her, but he didn't take advantage; on the contrary, he became more devoted. Dressed her, gave her baths, and obeyed her blindly.

Renee was happy as one could be. She knew it was the right decision to marry Stanislav and appreciated his devotion during her pregnancy. It all came together for her.

The big day arrived, and Stanislav drove his wife to the hospital. He stood holding her hand while she gave birth, and when the delivery doctor handed him the baby, Stanislav placed the beautiful baby on Renee's chest.

"It is a girl," Renee beamed.

"Yes, a beautiful baby girl," Stanislav smiled at her lovingly.

"Hello, Suzy. I love you, daughter," Renee said.

"Suzy?"

"Yes, that's her name."

"Okay," Stanislav said, not objecting. They didn't discuss baby names during the pregnancy. Stanislav brought it up several times, but Renee did not want to discuss it and brushed off his attempts.

Renee held the tiny baby with emotions flowing through her. This is my daughter, she thought proudly. She then turned to Stanislav.

"Stanislav?"

"Yes?"

"Did I tell you that I love you?" Renee asked, her eyes meeting his.

"Not recently," Stanislav replied, smiling broadly. He bent, kissed the baby's head, and then kissed Renee.

They looked at each other with the realization that a new beginning was on the horizon and knew that they belonged to each other till the end of time.

END

