

Self-denial by Eva Delambre

Roman

COLLECTION



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“Domination, total and absolute domination of my being,
This is where I find my freedom.”

— Toni Bentley

To my Master,
Again and again.

Preface

How many times have I heard it said, told to me: "I am entirely yours, Master, I give myself to You with total self-denial...". The phrase is beautiful, a prelude to a beautiful commitment, and then this word "self-denial", it sounds so good, that one wants to believe it.

When one summer day, in anticipation of a terrible ordeal, Eva declared to me in these terms her desire, her need to belong, reaffirming her total gift by offering her flesh to the iron, there was in this announced self-denial many proofs of a submission without limits. And yet, staring at her as I know how to do, I asked her to better define this term. Not to read in a dictionary or on Google what can be said about it, but to think about its limits in conscience. Then, the outline being sketched, to reflect on her real capacity to face, with self-denial, everything that I could demand of her. The exercise could seem easy, but it is not.

Our author, a quality submissive by the way, has complied. Eva knows how to handle intimate thoughts, contradictions, doubts. She knows how to set a framework and its limits, and to comfort herself by drawing the necessary conclusions. The fruit of this intimate reflection belongs to her, belongs to us, and that is our story.

However, to our great delight, Eva was able to put her thoughts into words and project them into the life of an established BDSM couple. At the end of this novel, you will have undoubtedly understood their personal journey, and it will then be up to you to project yourself into your relationship if you are from this

world, or onto the limits of this universe if you like to observe it from a little further away.

This novel could be autobiographical for many masters and submissives, as it exposes thoughts that I have heard, situations that I have experienced. It is Eva's own characteristic to reveal this world in all its contradictions and all its emotions. This cannot be invented or feigned and this is what, in my eyes, gives value to her writings.

I made this observation when I discovered the characters. This master seemed to me to be a reflection, this submissive brought back so many personal memories that I was troubled. I would have liked more distance, no doubt, and then I became attached to the story. It is beautiful and deserved to be told.

Sia and her master live their BDSM in a 24/7 relationship. This is not about telling the story of a novice's beginnings, but rather exploring the desires and needs of an accomplished couple, who love each other and live their passion in a balanced way. The years have forged their relationship in solid bronze, their respective places are well established, and yet he and she question and doubt, a little, a lot, what they have become. One spring evening, after a most delicious session, when they meet for these moments of free expression where we tell each other things, words are put to the unanswered questions. After all these years, he needs to know if this woman who shares his life is still his submissive, above all else. He wants to feel her self-denial, this form of ultimate abandonment. He wants to be able to treat her like an object, a slave, without restricting himself as at the beginning of their relationship. No doubt the daily grind of a life together has dulled his perception, has established other balances and this question is essential in his eyes.

Faced with this state of mind, Sia finds herself in an opposite way. Of course she still feels submissive, but the difficult trials of the beginning are behind her. She is no longer confronted with complex situations that would force her to go beyond her comfort zone where she excels. And then, she loves it so much, submitting has become a pleasure. Can we then speak of giving and self-denial when we do things for our own pleasure?

These doubts are the starting point of this novel. Sia and her master decide together to confront a difficult context where both will have to draw on the very essence of their condition, to find the expected answers. But one does not play with the gods of BDSM with impunity. The trials that await them will upset their balance and flirt with limits that could lead them to the annihilation of their well-established relationship.

The experience, the fruit of years of sessions, gives them the ability to stage difficult, accomplished, mature practices. The rhythm of the novel is given by the title of the chapter, which guides the pages in a sometimes extreme practice and the words of the master who tirelessly frame the subject. They sound like a permanent reminder of the rule and their law. They hurt, they hit the mark.

It is all the talent of Eva Delambre to make us feel the emotions which cross the mind of Sia, put in front of her responsibilities as a submissive and her limits.

Moving away from the very SM Marquée au Fer, this new novel alternates between deep reflections on the condition of master and submissive, staging, scenarios specific to our world which are so enjoyable to discover.

Eva knows how to play so well with her situations, always mastered by her years of personal practice, and her reflection, her feelings. We will have no trouble projecting ourselves with Sia and her master in their quest for truth. May you at the end of this novel, with your eyes still sparkling, find yours.

Master TESAMO

Prologue

Sia was breathing fast, her body was sweaty, her rump was marked by the sharp blows of her master's whip. She was on him, panting, moving her pelvis back and forth quickly and masterfully. He had made her keep her hands on her head. Moving like that, without slowing down, became difficult after a while. Every time she lacked speed or coordination, he slapped her breasts, ordering her to do more and better. He wanted to cum inside her, like that, without doing anything, just watching her dance on his cock, her hands on her head, her elbows spread, her back arched and her chest thrust out. She kept her head high but her eyes closed, concentrating on her movements. She contracted her internal muscles, like the whores of yesteryear, alternating undulations with back and forth movements. She was out of breath, out of strength. She moaned with effort and exhaustion but didn't give up. He wouldn't have allowed her to anyway. He encouraged her with his words, telling her that she was good, that she was going to make him cum and that this would be her reward as a submissive. Her pride as a sex slave. She gave herself body and soul, completely devoted to his pleasure.

When she finally felt him spilling into her, honoring her with his pleasure, her satisfaction was as great as her relief. She didn't have the chance to breathe as she placed her breasts against his chest, nor the time to catch her breath while savoring the moment. He immediately demanded that she take his cock in her mouth and suck it gently to suck the last drops of his sperm. She applied herself

with delight, knowing that she had met his expectations once again. She smiled inwardly.

He put his hand on her shoulder to let her know that was enough. She came against him this time, her cheek against his chest, her body stretched out against his, her leg slipped between his, as if to have as much contact as possible with his skin. Her eyes were sparkling and her smile sincere. He fixed his eyes on hers. His gaze was no longer hard or authoritarian, just complicit and satisfied. In those moments, everything seemed absolutely perfect to her, she savored her belonging, her condition. Their powerful bond.

Words were useless and they stayed like that, one against the other, for long minutes. Sia finally straightened up on one elbow to see him better, to enjoy this little moment, this "just after" that she loved so much, while he kept her in his arms. He gently caressed her cheek, smiling at her. She had turned onto her stomach, still right against him, and he contemplated the whip marks that streaked her buttocks and thighs. Other older marks could still be seen, almost erased.

— I like that you are always marked. It is a reflection of your condition and your belonging. Now that our relationship has evolved and we have more often than before moments that move away from BDSM, I like that these marks on your body constantly remind you of what you are. A submissive. My submissive.

— Yes Master, that is what I am above all.

— I need to know that I can, at any time, treat you like an object, a slave. What you were at the beginning, what you are and must remain. What I want above all is for you to never forget it. Whatever the "vanilla" moments we spend together, you are and remain my submissive. I need this to be perfectly clear and for your behavior to demonstrate it constantly. I want to feel your self-denial, this form of ultimate abandonment.

Sia was silent for a few seconds.

— Yes, Master, I understand. I think my behavior is always in line with your expectations, otherwise, you would have pointed it out to me. But...

- More ?

— Self-denial is such an abstract subject, so far removed from the facts sometimes. I think it is easy to talk about it, easy to write this magnificent word, but it is probably more difficult to truly feel it until you are faced with the situation that demonstrates it. A situation that requires you to really demonstrate it. It is a bit like saying that you are "ready for anything", until you realize the magnitude that this "anything" can take and then you start to doubt what you said.

— You must be prepared for whatever I may impose on you. That is what you must remember.

— I know, Master.

— Are you wondering about the feeling of self-denial? It's true that you don't have much opportunity to feel such things lately. You're not put to the test, not faced with complex situations that force you to go beyond your comfort zone.

Sia didn't answer but couldn't help but smile and give her a knowing look. She knew he could read her like an open book.

— Lately, I've been thinking about something for this summer that could finally answer your questions and, I feel, fill your gaps.

— I don't have any lack, Master, it's just that I know that one cannot imagine certain emotions without being confronted with them. And it is true that I read this overused word so many times, that I wonder about the true meaning of self-denial.

— What are these questions?

— These are not so much questions that I ask myself, it is rather the desire to really feel things. It has already happened to me of course, but I have the impression of not having gone all the way. I am not talking about self-denial in general, when we talk about it quickly because the term is so pretty. I am talking about getting to the bottom of things, when we truly act with self-denial in a conscious way, because it has truly become a way of being. When, precisely, there are no more questions, just abandonment.

— Then that's great, Sia. This is exactly where I was planning to take you this summer. We'll have time to settle things down and confront you with the situations you were talking about. My motivations aren't the same, but I think you'll like what I have planned. Or maybe not!

Sia looked up, her eyes sparkling with excitement and apprehension at the same time. Although she always wanted to push her limits and delve a little deeper into her submissive condition, she was aware that the difficulties would most certainly be greater than she imagined and that her body and her mind were likely to be put to the test. She wanted him to take her far, almost as much as she feared. Above all, she wanted to feel limitless for him. For him to feel no lack or frustration. For him to be able to be proud of her. A deep pride, tested by facts. Demonstrated in the face of the hardest situations. Yes, she wanted that and at the same time it frightened her, because would she be capable of it?

— I want to treat you only as a slave, for an indefinite time. Truly as a slave, without any more "vanilla" moments. Nothing but pure, hard obedience and

believe me, I will be. To endure this condition, you will have no choice but to live it with abnegation or to give up. Do you measure the magnitude of what this represents?

Sia swallowed, her eyes lost in her thoughts for a few moments. She saw herself chained, her body marked, mistreated, nothing other than a servile being trained to serve the pleasures of her master. Without any compensation or respite. Until now, if she was permanently submissive to him and respected his rules at all times, the sessions and the other moments were distinct. He offered her many cuddly moments, long conversations, hand-in-hand walks. They shared much more than BDSM sex. Reducing their relationship to permanent domination and submission could prove to be a double-edged sword. Many questions began to turn in her head but she already knew that she would submit to him. If only because he wanted to.

They spent a good part of the night talking about this ordeal he had planned. As often, their opposing desires coincided. He wanted to confront her with the hardest part of her condition and she wanted to surpass her limits and truly discover the paths that would lead her to the complete self-denial that she had always fantasized about. It was already spring, and she would only have a few weeks before finding herself confronted with an extreme condition. Ready or not, afterwards, she knew, she would have to take on the ordeal because it was useless to discuss her choices. He would never have accepted that. At the end of this intense night, Sia realized that the ordeals that awaited her risked redefining their relationship. For better or for worse.

1. Condition

— I hope you haven't forgotten our conversation and that you haven't taken it lightly. You know that I'm going to be harder on you than I've ever been. I'm going to push you to your limits, to your last entrenchments. I'm going to submit you in every way possible. I'm going to mark your body and your soul more deeply than you can imagine. You will have no escape, except to give up definitively. You will have to accept everything and endure everything. Consciously and with devotion. I will be uncompromising as you know I can be. Even more so. I won't let anything go. Not the slightest fault. I won't tolerate the slightest oversight or negligence. Every misstep will earn you an exemplary punishment. I want you to be flawless, sure of yourself and your commitment. I know that you will make mistakes. Of course, you will encounter difficulties. You will have difficulty accepting some of my decisions. Some of my choices. Yet you will have to comply. I will train you for this. I will finish educating you so that nothing I could ask of you is out of your reach. I will make you even more than an

excellent submissive. I will make you a slave, my slave. A servile and docile being that nothing scares anymore, except the possibility of disappointing me. You will be at my service as you have never been. More than any other has ever been. I will treat you without the slightest clemency. I will give you very little in return. Your servitude and your full and complete belonging must truly become the only driving forces of your existence. This is what I expect from my submissive. That you are exclusively dedicated to serving me and my pleasures. Nothing must distract you from this. It is both your role but also an honor, you must accept it as such and feel it deep within you. This must represent a source of pride for you. If not, then you have taken the wrong path. You are at my feet of your own free will. You reminded me a short while ago that belonging to me was your reason for being. That you needed to feel it to feel that you existed and that you were ready to do much to demonstrate it to me. The time has come, you know it. In the coming days, you will be put to the test. I will guide you. I will continue your training beyond what you have already known. I will make you my thing. I want much more than obedience. I want more than submission. I want your self-denial, the one you so wish to give me. A complete and complete self-denial. And without any hesitation.

Sia swallowed as she made herself imperceptibly smaller in her seat. Her master's big sedan had been eating up the miles for a while now. They would be there soon. Barely twenty minutes of respite before it all began.

— Yes, Master. I will not disappoint you.

— Of course you will disappoint me.

What could she say to that? She knew he was right, but she would have preferred him to encourage her. She had been mentally preparing herself for several days for what awaited her. She wanted to be strong and dignified. However, he would only have to say a few words to completely destabilize her. She knew it. She took it upon herself. Concentrating even more. She entered her bubble, her world. She felt capable of a lot, and yet, she had no doubt: he would drag her much further. She knew how hard he could be. How much his words could impact her. How unbearable disappointing him would be.

— Take off your dress and put it on the back seat. Spread your legs as wide as you can. Take the ball gag from the glove compartment, as well as the blindfold, and put them on. I don't want another word or gesture until I order you to do something else. Understand?

— Yes, Master.

Sia obeys without difficulty. So far so good. {1}. It was a sort of mantra she liked to repeat to herself mentally in moments like these. When she knew she

would be faced with difficulties and that she would be destabilized. Each success, each order executed with ease was a step gained. Once completely naked, except for her pumps, she grabbed the accessories and strapped the gag behind her neck. She turned her head towards him before sliding the blindfold over her eyes, but he did not look away from the road. Intentionally. She would have nothing from him. No words to encourage her. Not a look to reassure her. The tone was set. She held back a sigh because she knew he was listening for this kind of sign, and that it would not be perceived positively. It took her a second, once in the dark, to remember that she had to keep her legs wide open. She positioned herself immediately, praying that he wouldn't blame her for that second of delay. No words. Nothing. Was this a good or bad sign?

Sia realized that this stay that she had wanted so much risked breaking something. What if he really went too far? What if she cracked? Would it call into question their relationship that had only just taken a new turn? Hadn't she taken too big a risk? For the moment, he hadn't asked her for anything difficult, but she knew that it was only a matter of time. They hadn't even arrived yet. Very soon, he would put her to the test. Instead of focusing on the present moment, on what he had asked her and on what she was doing, she couldn't help but project herself into the aftermath and get anxious. Maybe this was the first real test she had to face. Let go. Surrender. Such easy words to say. Such beautiful words, which resonated so well with her condition. Words she wished she could master as easily as she could pronounce them. After all, that was what she aspired to. What she wanted to learn. Really. She knew her flaws, and he knew even more. That was one of the reasons he wanted to push her further than he ever had. He wanted to feel that she was capable of it. Even beyond her comfort zone, beyond what she had already fully mastered. Beyond the gestures and actions she had been performing perfectly for a long time.

Sia focused on her breathing. She knew that the road would not be long, and that it was very little traveled. Above all, she knew that she had nothing to fear, he was near her. Whatever happened, he would know how to handle the situation. She imagined herself for a moment, her face covered by the black blindfold and gag, the rest of her body offered, completely naked. Her white skin contrasting with the black leather of the seat. Her thighs spread. She remained motionless. Nothing insurmountable in itself, even for a modest submissive, always relatively self-conscious and in no way exhibitionist. She knew that it was a barrier that he would like to break down, and that he would certainly confront her with much more. She felt capable of it. She would ignore herself. In theory, she would succeed. In theory.

— We're almost there. When I give you the order, you will remove the blindfold. You will put it in the glove compartment and take the key that is there. You will get out of the car and go open the gate. You will wait until I have moved the car into the driveway and you will close the gates properly. Then you will join me, remembering to put your hands on your head, your elbows well back, your breasts forward, your back arched. I want to see you walk with submission, elegance and grace in the rearview mirror. I shouldn't remind you of all this, but I don't want to start this trip by punishing you for details like that. Do you understand correctly?

Sia whispered, "Yes, Master," through the ball gag. It didn't prevent her from making herself understood when necessary.

The instructions had gone by quickly. She was going to have to get out of the car completely naked. In absolute terms, the risk of being seen was very close to zero, she knew that because she knew the place well. No reason to panic. And even if she was seen, nothing serious would happen. She kept in mind that in this kind of situation people were generally discreet, watching without showing themselves or sometimes even looking away because in the end, they often felt uncomfortable witnessing this kind of scene. She would obey with dignity, and he would be proud. Nothing had really started, there was no question of not making a mistake on these first instructions.

The car pulled onto the dirt road, Sia recognized him by the sound of the tires on the stones. She had the feeling that everything would start once she closed the gate. She didn't know how long it would last. He had deliberately left her in this ignorance. Maybe three or four days, maybe ten. Maybe even longer. She had never been confronted with an extreme condition for so long. Of course, she had spent long periods with him, but always interspersed with other moments, more vanilla than BDSM. Cuddly moments. More and more. A little too much, no doubt. It was necessary to keep the balance. And when it was no longer perfect, then it was necessary to know how to counterbalance to find it again. It was certainly this need that they had both felt. This is why they were there. The car stopped.

- NOW.

Sia complied. Put away the blindfold. Take the keys. Get out of the car naked without showing the slightest embarrassment. Unlock the padlock and slide the chain from the bars of the gate. Open the two leaves, one after the other, under his gaze. Submissive to his judgment. She could feel him behind the windshield of the car. A hard, severe look. He wouldn't let her get by. She made sure to walk elegantly despite her stiletto heels planted in the gravel and opened the second leaf as quickly as she could. Once there was enough space for the BMW to pass, she

stood to the side, hands on her head, head and eyes lowered. She knew he wouldn't look at her. The car started slowly, as if to force her to perform this exhibition for a few more seconds, which he knew would be difficult. Even though no one would probably see her, the simple fact that it was possible troubled her. If she had progressed to this level, she was far from indifferent. He would make her work on it to break down all her mental barriers. Instead of stopping once she had passed through the gate, the car continued on its way, leaving her alone at the end of the driveway. Sia had not anticipated this eventuality, but accepted it without difficulty. Once the chain was wrapped around the bars of the gate, she locked the padlock and set off on the path that led to the Bastide. A hundred meters all the same. Nudity was no longer a problem, she felt safe inside the enclosed walls of the property, it was even rather exciting to wander around like this. The most complicated thing was to walk elegantly on the small stones. She took her time, her hands correctly positioned on her head and her elbows spread. It was mild but the contact of the air and the exciting context made the tips of her breasts stand out. She imagined it and the image was beautiful. It reassured her. She felt good. So far, so good. When she got near him, she looked up for just a moment to catch a glimpse of him. He was out of the car, leaning against the door, his arms crossed over his chest. He was watching her. She lowered her head a little more, troubled to see him so severe when she had done nothing wrong. Although she knew it would be like this, she always imagined that he would let her know with a look that he was satisfied. It would happen of course, but not in these kinds of circumstances. Not already. Not when she had not yet overcome any difficulties.

{1} Allusion to a passage from the film *La haine* .

2. Installation

— You take my suitcase, empty it, putting everything in its place, impeccably. You will take care of yours later. You also put away the few groceries we did. You will prepare yourself carefully, shower and get ready. Then you will go into the kitchen and open a bottle of wine, you will come and pour me a glass on the terrace. As long as you have nothing in your hands, you will always move with your hands on your head, well arched. Work on this position that shows you off. This is valid for now, for tonight, for tomorrow, as well as for the days to come. I hope that is well understood because I will not repeat myself. Every oversight and every delay in obedience will earn you punishment. Like earlier in the car. I am sure you know what I am talking about? When I tell you to spread your legs, you must do it immediately. All these details must become primary reflexes, like breathing or putting one foot in front of the other to walk. You must not ask

yourself any questions, you must not have to think about it. These are things that you should have learned a long time ago. As for the hands on the head, I grant you, it is not a constraint that I impose on you permanently, so it is a reflex that remains to be acquired. But that will not make me lenient in the event of a fault. As for your legs, it is different. It is a gesture that you must always have in mind, in the car as elsewhere. I gave you the order the very first time a long time ago, and it is an instruction that applies to all our trips. Whether they are fully BDSM, or not. Forgetting that today, when I am tracking down the slightest flaw, when you know that I will judge your shortcomings severely, and when I reminded you of the instruction just before is unacceptable! So you will be punished for this. You will keep a list of your mistakes. I want you to find a sheet of paper and a pen, and write down this mistake. Every time I have something to say, you will write it down next. I will purge this list regularly. Each line it contains will be a trace of your inability to obey perfectly. Each line will reflect a deep disappointment on my part. Each line will make you deeply ashamed. To the point that more than anything, you will manage to find within yourself the necessary capacities not to lengthen it with stupidities unworthy of your condition. Is that understood?

Sia hadn't moved an inch. Facing him, her body naked and slender, her head and eyes lowered, the gag still lodged between her lips, her hands one on top of the other, placed on the top of her skull, her shoulders tensed back, she was breathing quickly. Aware of the sum of his demands. Aware of the quantity of details that she would have to constantly watch over. Aware that the slightest misstep could unleash his wrath and send her into chaos. She mumbled: "Yes Master, I understand." through the rubber ball that blocked her jaws.

— Raise your head! Look at me!

Sia felt her breathing quicken even more, and a veil of sweat cover her body. It was hot, but it wasn't just the sun that made her sweat, it was the waiting in this position, it was the anxiety of not being up to par. It was his way of expressing himself. Above all. He had taken his time to speak to her, always firmly, but calmly. He distilled each of his words into her so that she could integrate them all perfectly, so that she would have no problem understanding. These were not instructions quickly released in an aggressive or annoyed tone. Quite the contrary, each word was weighed and considered. He knew how painful it was for her to be at fault, barely had the stay begun. He guessed that keeping this list would be her nightmare. He had felt her embarrassment and her shiver when he had told her that each line of this list would shame her and disappoint him. She had become well aware of this. That was the goal. Objective achieved.

Sia raised her head and met his eyes for less than a second. She had to force herself to hold his gaze. He was hard. He seemed angry. She was trembling. She wanted to hide, to throw herself at his feet, to prostrate herself. Anything that could spare her from that gaze that seemed to draw all her strength from her. He read her weaknesses, her doubts and her fears in her. She would have liked him to read her strength, her determination and her self-denial. She hated herself for being so imperfect. She would have liked a reassuring gesture. He slapped her violently. She was surprised by the gesture that left her haggard for a few seconds. However, she immediately resumed her position, but this time with her gaze down.

— I told you to look at me!

Sia looked up, trying as best she could to blink back tears. Already.

— When I give you an order you obey, as long as you haven't received any others! Do I have to remind you of everything?

— Excuse me, Master...

He had understood her despite the gag. He could read the distress in her clear eyes. She almost seemed on the verge of breaking down already. How was she going to bear the rest? Yet he refused to make the slightest concession.

— That will give you a second line to write!

He slapped her a second time, even harder, and walked away.

— You know what you have to do.

She didn't answer, still a little dazed. Dazed by the situation, even more than by her master's slaps. Those were never easy to accept. She always felt an ambiguity and a contradiction when he slapped her. It rarely happened without reason or just for fun, and even when it did, the timing was always difficult. She never experienced it as a slap on the buttocks, or even as a more painful blow administered by some accessory. The slap didn't just slap her cheek, but touched her soul and her mind. It hit her right in the heart. Sometimes, he saw her confusion and worry in her eyes, so he reminded her that he was doing it because he wanted to and had the right to, but that she wasn't at fault. He then felt her calm down slowly. But this gesture remained particular, often synonymous with error or discontent. Often a harbinger of a difficult session and excessive demands. This time, he represented a bit of all of that at once. The physical pain was minimal compared to everything the gesture meant. However, she quickly recovered. She had to face it, this was only the beginning. She grabbed her master's suitcase. Emptying it wouldn't take long, it didn't contain much. He left in the property what he needed to be able to come there at any time, without loading himself down.

However, she applied herself to her task, lining up her personal effects perfectly, smoothing out an unwelcome crease with a sure back of her hand. Sia took advantage of the moment to breathe, to concentrate and mentally prepare herself for what was to come. She showered carefully, and prepared all of her orifices to receive him. It had taken her a while to master the anal intimate enema, but it had become exceptional now that she wasn't perfectly clean when he asked her to. She inserted a medium-sized plug with a little lubricant. It would be comfortable for him and it wouldn't be painful for her. Just unpleasant, at least at first. Despite the heat, she put on a pair of stockings and a wide garter belt that acted as a waist cincher and would show her off. She added a small pair of matching mittens, as well as her patent leather pumps and looked at herself in the mirror. She was facing herself in this closed space that she had wanted, but for which she ended up wondering if she would be up to it. Where would she be in a few days? Would her features be distorted by the tears of having disappointed him in the ordeal, or on the contrary, would she have the sparkling eyes and the smile of one who had known how to honor and make her lord and master proud? She had a strange feeling inside her, no doubt linked to intense concentration. But despite all her efforts, she knew that she was capable of making many mistakes and that he would not let anything go. The slightest additional mistake would break a little more each time the bubble in which she had locked herself to feel capable of everything. Everything. A very big word. A word very quickly said, it seemed to her. An easy word. A word that meant so many things that it no longer meant anything. A shortcut perhaps. A summary. A will without a doubt. To be ready for anything. How good it would be to appropriate these words, to say them consciously, with conviction and after a long reflection. After a deep and sincere introspection. That was what she was there for in the end. To go beyond what she knew. Beyond acts, gestures and orders. Beyond the classic, the comfortable and the reassuring. Beyond the acceptable, perhaps. To the point of touching with her fingertips this Everything. The ultimate. She was convinced that she would feel something marvelous, almost mystical. Like those religious touched by grace. A deep bliss.

Sia adjusted her makeup, reapplied lipstick as best she could with the gag, and headed to the kitchen to carry out whatever instructions she had received.

3. Explanation

— I want you to keep in mind that these next few days, these next few weeks perhaps, will be different from what you have experienced with me so far. You know that. There will be no cuddly moments or other moments. I have decided it this way, to bring you back to the very essence of the most extreme submission. Your satisfaction will be to serve, your pleasure will be my enjoyment. Everything else will be taken away from you. Of course, you will keep your right

to speak. You will have the opportunity to express yourself on all the subjects that you deem necessary to address to perfect your condition or advance in your thoughts. You will have to ask for it beforehand. You will not waste my time with useless or complicit chatter. I will always respect the commitment I have to you to make sure that you are well. Whether it is your body but also, and above all, your mind. Your spirit. I know that sometimes you lose your footing and crack over details. I want you to be vigilant about these weaknesses of yours, and to learn to control yourself. Whatever the circumstances. I will educate you in this sense, and therefore, as you will have understood, put you in front of difficulties. Not at all to make you fail, but so that you progress. I will not ask you for anything that is beyond your reach, always keep that in mind. If I order you, it is because you are capable of it. Repeat these words to yourself until you no longer have any hesitation or doubt. I will not impose the gag on you permanently because I like to have your mouth available at all times, but you will wear it regularly, as well as the spreader. I know that it is very difficult to bear over long periods, but you will do very well, I am sure. All this so that you always keep in mind that I expect you to keep silent. And that I like to constrain you. I will treat you like a slave. Nothing more than a slave that I train and educate for the sole purpose of fully satisfying me, serving me perfectly, and giving me pleasure better than any other. This is the condition that you wanted and for which you begged me. Do not forget it. A slave is neither a lover nor a companion. She is a body that her master possesses and with which he does what he wants in the name of the powerful bond that unites master and submissive. When I do not need you, you will stay in the background, and not necessarily in my presence. I will not always keep you at my feet. You will have to accept it. I know that you are not used to such treatment. You are generally a rather pampered and well-treated submissive. Too much perhaps. Here you will have moments of solitude that will weigh on you. You will have to use them to meditate on your condition. You will have no other right than that when you are alone. No cell phone, no Internet access or books. Nothing. Just you, facing your convictions. Facing the commitments you have made. You will experience these moments as trials at first, but little by little, you will understand the meaning and interest of this meditation. Later, they will be indispensable to you. You know that I never do anything without reason. Each moment, each situation will be ritualized. You will have to remember everything, otherwise you will be punished. Harshly. You know that I do not like to repeat myself.

Sia nodded, answering as best she could through the gag. Some words had made her shiver. The isolation. The waiting, without his presence. She already knew that the ordeal would seem insurmountable. Unbearable. Without him by her side, nothing seemed to make sense anymore. She would have liked to never be

more than a few steps away from him. Always be able to see him, feel or guess his presence. Know that he too could observe her at any moment. In his perimeter, she felt like an object of attention, she felt like she existed for him, at the center of his thoughts. And that was exactly what he was going to take from her. Deny her. Periods of time where she would be nothing. Without his gaze on her, she was nothing, she was fading away. She was useless. She understood, however, that self-denial consisted precisely in getting rid of one's desires and personal needs. She wanted his attention, she wanted his gaze on her. But could a slave want that? She knew she couldn't. She just wanted it to be his desire. For him to always want her next to him, curled up at his feet, waiting and within reach. To be confronted with the opposite situation, with his disinterest, with his wish not to have her near him, made her deeply sad and helpless. What good was she if at times, he didn't want her there?

— Did you write your list as ordered?

— Yes, Master.

- Women.

Sia quickly returned to the kitchen where she had left the list, relieved to be able to give it to him immediately so that he would have no doubt that she had obeyed correctly. She returned, kneeling down, to hand him what was to become his obsession: her list of faults.

He stared at the two lines for a long moment as she kept her eyes downcast, her throat tight.

— Take off your gag. You go on all fours to the hall, you will find my riding crop there. You take it in your mouth and bring it back to me like a female dog. Go!

Sia obeyed immediately, relieved to finally regain control of her jaws and to be able to close her mouth. The whip could hurt a lot, but compared to other accessories, she could have had a worse time for her first punishment. She found it without difficulty and returned to her master's feet, still on all fours, her head down as ordered. At that moment, she felt humiliated, ashamed of having sinned.

He was sitting on a teak garden chair on the terrace overlooking part of the Bastide park. It was a beautiful summer day, and although it was drawing to a close, the sun was still very much present. The air was mild, ideal. He was tasting a quality wine like a connoisseur, playing with the reflections in the crystal glass, indifferent to Sia who was waiting at his feet, her riding crop between her teeth. He had decided to make her wait. She would wait.

After long minutes, he finally broke the silence. He quickly stroked her cheek before grabbing the riding crop.

— That's good. Take your position now. Stand up.

Sia stood up with dignity, despite the inevitable pain in her knees after waiting in this position. She placed herself right in front of him, with her back to him, her hands on her head. She arched her back to the extreme to offer him her rump, and kept her thighs wide apart so that he could see her willingness to do well. He caressed her hips with the tip of the whip. Then, he slid from her armpits to her ankles, slowly, making her shiver. He played with her curves, of which he was the sole master and which he was going to mark.

— Do you know why I'm going to punish you?

— Yes, Master.

— I'm listening. What did you write down on this list?

— That I should always keep my legs apart in the car, Master. And that I should not look down when you order me to look at you.

— Did you know these instructions?

— Yes, Master...

— Do you understand that I find it unacceptable to still have to punish this kind of fault?

He had raised his voice, and Sia felt the tension rising inside her. Her breathing had quickened. What might have seemed like a game to some was not one to her. Nor to him. He was truly disappointed, and she was truly ashamed. No masquerade. No role play. No scenario or comedy. Just their reality. Their way of being and living. Of also feeling pure and hard BDSM.

— Count and thank.

— Yes, Master.

He struck sharply. Quick, sharp blows. The kind that left the imprint of the whip's paddle on her skin. Blows that didn't play either. No caresses, no little shiver. Just the pain that falls and marks. The buttocks, the thighs. Five blows on each side. Ten in all. Enough to mark the spirits, while remaining bearable. With each slap of the leather on her skin, Sia had stifled a cry, counted and thanked. Sometimes, she had had to resume her position because the pain undermined her immobility. But she had managed to remain dignified and he had not taken her back.

— Five strokes for each foul. Consider yourself lucky. I will not always be so lenient. Bow down and give thanks!

Sia rushed to prostrate herself. Arms stretched between her feet, forehead on the ground, ass arched, she applied herself to her position, sure that he was detailing each posture.

— Thank you, Master.

— What do you thank me for, slave?

— To educate me, Master.

— I want you to say things every time. When you thank, when you ask for forgiveness. I want you to say precisely what you are talking about. This time, it is about education, it is true, but also about mistakes, right?

— Yes, Master. I ask your forgiveness for my mistakes. I thank you for punishing me and teaching me to behave better.

— That's better. Don't forget!

— Yes, Master.

— You will note the corresponding punishment opposite each of your faults. You do not cross anything out, I want to be able to take stock of this list later.

— Yes, Master.

— I don't want to have to punish you again for the same thing! "Once is right, twice is wrong" keep that in mind.

Sia hadn't moved. She felt him sit back down in his chair and guessed he was picking up his drink again.

— Stay like that. This is your place.

The prostration position was not the most comfortable when it had to be kept for a long time, but indeed, Sia felt intensely at home there. She preferred to be like this, her shoulders, neck and knees aching, but submissive to his feet, rather than alone, in a comfortable position. She forced herself not to move. From now on, every movement would be painful anyway, so it was better to remain frozen. This pain was added to the throbbing pain left by the riding crop. He ended up leaning towards her. His hand ran down her back before lingering on her thighs. She guessed that he was lingering on one of the marks that the riding crop had left on her skin. Then he caressed her pussy, played with her clitoris for a few seconds before sliding two fingers inside her. He had her at his disposal. He could hit her, he could penetrate her. She was soaked. Warm, liquid, and intensely receptive.

4. Masturbation

— You're dripping! You've been like this for over a quarter of an hour, without moving, without speaking, without me even putting my hands on you or saying anything, and as soon as I touch you, I can feel that your pussy is soaking wet! It's not sexual in the strict sense. It's not the idea of getting fucked that excites you, it's feeling submissive. You are fully in your condition and in your place, and it's this feeling of deep submission that makes your body react. It's always been like this and it hasn't changed over the years. The time for discoveries is over, and yet, never in front of me is your pussy dry when I put you in condition, dominated, at my feet. Your place. This is also how I see that you're not playing and that you've never played. You are truly submissive at heart. A submissive still imperfect in my eyes but with enormous potential that I was able to guess from the beginning. I will finish shaping you to my hand. What you will learn and acquire during the next few days will remain engraved in you for a long time. This will not become our way of functioning permanently, but I need, just like you, to know that you are capable of enduring without receiving. To have more or less long periods during which you devote yourself solely to your condition. Day and night. I know that this will strengthen our bond and make you an even better submissive. As I told you, this stay will be punctuated by rituals that you will have to accomplish without the slightest flaw. I know how difficult it is for you to take initiatives, because you have the impression that it goes against your condition. However, if I order you to take an initiative, you must understand and accept that it remains only obedience and what I expect of you. So even if it is difficult, if I impose it on you, you will do it. The first of these rituals will be daily. And will begin today. You will have to decide when. I recommend that you avoid the last moment as you often tend to do. It will be up to you to judge the right timing and dare to come to me to ask to speak. You will find the ideal moment during the day, then you will come and kneel down and ask for permission to speak. It is possible that I will not grant it to you. In this case, you will not be exempt from your ritual. You will have to do it again later, thinking about whether my refusal was due to a bad choice or if I simply did not want to. If I grant you the right to speak, then I want you to find the words, each time different, to beg me to grant you permission to give yourself pleasure by masturbating in front of me, like a little female dog in heat. I want you to dare words, to be perverse and imaginative. I don't want inaudible and embarrassed murmurs. I want to feel you slutty and horny. That's what I expect from you. You'll manage. The less conviction you put into it, the more you risk my refusal, and therefore the obligation to start over. Because if I say no, you will have to do everything again until I approve. Do not take this lightly. Even if saying things, saying words is not easy for you, this daily ritual is within your reach and

there is no reason why you should not fully satisfy me. For me it is a little distraction, nothing more. There is no real challenge or difficulty. Just the process of daring, of finding the right moment and the words that will make me grant you this pleasure that you will give yourself before my eyes. Shameless and offered. Some days, I will allow you to jerk off but I will not observe you. You will still have to comply by putting all your energy into it, because I demanded to feel you in heat. You will then be a little slut who jerks off, disdained by her master, humiliated but excited by his fingers on her swollen clit. Sometimes, on the contrary, I will take the time to watch you. I will observe in detail your hips rolling, your breasts erect, your mouth open and moaning. At the end of the exercise I will authorize or not your enjoyment. You will act without knowing it, but you will know that you will have acted according to my expectations, as a good submissive. It is small obediences like these that, put end to end, shape you and make you the one I want you to be. So do not forget, every day, between the moment you get up, and until midnight, you will have to perform this ritual. I know too well your propensity to wait until the last moment to do things, but this is not a bedtime ritual, but an obligation of your day as a slave. After midnight, if you have not done this ritual, you will be punished severely, once. The second time you forget I will judge you unworthy of continuing the test and therefore unworthy of me. I think you understood very well what I expect from you Sia. He had pronounced these last sentences slowly, distinctly, like a sentence falling before the condemnation of a prisoner. This was not a game and Sia felt it fully. I will observe in detail your hips rolling, your breasts erect, your mouth open and moaning. At the end of the exercise I will authorize or not your enjoyment. You will act without knowing it, but you will know that you will have acted according to my expectations, as a good submissive. It is small obediences like these that, put end to end, shape you and make you the one I want you to be. So do not forget, every day, between the moment you get up, and until midnight, you will have to accomplish this ritual. I know too well your propensity to wait until the last moment to do things, but this is not a bedtime ritual, but an obligation of your day as a slave. After midnight, if you have not done this ritual, you will be punished severely, once. At the second forgetfulness I will judge you unworthy of continuing the test and therefore unworthy of me. I think you understood very well what I expect from you Sia. He had pronounced these last sentences slowly, distinctly, like a sentence falling before the condemnation of a prisoner. This was not a game and Sia felt it fully. I will observe in detail your hips rolling, your breasts erect, your mouth open and moaning. At the end of the exercise I will authorize or not your enjoyment. You will act without knowing it, but you will know that you will have acted according to my expectations, as a good submissive. It is small obediences like these that, put end to end, shape you and make you the one I want you to be. So do

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— Yes, Master. I will obey.

— Of course you will obey.

Sia had trouble keeping her position. Since he had put his hands on her, he had not stopped playing inside her with his fingers, moving from her clitoris to her lips, penetrating her pussy with intensity. She moaned softly, her cheek pressed against the pavement, concentrating on his words. But those had tended to excite her even more and she already felt on the verge of orgasm. He intensified his gestures, pushing her to moan more. She no longer had her words to try to distract her. Just the feeling of his fingers sliding over her. He had a perfect knowledge of what excited her and the places to insist to make her lose her footing. She undulated her hips gently to accompany his gestures, and no longer held back her moans, impatiently waiting for permission to let herself go to pleasure and the order to finally cum. She was in such a state of excitement that the ritual he had decided to impose on her did not seem complicated to her. Pleasure always disinhibited her and the words came more easily when she was put in this condition. Out of context, it would be more complicated, but she felt strong and capable of not failing. For her, the difficulty was absolutely not in the gestures. Masturbating under his gaze was exciting and she no longer had any shame in doing it, even if it was in no way something trivial. Her sensations and feelings were not the same as when she masturbated alone, without his presence. But that had not happened for a long time, and she liked to feel his gaze on her. She liked to feel indecent and shameless, especially when he embellished the moment with very crude and very humiliating words, so in general, the pleasure rose very quickly and she quickly begged to obtain an orgasm. She also liked to come and prostrate herself at his feet to thank him and feel his cock hard against her cheek when she straightened up on her knees. Other times he ordered her not to move, and made her stay with her legs open, her pussy dripping. Usually lying on her back, she would then put her hands behind her knees to keep the position and the sexual tension would slowly go down. She would sometimes feel a little uncomfortable when the wait was prolonged but she had no difficulty in complying. He knew it.

The difficulty, in the imposed ritual, would be to find the right moment and to dare to come towards him when she would not know if the moment was right and would suit him. And even more, to find the words and to manage to express them with confidence. She had less trouble saying things than at the beginning, but it was still a small test in his eyes. Nothing insurmountable, he was right. But every day, she would keep in mind this instruction to respect. She would wait for the moment, she would think about it until it was done. This was probably what he wanted as well, for his days and hours to be punctuated by clear instructions, rules to follow, expectations to fulfill, and constant thoughts so as not to forget. Living as a slave was a full-time activity.

Sia couldn't hold back any longer. She couldn't hold back any moans, she was starting to lose control as he moved closer to her, to slide his other hand under her breast and pinch her nipples at the same time as he continued to play his fingers inside her. She was about to beg for his pleasure when he stopped abruptly, as if he had known exactly that she was at the peak of her pleasure, on the edge of orgasm. She was also convinced that this was the case and that he felt this moment even better than she did. Was her body betraying her by emitting some contractions or some signs that she didn't perceive, but that he felt? He slapped her on the buttock.

— That's enough!

Sia huffed and tried to regulate her breathing. She didn't think too long and decided that the moment was perfect. Still in the excitement of what he had just granted her, she felt strong to dare to say the words. She straightened up, and that was what was bothering her because he hadn't ordered her to and she felt like she was at fault. She immediately came to her knees in front of him, hands behind her back and head bowed. So that he wouldn't doubt her intentions and wouldn't consider her gesture as disobedience, she launched into it quickly, without giving herself time to search for her words.

— Master, do you allow me to speak?

He let a long handful of seconds pass before answering, curtly.

— I'm listening to you.

— Master... will you allow me to caress myself and take pleasure, in front of you... in order to distract you...

He didn't answer. Sia had her eyes lowered and didn't dare look up. Certain that his gaze would be hard and make things even more difficult for her. She hadn't thought about what she was going to say and she blamed herself. She had to go for it though.

— Please, Master, your little female dog in heat can't take it anymore... Allow me to move aside and pleasure myself...

— Not now, little female dog. But I appreciate your words.

The moment had finally been too propitious. She had jumped at the chance to be perfectly fit to start, and he had understood it well. It was a little too easy. She would do it again. In a few days, the words would come on their own and she would no longer have any reserve. No doubt he would impose a few additional instructions on her to make this first ritual a little more difficult.

Sia straightened up, a little confused, but not really surprised. She knew him well and should have guessed that he was not going to make things easy for her so easily. She hesitated for a moment, linked to the fact that she had come spontaneously to his feet and that she did not know if she should wait like this or return to her original place. She opted for the second option and came back to prostrate herself at his feet, letting her sexual tension and frustration subside.

— Thank you for making me a better submissive, Master.

5. Domestication

— I really like using you as a sex slave, but you will have understood that here, you will have other roles. You are entirely at my service and that also involves domestic tasks. You know how to do it, nothing extraordinary about that. You will have a moment every day to do a little tidying and cleaning if necessary. I want you to keep the Bastide perfectly clean, you had better do it well, without me having to come back. What master worthy of the name could conceive of having a slave and not require her to keep her living space impeccable? You know my demands, I do not tolerate anything on this subject. I will be very vigilant. Be wary of my gaze. You will also take care of the meals, but we will not share them. You must accept it. You will be at the service, making sure that I lack nothing. At your disposal, whether I want a glass of wine or your mouth to lick my balls. You will eat before or after, alone in the kitchen or in your bowl, in a corner of the dining room. Where I can keep an eye on you. I will decide according to my mood. You will take care of preparing my bath, or you will wait until I come out of my shower to hand me the bath towel, as you know how to do so well, on your knees, head bowed, the clean and neatly folded linen, flat on your two arms. You will prepare and bring me the clothes that I will indicate to you. Nothing new for you in this, you are used to serving your lord and master and usually you do well. But during this ordeal, this servitude will be every moment, day after day. I will constantly ask you, whether it is to take off my shoes, to soap me, to massage me, or anything else I may desire. I know that you can excel in this area. I expect impeccable service from you. When you have no instructions, you will go to the dining room, to the

left of the fireplace and kneel down, facing the wall. You will remain vigilant in case I call you, or my fingers snap. Then you will come immediately to serve your master, on all fours.

Sia answered appropriately. She was standing in front of the kitchen sink. He had joined her as she cleaned the glass of wine he had finished. He gently slid his hand under her chin to make her raise her head and meet his gaze. He felt her troubled, her eyes slightly moist.

— Do you have something to say, little slave?

— No, Master, everything is very clear. I just hope I am up to it...

— Are you afraid you won't be?

— I think, Master, a little... It would be so unbearable to disappoint you...

— If you make mistakes, they will be corrected and you will learn from them. This is what will allow you to move forward and improve. Remember that everything I ask of you is within your reach. Trust me, let yourself be guided.

— Yes, Master. I have complete confidence in you.

— Then you will be a good slave and you will not disappoint me.

What Sia feared wasn't forgetting to make the bed without a single crease or not knowing how to wash her body if he ordered her to. No, that was more complicated. It was the multitude of things she would have to think about at every moment. Not forgetting anything. Not doing anything wrong. Every time her master spoke, the list of duties and servitudes grew longer. She knew she was only at the beginning. She had wanted this extreme condition. She knew it was punctual, and yet, deep down, she felt that there was something at stake behind all this. Something she didn't know. As if he had decided to evaluate her. To test her abilities. What analyses would he do at the end of the allotted time? What consequences would this verdict have on their relationship? Sia was putting herself under excessive pressure. She had the feeling that the slightest misstep would cast opprobrium on her permanently. His words had reassured her. He was always right. It was the duration that worried her the most. It was probably the only thing she had never experienced. A single session that would last several days, several weeks. Without a break. Without breathing. Without being able to relax and regain her strength. Yet, it was also her choice. Hers as much as his in the end. She reassured herself as best she could, reminding herself that it was only a matter of time. That beyond the difficulties, she would certainly find, at the end of this journey, answers that she still lacked. There were periods of time during which she felt deeply serene, in tune with herself. In perfect harmony with her condition. And

other moments when she felt panic taking hold of her, overwhelmed by an insurmountable amount of things to do. She had the feeling that she was going to drown, that she would not be able to manage and would end up cracking, inevitably. How would he manage the situation? How could she cope with such a failure?

So far, so good. Sia had prepared the table and dinner. She would have liked to eat with him, talk, joke, look at him without encountering a stern look, slide her hand over his between the glasses. Unwind. She felt like she hadn't enjoyed these moments enough before, she would miss them so much. Just a few days. It was incredible how destabilizing the prospect of being deprived of landmarks and reassuring moments could be. He had ordered her to wait until he had finished to eat alone in the kitchen, before putting everything away. She was waiting near him, slightly set back but in his field of vision. She was wearing only her pumps and a white maid's apron. Nothing else. Just her necklace that adorned her neck in the most beautiful way. She kept her legs properly apart, and her gaze down. He had granted her to keep her hands behind her back during the service and not on her head. It was less painful. The day was slowly fading. He had wanted to dine on the terrace, the air was still very mild. Sia had thought about the best time to rephrase her request. The evening would pass quickly and the longer she waited, the more obsessive this instruction would become. She launched into it when the moment seemed ideal to her, just after serving him a coffee. After putting the cup on the table, instead of going back to wait a little further away, she knelt down and asked his permission to speak. Already, from these words, he would have guessed her intentions, which would make things easier. He allowed her and she recited the few sentences she had repeated to herself throughout dinner. She had spoken confidently although he had probably felt her voice tremble a little at times. She had done it according to the rules, correctly. He had nothing to reproach her for. He could have decided to postpone the moment even more, but he had noted the care with which she had waited for the right moment, and he chose to encourage her by allowing her this moment of pleasure. It wasn't just the physical pleasure she was going to give herself, but the inner satisfaction of having done well what he had ordered her to do. Finally, Sia had understood that this would be one of the rare real pleasures she would receive during their stay. Pleasure of serving. Pleasure of giving. Of being enough for him. Of satisfying him fully. She had told him, she had no other goal than that. It was her reason for being and she was happy about it.

He ordered her to lie down on the table, in front of him, and to offer herself shamelessly to his gaze. She was not the least bit embarrassed, even if the context did not really lend itself to it. Climbing on the table to find herself with her legs wide open, right in front of her cup of coffee, had something indecent and

humiliating about it. He ordered her to raise her legs well, so that her feet were on each side of his head. She first licked his fingers before sliding them over her pussy which, despite the inaction during dinner, was still a little damp. He did not give her any instructions. Nothing. Not a single word. This was undoubtedly the most difficult part of this ordeal in the end. She did not see it. Completely lying on the table, she could only look above her at the sky which was slowly darkening, the first stars which were timidly lighting up. She wanted to beg, for him to tell her that it was good, that she was good. That she was obedient. That she made him hard. He could have insulted her, said belittling or contemptuous words to her. That would have excited her. But no. She only had his silence. The excitement was hard to come by. She wouldn't have cheated for anything in the world, she would never have faked her pleasure. He wouldn't have forgiven her anyway. So it took her time to let go. To no longer be waiting for an interaction from him. She closed her eyes to go back into her bubble and abandon herself to his skillful caresses. When she finally started to really move on the table, and to moan softly, she heard him get up and opened her eyes to meet his gaze. She didn't know what to read in them and closed them for a moment, so as not to lose her concentration. When she looked again, she saw that he was taking pictures of her. He did that often. She convinced herself that if he wanted pictures of her, it was because he liked her. That he enjoyed seeing them again later. Without realizing it, as she followed him with her eyes taking pictures from afar, to have her all over, or closer, focused on her pussy, her excitement had gone up a notch. Just seeing him in front of her. Feeling so vulnerable and so submissive next to him. She thought that afterwards, he would probably take her and that it would be delicious, like every time. She imagined feeling his cock penetrate her deeply with force. He would hold her by the hips. She would not have moved, still lying on this table, but impaled on his cock. Taken with animalism. She moaned even more, her pussy glistening with the pleasure that she had managed to make rise between her thighs. She begged him to give her permission to indulge in pleasure, but he refused. He wanted to see her writhe in pleasure before his eyes. He wanted to hear her scream even more. To feel that she couldn't take it anymore and that he had complete power over her. He left her to grapple with her pleasure for a long time, until she lost her footing. Until she lost all restraint, all dignity. Until she begged him, again, and louder. Until she told him she couldn't take it anymore. That she was going to come. Then he told her STOP. He ordered her to stop immediately. To get up and tidy up. To go eat. To hurry up. To join him in the bathroom upstairs. Quickly. Well.

Out of breath, heart pounding, hair in disarray, Sia sat up on the table, disoriented. It wasn't the first time he'd done this, but this time, she really hadn't expected it. She felt a little frustrated, a lot even. He hadn't brought her to orgasm

when he'd caressed her until she could literally feel her dripping onto his fingers, a little earlier. No doubt he wanted her to be in perfect condition when he decided. He had already left. She did what she had to do, quickly, making sure she hadn't forgotten anything and hurried to join him.

6. Ritualization

— I will now tell you in more detail about some of the rituals that will be imposed on you here. You have already understood how you had to move. That you had to make a complete sentence to thank me or beg for your forgiveness, specifying a motive or a reason. That you had to ask me for the right to masturbate like a little female dog in heat. Other things will be added. For example, when you need to go to the bathroom. I want you to ask permission every time. No taking advantage of a moment when I allow you to shower, or to take time in the bathroom to put on your makeup or anything else. This is part of the little humiliations that I want to impose on you. Like before, you come to me, you kneel down and ask me for permission to speak. Then you express yourself. You did it very well after serving me my coffee. You will tell me that my little dog needs to relieve herself and you will ask my permission. Once again, do not wait until the last minute because it is possible that I will make you wait. Once you have my agreement, you will use the toilets on the ground floor and only those, unless otherwise ordered. You will of course leave the door wide open. You will take care of your position. I want you to be submissive but dignified, even in these moments. At least once a day, I will grant you a moment, alone. I will decide that one. The rest of the time, you will ask permission for everything. If there is a special circumstance, you let me know as it should be. It is also possible that I will take my little dog to relieve herself in the park, during a little morning walk on a leash. I like to have you available at all times, so when I take a bath, like now, I appreciate that you are there, waiting. You know how I like you to serve me in these cases. When I ask you to wash me, rinse me and dry me. And when you bow down at my feet, at the end, to thank me for honoring you in this way. I think I will use you like this, as a servant, almost every time. It is your role. Your role is also to watch over everything and possibly anticipate some of my desires. I know that this is one of your weak points. We will work on it. As I told you, you will not be allowed to connect to the Internet, I want you cut off from the world and I want to mobilize all your thoughts. I want you to feel that you belong fully to me, to me and to me alone. You are my toy, and I do what I want with you. I know that this isolation will weigh on you sometimes, because you have habits, like everyone else. Without a phone or connection, you will quickly feel this closed-door situation that you wanted, as much as you must fear it now. It will also be an opportunity to refocus on yourself and your condition. However, so that you can externalize yourself, I

will authorize you, or rather I will force you to write about the subjects that you consider important. I will create a blog especially for the occasion, anonymous. I will post your words there if I find them appropriate and relevant. Afterwards, it will give you the opportunity to look back on this ordeal and perhaps take stock of it. Sometimes I will impose a theme on you. Sometimes, you will be free to talk about whatever you want, whether it be factual, a story of what you have experienced, or a deeper reflection on your reason for being and the choices that were yours, and which led you here. So once a day, I will chain you to a place of my choice, in front of a computer not connected to the Internet, you understand. Just a word processor. Just you and your words. A space for expression. You will write on your knees. Perhaps with the spreader between your jaws. I know that it will prevent you from concentrating. It will force you to learn to control yourself. Maybe with a vibrator in your pussy or your ass. Maybe with the Japanese nipple clamps you dread so much. I'll decide according to my mood. When you're done and I come back to you, I'll deliver the accessories and the chain to you. Then you'll bow down and kiss my feet, you'll find the words to thank me. It's something you'll have to do on many occasions. We'll talk about it again. Wash your lord.

Sia jumped out of her stillness, impassive in the face of everything he had just told her. She had kept her face closed. Not out of annoyance, but out of concentration. She was beginning to slowly disconnect from reality. From the other reality, the everyday one. The one that probably continued to exist for the rest of the world. That of others. The people outside. Beyond the walls of the property. Where she was, things were different. Time seemed to have stopped. Everything was as if on hold. Another space-time. The one he would impose on her. She felt his hold. His power. She felt completely controlled and without any hold on anything. She felt that she was going to let go completely. Quickly. Much more easily than she had feared. As she soaped her master's body, she wanted to smile. She felt good. Always in contradiction with herself. Sometimes overwhelmed by the sum of her expectations, and sometimes blissful to be right there, under his control. Guided. She had the feeling that in the end, everything would go well. He had thought of everything. Of course she had instructions to follow, but she could let herself be carried away. Let herself be carried away by this wave of submission that she felt like a deep well-being. She knew it, she just had to trust him. He knew. He was right. If he asked her something, it was because she was capable of it. So she had to stop questioning her abilities to do or not according to his demands. After rinsing and drying her body, first with her tongue as he had taught her, then, with the warm and clean bath towel, she found herself on her knees in front of him. She wanted him. He was hard. She bit her lips to control herself. To not slide her tongue on his erect cock. This initiative, which any man would have appreciated,

her master would have severely reproached her for. However, he had told her that she should sometimes anticipate his expectations, guess his desires. She no longer knew. She did not like having the possibility of taking initiatives, it complicated everything!

— Forgive me, Master... May I ask a question?

— I'm listening to you, slave.

— You told me that I would sometimes have to anticipate your desires... Can I offer you my mouth for your pleasure?

He stroked her cheek and she dared to look up at him. His gaze wasn't hard this time, on the contrary. He seemed fully satisfied. He looked at her with complicity.

— Not now little female dog. But don't worry, you'll get a taste of it very soon because you deserved it. But you better be very good. I want an excellent cocksucker to end my evening. And you know how to be sometimes.

He ran the palm of his hand over her mouth and Sia placed a few kisses on it before rubbing her face over it with delight. When he removed his hand, she slowly bowed down, paying attention to his gestures and his position. She kissed each of his feet first. Then, arching her back excessively, she slid her arms as far as she could between his legs. She thanked him for allowing her to serve him and honor him like this. If she could have seen his satisfied gaze at that moment, on her perfectly positioned body, in absolute submission, she would have been fulfilled more than any words could have said.

After cleaning and putting away everything that needed to be properly put away, Sia had to subject herself to the toilet ritual. She always asked his permission in general, it was purely formal because he always authorized her and there was no ritual or protocol. It was a request in principle, but which nevertheless, on a daily basis, allowed him to assert his condition and his full power over her. This time it was different. She had to ask him again first for permission to speak, then make her request. He accepted her request, but did not accompany her to the toilet, so she did not feel humiliated. It was very rare for him to observe her but she knew that when he did, it was never trivial, even if in principle, she had no problem with it.

Since he hadn't ordered her anything, she got into a waiting position where he had told her to do it, to the left of the fireplace. Facing the wall, hands on her head. She felt "in the corner", almost punished. Above all, she felt a kind of emptiness. He wasn't there. Not in the same room. Far from her. She didn't know what he was doing. How long it would take for him to arrive. As soon as she was no longer at the heart of the action, at the center of his attention, she felt empty.

Useless. Nothing made sense anymore. Of interest. She couldn't think of anything else but her impatience. For him to come back. For him to be there. For him to mistreat her, to fuck her, to humiliate her, to hurt her, whatever he wanted, but for him to be there. Near her. Deep down, she knew it. Her feeling at that moment was the opposite of self-denial. The fullness she had felt in the bathroom had been short-lived. She had to work on that. She knew it. That was what she was there for.

— Come on! On all fours, female dog!

Sia immediately felt a warmth invade her. The emptiness disappear. Filled with him. With his presence and his attention. She joined him in the entrance hall. Near the forbidden door. Door of all her frustrations and all her curiosity. Door of all her fantasies and all her obsessions. Door condemned. He alone had access to it. She had never seen what it hid, even if she knew. The basement of the house. A vaulted cellar, in three parts. Left in its original state. Exposed stones. Paved floor. Majestic vault. And a few details that he had refused to tell her about. She knew that he was fitting it out, for her. Now she was facing the door that was about to open. She no longer knew which predominated. Fear or curiosity. Apprehension or excitement.

— The time has come. Be worthy of it.

— Yes, Master.

Sia's throat tightened. And when she saw him pull the mouth spreader out of his pocket, she suddenly had the sinking feeling that she might not be up to it. He slid the devil's instrument between her jaws. She nicknamed him that because she had a hard time tolerating it. The first fifteen minutes were bearable. The next, hellish. He attached a leash to the ring of her collar, and the door finally opened.

7. Dungeon

— I know you have been waiting for this moment with impatience. I imagine your curiosity and your apprehension. This place reflects some of your slave fantasies. It perhaps corresponds more to you than to me, and yet I took pleasure in fitting it out and imagining submitting you harshly there. But do not rejoice too quickly. It will symbolize above all the difficult moments. The hard sessions. The punishments. The trials. You will fear this dungeon much more than any other place. You will know, when I lead you there or when I order you to go down there, that the hours that follow will be striking. In every way. It is surely not what you had imagined or dreamed. But I am not here to fulfill your desires. You know that. You know that I do not need a setting to train you. No need for a cross to whip you, and no need for a cage to keep you mine. However, the place was too beautiful. Too suitable. When I went down there for the first time, there was only

this obviousness. It was a place for you. To perfect your education. For you to fully feel your condition. It could not be otherwise. I want you to feel its atmosphere. To familiarize yourself with the smells. I want you to touch, to observe every detail. I want you to feel at home there, fully enslaved. Here, there is no room for error or approximation. I want what will happen in the next few days in this dungeon to condition all the other times. For your body, but even more, for your soul to react to it instinctively. Here, it is not elsewhere. It is a place that will soak up you, as you will soak up it. You will be linked. You will hate it as much as you will love it. You will feel at home there. You will be at home there. I know that between these walls, you will find the answers that you sometimes lack. You will have time to collect yourself there. To reflect and develop your thoughts on self-denial. You will ruin your knees on the stone. You will shiver between these walls. Your cries will resonate there for a long time. You will mark the ground with your saliva, your cyprine. The wood and leather of the restraints will be impregnated with your smell, your sweat and your fear. Each time you come here, like a sacred ritual, you will light a few candles. You will watch their flames flicker and you will meditate on what awaits you. You will take a few moments to empty your mind and concentrate. Then you will choose appropriate music. You will make sure that it diffuses, neither too loud nor too soft. You will finally go and take the place that I have indicated to you. If I have not specified anything, you will stand here, facing the stairs, prostrate. Forehead to the ground. Waiting for your lord and master. Add this new ritual to the others, and don't forget a word of it. I won't tolerate any mistakes. I haven't overloaded the space as you see. In this first room, the one we arrive in first, there is only one armchair. You will never sit in it, even if you are alone. You will notice the carpet, just below, which will allow you to kneel between my thighs for long periods, without getting your knees bloody. Your master is good to you. Opposite I have installed a St. Andrew's cross. I could whip you there and leave you tied to it. I could sit there and observe you, your body marked. This room is not the largest, but it will be perfectly suitable for the whip. When you reach the other space, you will notice rings on each side of the pillars. At the top and bottom. I could tie you to them by the wrists and ankles. You will also find yourself spread and crossed, but accessible from both sides. From the front and from the back. This second room is smaller, darker too, there is no air vent to diffuse the daylight. I have still installed lighting, as in the other spaces. But if you don't use it and just use a few candles, at night, the atmosphere is very special. Ideal for deep meditation or introspection. As you can see, I only put one thing in it. A metal cage. One of your repressed fantasies. It's not big enough to be comfortable, but big enough for you to sit in and move around. Big enough for you to stay in for a long time. I even took care of your comfort by putting a sheepskin in it. We arrive in the largest room. Another armchair with a coffee table this time.

However, you know that I prefer it when you serve as my table, and you stay kneeling with your tray. Here to distract me, I have set up a sort of straightjacket. The wooden frame will imprison your wrists and neck. It can be used in two ways. Either standing up or leaning forward, like a pillory. In both cases, I have provided rings, fixed to the ground this time, to be able to tie your ankles. And here, it is what is called an exhibition bench, a very special easel. You position yourself on all fours, astride and once again, I have something to tie your arms and legs. The height has obviously been calculated so that I can use you comfortably, in front and behind. I really like the idea of installing you there, blindfolded, perhaps the ball gag between your teeth. Leaving you there. Offered and available. I will then go and do what I have to do, knowing that you are here. Unable to move. Just a pussy and an ass open and ready to receive my cock. I will then come after a time that will seem infinite to you and I will redden your buttocks and thighs with the instrument of my choice. As long as I want. I will slide my fingers into your pussy and I will feel you already wet. Just being there. For my pleasure. Then I'll take you. I'll fuck you. Going from your ass to your pussy if I feel like it. If you're good, maybe I'll cum in you, or on you. I'll spill my cum on your back and I'll leave. Leaving you alone with the feeling of having served me well. Or maybe I won't come. I'll leave leaving you wondering whether or not I'm satisfied with you. Uncertain of having given me pleasure. Uncertain of how long it will take for me to come back, and whether it will be to take you again, or to punish you for not being good enough. Prepare yourself for that kind of situation. I admit that this dungeon has given me some ideas that I intend to put into practice.

Sia couldn't deny being turned on by her master's words. His voice. His confidence. His firmness. He was the kind of person whose words were forever unquestioned, just by the way he said them. Still, she knew it was one thing to feel a thrill of excitement and to feel her pussy drip down her thighs at the thought of being put on display and offered to his will, and to actually be. The theory was pleasurable. The reality was too, but it also turned out to be painful, frustrating and agonizing. Waiting alone, gagged, blinded and tied in a necessarily uncomfortable position was very exciting... on paper or in a D/s dream. But when the muscles ached, when the wait dragged on beyond the game, when the inability to close your mouth became obsessive, then the ordeal was much harder to bear. Perhaps it was this discrepancy that she found most difficult to accept. She would have liked to enjoy her condition, whatever the circumstances. To bear and endure everything with the most complete self-denial.

— I'll let you soak up the place for a few minutes. It's yours now. Do as ordered. Candles and music. Don't forget anything.

He left her alone. Her mouth was constrained by the devil's instrument that held her jaws open as much as possible. A long trickle of drool ran from her lower lip until it tasted the floor. She didn't dare take her hands off her head and she went around the dungeon like that again. The third room gave access to the first. You could go around in circles while passing through the three rooms. The space that worried her the most was the cage. She didn't want to go back there right away. She observed every detail, as he wished. In the first room was a small piece of furniture that he had pointed out to her when talking about candles and music. She found what she needed there. When she turned on an Enigma CD, the music spread throughout the basement, small speakers must have been placed in each of the rooms. She hadn't paid attention to it. She hurried to light candles and place them everywhere. When she made it into the small room devoid of anything except the cage, positioned right in the middle, she felt a shiver run down her spine. All she felt towards her was contradictions and apprehension. Yet she felt her stomach palpitate and her submissive soul troubled at the idea of being locked up there. The situation could be really exciting. It all depended on the circumstances. It would all depend on how long she would stay there. That was what was already making her anxious.

Sia couldn't help but smile. He had wanted this place for her. He had spent time arranging it, even if at first glance everything was very refined. The essentials were there. In the largest room, the one with the pillory and the easel, there was also a chest. He hadn't forbidden her to open it, so she did. It contained a few accessories. Ropes, chains, clamps, plugs, blindfold, whip, floggers... She didn't take the time to linger there any longer. She knew all of this. She took a deep breath and went to find her place. Prostrate facing the stairs. She wouldn't move until she was ordered to. She concentrated. He had used her little since they had arrived. She knew that the next few hours were going to be intense. Rich in pleasure and pain. Intensely charged with submission. During the visit, the discovery had occupied her mind, but in the meantime, the spreader was becoming unbearable. It monopolized all her attention. She had the feeling that it was consuming all her strength. It was mentally exhausting. In her position, it was a real puddle of saliva that formed on the stone paving. The minutes seemed endless until finally, she heard the sound of his footsteps. Until finally he freed her mouth.

8. Seclusion

— Have you taken the time to go back and observe the cage? Your cage. I am sure you are wondering on what occasions I will lock you in it. It will happen. Often. Here your role will be limited to serving me and being at my disposal. As I told you, you will have no free time. If you are of no use to me, then you will remain in a waiting position as ordered, or you will remain here. Captive. Do not

look at me like that. You knew very well what awaited you. You can complain or whine as much as you like, it will not change anything. You will learn from these other moments, trust me. These times of imprisonment will end up becoming an integral part of your condition. At first, you will feel oppressed no doubt, abandoned perhaps. And then you will end up feeling at home there. Because in a certain way, it is reality. When you find yourself there, in the darkness, alone, you will have time to think about what happened. About my expectations, and how you have honored them or on the contrary, how you have disappointed me. You will be able to collect yourself there, proud to be a good slave for your master. Or on the contrary, prey to doubt, regret and guilt. In both cases, it will allow you to question yourself and find within yourself the strength to improve. What I do has only one goal, to make you a better submissive. But you are not here only for the gestures. Keeping a position, sucking my cock, obeying an order, serving, you know how to do it. And you do it well. Where I want to push you is beyond actions. Deep in your soul. In the sincere and total acceptance of everything I could impose on you, regardless of your own desires. This is the path you must take to truly speak of self-denial. You must not accept things reluctantly, with sadness or anger. You must not resolve to them "because you have no choice", because you do not want to lose your necklace, nor "because it remains bearable". No, you must accept them because it is what I want. What I expect of you. You must accept them without bitterness, without negative feelings. Just with the conviction that you are acting as I expect, and therefore with pride and submission. I know that this is a much more difficult exercise than offering your ass or kneeling. You are passing through the looking glass. Beyond your own desires to submit and serve. I am going to impose something on you that I know will seem extremely difficult to you tonight. Something that you have never experienced. Some people would probably have no problem with that, but I know that you would rather be confronted with the whip or the cane than with what I have decided. You often need time to prepare for the tests, that is why I am telling you about it now. This will not always be the case. You must also be able to face a difficulty improvisedly. I will tell you more about it. Know that I will not change my mind, whatever your behavior. Two things are then possible. Either you submit with dignity and honor your condition, or you balk and disappoint me. In both cases, in fact, the same thing will happen. It's up to you to decide whether you want to disappoint your master or make him proud. So for this first night of ordeal, I have decided that you will not spend it with me. Not in my bed. Not at the foot of my bed or even secluded in a corner of my room. You will live this night, your first real night as a slave. Here. Alone. In the cage.

Sia looked up at him with eyes veiled with tears. The expression on her face was one of nothing but supplication and bewilderment. She had imagined that he

would lock her in the cage for a long time, but not all night. She had pushed that possibility as far away as possible because the mere thought of it had already made her lose all ability to reason properly. And now he was telling her so, with sobriety and detachment. His gaze was hard. Severe. Without malice or sadism, but without appeal. She had understood him well. He had told her that he would not change his mind and if there was one thing she was certain of, it was that he would keep his word. Everything inside her seemed to waver, she had the feeling of an enormous weight on her shoulders, on her chest. A tightness in her throat, in her stomach. In her heart. One night. Just one night. What did it matter in the end? Gone were the days when she could count them on the fingers of one hand and when they were so rare and precious that she shouldn't lose a crumb. Things had changed. Besides, they were here for several days, maybe even several weeks. Nights near him, she would have others. She tried to convince herself. To reassure herself. She wanted more than anything to switch to the good side. The one of acceptance. The one that would make him proud. However, if the image of the cage obsessed her and if she feared panicking in the face of the feeling of claustrophobia that she would inevitably feel, what remained the most difficult was not being near him. That he didn't want her by his side. Wasn't she supposed to be available at all times, at his disposal to serve him at any time? Day and night? She was scattered in her dark thoughts, she knew it. Locked up, she remained at her disposal, since she would only have to go down and order him. Locking her away from him was her choice, her clearly expressed will. She had to comply. She knew it. Yet this decision was so painful that she was no longer capable of anything. She had lowered her eyes, submissive, unable to say anything. Trying to control herself, to take the blow and to face it. He was sitting in the armchair and she was kneeling between his legs. He made her raise her head to look into his eyes. An exercise that was oh so difficult in this kind of situation. When they were so hard and so severe. When she guessed that the limit was not far away and that soon it would be disappointment that she would read there. She did not want it. Especially not. Yet her eyes let a few tears escape, despite all her efforts.

— Bow down. Pull yourself together. Kiss your master's feet. Take the time you need. As much as you need. Accept my decision, with renunciation. With self-denial. Understand the meaning of this word. It is in situations like these that it must appear more clearly to you. Otherwise, perhaps you have taken the wrong path.

Sia sniffed and wiped her eyes before taking a position and kissing her master's feet. She preferred to do it when he was barefoot, but tonight, it didn't matter. He was giving her time to accept the situation with dignity. She had to take

it upon herself. Integrate it. Understand. Everything was jostling in her head, the good and the bad thoughts. Her tongue ran, submissive, on the leather of his shoes. In this gesture of deep humiliation and submission, she managed to reason with herself. Then an image, that of her future solitude, crossed her brain and drew a few tears from her.

— Calm down. You knew I would test you. I think you had imagined simply lying down chained to the foot of my bed. Maybe you even thought that as a reward for your days of total submission, I would take you into my bed, let you kiss my feet under the sheets and then curl up in my arms. That was before. I know you didn't expect that, but that's how you treat a slave, right? I'm sure it will go well. Tomorrow morning, when I come to free you, you will place a kiss on each of my feet, then you will kneel and thank me for treating you like a slave and allowing you to live your condition fully. Then you will raise your eyes and in mine, you will be able to read that I am proud of you. In the meantime, draw on the resources within yourself to accept my decision without disappointing me. When you are ready, sincerely, you will stand up straight and find the words to tell me that you will submit, because that is your reason for being.

It took her a while to dry her tears and come to her senses. She felt deep inside her this mechanism of acceptance, or resignation, that was starting. She would have liked to see it as nothing but self-denial, but she probably hadn't reached that stage yet. She resigned herself and accepted because she knew that was what he expected of her, but deep down in her soul, she knew that she didn't feel what she had to, what she would have wanted and should have felt. Maybe it would come, with time. By dint of being pushed to the limit. But once again, she felt that this was not how things should happen. She should not accept out of fate, and even less out of habit. Maybe he was right. Maybe in the middle of the night, alone in the cage, she would find answers. Either way, she had to admit, no matter what the situation, she always ended up acknowledging that he was right. Why fight it?

Sia pressed her cheek against her ankle, gripping her heel a little tighter in the crook of her arm. She let a few seconds pass before straightening up, her closed face giving off a sort of painful determination.

—I will obey your expectations, Master. If it is your will, I will spend the night in the cage. I thank you for pushing me to question my condition and to explore all its paths. I want to be a good slave for you, more than anything.

Her voice had shaken and her eyes had remained moist, but she had said the words. When the time came, when he would take her into the cage for the first time

and close the door behind her, she would already be part of the way to fully accepting the situation. She would be ready. He had no doubt about it.

9. Use

— I know this is all hard for you to handle. That it's a lot all at once. But this is just the beginning. There are other trials ahead. Other rituals. Other decisions I've made that will shake you. That's what you wanted too. For me to push you far, further than you've ever been. Sometimes I'll explain things to you ahead of time, like I did with the cage. So you can prepare for it. So you have time to digest the information. That won't always be the case. You have to prepare yourself to be caught off guard and act with dignity no matter how difficult it is. It's one of your weak points, so you know I'm going to force it on you to teach you how to cope. I've told you many times, a submissive is strong. Much stronger than most women. She has to be able to handle so many situations that many couldn't even imagine. Keep your eyes down but your head up, no matter the ordeal. Always keep in mind that only the satisfaction and pride of your master counts. I doubt that you will be able to accept everything with dignity without failing once, but I know that each ordeal will make you stronger. Right now, I want to use you. Want to be hard on you in gestures, in words. Want to feel that I have all the power over you. That you are my thing. I can demand everything from you. Impose everything on you. I want to feel it and for you to feel it too. I want you slut. I want you whore. I want you female dog in heat. I want you submissive and obedient. I want you to think about nothing else but how to satisfy me. To abandon yourself. Come on, get up.

Sia straightened up and followed him to the rings fixed between the two pillars that allowed one to pass from this first room to that of the cage. She tried to push this image away so as not to weaken herself. As he tied her by the wrists and ankles to the steel rings, she reflected that she would not have imagined that he would choose this place for a first time. She had imagined the cross. She knew that it would be for another time. She tried to remain impassive, while being well aware that the moments that were going to follow were going to be painful. She concentrated so as not to panic, it was useless. In this position, legs and arms outstretched, without any contact with anything, she felt particularly vulnerable. The return of a whiplash on the breasts or the front ribs could be much more painful than the intense shock on the back. She shuddered at the thought. He started by slapping her several times and spat in her face.

— Will you be a good slave?

— Yes, Master.

— You better!

He slapped her again before forcing her mouth with his fingers. With his other hand, he searched her pussy, soaking wet from the simple fact of her condition.

— I'm going to hurt you, you know that. I'm going to mark your body. I want to see the marks of the blows I give you on your skin at all times. I like your body when it reminds you at every moment of your condition and your belonging.

He pinched her nipples hard, until she arched her back and stifled a cry of pain.

— Your body belongs to me. I do with it what I want. Do you have a problem with that, slave?

— No, Master, I am yours...

— Are you sure? I want you to think about this when you are alone tonight. I want you to really think about it and be able to tell me, in conscience, that you are giving me your body, as well as everything you are. I don't say this without reason. Words are so easy to say. In reality, it's always complicated, isn't it? You know that I will always watch over your integrity and that I will never put your health in danger. I do not intend to torture you or leave indelible marks on you, that's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about the meaning that these words represent for you, when you tell me that your body belongs to me. Do it, it's an order.

— Yes, Master, I will.

He had started fingering her again, her pussy and her ass, at the same time. She felt particularly helpless in her position. Being tied up changed the situation in terms of sensations. She had the impression that it was both more oppressive and more distressing, and at the same time, of giving in more easily. The ropes he had used to tie her up were not completely taut, she had a certain freedom of movement, very limited, but she was not frozen. She moved in rhythm with his movements, moaning softly. She let herself slide into pleasure and submission. She was fully passive and strangely found a kind of rest and relaxation there. She just had to let herself go. Let herself be guided. The rituals would come back later. For the moment, she was no longer thinking about anything. Just about his fingers which passed from her breasts to her thighs. From her ass to her pussy making her cyprine flow down her thighs. He moved away and out of her field of vision. She was facing the room of the cage and did not dare try to turn her head to see what he was doing. She found out quickly anyway. The whip snapped at her back and buttocks. From the nape of her neck to her knees. Moderate, regular, close blows, the ones she liked. The ones that made the skin heat up. The ones whose intensity had just the right balance between pain and pleasure. She let out a little moan when

a blow was more forceful, the rest of the time, she managed without difficulty to keep herself from screaming. It was more the excitement than the pain that predominated. These blows, she knew, would leave no trace on her body. He stopped suddenly and she only had time to breathe before seeing that he had come around to stand in front of her this time. She met his gaze. He was icy, as always in these moments. She immediately lowered her eyes and her head. She liked the whip, but on the breasts, she dreaded it despite everything. He knew it and she had total and blind trust in him. The leather straps first came to whip her thighs and hips, they slapped on her stomach and her ribs. The rhythm was sustained and regular. The blows seemed slightly more forceful to her. She managed to let herself go. She wanted to let herself go, intensely. He reduced the intensity, but did not spare her chest. She knew how to remain dignified and he appreciated it. He approached her, his torso against her breasts. His arm around her body. His mouth on her forehead. Sia felt an intense heat invade her, she could have enjoyed this moment. She moaned with pleasure, with gratitude. He placed a kiss on her shoulder and whispered in her ear.

— You are mine. My thing. My slave.

He had slipped his hand between her thighs and caressed her clitoris, swollen with desire, for a few seconds before moving up her stomach to her throat. He held her tight without her making the slightest movement of recoil. She gave herself up to his hold with delight. The seconds before her body struggled against the deprivation of air were precious because they were always too short. She would have liked him to take his time, to allow her to feel the oxygen becoming scarce in her lungs, slowly. But it was always too fast. No matter how hard she fought, inevitably, she couldn't help but try to free herself from his hold. Her body was shaking in all directions when he removed his hand. She caught her breath in long, deep breaths without realizing that he had moved away again. A new blow to her thigh made her arch her back abruptly. She recognized the belt this time. He had passed behind her again. He took his time to adjust his blows. Yet he knew that each wait between two pains set the brain boiling. The mind imagines the worst, and this is a little mental torture. No doubt he acted like this because he knew all this perfectly.

Sia had conditioned herself for long days to endure such moments. The hardest part would be to hold on for the duration. During the days that were going to follow one another, on the difficult treatments as much physically as mentally. Without pause or respite.

She counted the blows that fell, without him even asking her. By reflex. Because sometimes, when he stopped, he asked her: "How many?", and it was

unthinkable not to give an answer. She sometimes lost track of the count or got confused. She was unsure of herself. But she counted systematically, without thinking. Without forgetting. This time, he didn't ask her anything, but she had counted ten lashes of the belt in addition to the whip. So far, so good. She sighed as he came to press himself against her back this time, kneading her breasts and nibbling her shoulder.

— I'll come back later.

He put a blindfold on her and left.

Sia took a deep breath. She had to stay calm. The position was not the easiest to maintain and she knew that over a long period of time, it would quickly become torture. However, she was ready to make any effort to bear the imposed wait with dignity. She wanted to show him that she was capable of not weakening and of complying with what he imposed on her. She wanted to be strong. Then he would tell her the words. He would be proud of her and nothing else would matter.

He didn't leave her alone for too long, but she was relieved all the same. He untied her and made her get on all fours. He held her by the hair to drag her to the largest room of the dungeon, facing the armchair where he took a seat. She found herself on her knees, troubled by the brutality he had used. Excited too.

10. Blowjob

— Tonight you're going to be content with giving me pleasure. I'm only going to use your mouth. I want you to suck me divinely, until you feel me squirt deep in your throat. Then you won't stop, you'll continue your back and forth gently, just more gently. Like a caress. You won't back down to swallow at your leisure. I want you to keep my cock in your mouth and continue to suck me very slowly for a long time, until you feel me go soft between your lips. You won't stop until I tell you to and not before. But before that, I want you to suck me like I taught you. With perfect control of your whole body, of all your movements. I want you to be excellent. I want to feel that you're applying yourself. That you're putting all your soul into it. All your know-how. All your energy. I want to feel that nothing is more important to you than my pleasure alone. That you control every gesture, every lick, every suck. I want you to use your hands at the same time, not too much, just enough to accompany your lips, your tongue. Your whole body must be in motion. It's not just your mouth that sucks me, I want to feel that it's all of you. I want you to have nothing else on your mind, to forget the rest, to think only of what you're doing, and of the pleasure you'll have when you feel me flooding your mouth. You'll feel it as an honor and a gift that I'm giving you to reward you for your obedience. You'll have to show yourself worthy and grateful. It won't always be like this. I know that this evening and this night that await you are

testing you. You need to feel that you're good, and that you know how to give me pleasure, so I'm offering you this opportunity, but don't disappoint me. Show me that you know how to suck like a good little whore trained to give pleasure. I will give you as much time as it takes, but every five minutes, you will have to stop and turn around in the slave position. You will present your ass well spread and you will wait. You will receive five lashes of the whip the first time, ten the next and so on. Then you will return to your task between my thighs. The longer you take to make me cum, the more you will inevitably be marked. Knowing me, you already know a little what to expect, my pleasure is long to obtain, I control my body to perfection. You also know that these interruptions will not make things easier for you. So apply yourself from the beginning to hope to make me squirt as quickly as possible. Obey!

Sia felt particularly aroused by his words and the way he spoke to her. She was in her bubble. In his world, right in her place. She knew what she had to do and what the outcome would be. He had never had to complain about her sexually. Of course, she wouldn't make him cum in less than five minutes, and fortunately so. The whip, if it could be stinging, didn't scare him as much as other accessories he used. The second series of ten strokes would probably be difficult, everything would depend on the intensity he put into it. She decided not to think about it and to concentrate on her master's cock. She slowly undid his belt while starting to undulate her hips. She knew he liked her to wriggle like a little female dog in heat. Her breathing had become faster, shorter. She first ran a long lick from the base of his cock to the head and did it several times, salivating profusely, before taking it deep into her mouth. No need to hurry or panic. She had decided to take her time. To build up the excitement. To make the pleasure last. In any case, he would control himself. He was not one of those people who were turned on by the mere sight of a naked body, or the mere touch of a mouth! He could use her and play with her for hours before deciding to give in to the pleasure. Of course, if she was bad, if she sucked him badly, if she didn't apply herself as he wanted, he would let her know.

Sia concentrated and applied herself to her task, but sometimes images imposed themselves on her. She imagined that she could not satisfy him and that he would end up throwing her unceremoniously into the cage, without even a word, with just a look heavy with disappointment. Normally, she would not have feared this, but today, here, everything seemed possible. She then put even more heart and enthusiasm into her gestures. Alternating with her hands between the base of his cock and his balls, lapping and licking his glans, or plunging herself on it as far as she could. These were only foreplays of a blowjob that would last. He did not expect her to use mechanical and repetitive gestures, but to offer pleasure.

So she played with her mouth and lips, she sometimes straightened up, to slide his tail between her breasts and tickle the tip with her tongue. She had seen him check the time on his phone. It seemed to her, however, that the five minutes had passed. She tried to ignore it and became even more active, making her body undulate, letting herself moan with the pleasure she hoped to give him.

— Enough!

Sia stopped abruptly, as if every second lost was putting her at fault. She quickly turned around to get into a slave position, her ass offered, her arms stretched far in front. Exactly like when she prostrated herself except that this time, she presented her buttocks to him. Contrary to what she had imagined, he did not hit her right away. He caressed her pussy and slid his fingers in it. He told her the words she liked. The words that humiliated her. The ones she loved. He told her that she squirted like a little slut, that she should be ashamed. That he was going to use her to empty his balls, nothing else. That she was only good for that. And again. He told her that before that, he was going to mark her ass. That he wanted her to apply herself more. That if she didn't suck him better, she was going to suffer more than she could bear. That he wouldn't be lenient or compassionate. That he would fuck her mouth all night if he had to, but that he would end up cumming inside her, no matter what. No matter how many lashes she received. That was what she was there for. To suffer and for his pleasure. She panted with excitement as his words mingled with the sensations his fingers were giving her. And then nothing. Not another word. Not another move. She closed her eyes and blew. Then the leather struck. Sharp and firm. Once. Then twice. The third blow made her moan. The fourth too. By the fifth, she had trouble holding her position. If they were this hard next time, things would get complicated. At least she knew what to expect.

— Suck!

Sia returned to her place. Between his legs. She literally threw herself on his cock, relieved to see that he had not gone soft. She could not say if she put more conviction into it, but her movements were less sensual. More lively, faster. She was no longer just trying to make the pleasure rise, she wanted to feel him cum. She wanted to delight in his sperm filling her mouth. Not to avoid the whip, but to know that she had not failed. To reassure herself. To hear him say, perhaps, that he would not have believed that she would succeed so quickly. This was not the case. Once again, she had to take her position. Ten strokes this time. Her skin was already bruised, it would be more painful.

— After each blow you count, you thank, and you say that you will be a good sucker.

Sia complied, conscientious. Concentrated. She had to readjust her position several times, or take a few seconds to absorb it. She couldn't tell if he was hitting her less hard, but she had absorbed this series well. Next time, it would be fifteen blows. Derisory, no doubt, for some. Not for her.

She rushed between his legs again. The exercise was proving more difficult than she had imagined. Despite everything, he continued to talk to her and she very quickly fell back into pure excitement. She loved his words. The ultimatum still troubled her, after a while, when she felt that there were only a few handfuls of seconds left before she had to offer her buttocks to the sting of the whip again. During the third series, she had a lot of trouble staying in her position and could not hold back a few cries and tears. He had said nothing. He had not touched her. He had struck very quickly. As soon as she had finished counting, at the number 15, she resumed her fellatio. Applying herself more, abandoning the too mechanical side at first to come back to it later. She tried each time to convince herself that she was going to succeed and managed the series of blows more and more difficultly. Finally, to her relief, he finally came in her mouth in a powerful, jerky jet. She didn't forget the instructions, and continued to suck him slowly. She kept his cock between her lips for a long time, until he went soft. Until she received the order to stop. As she met his gaze, she could read his pride and satisfaction. There was no greater reward. He gently caressed her cheek before she kissed the palm of his hand several times. He told her that she was a good slave and that she served him well. These words were such a soothing balm that Sia forgot the pain on her burning buttocks.

11. Detention

— I am glad that you succeeded without this little game dragging on too long. I was afraid that you would not get there so easily. Thirty lashes of the whip in the end, you have known much more. I deliberately did not use them too hard. Despite this stress, you sucked me well. I liked cumming like that. However, you know that it will not change anything about what was planned for this evening. I gave you time to shower and get ready for your night. Time to breathe and to recover from your emotions. To savor this pleasure that is yours, to know that you have acted well and that I am proud of you. Delight in these moments because they will be your only real source of pleasure here. Besides, it is the only one that really counts. The only one that you should consider important. A slave exists only to please, serve and satisfy her master. Nothing else. You know that. You know it but you needed to feel it, to live it. Need to touch this absolute directed only towards your lord. Need to no longer have the slightest doubt about the fact that this is your reason for being. I needed it too. We have only been here a few hours and you have already had to face some difficulties. This is only the beginning. You will have to

be strong Sia. It is the price to pay to succeed in finding the answers to the questions that obsess you. Tonight, like every night, you will be marked by the whip. Five lashes before entering your cage. When you have counted to five, you will prostrate yourself and thank me, as you know how to do. You will then follow me on all fours, without another word. I will bring you into the cage and close the gate on you. You will kiss my hand and wish me a good night. When I remove my hand to leave, you will lower your head and eyes and wait until I have left the room to move. You will know then that I will not return until tomorrow morning. Unless I have a sudden desire for you during the night. I do not want tears or to see you brooding or sulking. I want you dignified and submissive. A perfectly obedient and trained slave who submits to the desires of her master, with pride and devotion. The end is not to see you spend the night alone in this cage, you know that. It is in your acceptance, pure and deep of the will of your master. My will. Everything must be very clear in your mind. I want you to spend the night here, then it will be so. Do not torture yourself by wondering why I do not want you near me. Why I decided not to offer you my bed and my arms to congratulate you on your obedience. What am I going to do while you're here alone, or whatever else you might think of. You can ask yourself questions, of course. You should, even. But not those. Don't think it's because I've been disappointed in you since we arrived, don't think it's a punishment. It's not even a test really. Just my choice. As I could have chosen to have you sleep outside in the outbuilding, in the living room by the fireplace, or at the foot of my bed. It doesn't matter. Maybe that's what you should ask yourself, why is the place so important? Does it translate, in your mind, my degree of satisfaction or is it linked to your own desires? To your preferences? Do you believe then that this is what I can expect from a slave? Reactions conditioned by her own desires? You will take the time to think about all this. And really do it. It is possible that I will question you on these subjects, and I would not appreciate understanding that you have not done so. Now: the cross. Position yourself. Concentrate and be worthy. Do honor to your condition.

Sia had had time to prepare for the ordeal of the cage because, for her, it was indeed an ordeal. On the other hand, she had not expected the whip. Five blows was not nothing. Especially after what she had already endured. She had difficulty remaining impassive but forced herself to try to appear dignified. He took the time to tie her to the cross. First the wrists, then the ankles. He caressed her body a little. Not enough. He made her wait before bringing the whip down on her back, without warning. Surprised by the pain, she let out a cry before recovering herself. This time, there was no point worrying about her position, tied as she was, she could not move enough to slightly thwart the trajectory. He spared her by only inflicting blows that she considered bearable. She sighed. He had not wanted to put her in

difficulty before leaving her alone. She was always in awe of his way of educating her and making her live her condition. He untied her without a word, and she did as ordered, bowing down to thank him and following him on all fours to the cage. It frightened her as much as it fascinated her. She had understood that it was over, she would no longer have his words, no longer his gestures, barely a glance before nightfall. She felt intensely oppressed by this feeling of abandonment, and had to fight against herself once again. Yet she had thought she was ready. When he opened the cage and she entered it, on all fours, she felt something indefinable. A whiff of a distant feeling that she could have translated as a sort of incomprehension. The true certainty that all this was not a game. A sincere pain at the idea of being deprived of him in this way and for so long. Yet somewhere, in all of this, something powerful emanated, that which was why she was there. That which was why she had wanted to live this extreme condition. She felt that from a strong and sincere abandonment could be born true self-denial. As he closed the cage, she let out a smile, while wiping a tear from her cheek. He stood in front of her and she met his gaze. She read hardness there but also pride. No doubt he also saw, despite the darkness, that her eyes shone a little too much with a few contained tears. She wished him good night and he passed his hand through the bars of the cage. She kissed it without stopping, as much as she could, as if it were the last time. He did not make the moment last, no doubt so as not to make it even more difficult, and left.

— Sleep well, little slave.

Sia remained alone and silent. She remained motionless for a long time, her head and eyes lowered. Long after he had left. She must have been taking the blow. Although she had known that he would not change his mind, she had probably hoped so. Or at least, she had hoped that he would give her a little more. If he had not done so, was it to appear hard and uncompromising, or just because he did not want to? She wanted to ignore all thoughts. She would have liked to curl up in a ball on the sheepskin and fall asleep immediately. Yet she was also there to reflect on her condition. The cage allowed her to stand on all fours but no more, she could not kneel other than with her buttocks on her heels and her neck bent, nor lie down completely. The bars were spaced widely enough but not enough for her to escape. She turned around as best she could to observe how it was closed. A simple padlock around the bars. Unstoppable. She was truly captive. If she were to have an anxiety attack, would he hear her scream? Probably. Better not to think about it. Sia questioned her words. She knew he was right. But something deep inside her still resisted. She sincerely wanted to let herself go but it was complicated. However, she had known what to expect. She had wanted and hoped to live such ordeals. She had no regrets, except for not being more deeply submissive. To the

point of enduring everything without thinking each time about what she would have wanted, about her own desires. This night, she would have wanted to spend it close to him. Nestled in the hollow of his arms, they would have exchanged intense glances before talking until the depths of the night. She would have expressed her feelings about what he had made her live. Her difficulties, her doubts, what she had liked. This night, it was different. They knew her difficulties by heart anyway. What she had liked or not, in absolute terms, did not matter. She realized that she too often brought things back to herself. But that was not the important thing. She called herself a slave, she should only worry about him. About his pleasure. About his satisfaction and his pride. She had managed to make him come and he had told her he was proud of her. It seemed to her that she had endured the whip with dignity and that she had entered the cage as he had asked her to. The essential was there. Yet despite everything, she felt an emptiness. A lack. A sort of sadness or melancholy.

The room was very dimly lit. Only a small source of light came from the next room, the one that led upstairs. Fortunately, she wasn't in total darkness. She wasn't cold. She didn't need anything. The next day, she would go out. It was only one night. One night away from him. Could she stand living like this in the long term? Probably not. Did it make her a bad submissive? She didn't think so. Yet, as she looked for a comfortable position to fall asleep, she couldn't help but be plagued by doubts and questions. Often in contradiction with herself. She would have liked him to come back. Just to see that she was okay. Just to take her hand and tell her again that she was his. But he didn't.

12. Dehumanization

— Hello little dog. I hope you fell asleep and that you weren't cold. I also hope that you were able to take advantage of your solitude to think about how you approach and experience this night far from your master. Locked in a cage like a real slave, I hope that you understood what I expected of you and that you will not disappoint me. When I open this door and free you, I want to immediately have a servile being, ready to serve and obey. This morning I decided not to give you time to breathe. I want you to remain permanently in your condition, without a single downtime. No break or respite. This is how we agreed, and you know that I don't do things by halves. Perhaps you regret the conversation we had about this some time ago? Perhaps you didn't expect this? Yet you know my level of demand. You know that when I decide something, I follow through, no matter the outcome. Maybe you'll give up? In that case, you'll regain your freedom and our paths will separate. You knew it was a risk. However, I want you to know that this is not what I want. I won't push you to the limit to do so. It wouldn't be worthy of me. If I wanted to give you back your freedom, I would do it without trying to make you

believe that it was due to a mistake on your part or to some weakness. These tests will be difficult, but I know that you can succeed. I want you to make a positive assessment of the time we will spend here. That it will make you grow and evolve in your submission. That you will no longer have any doubts about who you are. And that I too will no longer be able to doubt your abilities. That way, we will both know. After these years, such a point was necessary. This morning I'm going to treat you like a real little dog. I'm going to humiliate you and reduce you to the rank of a domestic animal. I want you to be docile and well-trained. I want you to find the gestures and positions that will suit this condition of a small pet. It goes without saying that you will only move on all fours. That you will only eat from your bowl. And to start, you will start your day with a little walk in the park. Don't forget, a little dog wiggles her ass when she's happy. She sticks out her tongue. She acts beautiful. She lies down at her master's feet.

Sia looked up as he opened the cage. She had finally fallen asleep much faster than she had feared. He had woken her up when he arrived in the room. She had been disoriented for a few moments, but happy not to have had to stay locked up and alone for a long time after opening her eyes. The ordeal of the cage was over. She had overcome it. She met his gaze for long seconds, and she read pride in it. So she was happy, pure and simple. Without any more questions or doubts. Just a delicious feeling of fullness. Why couldn't it be like this before the ordeal too? Why did she still have to have these moments of struggle. These moments when her own desires tended to prevail over her decisions as a master. Her deep submission allowed her to face the ordeal, but certainly not in the rules of the art. Not with total self-denial. Yet she wanted it, more than anything. But it wasn't about acts or gestures. It wasn't about doing or not doing. If that were all it was, succeeding would have been easy. You can force a body to obey, force a position, fight against pain. But emotions, deep feelings, they can't be controlled. You don't decide what you feel. Maybe that could be learned? That was what she had come here to find. The keys to self-denial. She wanted to confront these last limits, those of pure emotions. She was certain that the total acceptance of everything that made up her condition, without any resentment, any shock or any hesitation, would be deeply enjoyable.

As she should, she kissed each of his feet in greeting. She wanted to take her time, to rub her face against his ankle, to curl up against his leg. Just a few moments. But he didn't give her that. He attached a leash to her collar and walked quickly toward the exit. She didn't have time to stretch her legs, or even stand up for a few minutes. Despite everything, she couldn't help but smile. How many times had she dreamed and fantasized about such situations? No doubt she would have refused to admit it to herself, but she liked him treating her like that. The

more he acted like a master, the more submissive she felt. The more demanding he was, the more deeply she felt her condition.

Once outside, she could appreciate the softness of the morning that was rising on a beautiful summer day. It was probably still early, but it was already mild and the sky was an immaculate blue. She loved the smells in the early hours of the day. Everything seemed clean and new to her. He had stopped to admire, too, this new day that was dawning. As he had taught her, she had rested her cheek against his knee. Still completely naked, she had struck a pose without any hesitation. Her back arched excessively, her thighs spread wide. She knew that the grounds of the property were not overlooked. Despite this, she had had a little trouble at first. Nudity had never been something natural for her, especially outdoors. However, she had quickly been brought into line and had gotten used to moving around naked more easily than she would have thought. Today, she had no problem with the idea of roaming the lawns, naked and on all fours at the end of her leash, like a dog. On the contrary. She had always been particularly receptive to this kind of little humiliation.

He started walking again slowly so that she could walk alongside him without difficulty. She seemed very small on all fours, behind him and his slender figure. Her knees and palms resting on the thick lawn did not hurt, it was even pleasant to feel the grass on her body, the humidity of the morning dew. Conscientious in her role, she thought about lowering her head and sticking out her tongue. She knew that even if he could not see her, he had to know that she was conforming to his expectations. He had always had a sixth sense for these things. Besides, he was quick to stroke the back of her neck, telling her that it was good, that she was a good dog. He walked for a long time, going to the end of the park. He remained silent but it was not at all heavy. Sia felt in her place. She had the feeling of only now fully realizing the stakes of their stay in this place. She felt capable of taking on any challenge, of succeeding in any test, of overcoming any difficulty. She had resolved to keep her head held high no matter what happened and to submit with dignity. No matter the humiliations or the harshness of the treatment he would impose on her, she would show him that even if she was never perfect, she was up to it and that she truly gave herself body and soul. However, she knew well this euphoric feeling of a certain invulnerability that gave her the impression of achieving everything. She knew that often the fall was hard and that very quickly, she found herself facing an unforeseen test that put her in difficulty. Everything then seemed to collapse around her and she had a hard time not losing her footing completely. After which, she felt guilty, and judged herself harshly as less than nothing. Incapable. Unworthy of him. She took a deep breath to chase away these bad thoughts so that they would not come to parasitize her mind and

destabilize her. It was enough to overcome the challenges one after the other. To not panic. To take the time to put things into perspective. To let go.

— Good little dog.

He caressed her shoulders and back before lingering on her rump. He smacked her buttocks for a long time, pressing his gestures until she moaned in pain. Contrary to what she had imagined before truly discovering this world, a simple spanking could turn out to be truly painful.

— That's better. I was too nice to you yesterday. The whip barely left any marks on your skin. You know I like your body to permanently bear the stigmata of your belonging. I'm going to have to remedy that. You know how?

—By whipping me harder, Master.

— Not only that. I think you know the instrument that leaves the most marks on you, right?

— Yes, Master...

Sia had suspected that she would be confronted with it but she had preferred to hide it from her thoughts in the meantime. She sighed and lowered her head a little more.

— ...The cane, Master.

—Exactly. When we get back, you will go and get her and I will brand you with three lashes. You have known much more. It will be like this every morning. Five lashes in the evening, three lashes with a cane in the morning. Perhaps I will increase the pace later. That, of course, will not exempt you from being branded during the day if I want it. And that will be good for you. You are also here to push your limits on this level. You need it.

— Yes, Master.

— Now, behave like the good little female dog I want you to be. You walk a few meters without turning around. You keep your ass towards me and you piss. Hurry up!

Sia had no real reservations about doing this. She had already done it. However, her body still had trouble letting go, although mentally she had no problem doing so. She moved forward and concentrated. Fortunately, he left her alone and did not speak. This was the one and only time when she did not feel the need and desire to hear his words. On the contrary, she knew that if he spoke to her, she would have a much harder time concentrating. After a few long seconds, she was able to obey and urinate as he had demanded. She could not deny that the

feeling of humiliation was indeed present. She had the impression that it lasted an interminable time and that was what made her uncomfortable. However, there was no doubt that she felt fully submissive. Obedient submissive. She heard him move behind her but did not try to guess his movements. She closed her eyes to remain focused until the end and when she was finally finished she did not dare to make a move and kept her head down, troubled by what she felt. Her mind oscillated between so many contradictory feelings that she would have been quite incapable of listing them all.

— Heel, female dog. The walk is over. You quickly crawl back to the Bastide, you go in and bring me the cane I asked you for. You will wait, acting beautiful, on the terrace. And don't forget your condition this morning!

Sia, still on all fours, forced the pace while making sure to keep an attractive position. Back in the house, and out of sight of her master, she did not cheat and continued to advance on all fours to the piece of furniture where the stick was placed. She took it with difficulty in her mouth. If he questioned her, she would not have to admit that she had cheated. She managed to get into position on her heels, both arms bent forward like a female dog playing the wild, the stick between her lips. He climbed the steps and joined her, detailing her position. A few blades of green grass remained stuck to her white skin, but he smiled to see her so exciting. Without a word, he grabbed the stick. He unfolded it in the fresh morning air, making it whistle. The device was diabolical.

— On all fours, ass pointed at me!

She barely had time to correct her position when the first blow whistled and landed on her left buttock. Sia stifled a cry with difficulty. The stick was always true to itself, the pain was sharp and searing, it lasted a long time after the impact, sometimes even seeming to intensify. It was the instrument that left the most visible and lasting mark on her skin. She had to keep her position but could not hold back her moans of pain or her tears.

— Perfect. You're a good female dog, you're marked for a few days. Go back and shower and get ready, it's time for you to serve your lord and master.

13. Writing

— I think that this time, you will keep these marks as I wanted. Others will be added. I know that you like to wear them even if the cane remains formidable in your eyes. And it is. I do not minimize the pain it represents. You will learn to tolerate it better by receiving it regularly. Do not forget this new ritual. Every morning after I have given you time to shower, I want you to come back like this, on all fours, the cane between your teeth. It is good to have thought of your

condition as a dog and to have come back like this. I would not have appreciated it if it had been otherwise. I am sure that even inside you walked like this. You did what I expected. You will now serve your master. You will prepare me breakfast, there is what is needed in the kitchen. You will serve me on the terrace. You will eat alone in the kitchen, as will generally be the case. While I have my coffee, you will stay on your knees at my feet, like a good little dog, your cheek pressed to my leg as I know you love to do so much. Then I might play with you a little, depending on my mood. Then it will be time for you to write. As I explained to you, every morning, you will have time to express your feelings through writing. I want you to apply yourself and be sincere in your words. You can express negative things, you will not be punished for it. This writing space is yours and you will put what you want in it, even if I set a framework for you. However, it is obvious that I will read you but that I will not adapt the way I treat you according to what you have written. Today, I am leaving you free to choose the theme that suits you. This will not always be the case. I want you to take this seriously. You will understand later that I am not saying this without reason. It is important that you can express yourself. You can also do so regularly orally if you feel the need, of course. In this case, you know how to request this speaking time. Go now. Serve your lord. It is your reason for being.

Sia crawled back on all fours. The start of the day seemed well underway to her. She had been able to endure the cane without too much difficulty. Clearly, she had made no mistakes. She felt good and confident. Of course, the list of rituals and obligations was growing longer and she was convinced that sooner or later, she would forget something and that a sanction would fall. Unfortunately, she was not infallible. On the other hand, she knew that her master did not want a robotic submissive who would always act mechanically without making the slightest mistake and without emotions being read on her face or in her eyes. Sia was an open book and he liked that. He only had to look at her to know what she was thinking and feeling. She had been his for several years now, but he had always been able to read her, from the first times. From the first hours. He had a gift for reading her. For her part, she had always completely opened up to him. She had spent hours telling him or writing to him the slightest of her feelings, all her questions. She analyzed every detail, every feeling. Too much sometimes. But she had given him all the keys, all the codes to decipher her. He considered it essential that a submissive should give herself to her master in this way, a laying bare of the soul. She had never had the slightest reluctance to do so. Even when it would complicate things. She would not have known how to keep anything to herself. She found it intensely reassuring to be listened to and understood to this point. So many people live side by side, in the same house, the same family, without ever really

knowing each other. He knew absolutely everything about her. She felt a strange sense of freedom and abandonment. Having to keep secrets, hide her emotions, pretend, play a kind of masquerade in front of those close to her was ultimately so much more tiring, stressful and mentally taxing.

Once she had cleared away the breakfast, he brought her over to him. Kneeling between his legs, he allowed her to wrap her arms around his hips and rest her head on his thigh. It was one of the places she loved to be the most. If he was offering her this moment, it was because he had nothing to reproach her for. It was a reward even, and in the context that was already a lot. And then she was right against him. Against his body. Sheltered from everything. In her bubble. In a cocoon. In her place. She felt intensely good there. After a long moment that she would have liked to go on forever, he made her raise her head, with a finger under her chin. She looked up at him. He looked at her intensely and smiled at her. There were magical moments like these when words would have been too much. They communicated through their eyes. They understood each other. The evidence of what they were to each other was palpable. It was a moment of fullness and perfect happiness that Sia adored and that gave her the strength to overcome everything else. He placed a kiss on her forehead before holding her against him, finishing regenerating her completely. More than ever, she wanted to make him proud and deserve what he offered her. She admired the way he maintained the balance between the difficult moments and those that comforted her. Between those dedicated to trials and those that allowed her to breathe. Between those where she felt miserable and those where nothing scared her. Because she was not fooled, she knew that he controlled and controlled her without leaving anything to chance. He was the puppeteer and she the wooden puppet that he manipulated as he pleased. He did it well. To perfection. Often he told her that she was a little toy and she had thought that this term was perfectly appropriate. But it would have been reductive to think that he only played when there was actual action. All these little asides, these little moments of attention, each gesture, each word had a meaning and a place in their relationship. The caresses he had given her during the walk in the park, the kiss on the forehead he had just given her. Everything had a meaning. A reason for being. An impact on her that he was fully aware of. She admired his mastery of all these details.

— The time has come. Come.

He led her into a small room that served as both a library and an office. However, apart from the shelves that stretched along the walls, the other furniture had disappeared. There would normally be a desk with a chair, a small sofa and a small table with a lamp. But there was nothing left. Even the large rug had disappeared. Only a small laptop sat in the middle of the room, on the parquet

floor. Sia approached the computer, still on all fours. She saw a long chain snaking across the floor. It was attached on one side to the base of a cast iron radiator, and at the other end, an open padlock was waiting to find its place, probably in the ring of her necklace.

— I'm going to leave you here for a moment. You'll have all the time you need to write about the subject of your choice. It could be a story of what you've experienced since we arrived, or just a particular moment that left its mark on you. It could also simply be thoughts that you have. Words that you'll put down on the inner journey that might lead you to find the answers you're missing. It could also be about your fears, your doubts and your apprehensions. You'll decide, even if I know you don't like it. Don't rush. I don't want four lines quickly thrown out on the keyboard. Take care with your layout and your spelling too. You don't have an Internet connection as you know. Don't get sidetracked. Obey.

— Yes, Master.

He wrapped the end of the chain around her wrist and closed the lock, making sure she couldn't slip it out.

— I want you to feel it imprisoning you every time you move your hand on the keyboard. I want you to be fully aware of your condition as a slave while writing this text that I order you to. I also want you to feel different constraints during this time, the duration of which I alone will decide.

With that, he pulled out of his pocket the accessory that Sia dreaded the most. The surgical stainless steel mouth spreader, which forced her to keep her jaws wide open. Again. He slid the steel rods between her teeth and manipulated it to lock them in the desired spacing. Then he strapped it all behind her neck. She met his gaze. Inflexible and severe. She hoped that his sent back determination and acceptance, but she wasn't sure that he didn't also read a little anxiety in it. How long was she going to have to keep it? How was she going to manage to concentrate on the words with this constant oppression, with her saliva that was quickly flowing from her mouth? She was still in the process of accepting the spreader, when she saw in her hand two small nipple clamps. She had to force herself not to show anything, but even that, he realized. Without a doubt. He appreciated her efforts not to appear weak. Not to beg him with her eyes. He knew how much, combined together, the clamps and the spreader could drive her crazy. She couldn't hold back two screams, one for each clamp, through the steel bars of the spreader. The clamps were painful all the time, not just when they were in place. The throbbing pain never stopped under the pressure of the steel springs. The worst part was the withdrawal. During the first few minutes, it was torture, then as her body understood and accepted, the clamps became especially obsessive,

generating a permanent radiating pain. She wondered which would be worse, the clamps or the spreader. She thought of that moment he had offered her just before, and almost wanted to smile. He definitely knew how to dose each ingredient of her condition to perfection. He looked into her eyes one last time, which were still a little clouded by the tears that had come to her eyes when the clamps were put on. And he left.

— Obey!

14. Distraction

— I hope you didn't botch it. I think you'll be relieved that I'm taking the spreader and clamps off. You handled them well I think, I congratulate you. You're a good little docile and obedient female dog and I like that. Now, you're going to do some tidying and cleaning. Serving isn't just a sexual distraction, but the two aren't incompatible either. That's why, while you take care of the material tasks, I want you to always be properly dressed. You're also going to wear your plug at all times during this task. I want you in lace and suspenders despite the heat. The house stays cool and you're here to please me before thinking about your comfort. You'll be at my service at all times. Forget the little female dog, I want you to be a maid and submissive. I want to have a servant, an object of pleasure and distraction. I want to be served perfectly at the snap of my fingers. Any failure will be punished harshly. After cleaning, you will join me by the pool. You will provide a bath towel in case I need one. You will bring me a coffee and be available at all times. I may leave you waiting for a long time. That is something you know very little about after all. I will allow you to keep your hands behind your back in that case, rather than on your head. I will probably read what you have written later. You do not need to know when I will read it, or if I do or not, and even less what I think of it. If there is something you need to know, you will know it. I order you to write so you do it. That is all that matters for now. Just obey. These words you have just written belong to me now, as well as those that will follow. I do what I want with it. Remember that I asked you to think about the notion of belonging and what it means to you now. Self-denial is a whole, not a word. To reach this state, you have to let go of a multitude of things. These are details that are not details. Everything has its importance. Never minimize that. Do what I have ordered you and do not delay!

Sia had trouble regaining control of her mouth. The feeling when the spreader was removed, after a long time, was terrible. It seemed to her that she would never be able to close her jaw again and that if she forced it, she risked breaking something. She knew very well that this was not the case, but each time, it was the impression that dominated. She then went very slowly, letting her mouth

close slowly by itself, before daring the slightest real movement. The pain when the clamps were removed had been lightning-fast and had drawn a few tears from her. Her beautiful confidence of the morning already seemed largely chipped. Like a seemingly solid wall being hammered with blows. The constraint and the pain had weakened her. She was not satisfied with what she had written and she had a feeling that her master would not be either. She just wanted to cry. To curl up against him and let go for a few moments. To tell her that everything would be fine. But she couldn't count on that. She didn't doubt for a moment that he knew perfectly well how much she had to take upon herself to get going again. To get up again. Swallowing back her tears and her weaknesses. Straightening her shoulders and walking away, hands on her head. Her gait seemed assured. He didn't doubt the mental strength she sometimes needed to overcome these little trials he imposed on her. What would have been the point of keeping her in her comfort zone? Of only confronting her with what she already knew and knew how to do? He wanted her to surpass herself. To draw on unsuspected resources within herself to cope. Again and again. She was capable of it. And that's what she wanted.

Sia did as ordered. She had taken the time to calm down and pull herself together. The pain had faded quickly. All that remained was the difficulty of acceptance. Why such treatment? Why the spreader and the clamps? Either one of them, on its own, would have been perfectly sufficient. Why so little in return for what he was imposing on her? She had the answers to all these questions. She would not have wanted him to be too accommodating or too complacent. But still, she was beginning to understand that being treated like this over a long period of time, and not during a session of a few hours, was going to prove much more difficult than she had imagined. She thought back to those moments of respite he had offered her just before ordering her to write, while she was against him. She sighed and set to her task. The cleaning would be short, their stay had only just begun and her master was particularly careful. She quickly finished tidying up and doing the daily cleaning, then she went to freshen up and get ready. Her image in the mirror reassured her a little and she joined him, a bath towel on her arm, a coffee on a tray in her hands. He had settled on a deckchair with a book, simply dressed in a sarong tied around his hips. She pushed aside her thoughts of wanting sex, but at that moment she found him handsome and confident. He was like that in all circumstances. She was so proud to belong to him. Sia approached and knelt down so that he could easily grab the cup. He did it without a word or a gesture to her. As if she didn't exist. As if she didn't even deserve a glance. She knew that was wrong. Yet at that moment, she felt it violently. Like contempt, like a slap. Strangely, she could only note that the situation excited her terribly. She lowered her head a little more and smiled to herself at the unusualness of her sensations.

Would she have been excited to serve and kneel like this in front of someone who would truly despise her? She was convinced that she would not. He was simply treating her as he wanted. Without worrying about it because by now, she should be able to understand and tolerate this kind of situation without needing to be constantly reassured. That did not mean that he despised her, far from it. He loved her in her condition as a slave. And no doubt he felt fully in his place, as her master, in moments like these.

Sia was still at odds with herself and what she felt still troubled her. Her submissive side and her womanly side continued to clash. She would have liked him to give her a little more, a word, a caress on the cheek, a look that lingered a little. Yet, as she remained kneeling without moving, her tray in her hands, she could not deny that she liked him to be so hard.

— Put all that down. Take off my sarong and lick my balls. Stick to that. You haven't earned my cock yet. You do what you want and settle in as you please. I want you to make my reading enjoyable. You suck them, lick them, suck them, suck them, suck them. You don't stop until I order you to, and this will last a while. Find a comfortable position because in the meantime, I'm going to calmly continue my book. Don't try to make me hard, I just want to feel your mouth and tongue on my balls. Make it soft and pleasant. Understood?

— Yes, Master.

Sia obeyed. She untied the sarong and opened it to discover her master's naked body. He had already resumed his reading and once again, she had not met his gaze. She settled down on her stomach between his thighs and applied herself to satisfying him. He had already imposed this kind of thing on her while he was on the phone. She knew that there were no real difficulties, except possibly the position which could become uncomfortable after a while. What was complicated was the lack of interaction. That he did not tell her that it was good. That he did not encourage her. That he did not get hard. She even wondered if, concentrated on his reading, he really felt the caresses of her tongue and took pleasure in it. Or if it was just to enjoy seeing her at his mercy and devoted to his orders. Deep down, it did not matter. He had ordered, she obeyed. She had to stick to that and find her pleasure in it. Satisfy herself with that fact alone. She was in her place, where he wanted her to be. If his gestures weren't pleasant, he would have taken her back already. He didn't have to spend his time complimenting her. She had to accept it. Time seemed endless to her. Even more so. She had lost track of time. To tell the truth, she maintained this loss of bearings. Without her phone and the ability to check the time regularly, she deliberately avoided the clock in the living room when she passed by. She wanted to disconnect from reality. She would even have

liked to no longer know what day it was, or how long she had been there. Maybe that would come later. She did her best not to let it be seen that time seemed long to her, changing position a little, going from sucking to big licks, lapping and sucking in turn his balls slippery with saliva. She felt that despite the weariness that was taking over her, her pussy was soaking wet. He hadn't allowed her to cum the day before. He hadn't even penetrated her. She felt a lack. She wanted him. Intensely. She thought about the moment when she would have to ask his permission to caress herself and hoped that he would decide to take her quickly.

— That's enough. Take your waiting position over there facing the wall. On your knees. Hands behind your back.

— Yes, Master...

Sia felt both relieved to be able to stop, while worrying about how long she would have to wait. Facing the wall, she couldn't see him. She still had that feeling of being an abandoned toy, a being of no interest relegated to the status of less than nothing. Yet this only increased her excitement. She knew she wasn't in his direct field of vision. He hadn't looked for a place where he would only have to look up at her to see her. Once again, Sia realized how frustrated she felt as soon as she was no longer the center of his attention. She had to correct this point, he was the center of everything, but she wasn't. The rule was simple. She had no doubt that he intended to teach her to accept being left aside and to remain ignored for a long time. The cage had been a test in this direction. It was not enough that she accept it, she had to live it without the slightest resentment. She tried to apply herself to it. Concentrating on her belonging. On her decision as master. Her choice. Her will.

15. Preparation

— Slave! I want your ass. Go to the bathroom and get completely naked. On all fours in the bathtub. I'm going to check your preparation. I know you find this very humiliating, but I have every right over you. Including this one. You don't remove the plug. You stay in this position until I decide to come and make you usable. Your whole body belongs to me and I do what I want with it. Is that what you spend your time saying? My actions correspond to your words. I want you constantly at my disposal. I want to be able to use and dispose of all your orifices as I please. That's what you're for when I want you, whore.

Sia hurried to leave her position although it was painful for her to get up after all this time, kneeling facing the wall. She had to take a few steps to regain the proper use of her stiff legs and a decent gait. She had taken care of her preparation before inserting the plug, but was never sure of herself. She would have liked him to let her check and take care of being perfectly clean. Once again, she realized that she was thinking about her own desires and cursed herself for

being so self-centered. Her preferences did not matter. She had to ignore it. The enema was one of the most humiliating things he had imposed on her. She had only experienced it on very rare occasions but each time the ordeal had been particularly mentally trying. She took position. The wait again. This time she knew that the difficulty would not be physical. Just being on all fours in the bathtub and knowing what awaited her made her feel truly humiliated. Most of the situations he put her through were no problem for her. She liked walking on a leash or being insulted. She had no problem eating from her bowl on all fours like a dog. There were humiliations that excited her and situations that she felt were truly humiliating, that was completely different. She concentrated on accepting it. She emptied her mind. Fortunately, he didn't make her wait too long. Without a word, he came closer and slapped her ass several times to leave the imprint of his hands and stain her skin red. He slid his fingers along her pussy, then penetrated her and he enjoyed discovering her soaking wet. She guessed his smile and in this context, Sia also experienced it as a little more humiliation. She lowered her head a little more between her arms.

— You're dripping even though I haven't touched you all morning! You should be ashamed! Arch your back better than that. Spread your legs wider! I shouldn't have to tell you that Sia. You'll write it down on your list of faults.

— Yes, Master... I beg your pardon.

— I want you to be perfectly submissive, and to take care of your positions, all the time. Is that too much to ask of you?

— No, Master...

— It looks like it!

Sia didn't answer. What could she have answered? As was often the case with this kind of reprimand, she began by blaming him for being so harsh when she sincerely felt like she was making a lot of effort. Then she realized that it was within her power to take the right positions! Indeed, she knew that was what he expected, she knew his instructions and she wasn't perfectly compliant. If she had taken the right position, he wouldn't have blamed her. He wouldn't have asked her to note this mistake. He wouldn't have punished her for it. At times like that, Sia truly hated herself. She wondered how it was possible that he still wanted her when she was so imperfect. She began to feel tears welling up in her eyes and couldn't help but sob. He pretended not to notice. He let her draw her own conclusions from the situation she had put herself in. If she didn't want to be at fault, she just had to act perfectly. After years of training, he had to expect better, much better, that was normal. If she felt bad about having disappointed him, that was normal too. There was no worse punishment for a submissive than the disappointment of her master.

So in no case would he come to reassure her or console her. He wasn't there to lessen her feeling of guilt. On the contrary. He wanted her disappointment to soak into her and for her to do everything so that it wouldn't happen again. He left her for a few moments. She didn't know what he was doing. He didn't touch her anymore. He didn't speak to her anymore. No noise. Nothing. Sia swallowed her tears and concentrated on what awaited her. She tried to clear her mind and pull herself together. She felt like she could feel his dissatisfied gaze on her, maybe even full of contempt. And it burned her skin. She was ashamed.

Finally he decided to remove the plug. In itself, it was already complicated for her. The idea that it could be soiled despite the time and attention she had given to its preparation paralyzed her. At the beginning of their relationship, it was worse. The first time could have been traumatic if he had not found the words and the perfect attitude to make her accept things as they were. He had seen others, he had told her. It was not a little shit that was going to change the way he looked at her. He had trivialized the situation so much that she had gotten over it quite easily. Much more than she would have thought. The embarrassment she had felt that day had left her with the bitter impression that she would never dare to look him in the face again. And perhaps she herself would no longer be able to look herself in the face. And then in a few words, he had swept it all away. All this was of no importance to him, it was a trivial incident, which he had already experienced, she would progress and one day it would just be a bad memory. That day too, she had observed him with admiration. Not a simple look of wonder, but a deep look, like when one sees beyond things, beyond people. She had admired him and had wondered how it was possible that someone like him had burst into her life. How it was possible that a man like him was interested in her. Little by little, from a simple humiliating enema, she had come to the fact that she mattered to him. And when such evidence imposed itself, then nothing else existed. And he knew that too. He always purposefully distil small proofs of his affection for her – she would never have dared to speak of love – to give her the strength and courage to give more and more, as he wanted her to do. Not enough would have made her crack. More would have given her too much confidence and made her lower her guard. He was very gifted at finding the right dosage. Until now, in the conditions in which they had lived their relationship in recent years, his magic had worked, she had known how to progress constantly and endure failures or difficult moments. But in the context of an uninterrupted session over several days, or several weeks, what would happen? Without breaks or tender moments, without these little asides so that she could recharge her batteries, things were different. She did not doubt for a moment that he knew how to adapt perfectly to the situation, and no doubt she should do the same too.

Lost in thought, Sia was tense and tense, waiting for the verdict that was slow to come. A simple "that's good" made her relax her shoulders a little and breathe a sigh of relief. But it wasn't over. The water began to flow. She knew the gestures and the way to do it. He unscrewed the shower head to use only the hose. It needed a rather average flow, just like the temperature. Lukewarm. Sia had closed her eyes and she was holding her breath. Small ramparts that seemed insignificant, but rather effective in mitigating the humiliation. Not seeing. Not knowing. She breathed slowly through her mouth as he slid the hose between her buttocks. Her anus, dilated by wearing the plug, offered little resistance although she couldn't relax completely. She felt the water seep into her and fill her gently. So far, so good. When he pulled the tube out, she knew she had to let the water out. She had been perfectly clean when she had done this before inserting the plug, but she couldn't tell if she would be again. At his command, she pushed gently, tucking her head further between her shoulders. Still with her eyes closed, still breathing through her mouth. If the water was dirty, she didn't want to see it or feel it. It was often these details that memory had the hardest time obscuring later. She had learned that.

— That seems very correct to me.

She sighed. He did it again a second time, but letting less water enter her. Then a third, even faster.

— That's good. You were properly prepared. I'm proud of you. Your ass will be clean and comfortable. I don't like it any other way, you know that.

— Yes, Master.

Sia smiled to herself, her face still turned toward the white tiles of the bathtub. She would only move when he gave the order. She kept her position, on all fours, waiting for him to screw the shower head back on.

- Standing !

Sia sat up like a spring, standing in the bathtub, she looked up at him to understand what she had to do. He pointed to the bathroom cabinet with the two sinks, on which he liked to take her. She immediately found her place there. Breasts pressed against the cabinet, on tiptoes to be at the right height because she wasn't wearing heels, thighs wide apart, hands on her buttocks, opening her ass exaggeratedly, she was ready to be fucked.

— Good little whore.

He had already unbuttoned his jeans, swollen by his hard cock. He spat several times on her ass, then slid his saliva with his fingers, on her anus. He knew

that she was very receptive to this gesture. Wherever he spat on her body, whether between her buttocks or on her face, she was deeply excited. She moaned each time, as if the simple symbolism of the gesture gave her real physical pleasure. This was the case, she had no doubt. He sank into her without preamble or delicacy. Taking her ass as his due. The ordeal of the enema having finally transformed into a positive humiliation, and therefore exciting, she was in good condition to let herself go to pleasure, even if in general she experienced sodomy as pure submission, since she did not really like being taken like this. But with time, sometimes she found pleasure in it. When the context was right and he was saying crude and demeaning words to her while he was fucking her ass, the sensations could bring her to orgasm. This time, when he heard her moan softly, pressed against the basins, he ordered her to be silent. A total silence. Not a cry. Not a moan. Not a sigh. Nothing. It was rare for him to impose this on her. She concentrated on this order, submissive, while he went in and out of her with more and more intensity and force. He used her well-prepared ass as a simple orifice, a hole to fuck, a hole to squirt.

16. Contradiction

— I'm going to leave you here for a while. How long? I'll decide. I don't have to tell you. From now on, except in exceptional cases, I'll leave, leaving you alone without even saying a word. A master doesn't have to keep his slave informed of his actions. At first, knowing may seem normal and reassuring, but not anymore. You haven't been a novice for a long time. You're able to handle this kind of situation without getting anxious. I want to be able to turn my back on you, after having fucked your pussy, fucked your ass or your mouth, and leave without a gesture or a glance at you. When I use you like this, you're just a body that I can use as I please. I don't have to answer to you. I don't have to explain to you. You know your place and what your condition implies. I want all of this to become your normality and for you to integrate it without the slightest resentment. This is not a simple wait while I am not far from you. It requires deep submission. A sincere self-denial. We will see if you are capable of it. I am certain that you are. But like all other things, it requires a journey that will not necessarily be easy for you. I know that you can be very strong in the face of very difficult situations, but also that you can collapse for nothing. And I do not want that to happen again. I want you to be strong and dignified in all circumstances. Whatever I impose on you. Whatever the ordeal I confront you with. Finding yourself alone, without having the slightest idea of what I am doing without you must seem normal to you. You are not at the center, Sia. The fact that I do not want you to be by my side is my business and you must accept it. Having no idea how long you will have to wait, useless, must not be a problem for you. Did I choose ten minutes? Two hours? I am

the master of your time. You belong to me. You must remain dignified and wait alone, wherever I have decided. Because it is my will, my choice and my desire of the moment. And when I return to you, you will prostrate yourself at my feet, without the slightest glimmer of reproach in your eyes. Without tears on your cheeks. Without anything in your voice, your gestures, or even in your way of breathing that could let me understand that you have not lived this wait with the self-denial of a true slave. This is how it must be. And this is what you will succeed in doing. Then I will be proud of you.

He left after holding out his hand for her to kiss the back and the hollow of it for a long time. Leaving her to digest the ordeal he had decided on. He had warned her that she would have to face moments of waiting and solitude. But not knowing when he would return, not knowing how long he would ignore her, not having his words before he left, was even more complicated. As with the rest, she would have difficulty the first few times, and then most certainly, it would become an integral part of her condition as a slave. He was training her for this. This time he had warned her and he had explained the meaning of things to her. Next time, she would have to deal with his silence.

She still had the taste of his sperm on her tongue. After taking her for a long time in the bathroom, he had taken her down to the room in the dungeon where the exhibition bench was. He had not tied her to the wooden and leather object, but he had taken advantage several more times of her ass, well offered and spread on the easel. She had had difficulty keeping the total silence that he imposed on her, when his hips pushed his cock deep inside her. He dominated her with his sex, taking possession of her flesh as he had already taken possession of her soul. A few moans of pleasure or pain had escaped from her mouth and twice, he had corrected her with the cane. The first time, she had not seen anything coming. He had withdrawn and hit her twice on the buttocks. Two very fast and stinging blows that had made her scream and sob. He had reminded her that he had demanded total silence and stillness. She was there to get her ass fucked and nothing else. He didn't want to hear it. The punishment had been effective and had made any emanation of pleasure disappear. Despite everything, she had not been able to hold back a small cry of pain as he entered and exited her quickly, while holding her buttocks very apart with his hands, crushing her dilated anus. When he had withdrawn abruptly, she had understood what was going to happen. She had turned around, tears in her eyes and had begged his clemency, assuring him that it would not happen again. He had given her two very sharp blows like the previous time, and two more so that she understood that if she was at fault, she had to accept being punished. After the four blows, he had put away his stick, then grabbed her hair, whispering in her ear that begging like she had done was not worthy of her condition and she should note

this error on her list of faults. The incident closed, he had continued to fuck her, harder and deeper still, appreciating the six red streaks, perfectly parallel, that the stick had left on her ass. Satisfied with her perfect immobility during these long minutes, he had finally made her get off the bench and took her mouth.

Sia sometimes hesitated for a second in these cases. Taking his penis or an object that had plunged into her entrails in her mouth was not insignificant. Besides the smell, the fact that her enema had been done well did not mean that there was no risk of contamination. Especially during such a long penetration! However, this time, she did not really think about it. She could not bear to make so many mistakes after all these years, so everything she could do perfectly, she applied herself to doing. She had sucked him with devotion without thinking of anything other than giving him pleasure. He had placed his hands on each side of her head to hold her and impose his rhythm on her. He had not given her time to breathe or to breathe. He had fucked her mouth without worrying about her discomfort. He had repeated to her that he was fucking her face, so that she could not doubt it. She had accepted his treatment by doing her best to accompany the movements. Pressing her lips together, without grazing his cock with her teeth, sucking it when it was deep inside, wrapping her tongue around his glans when he gave her time. At the last moment, he had pulled out. Understanding immediately what that meant, Sia had positioned herself properly, her head thrown back a little, her eyes lowered, her mouth wide open, her tongue outstretched. Still kneeling, her chest forward, her hands under her breasts to present them as an offering, ready to collect his seed. She had waited like that, motionless, for him to honor her with his pleasure. Sometimes he liked to smear her breasts, other times, he aimed for his tongue and the inside of her mouth. This time, he had preferred to squirt on her face. Cover it with his sperm, then spread it with his index finger. He liked to see her like that, soiled and marked with his fluid. Often she looked up at him with eyes sparkling with happiness. Happy to be the source of his pleasure. This time she hadn't dared. She had stayed in position, waiting for an order, an instruction. He had appreciated it. After a few moments of watching her like this, he had brought his cock close to her mouth again to demand that she clean it with her tongue. She had immediately licked it and taken it back into her mouth to continue sucking it gently, caressing his glans diligently with the tip of her tongue. He had told her to do it properly and she had applied herself. Then, he had withdrawn again and got dressed again, ordering her not to move. Coming back to her, he had collected some sperm stuck to her cheek with his fingertip, and had made her lick it. He had started again, again and again, making sure to take a little each time, to make the exercise last. She had to lick and suck her cum-covered finger until there was none left on her face. Except for a thin layer that would only come off when

she could wash herself. He had then pointed to the ground in front of her, with a snap of his fingers, and had ordered her to lick the few drops that had fallen to the ground. She had obeyed without reservation, taking advantage of the opportunity to do well, taking care of her position. He had appreciated her behavior, and had told her so, generating a surge of happiness in her. He had then padlocked a fairly short chain, to her ankle on one side, and to a ring sealed in the stone on the other. Then he had left her alone.

Sia was troubled by everything she felt. Again and again these contradictions that collided inside her. He had enjoyed her and left, without worrying about it anymore. Keeping her captive. Slave. This time, his enjoyment had not sounded the end of the session, as was usually the case. No knowing glance or smile. No quick trip to the bathroom to wash off the secretions. No glance in the mirror to observe with a smile the marks of the stick on her ass. No tender moment when she would come and nestle against his still naked body. No little cuddly moment when she would finally put her arm on his chest, where she would slide her leg over his, where she would look at him with sparkling eyes. No futile or serious conversation. No jokes, no laughter. Not even his smile. He had left her alone. Deep down, Sia found that perfectly normal. No matter how much she struggled, deep down she felt this situation was obvious. This was her role as a slave, her place and her reason for being. All this was not a game and her master's pleasure did not sound the end of the game. That he would leave her like this after having used her for his pleasure was perfectly logical and she understood it. She was touching on the essence of her condition. A part of her could certainly have enjoyed the intensity of the feeling of submission that all this gave her. And yet, on the other hand, she could not help but think that she would have given a lot for this cuddly moment, for an "after" like he generally offered her. She could not fight against a feeling of sadness, a bitter taste of dismay and frustration. Anger perhaps even. Towards him? Towards herself? She did not know. She no longer knew. How could one so reject a situation that one desired to live with all one's soul? Sia remained alone for a long time. Chained. Time to meditate on her contradictions.

When he came back to pick her up, he was particularly cold. He ordered her to prepare and serve lunch. She ate alone in the kitchen, like the day before, following his instructions. It had been agreed upon and yet she felt frustrated at not sharing more intimate moments. Sia felt that the need for him, to just be near him, was already growing inside her with force.

17. Position

— "I must always keep my legs apart in the car. I must not lower my eyes if my master orders me to look at him. I must maintain a proper position during an

enema or any other exercise. I must not beg my master to spare me a punishment if he deems it necessary." And we haven't been here for twenty-four hours! I can't imagine what your list of faults will be like at the end of this stay if you continue like this, little slave. Two faults yesterday, two today. I'm not counting your inability to keep quiet just now. I think that's a lot. Far too many! Especially since these are small mistakes that you could have easily avoided. It's kind of your specialty, after all. But although it's part of your way of being, it's something that I find more and more difficult to bear. It's an offense to my training. None of this should have happened. The positional errors especially! I've been taking you back for so long. How do you want me to interpret this other than as a lack of involvement or even respect for me? All of this should have been acquired a long time ago. These positions should have become gestures as natural as if they were truly innate. But they are not. Obviously, you still have reservations to make to act according to my orders. I feel and I see that there are moments during which your condition comes after something else. And I cannot accept it. I hope that you have thought about all of this during this time spent alone, chained up. I imagine that it has not escaped you, that you must have thought and reflected during this isolation. Perhaps you concluded that what I imposed on you was too hard for you? That you were not capable of it or that you ultimately did not want to? That you regretted this ordeal that you nevertheless wanted to experience? In this case, you will have to find the words to tell me. We will draw the necessary conclusions. If not, I will punish you for these two new mistakes, hoping not to have to do it again. Rest assured that another positional error will be punished very harshly, I will not admit it. But already, I think that this time the lesson will be sufficiently striking for you not to forget it. Start by going to shower. I authorize you to go to the toilet and take a little time for yourself. But don't wait too long anyway. When you are ready, you will come back in front of me, still with your hands on your head, completely naked. No shoes either. I will be in the dungeon. Go!

Sia hurried to the bathroom. She couldn't hold back her tears. His words had deeply impacted her. No doubt that was the intended goal. She was angry at him for being so harsh, but she was especially angry at herself for being so imperfect. He was right, those mistakes shouldn't have happened. He had punished her little for not having respected the ordered silence, and had punished her immediately, without making her note of it, because it was an acceptable mistake that he could certainly understand. Letting out a moan or a scream during a brutal sodomy was not the same thing as arching her back when he had always told her that she had to be perfectly arched at all times. He wasn't unfair. He was hard but always straight. She knew it and little by little, as the water from the shower caressed her shoulders and she emptied herself of all her tears that had been held back for too long, she

admitted that it was herself she was furious with. It was too late now to change what had happened. Crying would bring her nothing, except perhaps a little appeasement. What she had to do now was to rise to the occasion and bear with dignity the punishment imposed. And above all, above all, not make that mistake again! She had to keep this imperative in mind at all times. It reminded her that she had to think about the ritual he had imposed on her and ask his permission to masturbate. Compared to what was waiting for her, it was not the most difficult, even if the desire for sex seemed far away at that moment. She calmed down and hurried to join him. She had less difficulty than in the past in taking it upon herself in situations like that. However, the words he had spoken, the tone he had used and the palpable disappointment he had conveyed in his words had shaken her deeply. She felt fragile. A little too much. That was why she had let herself cry before joining him. She knew she needed to release the pressure and preferred to do it alone, then take the time to pull herself together. She was less likely to break down in front of him, which was unimaginable. Although this time, she wasn't sure of anything. Her determination to prove her submission to him seemed unwavering, but she knew how hard he could be. She sighed. Then inhaled, closing her eyes for a few seconds, and went to present herself to him, compliant. Completely naked. She knew she didn't look her best without stilettos. It was rare for her to stand in front of him barefoot and she felt strangely naked and vulnerable. She hadn't dared to look up. She saw him sitting in the armchair, impassive. She saw his shoes, his legs, but her eyes didn't go any higher. Meeting his gaze seemed beyond her strength, so severe did she know he was. and she prayed inwardly that he would not order her to look up.

— Go back up and get me a coffee.

— Yes, Master.

She knew how to do that. So far, so good . She prepared a coffee, which she put on a tray, and went back down to the first room of the dungeon, where he was waiting for her. She knelt down in front of him, between his legs, holding the tray out to him, her eyes still lowered. She stared at his belt, right in front of her, and found herself thinking that she wanted him. He hadn't taken her yet since they'd been there. He'd penetrated her mouth and her ass, but not her pussy yet. She bit her lip, wondering how she could be thinking about his cock and exquisite penetration at a time like this.

— Put the tray down. Take a few steps back and stand to one side. Do you remember the punishment position I had you in once, just for a few moments, so you would know what this was about?

Sia swallowed and closed her eyes for a few seconds. She was standing ten feet away from him, kneeling, her hands on her head, her back arched and her breasts thrust out. She had tensed up completely at his words, and knew he must have noticed.

— I remember, Master.

— Then get into position.

Sia exhaled, her throat tight. She knew the ordeal was terrible. At least she guessed it because when she had taken this position, for the discovery, she had not stayed in place for long, just long enough to understand that the minutes could become a real torture. She settled down on all fours but leaning on her forearms, her thighs open, her back arched. She raised her hands to remain only on her elbows, her chest not touching the ground. Her head between her arms, she concentrated on positioning herself well, distributing the support points. The whole front of her body rested on her elbows. Then, she raised her feet so that only her knees were in contact with the ground. She had to keep the position, her back arched, her face a few centimeters from the ground without touching it, four support zones on joints put to the test. Nothing other than her elbows and knees had to touch the ground. It might have seemed easy, and that was why he had made her take this position, a long time ago. So that she could feel and understand. She had understood. After just a few minutes, she had understood that it was an abominable position. How long would she be able to keep her dignity, feeling her body give out under the pain? Certainly not long enough for him to be proud of her.

— Raise your feet higher! Point your toes!

Sia complied. Feverishly.

— That's good. Like this, the position is perfect. You don't move. You don't put your feet on the ground, nor your arms. You concentrate on your position and on your faults. On my expectations. On your ability to meet them. On the commitments you have made. On what you really want. When I give you the order, you will speak. You will tell me the conclusions of your reflections. In the meantime, not a word, not a gesture. You will think back to this moment each time you have to apply yourself to respecting the positions that I order you to daily. In a short time, it will become difficult. Afterwards, it will be a real ordeal. Well, you will stay like this much longer, you deserve it.

Sia murmured a barely audible "yes, Master." He left her alone with herself for the first few minutes. The easiest ones. The ones that suggested it would be bearable and that the position could be maintained without any problems over time.

He had settled into the armchair, observing her without a word. Slowly drinking the coffee she had served him. He saw her tense body, her stomach drawn in, her muscles contracted, her head lowered. He knew she was focused and diligent. He knew she was going to suffer. He didn't consider himself hard on her, and even less unfair. He had wanted her to be perfect and she wasn't. He would probably get bored if she was. Maybe it was also because of her little imperfections that always needed to be corrected that he never got tired of her. She was deeply submissive to him. He never doubted that. At the slightest doubt, he would have given her back her freedom. Even now. Even after all this time. She didn't doubt it either. It was engraved in letters of fire in her mind. When he saw that she was beginning to weaken, he approached her with his riding crop. He gave her small blows on the thighs, the buttocks and the pussy. Not to hurt, just to change the perception of the pain because the punishment would last for a long time.

18. Concentration

— I know it's hard. But don't count on my indulgence. You can whine, it won't change anything. I guess the most painful thing isn't the position in the end, but having become fully aware of my disappointment. You have to apply yourself more. Every second, every thought, every gesture and every word must be marked by your submission. It must be palpable. Omnipresent. Right now more than ever. I have to feel it constantly. Every time I touch you or lay eyes on you, I have to be able to feed on your obedience, your deep devotion. Your boundless servitude. Your total willingness to serve me, to obey me and to give me pleasure. It's a second-by-second attention that I demand from you. I won't settle for less. Never forget that again Sia. Some mistakes are acceptable. I punish them and forgive you. Others are much less so and the punishments must be exemplary. I am sure you understand that. I am not the kind of master who turns a blind eye to certain faults so as not to have the burden of punishing them. Nor one of those who do not know how to go about it, and wonder what to do and how far to go once the whip is in hand. You know that I never back down. That my hand never hesitates. That neither your tears nor your pleas make me reduce the intensity of my blows. On the contrary. You know that I will never give in to the easy way out. I know that in any case, you would not know how to submit under these conditions. You needed a demanding and tough master. Fair but severe and uncompromising. That is what you needed to reveal yourself. To push you so far. But there is no turning back now. Concentrate on your position! Lift your feet up! Your body trembles all over. Every second is torture. It is deserved. Never take my orders lightly again. There are no small orders. Every detail counts. You do, and you do well.

Sia closed her eyes and concentrated on his words. Even if they were hard to hear, they allowed her to detach herself a little from the constraint of the position

she had to maintain at all costs. She had no right to make a mistake. She wondered what he would do if she cracked, if her body gave way and collapsed on the ground. Her right shoulder was the most painful, and it had been since the beginning. She had probably mismanaged her balance points. The pain radiated to her neck. Her head felt like it weighed tons, but she was not allowed to lean on her hands. She knew the details of this punishment well. More perverse than the cane in the end. Belt or whip blows had a strong symbolism when they were given in order to punish a fault, but this kind of ordeal was just as formidable. Sia knew that her neck and shoulders would be sore for a long time. She didn't dare move an inch. Besides, she felt profoundly incapable of it. Physically. The slightest movement seemed impossible. How long had she been there, frozen, dwelling on her faults? Blaming herself for them. Wondering how much longer she would have to endure before he would agree to forgive her. She was gradually cracking and could feel it. Her body would end up betraying her. Sooner or later. He kept silent but stayed close to her, continuing to hammer her ass, her shoulders and her pussy with short, sharp blows of the crop. Most of them weren't painful at all. Others were, but she didn't react anymore. Her body, at least, wasn't moving. It was conditioned to immobility. She wanted to tell him that she couldn't take it anymore. That she wasn't going to hold out. Ready to beg him, to implore him with all her might. She was finding it harder and harder to control her breathing. The pain in her shoulder was radiating stronger and stronger. It was physical torture. All her muscles were tense and sore. She let out a sob and a few tears. How could she beg him to stop the punishment when he had taken her back for that reason just before? How could she hold on any longer? Every second was torture. She imagined that maybe he would tell her that others were capable of resisting much longer. Much better. With much more dignity. She would feel less than nothing. Less than the others. Demeaned in a way that didn't excite, but that hurt. She wouldn't rise again. What was the point? After all, what did it matter if some would have done better? They weren't the ones there. It wasn't someone else he wanted near him, at his feet. Sometimes, she still wondered why. Why her, since she was so imperfect? She swallowed her tears. Ready to endure more. Willing to suffer as long as it took to show him her willingness to be his. To be forgiven. To deserve his place. To show him that she was submissive to him. Much more than any other could be. Sure, she still made mistakes, but deep down, she knew how sincere she was. And beyond the gestures well or badly performed, that was what he saw above all. Her deep submission. That was what mattered.

He had returned to sit down, much to Sia's disappointment, who had hoped that he would deliver her from her torture by pronouncing his words of forgiveness. She no longer had his presence close to her. She no longer had his

words. Just his gaze, at least she hoped so. She fought with all her might. Everything came from the mind, she was aware of that. She had to convince herself that she could hold on. If she gave up, her body would give in immediately. She had seen on many occasions how much the mind impacted everything else. Depending on her state of mind, the blows did not hurt in the same way. Everything depended on her mind. On the context. The pain was just information. Depending on how she was treated, she experienced it in different ways. She concentrated. She went into her bubble. Focused only on her breathing, she tried to ignore the rest, get out of her body and concentrate on the mind. Hold on. One more second. And then the next. And the next one. One step after another. Until the saving bell. Until the deliverance that could only come from him. No giving up. No failure. No renunciation. She had the feeling that her muscles had become rigid, hard as stone, and that she would never again be able to move normally because her body had been so still and contracted for a long time. He kept sending her distress signals. She ignored them. She emptied her mind. She lifted her feet every time she felt that her toes were no longer pointing towards the ceiling. Her neck was in contact like never before. So painful that she could have imagined that the slightest movement would have broken it like dead wood.

— You are resisting well, little slave. It seems that you want to obtain my forgiveness. That you have understood the stakes of this punishment. That you know that I will not accept that you disappoint me and that you give up. Have you thought about it? Do you have something to tell me?

He had come right back in front of her. If she had lifted her head, even just a little, she could have seen the tips of his shoes. But she was unable to move. She wondered how she was even going to manage to speak.

— ...I understood my mistake, Master. I beg you to forgive me... It will not happen again... I will be attentive at every moment, so as not to disappoint you again... You deserve the best. I thank you for educating me to remind me of my obligations.

— I hope you are sincere and will respect this commitment. From now on, you know the sentence if you do not respect the positions that I have taught you and that I impose on you.

— Yes, Master.

—Then you are forgiven for this time. Take the time you need to straighten up. I'm not done with you.

—Yes Master... Thank you for teaching me how to become a better submissive for you, Master.

—Meet me upstairs when you can.

He left without a gesture. Sia would have liked to blame him for that, but she knew that it would make no sense. She had put herself in this situation all by herself. If she had been compliant, she would not be here. He would never impose such treatment on her just for his pleasure. Sometimes he liked to hurt her, without her having made the slightest mistake, but it was not a punishment. It was different. A waiting position so long and so painful, she had never experienced it. And did not wish to be confronted with it again. All this went well beyond a simple game. She really lived her condition. She lived it fully. And so did he. As she gently folded herself in on herself, slowly so as not to jolt her damaged joints, she could not help but think that she was happy that it was this way. That she would never have wanted a sappy and distorted relationship. A flexible and too attentive master. Of unsteady gestures. Of orders she could have circumvented. Of punishments she could have avoided. Of sessions she could have negotiated. Of having the feeling that she was the one calling the shots. No doubt that reassured some submissives. But not her. She had no hold over him. No power. No way to make him deviate from the path he had chosen. He was absolutely right, she wouldn't have been able to submit if he weren't so tough.

After several long minutes, Sia managed to get back on her feet. She walked around the rooms of the dungeon a few times to stretch her legs while doing a few shoulder movements. It was painful and would probably last until nightfall. The ordeal was over. He had forgiven her. She had to move on. However, the accumulated tension was having a hard time dissipating. She didn't know if she was going to laugh or cry. Maybe both.

19. Perfection

— I think your muscles will be sore for a while. I hope you don't forget this punishment and that I don't have to impose it on you again. Earlier I punished your supplication with two blows of the cane, which I found inappropriate. In some cases, I can understand that you are begging for my pity or indulgence. I can either take it into account or not. But I take it into account and judge the situation accordingly. It's up to me to know if you are really at the end of your abilities, or if it is not justified. It is a signal. A message that you are sending me. I know that you will not use your safe word without reason, for a trifle, because we both know what that would mean. I have never forbidden you to cry or scream when I whip you. In difficult and particularly painful situations, I can understand that you are begging. It will not weaken me. It probably won't make me more compassionate, but you are allowed to say, as long as it is justified! I believe that two blows of the cane, even if I know how stinging the pain is, do not justify a plea. You should have submitted

and accepted with dignity the sentence that I had chosen to punish your fault. So I decided that I will punish you also for this error. But we will see that later. I will give you time to recover a little. But know well that until this evening, I want you absolutely perfect! I want to have nothing to say to you, nothing to notice that is approximate. There will be no new difficulties, nor any test, I just want to fully appreciate your obedience and your servitude. Your presence near me if I wish it. Your lowered gaze. Your body ready to be used at any moment. Your mind on permanent alert to react immediately and perfectly to the slightest of my requests. Do you think you can do this without making any more mistakes, even the smallest ones?

— Yes, Master.

— I hope so. I won't accept that you disappoint me again for a simple stupidity or small mistake.

— Yes, Master. I will be a good submissive...

— I want more, Sia! I want an excellent submissive! A true quality slave! A perfectly obedient being who honors these years of training! My training! Be worthy of this place that I grant you. Earn it!

— Yes, Master.

Sia had remained motionless. Kneeling in front of him. Perfectly arched. Back straight, shoulders still contracted, thrown back to better present her breasts. Head lowered, eyes almost closed. His words seemed to flow through her like an acid that would snake through her veins to radiate her entire being. Every particle of her body, every part of her soul was listening. On alert. Her pulse had accelerated. Her heart was beating faster. She had this feeling of full awareness that she sometimes felt. This certainty of being capable of it, perhaps even of being the only one capable of it. To give him everything. Even more. To become the perfect creature that he would have forged with his hands. Could one become the creation of another, his work? She liked to think so. She saw it as an immense privilege. Even more than an honor. Because to be his creation, his creature, his, an exceptional master, could only be an immense pride. Being his creation also demonstrated the truth of an extraordinary, extraordinary bond. A bond that few can claim to live or have lived. And for that, she was necessarily important to him. Despite everything that already united them, she found this idea wonderful. However, she still had a lot to prove. A lot to give. She had long understood that she should never let herself get down. Never give the impression that it was too difficult. Never crack. Never show any sign of weakness. He didn't like her to be weak. A submissive must be strong, especially my submissive, he had told her from the beginning. If you feel like you're losing me, that I'm moving away, fight!

It's your motivation that will save you. If you collapse, I won't take pity on you. I won't come back to you to tell you that it's going to be okay. She had always kept that in mind. The rare times she had truly collapsed, when all seemed truly lost, she had managed to pull herself together in time, applying her motto to the letter, and there she was. Still and always his. This time, it was only a warning, a takeover or a warning. He slapped her without compassion, no doubt wanting to print in red on her cheek, for a few moments, the trace of his fingers on her fair skin. She resumed her position, more determined than ever but with tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat.

All afternoon, she applied herself to touching the perfection he expected of her. Each of her thoughts was turned towards him, towards his expectations. She was constantly busy checking her positions, remembering his instructions. She watched for the moments when she had to anticipate his expectations. When her glass had been empty for a little too long, she forced herself to dare to come to him and ask him if she should clear it away, or refill it. She was afraid that he would send her away abruptly, reminding her that if he needed anything, he would tell her, but he seemed to appreciate the initiative. It was something that she still had difficulty understanding and that never seemed clear to her. Knowing whether she should take the lead or not. She herself considered that she should not. But he had explained to her that sometimes, that was also her role. So she fumbled. She tried to understand what she could do or not. To decipher the signs. If he was annoyed, that was for sure, it was better to say nothing and wait for orders. She had understood that.

Soothed by these last hours of calm during which she had served him obediently without thinking of anything else, she complied with one of the imposed rituals.

— Master, do you allow me to make a request?

— I'm listening to you.

— Master, would you accept that I give myself pleasure in front of you? That I exhibit myself like a little slut by spreading my thighs wide, and that I caress myself before your eyes, to distract you and please you...?

Sia had repeated the words dozens of times during waiting periods, so as not to stammer and to appear comfortable in her role. She had spoken clearly, but with her eyes lowered as was proper. Still a little uncomfortable with the words. She waited for his answer without looking up at him. He let a long handful of seconds pass before finally answering her.

— Granted. Apply yourself, slave.

Sia couldn't hold back a smile. She had done the hardest part. She lay down on the floor, on her back, and spread her legs wide, her knees bent. She had no modesty. She remembered their first time. She hadn't been in his presence for five minutes when she already found herself naked, her pussy exposed. Her body offered and without secrets. She had never been so uninhibited as with him. However, he didn't spare her on her physical appearance. Sia took her time, licking his index and middle fingers, sucking them to soak them well with saliva, before sliding them between her open thighs. She slid her fingers on her lips, spread them gently, penetrated herself a little with slow back and forth movements, before returning to her clitoris. Generally, when they spent time together, she never went long without orgasm. He loved taking her and hearing her scream her pleasure. He gave her orgasm several times. She was very expressive and very receptive. She loved sex and had never hidden it. This time, since the day before, he had deprived her of everything. She was on edge. Hypersensitive. The state of deep and permanent submission in which he kept her only accentuated her desires. She gave herself up to pleasure. She moaned softly, then louder and louder. She had quickly switched from demonstration and exhibition to real masturbation, like the one she would have indulged in if she had been alone. However, she was not and his gaze on her burned her skin and liquefied it even more. Just like the words he slipped her from time to time. He told her that she was nothing but a slut. That she should be ashamed of making a spectacle of herself like that, on the floor. That she was soaked like a whore. A female dog in heat. Indecent but obedient.

Sia couldn't take it anymore. She begged him to let her cum once. He reminded her that he was the one controlling her pleasure, that she wouldn't cum without his order. That he still wanted to see her writhe with pleasure before his eyes. That she was hot like a perfect little slut jerking off on the floor. She felt burning, her pleasure increased tenfold at the thought that he was hard and that she was making him want him. She moaned more and more. Her movements became more lively, she was panting. She was losing control. She was losing her footing with desire. Her body in a trance, sweating. She felt liquid under his fingers, her clitoris swollen and ready to explode with pleasure. She was asking for her release. The pleasure would be divine, she was certain of it. She was beginning to wonder how she was going to manage to hold on any longer, to wait for the order. The release. Her whole body was calling for pleasure.

— Stop. That's enough!

The sentence was final, as was the tone used.

20. Interdiction

— It's true that you're hot when you're writhing with desire and I know how much you'd like to calm your body. However, I've decided that you won't come. Do you want to know how far you can go in self-denial? I want to know how far you can go in sexual frustration. They're linked anyway. Self-denial is defined as giving up something you care about. It's a sacrifice. A gift of self. It evokes devotion, selflessness and humility. You have to be altruistic to the point of forgetting yourself, your own desires. Submitting by doing things you like to do is not self-denial. Submitting in the expectation of a reward is not self-denial. That's not what you came here looking for. We talked about it at length when preparing this trip. I will not distort your feelings and thoughts by offering you bodily pleasure. Your quest must remain pure and will go through this renunciation, because I know how attached you are to sexual pleasure. By giving it up, you will demonstrate self-denial. The only pleasure I grant you is that which is linked to your condition. I allow you to serve me and to submit, it is this alone which must give you happiness and fill the sexual void of the frustration that I impose on you. Your pleasure must remain cerebral. This is why I imposed silence on you earlier. When I penetrate you, when I bugger you, it is for my pleasure. Yours must be born in your mind, from the pleasurable observation that I love taking you and fucking you. Fucking you! Your physical pleasure must come after. I want it to become optional, even to the point of being able to be satisfied with the sole happiness of being mine and satisfying me. You must learn to forget yourself, to renounce and to find in my satisfaction your only pleasure. I want you to work on that. You like me to use you sexually, as you like to suck me or kiss my feet. But what predominates? Your pleasure in doing it or the pleasure of giving yourself to me and being in obedience and submission? I want you to question all of this. Do you submit only with self-denial, or for the pleasure and enjoyment that I generally grant you? Are you looking for the emotions that you feel when you serve me and obey me, or those associated with sex? I do not expect an immediate answer. Besides, there are no right or wrong answers. These are avenues of reflection that I want you to study. For my part, I will think about it too. I want to see you evolve in this way. Really. I want to verify that the lack of orgasm that I impose on you will have no consequences on your devotion and your motivation to submit. This does not take anything away from this ritual that I imposed on you. On the contrary. You will continue every day to find the right moment to jerk off in front of me. To excite me. For my pleasure, that of seeing you offered, humiliated by your indecent position. Relegated to a simple object of distraction. It is also possible that sometimes, I do not even look at you. You will then feel my indifference and you will think that you are nothing. However, you will have to stay in your position, jerking off like a little slut. I know that you will find this even more humiliating! Unless otherwise ordered, you will be allowed to moan and enjoy your gestures,

but I will always stop you before you come. Don't you ever dare not respect this prohibition! You must be perfectly capable of controlling yourself now. It goes without saying that even alone, you are also strictly forbidden to make yourself come. A slave should not be rewarded in any way other than knowing that she perfectly satisfies her lord and master. I know that you completely agree with this principle... in theory! We are here to put it into practice. I want you to feel this visceral lack of sex and to channel it. I want to know that your pussy is on fire, your belly twisting with desire until it hurts. Your mind tortured by frustration. And that you get past this point. That you discover what lies beyond. I believe that when you have reached this level, your thoughts on self-denial will have progressed well. I will mainly use your mouth and your ass, but probably also your pussy. I know that this will be the most difficult for you because I know how much you love my tail strokes. Also I expect from you perfect and absolute control. I hope that you have understood well, and that you know what awaits you. So I expect from you a perfect and absolute control. I hope you have understood well, and that you know what awaits you. So I expect from you a perfect and absolute control. I hope you have understood well, and that you know what awaits you.

— Yes, Master.

Sia looked up at him with frustration and disappointment. Resignation too. But there was also acceptance and determination. She was here to accept the rules. To endure everything and find answers. He wasn't wrong anyway. Self-denial was defined by renunciation and self-forgetfulness. Taking pleasure was one thing. Waiting for it, demanding it, esteeming it as a right, was another. Of course, she submitted voluntarily, she was a fully consenting slave. But to find her balance in this relationship, she had to find her own satisfaction. A satisfaction of her own. Was it really possible to be satisfied with the pleasure she gave him? To be content with obedience alone? Was blossoming in the purest self-denial within her reach? These were the questions she wanted to find answers to. And for that, he was the perfect master.

For a few months, their relationship had evolved. After years of occasional sessions, rarely lasting more than a few days in a row, made up of absences and expectations, he had put an end to his "vanilla" life, for reasons he had never given to Sia. It was a fact, he was much more available to her. He shared his life between the capital, this house in the south of France and the rest of the world. She lived in Paris, but more and more often, she joined him in this property that she loved intensely, or she accompanied him on his business trips. Their relationship had changed. Beyond submission, they shared more and more things, other moments. "Vanilla" moments. Of course, she always respected his law. She addressed him formally, always knelt at his feet, remained awaiting his orders and expectations,

but undeniably, their initial balance had been altered and they had had to find other points of reference. Other codes. Other rituals. Both of them were certain, he was the master, she was the submissive. There was no way that would change. After a few months at this new pace, sharing much more time together, almost every night, the same evidence had become apparent to them. They wanted and needed to find more extreme points of reference. They needed these uncompromising moments so as to never doubt each other's place. Even if they were experiencing moments close to those of a classic couple, they both refused to fall into this normality. He had promised her that he would never keep her close to him out of habit or convenience. No matter how things would evolve and what plans they could make, he would never have this weakness for her. He would never make a commitment that would bind him to her. He refused the idea of not feeling free to take her collar back the second she made a serious mistake. There was no way she could feel safe, under the pretext that she was the only one left in his life. When he had told her this, she had found his words hard to hear. But deep down, she knew he was right. It was inconceivable to live their BDSM relationship at the level they understood it, without constantly knowing what their respective places were and the consequences in the event of failure. Sia knew that he would go to the end of things if she did not agree, that he would release her immediately if she committed the irreparable. In reality, she knew that she needed this conviction to give herself body and soul. To never weaken. To never believe that no matter what, he would eventually forgive her and that she was safe. No couple is, fundamentally, but between them, it was palpable. It always had been. Since the first hours, she had grown up at his feet, knowing that the slightest misstep would earn her immediate release. He wanted this evidence to endure. For her to never forget it.

Sia asked permission to go to the bathroom, and he accompanied her there. His gaze on her was insistent. As if he was tracking down the slightest weakness. It was not for the pleasure of watching her urinate that he had decided to observe her, but to read her, following her words. Sex and pleasure had always had an important place in their sessions. Of course, he had already let her go without allowing her to enjoy herself, but the context was different. He expected her not to disappoint him and to accept his decision with dignity. He wanted to feel her submit to his orders and his desires by forgetting herself. He wanted to really feel it, to know that she was not cheating and for that he did not take his eyes off her.

Sia had been shaken by his announcement at the time. Her body had prepared itself for pleasure and had demanded it with force and desire. However, her mind had welcomed the news with a kind of serenity that she would not have imagined. She could not deny that her master's decision was logical and almost expected. The idea being to force her to give up something that was important to

her, starting with sexual pleasure was obvious. Depriving her of sharing his bed was also obvious. The cage had been an ordeal and to endure it, she had shown self-denial. The same would be true for sexual frustration. However, in her thoughts, Sia knew that this ban would not be eternal. She would just have to take the time to think about it. But how would she react if he decided on a definitive absence of pleasure? Could she accept the situation for a long time? How far was it possible to go?

21. Immersion

— I want you to make me hard again! I want your mouth, like yesterday, that of an excellent cocksucker! That you put all your submissive soul into it. You will only stop when you feel my cum spurting into your throat. Not before and I will take my time. You are here for that. To empty my balls as soon as I feel like it. That is your role as a sex slave. As a little whore. When I have come, you will lap it all up with application like a good slut. I do not want a single drop on the ground. You will swallow it all, and you will clean my cock well with your tongue until you feel me go soft. When I tell you that it is enough, you will prostrate yourself to thank me for honoring you with my sperm and you will immediately go and put yourself in place, on the cross of Saint Andrew to receive your daily whippings. You know that I want your skin constantly marked with the seal of your belonging. You are mine, beyond mere words. I do what I want, I have all the rights over you. You gave them to me the first time you came to kneel at my feet. Since then you belong to me, like an object. Like an animal. A slave.

Sia hurried to obey. She wanted more than anything to prove to him that even if she knew she would get nothing in return, she was capable of giving herself body and soul to give him the expected pleasure. It would be an offering without compensation. A gift without expectation of return. She fully felt the fact that they were not on the same level of equality, him master and she submissive. The balance of give and take had no place and she had to conform to it. She could not have denied a certain frustration, however she felt even more submissive. She truly felt like a sexual object. Just a body. A doll of flesh dedicated to the pleasure of her lord and master. She was only there to satisfy him and he could enjoy her orifices at his convenience without having to worry about her. The end of the day had gone well. She had served him during dinner. She had washed his body during his shower. She had applied herself in all her gestures. Controlling all her thoughts so that they never strayed and to stay focused on what she had to do. Every second of her existence was dedicated to him. She thought of nothing else. Every movement, every word, every breath was calculated, conditioned and organized in order to serve him best, according to his expectations and the rites he had taught her. She loved this extreme condition. Not only in fact, but deep inside herself. She felt

strangely free, despite her deep frustration. Serene. In harmony with herself. After he had cum in her throat, she would have to endure the whip. Although she did not find pleasure in pain, she apprehended this moment with much less worry than other times. Almost with a hint of impatience and excitement. Slave used, prostrated, then whipped, symbolically, it was all that made her fantasize. This was the image she had of submission long before actually experiencing this condition. She had always had a rather extreme vision of BDSM relationships, well beyond what she felt capable of experiencing. However, she was beginning to consider that he might be able to take her even further. After all, submission was a journey that didn't happen overnight. Despite all these years of belonging to him and serving him, she still had many things to experience and discover. Far from the classic gestures, the discovery of various accessories or generic positions, it was a personal introspection. In this intense closed-door meeting, it was indeed his submissive soul that he was laying bare, more than he had ever done before.

Sia didn't think about anything anymore. She felt disconnected from the reality of her stay. She was in her bubble. She was good there. It was as if the rest of the world had ceased to exist. She was in a cocoon. Nothing could reach her. She only lived in the present moment. Her tongue wrapped around his glans. One of her hands holding the base of his cock, jerking it in rhythm with the movements of her mouth, and the other caressing his balls. She salivated abundantly so that her hands would slide easily. All her movements were perfectly coordinated. She sucked well. She moaned while undulating her whole body, as he imposed on her. She forgot everything that wasn't him. She wanted his pleasure, to feel that she was good. That she was capable of making him cum again and again. Of giving him what he wanted. She delighted in his words and hearing his satisfaction. Let him tell her she was a good cocksucker, that he had trained her well. That she was a good little whore.

He ended up ordering her to get more active, to speed up the pace. She abandoned the caresses and the long, slow back-and-forth movements for a faster pace. She sucked at the same time, jerking him off a little faster, increasing the pressure of her hand around his cock. She liked feeling that he was so hard, especially since he had already come earlier in the day. No doubt he was also living his condition as master more intensely in this context. Sia had straightened up a little, she put all her energy into satisfying him, internally imploring his enjoyment. Delighting in advance in this moment when she would hear his breathing trouble at the same time as he ejaculated in her mouth. Then she would have peace of mind. She would be completely serene. He didn't make her wait too long and his hot cum spurted deep into her throat in a satisfied groan. His tail twitched a few times under

the last strokes of her tongue and the long suction of her mouth. He emptied himself inside her.

As ordered, she licked his cock diligently as soon as he had finished cumming, so as not to leave any trace of sperm. She lingered there, savoring the sensation she felt from the pleasure given. She would not cum in turn. She had integrated and accepted it. She forced herself to analyze and soak up more of what she felt. Of the full awareness of being only a body. She agreed to give up her own pleasure through self-denial with the delicious sensation of experiencing rare and disturbing emotions.

She prostrated herself at his feet to thank him. It was not just formal. Not the simple execution of an order. It was not about mechanical gestures or words of principle. She was sincere. She thanked him with the true feeling that with him she was experiencing something rare. She was privileged. Honored. She felt very small. So fragile. So submissive. She could have enjoyed her condition with these thoughts. Finally, the frustration of the body would perhaps highlight the sensations and pleasures of the soul. Her other senses would perhaps be heightened tenfold. Her emotions purer.

Sia walked towards the cross with serenity. She knew that it might not last. But the moment she spread her arms and legs to offer herself to the bite of the leather, she felt more at home than ever. Strangely lucid. Perhaps he had sensed her state, and had not wanted to interrupt what she was experiencing deep inside herself. Or perhaps she knew how to control herself and master herself more than other times. Whatever the case, the blows seemed less strong than the day before. She knew how to remain perfectly dignified and that comforted her in her fullness. He approached her once the five blows had been delivered. Long red streaks adorned her back and buttocks. You could still make out the marks that the cane had left that very morning. He liked what he was drawing on her body. She was his territory. He marked her like a beast. Like a being that belonged to him. No one, seeing her body, could have doubted her condition. Her submission to him. She was beautiful in his eyes, like that. Deeply his. He gently caressed her body that shivered after the whip, and placed a kiss on her shoulder. In these circumstances, the touch of his lips on her skin completely transcended her. It was gold. A divine gift. She could not hold back a moan. No need for orgasm to experience pleasure. That of the soul.

— On all fours, female dog!

The order was final but not harsh. She hastened to obey and rest her cheek against his knee. He offered her a few seconds of respite and rejuvenation before moving forward, leading her along with a finger slipped into his mouth. Her head

raised to keep her index finger between her lips, Sia walked alongside him and quickly understood where he was taking her. The cage. She had believed yesterday that it was a one-off ordeal. That he would not force her to do it several times, at least not in a row. Suddenly, she had to face something violent. Her first reaction was not that of a submissive in full self-denial. She had tears in her eyes. Her stomach and throat tightened. Something intensely painful seemed to take possession of her entire body. Was he never going to grant her the warmth of his arms again? The happiness of sharing his bed? His room at least, even lying on the floor? His presence in the middle of the night? Just that. Yet it was only the second night. She was unreasonable to react like that. She had come for that. For these extreme moments. To live this condition without limits, without pause or respite. And yet, she could not accept it serenely. With detachment.

— Come in.

— Yes, Master.

Her voice had trembled. He couldn't have missed it. Yet he said nothing. He remained silent while she wisely entered the cage. She took her time, as if hoping that he would change his mind. Yet she knew it was futile. The gate closed behind her. She felt incapable of reacting. Of saying anything. She didn't dare look up at him. He stood in front of her for a long time, kneeling between the iron bars, his spine bent as the space was so small. Her body and soul fought against all the contradictions that were spreading through her.

22. Possession

— Tomorrow you will serve your lord and master again. You better be good and obedient. I don't want any more mistakes like this morning, I want you perfect from now on. I will impose the subject of your daily essay on you. I want you to think about it right now. I have already spoken to you about it, it is about belonging. I want you to put words to it. I am not talking about generalities. In this case, I am mainly talking about your body. About your conception of how I own it. About the consequences that this can have. About everything that I am allowed to do with it, without you being able to oppose it, since you tell me relentlessly that your body belongs to me. If it is mine, then I do what I want with it. It is, and I demonstrate it to you by using you like a female dog or a whore, for my own pleasure. I impose your positions during the day, I impose the moments when I allow you to speak, eat, pee, wash, sleep or serve me. I control your sexual pleasure and your frustration. I decide everything. I want it to permeate deep into your flesh. Every fiber, every cell of your body belongs to me. These are not just words but actions and you know them. Today, I want you to go beyond this observation. Beyond everyday gestures. I want you to think about everything that

belonging to me, physically, can imply, in a broad spectrum of reflection. I possess you and I do with you what I please. Tonight, I like to confront you once again with this cage of isolation. To treat you like the slave you say you are, without pampering you, or cuddling you. Without granting you anything. Do not see this as a punishment or a reflection of my discontent. No, because you have satisfied me this afternoon and this evening. But doing well does not imply a reward. These rewards that are so dear to you... It is by consciously renouncing them, when you love them so much, that you act with self-denial. Do not forget this in your writings. Feel things and tomorrow put them into shape. You are living the condition that you fantasized about. It is very real now. It is no longer a question of a few handfuls of hours of obedience. But of your true place. Submit yourself with self-denial. Feel it deep inside you.

— Yes, Master.

Sia had struggled to pull herself together, but she knew she had no choice. It was inconceivable that she would contest his decision, or try to change his mind in any way. She knew how to submit in gestures. She wished it were as easy to submit in spirit. Yet he was right. Where there was no difficulty, no renunciation, there was no self-denial. Maybe not even submission. Just the opportunity to live what she loved to live, a form of sexual play. It was in difficulty that she could prove her devotion and her abilities. She kissed the palm of his hand for a long time before he left without another word. She struggled for a few moments to keep control. To not hold it against him. To not collapse. She was convinced that she needed him, his presence and his touch to be strong enough to move forward. But it was mostly because she liked it. She liked him to hold her in his arms. To snuggle up to him. Where nothing could happen to her. Where she felt safe, more than anywhere else. She liked to look into his eyes when words were no longer useful. It was true, giving up these moments of tenderness after a hard session was heartbreaking. Real suffering. Did you have to suffer so much to be a good submissive? Was the satisfaction of knowing that she was submitting with self-denial worth it? She didn't know yet, but she had wanted to know and she was there to confront it. She had to take responsibility now. She settled down as best she could and concentrated on her breathing for long minutes. She emptied her mind, repeating inwardly a few mantras that had been with her for a long time. She used them to calm herself down when she felt like she was going to panic. Usually when she found herself faced with a new difficulty or pain. This time, there was nothing difficult to do. Nothing to endure as torture. Just the solitude and the absence. Just the darkness and the confinement. Just knowing that he was somewhere, upstairs, far from her, not wanting her by his side. That meant that he had no desire to spend time with her, a drink in his hand, talking about everything

and nothing. The next day, no doubt, he would grant it to her. Then she would live every second of this time with supreme happiness. Did that take her to realize the value of precious moments? Perhaps. No doubt that she would be vigilant from now on, that she would delight in every second. She had difficulty concentrating on her breathing. Thoughts assailed her, but she calmed down. The ordeal of confinement was difficult, but it remained enriching, she could not deny it. And then it was temporary, she was convinced of it. From now on, their relationship would only continue to be enriched by the time they spent together. It was just a few isolated nights. She had to pull herself together. No doubt after such mentally troubling days, she was on edge, more fragile, more emotional. She had to work on that. Be stronger. Bear the cage with ease and detachment. Accept her choice, her will. Submissively comply with it. Selflessly. And feel it in the depths of her soul.

Like the day before, it was he who woke her up in the early morning. With severity and authority. She didn't even dare to look up at him and was content to crawl out of the cage and wait for his order. She didn't understand why he was so hard as soon as he woke up. However, the second he entered the room, her stomach contracted violently with excitement. Her sexual desire was of a rare intensity and just imagining more long days without pleasure made her feel real physical pain. The lack was terrible. As soon as she heard the sound of his voice, firm and sharp, she felt that she was completely liquefying, disproportionately. The more submissive she felt, the more she desired him, the more she was eager for sex and orgasm. She wanted bestial embraces, hard sex to excess. She would have nothing. She kissed his feet and with a snap of his fingers, he demanded that she follow him. She remained on all fours, not daring to get up. He dragged her outside by the small chrome chain he had hooked to her slave collar.

— I love this little moment. This morning walk in the park with my little dog, dawn barely breaking. I want you to get used to it. I want you to no longer have any reluctance to pee like a dog where I order you. You must be able to do it anytime, anywhere. No matter the risk of being surprised like this. I know that sometimes you still need a few moments of concentration. It's too much. Your body must obey me without hesitation. It's up to you to do what is necessary. I order. You obey. That's how it is. Do you understand?

— Yes, Master, I will obey. I will succeed.

— I won't accept it any other way, Sia!

Sia lowered her head a little more. He had raised his voice, and she had the impression that he was annoyed by her response, while she wanted to be obedient.

— Then obey, female dog! When you're done, you'll go straight to the shower.

— Yes, Master.

He untied his leash and Sia took a few steps and concentrated on urinating without delay, but the pressure he had put on her had the effect of making things even more difficult for her. She had to take the time to empty her mind and convince her body that although the context was unusual, it had to obey. She finally succeeded, with relief. He didn't say anything else. Not a word. She didn't even see if he had looked at her. She slowly crawled back towards the house, troubled, but careful to remain dignified and sexy, arching her back and rolling her ass with her steps. He hadn't tied her up and was also walking towards the steps of the Bastide, without a glance. She would have liked him to watch her gait, undulating as desired. Usually he told her that she was good like that, and her words failed her. The day was starting hard and the slightest mistake would obviously be very heavily punished. She mentally made a list of everything she shouldn't forget.

After she had showered and got ready, she had to look for him in the house, still on all fours, with the cane between his teeth. She found him in the living room, in front of the window, and he grabbed the cane and patted her ass. So far, so good.

She prepared his breakfast, making sure it was even more perfect than usual. He took his time and seemed to appreciate her efforts. When he snapped his fingers and had a second cup of coffee served, he grabbed her collar and pulled her towards him. She understood what he was waiting for when he spread her thighs, and she took a discreet position to allow him to drink his coffee without disturbing him while gently sucking his cock. He stroked her cheek and hair twice and her little gestures gave him courage. He didn't come, and with a small dry slap, he stopped this morning blowjob.

— Enough, on all fours, you can tidy up later.

He led her to the room dedicated to her morning writing and chained her up. The chain locked around her wrist, she couldn't find a comfortable position to write. Yet he hadn't imposed any other constraints on her this time, no nipple clamps, no mouth spreader. She thanked him inwardly. She had thought about the outline of her text the night before, while she was trying to sleep in the cage. Defining her conception of her physical belonging was difficult. In theory, her belonging was total, but it was obvious that she couldn't imagine him mutilating her, disfiguring her, making her ugly or even fattening her up. She knew that was not his intention, but what if, from one day to the next, to force her to prove her self-denial, he deprived her of her femininity? It was so easy to say "ready for anything", until you really imagined what that everything could be. From then on, there were indeed many limits. In her text, she had given some factual answers, but

she had mainly discussed the complexity that all this represented. She had concluded that her trust in him was total and that she knew that whatever he imposed on her, he would know how to preserve her. So, she entrusted herself to him, blindly. She gave him her body and let him dispose of it as he wished, because she knew that he would not misuse it. She gave him everything because it was Him and he would make good use of her body, or at least, that he would never commit the irreparable. While writing this, she really became aware that "being ready for anything" was a nice formula to say, but so theoretical.

As soon as he had untied her, he decided to play with her. He had a foam animal ball in his hand and threw it into the room, ordering her to bring it back. Sia complied, speeding up her gait like a dog would have done. With difficulty, she grabbed the ball between her teeth and brought it back to her master's feet. The exercise lasted a few minutes and he seemed to enjoy seeing her ass undulate as she ran or her breasts move when she came back to him. The effect was not long in coming, and he ordered her to get into the slave position, ass raised, on all fours. Arched well, she had placed her elbows on the ground and spread her thighs to open herself as much as possible. He was already hard and took her without any other foreplay. Sia enjoyed beyond reason feeling his cock sink slowly and for a long time inside her. He quickly picked up the pace, slapping his hand on her buttocks and calling her a little slut. She had to make a considerable effort not to express her pleasure, to channel it so as not to give in to the pleasure. His perversity was such that as soon as he felt her at the end of her resistance, he withdrew from her pussy and took her mouth, violently, not letting her control anything. He squeezed her cheeks with his hands around his erect cock, then withdrew and slapped her while pulling her hair back, to return to impale himself in her throat. He fucked her mouth and told her so, plunging his eyes into hers. Sia's excitement was at its peak, less physical but more mental as he dominated her. After the mouth, he pinned her to the ground again, spat on her ass and fucked her hard. Sia arched her back under the pain, she moaned as little as possible although he had not imposed silence on her. He used her body for a long time, penetrating her three orifices one after the other, and coming back to make his pleasure last. Shoving her, slapping her, grabbing her by the hair, insulting her. She loved his violence and the way he didn't give her a second's respite, she would have given anything to let herself go, to scream her pleasure. To enjoy. She resented him for being so hard. She admired him for managing to be so. She thanked him inwardly for forcing her to surpass herself like that. For making her live her condition so unconditionally.

23. Stimulation

— I'm proud of you, little female dog. You knew how to control yourself even if sometimes, it was borderline! You will learn to remain perfectly impassive. A simple object of pleasure. Just a body that I stuff for my pleasure. I really like cumming in your mouth and knowing that you swallow all my cum. I like to put it all over your face and collect it all to make you lick it up until the last drop. Cumming in your pussy like this time is also very pleasant, but I miss the pleasure of seeing you lick it all up. I want you to stand in front of me. To jerk off like a little slut. Obey, now! This time I allow you pleasure but not enjoyment. Enjoy it, it might be the last time! I want you to spread wide open, right in front of me and to really activate your finger on your clit. I want to feel you at the end of your rope. Tortured by this pleasure that I provoke and that I forbid you. I want to control everything about you. For you to master your body to perfection in order to always perfectly respond to my orders. Whatever they may be. I want to see you gasp, moan and sigh. I want to feel that you can't take it anymore. That you would do anything for me to deliver you and allow you to orgasm. I want it to take over your whole belly, to burn you from the inside, for your clitoris to be swollen and sensitive like never before. So I want you to focus on your condition, to feel my total power. My total control over your sexuality, over your pleasure, over your enjoyment. I want you to writhe with desire, to cry internally. To no longer know whether you are moaning with pleasure or frustration. I want to feel you melting, boiling. I want your cyprine, mixed with my sperm, to flow down your thighs. Then you'll stick your fingers in your pussy and lick them like a little slut, sticking your tongue out, as if you were trying to excite me. As if it were my cock that you were licking perversely, like the good little whore you know how to be when you apply yourself.

Sia complied and her master's words drove her crazy.

— That's good, like that! Do it again. Dig inside yourself, collect my cum in the hollow of your pussy and lick your fingers well. And then start caressing yourself again! I'm not finished with you!

Sia couldn't take it anymore. She knew she couldn't go all the way, so even if she let herself go to the pleasure and expressed it without restriction, she was conditioned. She had integrated the idea of frustration. She was resigned in a way. That was probably why she didn't feel as on fire as he would have liked. She had to keep a reserve so as not to come. How could she manage to let go, while remaining completely in control? Was it even possible? When he had taken her, just before, she had first enjoyed the penetration, but very quickly, she had had to focus her attention on something else, far from sex and BDSM, so as not to lose her footing and succumb to orgasm. She couldn't understand the mechanisms she had to play with to allow her body and mind to switch so quickly and so radically from one

state to another. Maybe that would come with time. In a way, she didn't feel honest. She felt like she wasn't exactly meeting his expectations, since she wasn't letting herself go completely. She would talk to him about it on occasion. He would explain it to her. He would guide her so that she would find the right gestures, the right thoughts. He would teach her the techniques, and what exactly he expected of her.

He stopped her abruptly and it was almost like a relief. She had loved licking her fingers covered in her excitement mixed with his sperm, it was deliciously perverse and humiliating. But masturbating, without expecting anything from it, had really given her no pleasure.

In the afternoon, he had her check her anal preparation. He wanted her perfectly clean. She had already been wearing a good-sized plug for a while. No doubt she would be perfectly comfortable. The plug dilated her enough so that penetration would not be painful. She was not fond of sodomy, but in this period of frustration, she preferred him to take her like this. It was much easier not to let herself go to orgasm. When she came back to him, the plug back in place, head down and hands on her head, he ordered her to come and get on all fours. He was sitting on one of the sofas in the living room with his laptop. Sia got into position and approached him, gently rubbing her cheek against his knee, like a little dog begging for a caress. A mark of attention. She was nothing more than that, a little animal that he had domesticated. The idea made her smile. As crazy as it sounded, she revelled in those moments of extreme submission, where he granted her nothing but the satisfaction of being at his service.

— I want you as furniture, Sia. You're going to serve as a table for my PC. Turn around, so I can take advantage of it to have a view of your ass. Maybe that will make me want to destroy it and enjoy your perfect preparation.

Sia obeyed and turned to position her buttocks towards him. He placed his computer on her rump. Although she did her best to be stable, it was not perfect. However, she had understood that he imposed this on her more to use her and constrain her, than with the aim of having a truly comfortable working position. Her punishment from the day before was still very present, she had thought to keep her thighs sufficiently apart and he did not take long to slide his fingers in and to point out to her that she was literally dripping. He loved to humiliate her in this way, asking her insistently how it was possible to get so wet in such a humble position. He played in her for a long time, abandoning his PC, simply placed on her rump. She had to stay still to avoid dropping it, and the exercise was not the easiest. He removed the plug, gently enough for her to manage to keep the position.

— It looks clean to me. You're very open.

He spread her buttocks a little wider, observing her pussy boiling and liquid with excitement, and her ass widened by the plug. He spat on it several times before spreading his saliva and sliding a finger or two inside her. Sia had to bite her lip to keep from giving in and letting herself go. This kind of situation excited her intensely but she had to keep control. That was what he demanded. He finally left her, held out his fingers for her to clean with her tongue and went back to typing on his computer. The feeling of humiliation was no less for Sia. On the contrary. The way he ignored her while leaving her in this position excited her more than reason. She was assailed by an incalculable number of emotions, strong, intense and often contradictory.

— I like you in this position. Your ass is still very dilated and it makes me want to fuck you like a little whore! Come forward a little.

He took his PC back long enough to let her take a few steps. Then, he put it back on her hips. She remained motionless. She understood that he was taking pictures of her several times, from different angles. No doubt he would show them to her later. She would feel a little ashamed seeing herself like this, but she could not deny a certain excitement at seeing herself in this situation, deeply submissive. At the heart of her condition.

— Don't move!

Sia heard him go get something and come back. He slipped a blindfold over her eyes, and the spreader between her teeth. She hadn't expected it and had to force herself to remain impassive, as she hated this utensil so much. In this position she tolerated it more easily but would very quickly cover the parquet floor with a large puddle of saliva. He passed his hands under her chest to play with her breasts, and placed clamps there that she didn't recognize. Not really painful in any case. She also felt clamps at the level of her intimate lips. Probably clothespins. So far, everything was fine. She imagined that he was taking new photos. She waited like this for long minutes before he lifted the PC again, ordering her to return to her place, between his legs, her ass right in front of the sofa. He started using his computer again. Clearly, he was able to do what he had to do without difficulty, despite the instability.

— You are a good little slave. I like to use you and humiliate you like this. To reduce you to the rank of an object, of furniture. I want you to feel that this is not a game. Not a few minutes of staging for the experience. You already know perfectly well how to serve as my table when I eat and I want to put my tray or my plate on your back. This time you serve as my desk. Concentrate. Don't move.

Immerse yourself in your condition. I work, you are no longer a human being, you are what I dictate: a living room furniture.

Sia didn't answer. The jaws of the spreader wouldn't have allowed her to do anything really understandable anyway. She had nodded slightly. She guessed without seeing him the long trickle of saliva that must have flowed from his mouth to the floor. She would have to clean that up without him ordering her to. The clamps weren't really painful, but she had almost never used them on her intimate lips and felt something strange about them. A pressure and a weight, certainly light, but disturbing. The problem came from her shoulders, it was always the most painful in this kind of position. The shoulders and the nape of the neck. She concentrated, aware that he could leave her like that for a long time depending on his work to do. She heard him tapping on his keyboard, and sometimes nothing happened. She was blinded, rendered mute, her mouth open and constrained, her nipples and lips pinched. Her ass dilated, right before her eyes. She knew her skin was marked by the cane. The blows from the day before. The ones from this very morning. She wondered if he would make her sleep in the cage again when night fell. She decided to assume that he would, to be prepared and accept it without difficulty. Was it still self-denial, or a certain form of resignation? If a gesture or a ritual becomes so habitual and recurrent that it no longer causes frustration or any difficulty, can we still speak of self-denial? Since there is no longer renunciation, but just a habit, just something that we experience mechanically? Sia let her thoughts wander a little. Until the pain in her shoulders, neck and jaw no longer allowed her to think of anything other than the suffering she endured in her role as furniture imposed by her master.

24. Exhibition

— I carefully read the text you wrote on belonging. I find it overall fair and thoughtful. There is, however, one point that you did not address. You completely and deliberately avoided talking about anything related to exhibitionism. You mentioned sharing, but that is easy for you because you know that I do not want to lend you. I do not lend my toys. On the other hand, on exhibitionism, not a word. I know that it is a delicate subject for you, but that is no reason to hide it! How can I discuss the belonging of your body and not leave a line on the fact that I can show this body that belongs to me to whoever I want, whenever I want? I have always protected you on this level, but things have changed. I have more than before the desire to feel that I can impose absolutely everything on you. Expect everything from you. You are no longer a submissive among others that I constrain a few hours or a few days a week. You are my submissive, my slave. Full-time. The only one. So I expect more from you than I could ever expect from any other. I want everything. Absolutely everything. I will guide you in order to overcome your last

reservations. I will help you accept this ultimate condition. But I will not accept refusal. As you wrote very well, I know you by heart, and your trust is total. So I expect you to abandon yourself without reluctance to my expectations. I will not go beyond what you can accept. I know your true limits, probably better than you yourself. I will not break you. You are my toy, and I do not break my toys. But I want to be able to use you fully, and above all, feel that you submit without reserve. I did not appreciate that you avoided this subject because I do not imagine that it could be an oversight. Do you think that because you don't talk about it, I won't dwell on it? Do you think I wasn't expecting you to express yourself on this, asking you to think about the fact that I own your body? Do you think I'm going to ignore it because you try to dodge it? I am the sole judge of what I can force you to do. You gave me your consent a long time ago. I'll let you think about all that. About your behavior. About the way you refused to address the issue.

He left without giving her time to answer. He had taken off the blindfold, the spreader and the clamps before dragging her into the cage. Sia had not immediately understood that she had made a mistake. However, being honest, she admitted that she had deliberately avoided talking about the exhibition. How to say that she was giving her body to her master, but that she preferred that he keep it for himself? That he not lend it, that he not show it. However, giving oneself was giving oneself without limits or restrictions. Without talking about limits, she had small flaws, hesitations, fears and reluctance. He had only forced her to exhibit very few times. She had not considered that he would change his way of doing things and impose it on her on a larger scale. The idea of moving around naked among other people, even initiated ones, was painfully difficult for her. Not to mention real exhibitions, humiliating positions and sexually explicit gestures. Suddenly, she had to project herself into such situations. He had been right to leave her alone in her cage. She would not have been able to maintain a dignified behavior if he had asked her to express herself on the subject right away. She felt exhausted. Morally exhausted. Physically too. She wanted to nest in something soft and comfortable. She needed a moment of respite. Even if she was alone, every second locked in the cage was a constraint, a form of obedience, full-time submission. It was what she had wanted, but it was deeply difficult. Once again, she had more trouble bearing the idea of having disappointed him than that of finally having to submit. Wouldn't a day go by without her making a mistake?

The wait seemed endless. It was endless. How long? Two hours? Three? She had lost track of time. The darkness in this room was almost total. Whether it was day or night, she had no bearings. No sound around her. The solitude weighed on her suddenly and violently. The confinement seemed unbearable. She had to concentrate to not panic. To not throw herself against the bars screaming.

Something new was trying to unfold inside her. The beginnings of a rebellion? A saturation? A sudden claustrophobia? She didn't really know, but she knew that she absolutely had to control herself to avoid an attitude she might regret. She calmed herself as best she could and realized that ultimately, what oppressed her so much was the lack. The lack of him. Of his touch, of his presence. Beyond sex, orders and obedience. She needed to find their moments of complicity again. Of tenderness. She realized that they were an integral part of their relationship, that they should not seek to live only submission in its pure state. It could not be enough. At least, it could not be enough for her. She could not help but wonder if that made her a bad submissive. She had imagined that she would be able to flourish in an extreme condition full-time. This could perhaps be the case if she did not accumulate faults, and if he showed himself more often satisfied with her. However, in the long term, she felt that it would be impossible. She needed more. A deep sadness took hold of her. Clearly, she was not up to her role. However, she did not want to give up. She did not want him to feel that she was not as strong as she had claimed, not as submissive as she would have liked. Her sadness gradually turned into anger at herself, then into a determination to overcome the ordeal, once again. One more.

When he opened the cage door, he was icy. He ordered her to go upstairs and make dinner, and allowed her to go to the bathroom to freshen up and be compliant. They would talk afterward.

Sia nodded without showing any emotion and hurried to go relax for a few minutes under a hot shower, then make herself beautiful again, readjust her outfit. Regain her self-confidence. She served him his meal carefully so as not to accumulate other mistakes and conditioned herself for what came next. It would be a difficult moment. One more. She still wondered how it was possible that she was his best submissive, the one he had chosen to keep, when she was so imperfect.

— Have you had time to think about what I told you?

— Yes, Master.

They had stayed upstairs. He had sat on one of the sofas in the living room. From where he was, he had a view of the outside of the property through a large French window. He had watched the day go by and the twilight spread over the park. She had stayed near him, kneeling, head down. Still and silent. For a long time. He had ended up calling her to come closer. She had had the impression that this face-to-face was costing him. That he already knew that the moment would not be pleasant for her, but also for him. That he had postponed the moment so as not to tarnish too soon what could have been a beautiful evening. Sia felt guilty. This evening should have been beautiful, entirely dedicated to the pleasure of his lord

and master. He should have been able, every second, to congratulate himself on having such a submissive. Expert in the art of serving and giving pleasure. Without expecting anything in return. A submissive capable of deep self-denial when he demanded it. A submissive he would be deeply proud and satisfied with. Instead, she only disappointed him and demonstrated at almost every test that she was far from having the skills required to achieve the perfection he expected of her. Sooner or later, he would end up having enough. One day, she would make one mistake too many. The one he would decide not to accept, not to forgive. Then he would give her back her freedom and her collar. At these thoughts Sia felt her throat tighten.

— Do you understand what I blame you for, Sia?

— Yes, Master. I beg your pardon. I should have expressed myself without reserve, on everything concerning belonging, even on what is difficult for me.

— Yes. You should have.

Sia remained motionless, still looking down, kneeling between his legs, right in front of him. She knew she would be unable to meet his gaze. He had spoken sharply. Without appeal. This was not a game. She had no joker. If their relationship had evolved and seemed more serious, their bond stronger, she was fully aware that he would not hesitate to free her with a snap of his fingers, if he judged that she did not submit deep down. He was master, before anything else. The silence dragged on. Beyond reason. She did not know if he was waiting for her to say or do something, or if he was taking the time to think about what he was going to do with her. Unless this suspended time had no other purpose than to torture her a little more. Gradually, the anxiety grew stronger. The fear of losing everything took over her. She was no longer able to think or contain herself. Survival instinct took over. She couldn't control herself and threw herself at his feet, sobbing. Begging. Silence, the best weapon to make her tears flow. He let her cry for a long time. He knew she had been holding it back for a long time and that she needed it. She had to collapse to get up stronger. More determined. More submissive. It was her way of doing things and he knew it. He watched her. Her marked body, which trembled gently. Her position was perfect, however, it had become a natural gesture. The spreading of her thighs, the arch of her back. The tip of her breasts brushing the ground. Her forehead, placed right in front of him, between his feet. Her arms, stretched out on each side. She was crying, but she was beautiful like that. He knew it, despite her flaws, she wasn't playing. She had never played. He knew she was deeply sincere. Deeply submissive. Deeply his.

25. Punishment

— I don't like this kind of attitude Sia. You know what I want from you. What you promised to give me. Everything. Not "everything and anything". I'm not asking the impossible. But in everything I demand of you, there is nothing that is beyond your reach. You know it. You say it yourself in your text. You belong to me fully and you give yourself with confidence, because you know that what I ask of you is realistic and achievable. Omitting the exhibition because you don't want me to impose it on you is not worthy of you, Sia. I am disappointed. We agreed on this extreme condition over a fairly long period of time, because you wanted to prove something to yourself, and because I myself wanted to see how you would evolve. But this time, it's about something else. It's not a position that you forget or a service that you botch out of weariness, fatigue or lack of concentration. It's something deeper. A commitment that you don't respect. You have to tell me everything Sia. Even what hurts. Even what risks degrading the image I have of you and your submission. You have to say everything, even if it means I have to free you. You say you want to feel the feeling of self-denial as deeply as possible? Are you really sure? Because that's not what your behavior demonstrates! You tell me that you trust me completely? Why then not add that you rely on me and my judgment regarding the exhibition? And don't tell me that you considered that it was implied, or implicit! You keep telling me that your body belongs to me, that I can use it, hit it, fuck it, humiliate it. Treat you like a female dog, like an object, like a piece of furniture. You say I can piss on you, spit in your face, slap you, tie you up, gag you, bite you and what else. You're never short of words to describe what you like me to do to you, are you? But what about the rest? If tomorrow I decide to punish you by offering you to another man? Will you be able to submit to it selflessly? Will you be able to give up this exclusivity that you love so much to submit to my orders? That's where self-denial lies, Sia. In what is difficult for you, in renunciation. In sacrifice. The rest are gestures of submission that you love and that you repeat tirelessly because you find pleasure in them, even when I slap you after having spat on you and insulted you. You like that! You haven't felt any difficulty with this for a long time, on the contrary, because it excites you and makes you wet like a little slut! You will feel self-denial in accepting situations that are difficult for you. Give up your modesty. Give up the comfort of wearing a dress at an evening among initiates. Give up the security of not being judged on your physique that you doubt. Give up this desire to keep your body for you and me, and to offer it to the gaze of anyone. Men or women. Initiates or not. Appreciators or not. Known or anonymous. Accepting this, and relying on me to help you take this step, is acting with self-denial. I know you've had a few experiences, I've already forced you to reveal yourself in public. So few. But what memories do you have of them? You had overcome the ordeal perfectly and I had been proud of you. Yet today you're shirking. You're running away. You're dodging. There's no way

you're going to regress, Sia! You know that I consider you mine, much more than before, and that I can bear less and less to see you weak or hesitant. You're no longer a novice. You know me. You know that I'm not here to break you. You know that I don't take your difficulties lightly. That I don't minimize the efforts it requires of you. In return, I expect total honesty and sincerity from you. There's no half-measure. You are mine, or you are not. Not halfway, not just for what you like. Not only for the good times, for the easy gestures, for the free pleasures. You know how to be a good submissive Sia. For me, the challenge of this stay is that you show me that you can be fully submissive, in difficult circumstances. Without return. Without reward. That afterwards, whatever our days, even the vanilla ones, I can be certain that at any time, I can submit you like this. That you never forget what your true place is. Your condition. Your reason for being. You will be punished for this fault Sia. Never again fail to express yourself on an important subject when I ask you to. Your condition. Your reason for being. You will be punished for this fault Sia. Never again fail to express yourself on an important subject when I ask you to. Your condition. Your reason for being. You will be punished for this fault Sia. Never again fail to express yourself on an important subject when I ask you to.

— Yes, Master. It won't happen again. I beg your pardon...

— No Sia. It won't happen again. Or it will be the last time.

— I understand, Master...

Sia had shivered, already terrified at the thought of committing this kind of mistake again. But for now, she already had to overcome the ordeal, manage the punishment. Make amends. Not break down. Third day, third mistake. Sia had a hard time staying dignified. He wanted her to be strong. Maybe a little more than she knew how to be.

— You will only be punished tomorrow. And that for two reasons. The first being that I want you to take the time to think about it and question yourself. Maybe tomorrow you will want to tell me that all this is too difficult for you. That exhibition is a limit that you ultimately do not wish to cross. That I was wrong to believe that it was within your reach. Maybe. In that case, we will leave it there. It will be your choice. The only one you have, that of giving up, of giving me back your collar and regaining your freedom.

— That won't happen, Master.

— We'll see. But in that case, you'll have to submit and you'll be punished. Twice.

— Twice, Master?

— Yes. I will impose on you a difficult exercise that you hate. I will order you to fix your own punishment. The one you think you deserve for this fault. You will have the night to think about it.

Sia was still prostrate at his feet. She hadn't moved when he spoke, but he saw her tense up at the announcement of the sentence. She remained silent for a few long seconds, the time to digest the announcement.

— Yes, Master. I will.

— Don't disappoint me, Sia.

— Yes, Master...

— Stand up straight.

She knelt down, her face still full of tears. He slapped her hard.

— That's enough now! Pull yourself together!

— Yes, Master, sorry...

- Standing.

Sia complied and made sure to immediately put her hands on her head and to have her legs spread wide enough. He observed her without concession, touching her body without delicacy. He felt her breasts, her buttocks. He penetrated her pussy and her ass before sliding his fingers into her mouth. She had difficulty going so quickly from a position of submissive in fault to that of a little whore excited and exciting. Yet it was necessary. She would have plenty of time to think about a punishment during the night. She had no more doubts now, she would spend it in the cage, like the two previous ones.

It only took her a few minutes to let go. She knew she had to focus on the moment. Temporarily forget everything that had just happened. From now on, he wanted her to give him pleasure. He wanted her to be able, with a simple snap of her fingers, to put everything aside and be nothing more than a quality whore. A slut trained to give him pleasure in all the ways he could want. Out of the question to show him a face marked by the sadness of having disappointed him. By tears. By the anguish of finding a suitable punishment and having to undergo it. In an instant, she had to transform herself into a desirable creature and a source of pleasure. She had to find the gestures, the sensations, start moaning softly again under his fingers. Convince her body to forget what had gone before so that she would allow herself to be overcome by excitement. So that her pussy would quickly become liquid under his fingers. So that he could feel it throbbing with this forbidden desire. Of this pleasure that he would deny her. It didn't matter, she needed to let herself go to the excitement to find the gestures, the positions and the

attitude that were right. Her breathing had quickened, she was moaning softly under his fingers. Her hips had started to undulate slowly again. She had opened her mouth a little, almost sticking out her tongue, as he liked her to do. Almost timidly, all the mechanisms had started up again. She was a machine trained for sex. She was ready to give pleasure. The rest would wait. The rest, she would forget it while she gave him what he expected. The rest, suddenly, seemed less serious. He still wanted her. Feeling him hard was always something extremely reassuring.

He turned her around and ordered her to put her hands on the ground. One of the most difficult positions and the least favorable to her pleasure. He would definitely not spare her anything. Standing, leaning forward, her body folded in two in a fragile balance, she had spread her legs a little wider to reach the ground. Wobbling on her heels, she was only holding herself with her fingertips. She was nothing more than a gaping pussy and a wide open ass, presented at the right height. He impaled himself in her, holding her firmly by the hips. At the slightest mistake, she would fall head first. She was still having trouble understanding this position. This feeling of not controlling anything, of risking falling at the slightest movement. It was not pleasant. She had to concentrate on her legs, on her hands which were having trouble keeping their footing on the ground. Out of the question to grab her ankles, although that would have been much simpler. He said on the ground, it was on the ground.

26. Sanction

— Don't move! Let yourself be fucked. I use you as I want. You are nothing more than open and prepared orifices that I fuck. Tonight I want to feel it like that. You don't move, you don't moan. You don't cum. You are only an object of pleasure. A toy of warm flesh. I take you, I play with you. You are my thing. You gave me all the rights over you, don't forget, so I take what I want. I help myself. Tonight, I just want to take you, your pussy, your ass, your mouth. I will decide the order and the number of times. You will suffer. You will let yourself be fucked in all your holes, for my pleasure alone. I want you to feel this sexual domination deeply. I want frustration to settle in you. For it to grip you, for it to devour you from the inside. For it to drive you crazy. I want you liquid, boiling, your stomach knotted with desire. I want you to fully feel my cock fucking you, and I want you to control your body, to deny it pleasure, because your master said no. You must control yourself perfectly. When I am done with you, you will immediately go to the bathroom to wash yourself and get ready for the night. And you will go immediately to the cross. You will wait for me to come and administer the five ritual blows to you. As soon as that is done, you will return to your cage. Alone. I will not accompany you there. You will not have a word from me. I will come later

to close the padlock. Obey strictly. You will have the night to think about the punishment that you consider just and deserved. Is that understood, slave?

— Yes, Master.

Sia didn't even know how to react anymore. For a moment, she felt empty. Devoid of any emotion. Of any feeling. Nothing was happening inside her. She was just there, objectified, three holes to be fucked. She obeyed. She let herself be fucked like the last of the sluts. Like the one who didn't even deserve to be given a little time or a few words. She knew that wasn't the case and that he respected her. She mattered to him. He had told her so many times. And proven it many more times. Yet he could be so hard sometimes. His voice was so firm, so sharp. The tone he used so severe. She knew where he wanted to take her and in a way, she had the feeling of having arrived there. Of managing to detach herself from everything. Of really being just that, a body at his disposal. She felt a strange indifference to what was happening. An unusual detachment. Unconscious self-defense reflex. To not suffer. To not be sad. To not feel the lack. This lack of him that only grew with each moment. He was there, near her, in her. And yet, she missed him terribly.

With a gesture, he turned her around and plunged into her mouth. One hand on each side of her head, he didn't let her do anything except play with his tongue. He used her for a long time, as he had told her. Without restraint. Without any other gesture than those that allowed him to penetrate her, again and again. He made it last, so much so that she wondered if she excited him enough for him to come tonight. If she was good enough for him, at least feel that. Suddenly, the fear that he would leave her without having come oppressed her with force. If she wasn't even good at that, what was the point. Sia didn't want to give up, she would have done anything to feel his sperm flow inside her. Without really realizing it, her body slowly began to move, imperceptibly accompanying his gestures. She made do with the little latitude he gave her, contracting her pussy around his cock, undulating her ass and opening herself to the maximum when he fucked her, or sucking his glans with more intensity when he took her mouth. Her efforts seemed to be paying off because he seemed attentive to the rise of her pleasure and not just to make it last. He ended up rewarding her, flooding her mouth in a deep moan.

Sia's relief was palpable. Despite the frustration. Despite the difficulties, her smile was sincere and lit up her face. He took a few seconds to observe her, as she closed her eyes, still kneeling, savoring the moment. He found her beautiful. Very quickly, she remembered her instructions and came to her senses. She hurried to the bathroom, without turning around. Without a glance. Without a word.

Sia took her time in the bathroom. After all, it wasn't very late. She regretted all that wasted time. Time that they could have spent together. Of course, the time when they counted the hours was long behind them. Now, time was no longer a problem and he could afford to put her in isolation for an entire evening, rather than enjoy her presence. That was what, deep down, hurt her. That he didn't want her. That he preferred to spend the evening alone in this big house, rather than have her near him, snuggled in his arms, or even just curled up at his feet. Did a slave's condition require that? Didn't it allow for the slightest respite, the slightest emotional strain? There were of course as many ways of doing things as there were masters. Each decided according to their vision of things, their own desires. And tonight, once again, his desire was not to spend time with her. He had used her body, she was no longer of any use. Decidedly, pushed to the extreme, her condition was taking a turn that was difficult to understand. She thought back to this expression, so often expressed in their relationships: "I'm ready to do anything for you." Anything? Really? Sia knew that in a few weeks at most, she would find her relationship as she had left it three days before, before crossing the walls of the property. It was therefore difficult for her to project herself into a whole life at this rate. However, she could not deny that she would certainly not have the strength to accept it. Without return, without a minimum of sharing, of exchange, without his words, his gestures and his looks, nothing was the same. Finally, it was not sex that she missed. Tonight, she would have exchanged all the orgasms of a life for a night in his arms. A night talking until dawn. Caressing his chest with her fingertips. To look for the right position to have the maximum contact with her skin. To plunge his eyes into hers and read everything she read when he was proud of her. That's what he missed more than anything... but it wasn't on the agenda.

Sia packed up her things and went to the dungeon and the cross. She felt like she was turning a corner. Between self-denial and resignation. It wasn't so easy to define precisely what she felt. Everything was made of nuances and contradictions. More than ever. She positioned herself on the cross, ensuring the perfection of her position. The pain of the whip was still a test, but she feared it less and less. As if she had armored herself, resigned herself to containing her emotions. She wanted to remain unmoved. Just an abandoned body. After all, that was what he wanted. He came up behind her. Not a caress on her hips. No kisses on her shoulder. No words whispered in her ear. Just the wait and the silence. Then the leather that rushed forward, hissed and fell on her skin with a snap. She had wanted to be impassive. She didn't succeed. As often. The fourth blow tore a cry from him. The fifth a few contained tears.

— You know what you have to do.

She didn't answer. He had already left. Sia settled between the steel bars of the cage and curled up into a ball, aware that he might not come back for a long time, and that waiting for him would quickly become torture. So she decided to act as if he wasn't coming, or only when she was asleep. She thought about the punishment he was imposing on her. Having to decide the sentence. That was already a punishment in itself. A little torture. If she spared herself, he would be disappointed. If she was too hard on herself, he wouldn't spare her, and she would have to undergo her own sentence. Deep down, she was procrastinating for nothing. She knew very well the punishment she was going to impose on herself. She had no choice but to be fair. To show him that she had learned her lesson. That she would go where he had decided to take her, towards absolute submission. She had wanted to go all the way. She had to take responsibility. Show him that she was capable of it. That she was stronger than she seemed. That her determination and motivation were unwavering.

Sia had trouble sleeping that night. Torn between this inexplicable desire to live her condition one hundred percent, and the trying difficulty that this engendered.

In the morning, she had woken up before he arrived and had noticed that the padlock had been closed during the night. A wave of sadness had taken hold of her, without her really explaining why. He was closer to her than ever, and yet, she had never missed him so much.

After the morning rituals, the cane and a trip to the bathroom, she made him breakfast, hastily downing a coffee and a slice of toast. She carried the loaded tray to the terrace where he was waiting for her. She found him handsome in the morning light. So charismatic. She was so proud to be his. She forgot everything else, feeling only an immense fullness at the idea of belonging to him. It was her he wanted, not someone else. Her. Suddenly, the trials seemed so insignificant to her, compared to everything else he had brought her.

27. Decision

— I imagine that you have had time to think about the punishment that your mistake yesterday deserves? I know that it is something very difficult for you, but also that you are capable of being fair. You know what I expect. For my part, I have thought about it too and whatever your proposal, you will also suffer what I have decided for you. As I told you yesterday, it is a punishment in two stages. Your sentence, and mine. I of course reserve the right to refuse or adapt what you propose. You know very well that even when I give you the choice, in the end, it is I who decides. So I listen to you, slave in error. What do you propose to me in hope of obtaining my forgiveness?

—I've thought about it a lot, Master, and I think I know what you want from me. That I be punished where I have failed. By exposing myself. That's your rule usually, so I've worked on it and I propose this sentence to you.

— Fine, but you have to be specific. In what way? On what occasion?

Sia lowered her head a little more. She would have liked this answer to be enough and for him to decide for himself how to implement this punishment. However, he had preferred to push her to the end. To force her to reveal more of herself. She had expected it of course. It would have been too easy.

— I thought about a BDSM club or simply a libertine club, if it's just for physical exhibition.

He was silent for a long moment. Sia was afraid he was waiting for her to continue, to give more details. She was searching for words when he finally broke the silence.

— I'll think about it. The idea of being punished where you've sinned is what I expected from you, indeed. In the meantime, come on, little female dog.

Sia followed him, on all fours. He led her to a coffee table set up near a sofa. He made her get on it on her knees, then lean forward to rest her chest and cheek on it. In this position, she offered her rump perfectly. She had to grab her ankles with her hands, and he tied them together. It was very uncomfortable but she liked feeling constrained, submissive and at her disposal. He passed the ties under the table to return to her neck which he also forced not to move. She could not straighten up in any way, or do anything else. He slapped her buttocks several times which no longer got rid of the marks left by the cane and the whip, day after day. However, he decided to tint them red once again, but in a more spread out manner. To do this he first played with the whip, then with the riding crop. Sia had conditioned herself. She took it with dignity, just letting out a few moans when some of the blows were particularly painful. She saw him step back and take a picture of her scarlet buttocks from different angles before coming back to her. He slipped a blindfold over her eyes before caressing her pussy for a few minutes. Even though she was at fault and punished, she was very wet, very receptive to his fingers going in and out of her, or moving on her clitoris. Sia moaned softly, her mouth half-open, her cheek pressed against the table, an indecent prisoner. He managed to control himself for a moment, until she had no choice but to pull on her bonds, to twist in all directions, to beg, again and again. And suddenly, nothing. She hadn't expected anything else, but couldn't help but feel frustrated. She would have liked him to come behind her, to take her. To fuck her. Feeling his cock deep inside her. She heard him move away. Then there was only silence. A silence that seemed to last an eternity. The discomfort of the position quickly became torture.

Not knowing what he was doing, when he would come back, what he intended to do with her had made her anxious at first, and then she had resigned herself. She was only waiting, in the present moment. Concentrated on her aching body that had to hold on no matter what. Everything he imposed on her, she was capable of supporting. She repeated it to herself tirelessly. She no longer asked herself questions. No longer tried to find out how long she had been there. She held on, one minute at a time.

When she heard him come back, her mind immediately went back to listening for the slightest noise, trying to guess his steps, his gestures. Where was he in the room, what was he doing? She could hear him but nothing was happening. She felt like she was going crazy. Especially when she stopped hearing him again. She refused to break down. She knew that it was her mind that held her whole, if she collapsed, she would no longer be able to pull herself together, bear the wait, the pain in her neck and shoulders. More noises. He was coming back. He was getting closer. He placed his hands on her buttocks and caressed her curves, gently, up to her shoulders, seeking out her breasts pressed against the table. He lingered along her thighs, on her hips.

Sia savored this contact, the warmth of his hands. His presence, quite simply. Feeling him near her. Suddenly, his movements became more abrupt, he slapped her buttocks a few more times before spitting on her anus several times. He said nothing. Not a word. His fingers slipped into her ass without delicacy, gently widening the passage for his cock. He took his time, playing with his other hand on her clitoris. Sia had immediately started moaning softly again. The wait had increased her sensations tenfold and made her less able to control herself. It had impacted her mentally, making her both more receptive and ready to give in, but also more able to crack. For the moment he was there, near her. So far, everything was fine. She had no restraint, she no longer had the strength. When she felt him come behind her to penetrate her, he pulled her towards him and the tension on the rope made her neck, wrists and ankles even more painful. She took it upon herself, concentrating on his tail which was presented against her orifice, slowly but firmly pressing it before sinking in suddenly, tearing a cry from her. He seemed not to pay attention and immediately began a deep back and forth, at a slow pace to start, then faster and faster. Sia stifled her moans as best she could, between pleasure and pain, not knowing if she was allowed to let herself go. Since it was a punishment, she ended up deciding that it was better for her to remain silent, as much as possible. She tried to do it but it was almost impossible. It wasn't so much the sensations he gave her by taking her ass the way he did, it was the position she was in, the constraint, the bonds, her cheek rubbing on the table without her being able to do anything. She wondered how she was going to hold

out, when he pulled out. She didn't hear him for a moment, and then the riding crop came down again against her thighs and her buttocks. Much less moderately than the first time. She couldn't help but scream and sob. When she heard him move away without a word, she understood that this was only the beginning. She wasn't sure she would hold out as long as it took. He had decided to leave her there, tied up and offered to his will. To his sight, to his cock, to his whip strokes. To everything he wanted. She had to suffer and endure. Wait and accept. Again. There was no other choice. Submit. Not forgetting that this was a punishment she could have avoided. Keeping in mind that he could treat her like this, just for fun, without her even being at fault. Sia managed to pull herself together. With difficulty, but she managed it. The position was tiring and painful, but ultimately easier to hold than the almost similar one that had consisted of remaining on her elbows. At least this time, She didn't have to hold herself still. She just had to channel the twinges in her shoulders and neck and wait.

He came back several times to take her ass, sometimes without consideration, never her pussy which was waiting for him. On one occasion he amused himself by fisting her, almost dry. She had screamed this time. He often came back to mark her skin and sometimes, just to caress her, as if to judge her condition. Perhaps to make sure she was okay. The series of whip strokes intensified each time, leaving her on the verge of tears. He did not speak to her. She heard him tapping on his computer for a long time and the knowledge that he was there helped her to hold on. She remained motionless, aware that the pain would be harder to bear if she tried the slightest movement. It seemed to her that she had been waiting for centuries when she finally felt the hemp ropes loosen around her ankles and wrists. He took his time to free her and even completely untied, she did not dare move, as if her body was petrified in anticipation. As if the slightest movement might break her bones. Slowly, very slowly, she regained control of her limbs. Straightening up slowly, she found herself kneeling on the table, her buttocks on her heels. He still didn't speak to her. She moved her shoulders and neck until she was certain that she could move normally without hurting herself. Then she stood up, with dignity, placed her hands on her head and waited, facing the direction he seemed to be in.

— Take off your blindfold and go pour me a glass of wine.

Sia found daylight again. She quickly went to the kitchen but internally, it took her a few moments to refocus on what she had to do. The transition seemed quite brutal to her once again. However, she appreciated being able to breathe for a few seconds, the time to open a bottle. Looking at the time, she realized that she had spent a good part of the morning on this table. She had not dreamed. The punishment he had chosen was over. It remained to be seen what he was going to

do with her proposition. With her decision to confront the exhibition to prove to him that she belonged. She put the stemmed glass on a tray and joined him, her eyes lowered but her head held high. Determined to face it.

28. Publication

— You have endured the punishment that I had decided to impose on you to remind you of the total disposition of your body to my good will. I use it as I see fit. Decorative object, object of pleasure. I have no explanation to give you nor limits to impose on myself. I have no right to congratulate you on your behavior during this wait. I have no right to compliment you for having undergone a punishment. I imposed it on you, you endured it. There was a fault, you were punished and forgiven. There is nothing more to add. The second part of this punishment remains. Once again, you will have to submit to it with self-denial. Without complaining, without whining, without trying to show me that it is difficult in the hope that I will spare you. If it were easy, it would not be a punishment at all. There would be no learning. No reflection, analysis, understanding or evolution of your view of your own submission. What I am going to impose on you will not harm you or put you in danger in any way. However, I know that for you, it will be a tough test. And it is. After the physical pain of waiting and the whip, it is your mind that I am going to put in difficulty. Be worthy. Accept this decision, which you yourself guided by submitting to me the punishment that seemed fair to you. You suggested that I exhibit yourself in a club in order to demonstrate your ability to abandon your body to me. I like this idea, especially since I know that for you, it is a real difficulty. But I wanted something else. Something more lasting in time. Recurrent. You belong to me, today and the days that follow, until I decide otherwise, or until you claim your freedom. You gave me your body and in this, I want you to never forget. Even when this period of extreme conditioning, which we both wanted, will be far behind us. I want to feel and see concretely, at every moment, that when you tell me that your body belongs to me, it is not a language effect. For this, I will use the blog that I created. I will exhibit you virtually. I do not know if you will find it more or less difficult than doing it physically. I will decide which photos will be published and you will have nothing to say about it. You will not always know what I publish, or you will discover it later. This is not a blog that I ask you to keep, as many submissives do at the request of their master or by desire, in order to put words to their stories. Besides, many submissives take real pleasure in exhibiting themselves by illustrating their texts with intimate photos. What can be pleasant for some will be a real punishment for you, I know. Hundreds, perhaps thousands of people will be able to observe you, in positions chosen to expose yourself completely, to hide nothing. Sometimes you will be exposed in a humiliating way and all these

strangers will probably smile to see you treated like this. You will accept it with submission, and perhaps with self-denial. Do you understand the meaning of this word better now? Are you moving forward in your journey, in your reflections on this subject? Do you understand that offering your body like this, by giving up your modesty, because I want to, is an act of self-denial? Live it like this. Feel it like this. Accept it. Submit yourself.

— Yes, Master...

— I have already posted a few selected photos on this blog. I promise to never fully reveal your face in order to protect you. It is my role as master not to put you in danger or in difficulty with regard to your professional life or your family, in case these photos circulate. Others than me would not worry about it, but for the moment, I have decided to grant you this anonymity. But that could change if I do not perceive an improvement in your behavior. For the rest, no part of your body will be spared. Like every morning, you will have time to write a text. It will be published in full on this blog and it will be accompanied by photos of you. I want you to explain that the publication of these photos is the result of a punishment. To say what you feel at the idea that men and women you do not know see you in your most intimate part. Do not minimize your words, on the contrary. I want you to explain how difficult and humiliating you find the ordeal, but that you accept it. You will not have the access codes to this blog, I alone will decide what will be published there or not, and how often it will be done. Maybe I will get tired of it quickly and it will be abandoned in a few days or weeks. Maybe on the contrary, I will enjoy revealing you like this. So I will continue. I will tell you about it or not. I will authorize you or not to consult it. Maybe I will order you to respond to the comments that will be made there, or to regularly write texts that will illustrate the photos. Do you understand why I am doing all this?

— Because I belong to you, Master. Because you have every right over me.

— Right. Don't ever question that again. Even by omission. I want to make this very clear to you. Let there be not a shadow of doubt in your mind.

— Yes Master, I understood, it is very clear now.

— Then submit. Crawl to your computer. Kneel in front of it, hands on your head, and wait for me.

— Yes, Master.

Sia complied immediately. She felt strangely detached from what was happening once again. She had focused on the fact that he would not reveal his face. In this, she considered that he fully respected her, that he knew perfectly well what he was doing, and that she could, in fact, abandon herself in trust. What

would she have done if he had not taken this precaution? Deep down, she did not imagine that it could be possible. Finally, she had described things well: she relied on him because she knew that he would not impose anything on her that she could not bear. For the moment, she was not ready to reveal herself completely and take the risk of being recognized. He knew it. One day perhaps, she would be capable of it, and most certainly, he would guess it at that moment and he would do it.

Sia was not unhappy to avoid a real exhibition, even if it would have remained very ephemeral and punctual. The blog, however, could remain online for years. The test was different. She was not unaware that in any case, sooner or later, she would also have an experience in a club. That day, she would have to not fail and remember her commitments. She took a deep breath, thinking about what she was going to write. She had imagined implying that she liked to exhibit herself and took pleasure in it, but he had deprived her of this easy option by forcing her to express her feeling of humiliation. Did she really feel humiliated? She would have liked to see the photos published. That was probably the hardest part: remaining in the dark. Not knowing how many photos would be published, or which ones. As she waited, her discomfort intensified. She thought back to all those moments when he took pictures of her, up close or from afar, from different angles. Her throat tightened little by little as she remembered all those indecent, humiliating poses. He was right, if some people took pleasure in revealing their intimacy on the Web, she was not one of them. It was indeed a punishment. And she truly felt a sense of shame in doing it. Humiliation was always something complex. Sometimes she loved it when he humiliated her, she could even enjoy it because it triggered something powerful in her. And sometimes, it was a real feeling of humiliation, the kind that makes you bitter and hard to bear. This time, she was unable to know which way the scales would tip. It was new and disturbing.

— Are you ready, Sia? Do you understand what I expect from you?

— Yes, Master. I must explain why I was punished and what my punishments were.

— Indeed. Be sincere. I know this is a trial for you, and I want to feel it in your words.

Sia opened her mouth to say something, but refrained, she knew it was futile. She would have liked to tell him that describing this difficulty added to her humiliation, but she understood that this was precisely the intended goal. Showing herself at fault, as an imperfect and punished submissive was in itself something shameful, added to that the immodest photos, the ordeal was indeed mentally trying.

— Do you have anything to add?

— Can I see the photos that are to illustrate my words, Master?

— Non.

Sia looked down in resignation as he secured the chain to her wrist. He strapped a ball gag to the back of her neck and placed some particularly painful clamps on her breasts. Once everything was in place, he observed her for a few seconds and handed her a plug.

— Plug it in.

Sia complied. He had taken her several times and even fisted her during the morning; the big plug was easily inserted into her. Before letting her write, he made her pose. On her knees, her thighs spread wide, her back arched, her hands still on her head, he took a photo of her from behind and in profile. She understood that from now on, each time, the photos he took would perhaps be published. Anyone could see her, her ass plugged, her breasts pinched, her mouth constrained. Finally, beyond her body, it was her submission and her condition that she revealed. And if she was not comfortable with her body, she fully accepted being submissive. His submissive. As she began to write her text under his severe gaze, all her emotions seemed contradictory to her. Everything was jostling inside her and yet she had the feeling of approaching a kind of serenity and plenitude. She was letting go of her reservations, her resentments, her modesty and what people would say. She didn't care in the end. None of that mattered anymore. The only thing that mattered now was him. The further he pushed her, the more he mistreated her, the harsher he was, the more she had, undeniably, a powerful feeling of deep veneration towards him.

29. Addiction

— Your reaction is in line with my expectations. You submit. I did not feel any reluctance or even hesitation. I would not have tolerated rebellion, you know that well. But I was not worried about that. You have never been rebellious. Sometimes you lose your footing when faced with a difficulty, you collapse, you beg. But never rebel. We would not be here if that had been the case. For me, this is not a possible option for a quality submissive. You submitted, your eyes lowered and you obeyed. Your text suits me, you express what I asked. The feeling of surpassing oneself. That of overcoming what could have been a limit. Of overcoming the humiliation, both of showing yourself naked and exhibited to strangers, without having the slightest hold on anything, but above all, of being shamefully punished. To admit that all this is the result of a mistake. I know that this is the hardest part for you. To still be imperfect in my eyes after all this time. After these long years of training and learning. You describe very well the abandonment that you feel in the face of this situation. The little importance that

these published photos ultimately represent, in the face of my expectations. In the face of my desires. I am your lord and master, and I have all the rights over you, because you gave them to me, in your soul and conscience. Every year, you renew your vows of belonging to me. You have the choice, at any moment, to take back your freedom. That is your right. It is also the only thing that you can do without my agreement. You can say stop for reasons that are your own. As long as you do not do it, I shape you, I train you and educate you so that you achieve the goals that I have set for you. These are not standard expectations, not those of all masters. They are mine. Because it is to me that you are. To me that you have given yourself. As long as you wear my collar, you submit to my law. You have understood it well. Even if you still make mistakes, you will accept the punishments with dignity and I know that you will not forget the lesson. All this will make you progress again and again. Each time a little more, on the path that I have traced for you. Is this what you want?

— Yes, Master, more than anything.

— Are you sure? Look at me!

Sia raised her head and eyes. As always in these moments, holding his gaze was truly an ordeal. At the very beginning, she had long believed that a submissive should never look her master in the eyes and had been surprised when he had ordered her to, from their first time. Looking at him was not a problem during vanilla moments of course, but in the middle of a hard session, when his gaze was particularly severe, she had only one desire: to bend her spine and make herself small at his feet. However, she made the effort to hold his gaze since he ordered her to, all the while thinking with conviction about what she had just affirmed: she was his and wanted to remain so more than anything. There was no other truth. There would be nothing else to read in the depths of his eyes. She was kneeling in front of him, between his legs. He was sitting on one of the armchairs on the terrace, in the shade of a pergola. The sun was high and warm in the sky. He put his arm around her shoulders and pulled her against him, guiding her to rest her cheek against his thigh. She put her arms around his hips and took a deep breath, closing her eyes. Despite the difficulty of the ordeal, not the one she had just experienced, but the accumulation of what she had experienced for the past few days, the only evidence that came to her mind was that she was in her place. That she was good there. Better than anywhere else. It had been a long time since she had asked herself why. She didn't have to justify herself. She fought day after day to remain his, without ever giving up, without ever giving up. She had never overcome a more difficult challenge than that of continuing to satisfy him, against all odds, and never had she deployed as much energy as to achieve her worthy of her condition.

She knew it was worth it. She knew she was meant to be this, to be his. It was written.

He gently caressed her shoulders and hair and it had been a long time since he had done such things to her. She savored the touch of his hands like the most precious gift and even found herself wondering if she deserved it, because after all, she had just come out of a heavy punishment. She hugged him a little tighter, burying her face against him, discreetly inhaling his scent, consciously feeling every part of his body in contact with hers. She was elsewhere, in her world made of so many emotions and contradictions that she had stopped trying to explain it to those who could not see its beauty. This little moment against him would not have had the same meaning if it did not follow an ordeal. If it was not linked to pain, frustration, obedience and abandonment. The balance was delicate. Fragile. Even more so since they had locked themselves in this property to find the answers to the questions that still remained unanswered. But he was perfect.

— You're a good submissive, Sia. I'm proud of you...

He had whispered these words while holding her a little tighter against him, in turn. Words that were worth all the gold in the world. Words that gave meaning to all the trials endured. To the solitude of the cage, to the pain and the whip. She would have damned herself for this moment to last an eternity. He granted her a long respite, just against him, and was almost surprised not to feel her sobbing as she often did. Tears of emotion and abandonment that always did her good. This time, she was beyond all that. By dint of controlling herself and channeling herself, she had lost a little of her spontaneity. He knew that it would have taken little to see her eyes drown in tears. He knew her by heart. He knew exactly what to say and what to do to see her react as he wanted. To sadden her, to make her happy, to put her in a trance, to distress, to stress. He knew all the levers to pull, all the cogs and mechanisms of her soul and her heart to make her react. But he didn't want her tears at that moment, he wanted her. More. Her body, her mouth. He unbuttoned his pants and without him saying a word, Sia rushed to slide her lips over his cock. She always felt honored and privileged when she felt it fully erect before even taking it in her mouth. She played with her tongue and mouth for a long time, moving her whole body in rhythm. A slow rhythm to start with, sensual, just to set the tone. To make people want her curves that she made undulate. She guessed him leaning back in his chair and letting himself go to the pleasure of her lips, of her mouth exercising the perfect suction, of her tongue that strayed over his balls. In those moments, she no longer thought about anything. She was nothing more than the present moment. Just a mouth that gave pleasure, her whole body dedicated to her lord and master. Just the desire for him to tell her that she was good, that she sucked well and to feast on the happiness that these words gave her. She was

addicted to everything he could tell her that showed his satisfaction. It was for her the most delectable of drugs. A hard drug. At his command, she took off his pants. He was completely naked. She quickly started sucking him again, lingering on his balls, lapping them with enthusiasm, on all fours, moving her ass like a little bitch in heat so that he could enjoy the show as much as her tongue. Sometimes she dared to stray on his perineum with her tongue, and slowly go towards his ass, watching for his reaction. If he let her do it, she took the right position, she could gently lick his anus, the supreme honor he gave her. She then alternated between small strokes of her tongue, very tense, and big strokes, very wet and pressed. She loved this pleasure that she offered him.

— Lie on your back! Spread your legs.

Sia hurried to comply. Her first thought was for a long and delicious penetration. Too bad if it was on the paving of the terrace. And then she remembered that she would not be allowed to come and that the frustration would be terrible. He did not come to take her, but settled on her mouth, his knees on either side of her shoulders, his gaze on her open legs and her revealed pussy. In this position, she had no other possibility than to lick and suck his balls. He grabbed her by the knees to force her to spread even further.

— Jerk off, you little slut!

Sia obeyed, shameless, continuing relentlessly with her tongue she began to caress herself at the same time. Her clitoris was already sensitive and she didn't know how she was going to hold on. She moaned and stifled her cries against the balls that she licked and sucked with more and more avidity as the pleasure rose between her thighs.

— Lick my ass good now! You alternate, the balls, the ass and you jerk off harder!

Sia complied, with difficulty as she was overcome with excitement.

— Look at you! You should be ashamed! You're dripping! It's all over the floor. You're indecent.

His words only made her more excited. Sometimes she felt like she could go without sex for a long time, and sometimes, like at that moment, it seemed like she couldn't do it, that it was unbearable, that she was going to break down, beg him to take her, to fuck her. That she could cry. Accept everything for his cock, to enjoy it, again and again, until she was exhausted. Accept everything. That was already what she was doing. But this "everything" also meant accepting this frustration. Her whole body was shaking with a mixture of uncontrollable excitement and equally unmanageable frustration.

He moved a little on her mouth so that she slid her tongue on his ass. She lapped him up enthusiastically, despite the discomfort of her position that was beginning to be felt. Her back hurt because of the stone floor of the terrace, and her neck hurt because his movements sometimes forced her to stretch towards him, yet she moaned more and more.

— That's enough!

He straightened up and grabbed her by the hair so that she was back on her knees in front of him so he could fuck his mouth. He could feel, perceptibly, her frustrated body giving in to this assault. He knew how much she wanted him. Just to feel his cock slide deep into her hot, liquid pussy of desire. But he wanted to play a little more. He wanted to see how far she could go. How much longer she could hold out. He was going to frustrate her a little more.

— That's enough now, go to the bathroom if necessary, get ready to please me and prepare lunch, slave.

30. Confrontation

— Tomorrow I will test you once again. This time, it is your trust in me that I want to explore. You will think about it, and you will write about it tomorrow morning. There is no trap. I simply want you to really question yourself on this point, on all its aspects, all its consequences. Your way of feeling the trust that you place in your master is essential in my eyes. Essential even. Self-denial is important when it comes to entrusting yourself to your master with absolute trust. You have to give up your comfort zone, give up thinking for yourself by anticipating the risks and consequences, to let go and abandon yourself completely to your master. We will perhaps do some role-playing today, in order to give you food for thought. You will not omit any details this time. I do not want a precise list. I want you to describe your reasoning, your way of thinking when it comes to entrusting yourself to me completely. Don't worry unnecessarily, but don't take this writing lightly. You know that we are here to get to the bottom of things. To go further than you have ever gone in your submission, if only because you have been living it every second, without respite or respite for a few days, and you have no idea how much longer I will force you into this state. Maybe you think that I will continue until you crack? Maybe on the contrary, you tell yourself that I have set myself a deadline and that I will not accept that you do not hold out until then. You don't know anything about it in fact, there is no point in looking for signs. You must rely on me. For that as for the rest. As for authorizing you to satisfy the slightest vital need. I could deprive you of food or sleep until you have a feeling of no return, and yet, you would have to accept it and trust me. Accept that I know what I'm doing and that you have to let go and suffer. The good thing about

depriving yourself of sex is that it won't harm your health. I can have fun with it for as long as I want without putting you in danger. Besides, in this case, the notion of trust must seem less "crucial" to you than for other situations. However, in a way, you must also have confidence when my actions flirt with your safety, when they become vital. It is no longer about fun, even if I admit that I love feeling you drip, moan and wiggle like a female dog in heat while knowing that I will not let you come. No, this is a terrible ordeal and a lesson that I want to give you because it has its place in our relationship. Not doubting your master, accepting with devotion and trust what he imposes on you, is very important. So we will address trust on more sensitive and more serious points. You can well imagine that.

— Yes, Master.

— Do you feel you have complete trust in your master, Sia?

— Yes, Master.

Despite her desire to appear firm, her voice had betrayed a certain hesitation. Not because she doubted her trust in him, but because she was worried about what he was going to confront her with. Having complete confidence in his actions did not mean that she would feel no fear in the face of the ordeal, nor any difficulty. Was that what he wanted? For her to understand that whatever the situation, she could face it serenely and without the slightest apprehension, because his confidence was total. And conversely, would expressing worry or fear tend to prove that she did not fully trust him? How could he interpret that? And how would she manage to remain impassive if the ordeal turned out to be truly distressing? He was right, she had to question this kind of thing. And above all, she should learn a lesson from it. He did nothing by chance. Whatever he was going to throw at her, she would come out of it bigger, stronger, more submissive, more resolute, she knew that.

After serving him his lunch, Sia had eaten alone in the kitchen as she almost always did, while putting away everything that needed to be put away properly. He liked perfect order, and she made sure to satisfy him by leaving nothing to chance or in disarray. She had received no instructions, so she settled down following his instructions, hands on her head, and waited for him to ask her. He had eaten lunch late and the afternoon was already well underway when he returned to her.

—Heel, slave!

Sia joined him on all fours and remained like that, right in front of him, her heart already beating at the thought of what was to come. He had considered testing her during the day, but she didn't know when or how, or even if it would still be the case today. She wasn't able to think about anything else. She was

conditioning herself to accept everything, to not panic. Obedience was one thing, it could concern anything and everything, from the simplest to the most difficult, but the way he had mentioned trust had given rise to a notion of danger in her that would require an extraordinary surrender and letting go. She expected anything, and especially the worst. He snapped his fingers in front of her and finished his gesture by pointing to a table.

— Bend over, spread your ass. Don't forget the main reason you're here. To serve me and give me pleasure!

— Yes, Master.

Sia complied, not knowing if she should be relieved that the ordeal wasn't for now or not. She spread her thighs wide, her breasts resting on the table, her hands on her ass cheeks as open as possible. He had already taken her for a long time during the morning but he probably wanted to make his pleasure last, and let the lack of orgasm torture Sia. He spat between her buttocks before slapping them several times and fingering her pussy and ass for a long time to widen her further. She was already liquid, as if she never stopped wanting him. He seemed to enjoy it and appreciate her state. Once again, she refrained from begging him to take her. She bit her lips, trying all the methods to ignore the pleasure he was showing between her thighs.

— Silence! Not a moan, not a breath! You control yourself this time. I control everything about you. Even this. Especially this! Obey.

She would have cried. She knew that this deprivation was fleeting and that when he finally granted her pleasure, it would be explosive and divine, but for the moment, she had trouble putting things into perspective. She tried to think of something else, as some monks learn to do to keep impure thoughts away, but she felt disrespectful for trying to ignore his gestures. So she focused only on the prohibition, on the fact that it was her will, her choice, and that she had to respect it. She managed it for a few handfuls of seconds, until a more emphatic gesture, or a sensation that was harder to control, brought her to the edge of losing control and moaning. She then found him unfair and perhaps even cruel and perverse. She immediately regretted these thoughts and concentrated even more on her obedience. She remained impassive, her eyes closed, her body boiling inside, but apparently inert. Little by little, without her even being aware of it, her brain was learning to channel sensations, to recognize orders, to associate frustration with her condition. Little by little, she was teaching her body to be in obedience before being in pleasure. One day, no doubt, she would no longer have to fight, without permission, she would no longer be able to take pleasure, her body would forbid it. She became aware of this as she analyzed the reasons why he tortured her in this

way. Finally, there was a real goal to this. A real meaning, beyond a perverse pleasure. He forced her to teach her body to obey him. She knew from the beginning how to control the stop-and-go, a technique that allows you to prohibit or trigger orgasm, but this time, the control went much further. As soon as he felt that she was channeling herself, he changed his gesture, going from her pussy to her ass, lingering on her clitoris, he embellished it all with words that he knew had a great effect on her. She didn't know if this was part of the test concerning trust but decided that it was possible, she had to rely on him and accept this learning. Her body would have to comply. It would end up doing so.

— I have decided that I will no longer fuck your pussy during our stay. You must have already realized that I have done it very rarely since we have been here. Now it is over, do not hope for it anymore. At least for the moment. It is not a frustration for me because I really like taking your ass and fucking your mouth, but I know that for you it will be one. And when I decide to do it again, do not expect to have the right to enjoy it or take pleasure in it. Giving you pleasure is not a counterpart to your submission. It is not a due. You do not obey me so that in exchange I fuck you and make you cum. Or if it is the case, it is because we have been on the wrong track from the beginning.

— Yes, Master.

He thrust again without consideration between her buttocks, taking her very quickly. She was perfectly dilated and knew how to remain silent as he had ordered. He slapped her thighs several times while pushing his cock deep into her at a fast pace. He pushed his pelvis hard against her ass, to literally destroy her. She recognized that it was less difficult for her to give up pleasure during sodomy than during classic penetration, however, in the state she was in, it took a lot of determination not to give in. She erected a mental barrier between the sensations of her body and the logical reaction that they should have provoked. She locked herself somewhere, mentally, to feel nothing, to reject the idea of pleasure and enjoyment.

— That's good. You understand Sia. You are nothing more than a body at my disposal. The day will continue as it began. You stay on this table as you are, without moving. Ass spread, thighs open, indecent. You are only an orifice to fuck when I want it. Nothing else. Just an object of pleasure.

He withdrew and went away, leaving her alone, motionless and offered on the table. She stayed there for a long time, waiting between his comings and goings. Sometimes he brushed against her without penetrating her, just playing with her shapes or her clit to check that she was still wet. He alternated according to his desires and his passages, between her pussy, her ass or her mouth. When he

wanted her to suck him, he raised her head by taking her by the hair, then ordered an "open" to impale himself in her throat. The position was not too difficult to hold but the time had seemed long to him.

Sia had returned to her cage that night, without even asking herself any questions. Without wondering if it was fair or not, if it was deserved or a punishment that never ended. Without thinking that she would have preferred something else. Her journey was moving forward.

31. Immobilization

— I carefully read the lines you wrote about the trust you have in your master. This time I did not note anything that could be punished in your reasoning, even if some things do not please me. For example, the fact that I put you in a dangerous situation frightens you, even if you feel that you trust me completely. You sensed it, that cannot satisfy me. You admit that you are not sure that you can control this fear, although deep down, you trust me completely. Your words are honest, and I cannot blame you for them. Especially since I know they are right. However, you suspect that this is not the attitude that I expect from a quality submissive. These words reflect your way of being, that is a fact. But it is precisely this way of being that poses a problem for me. You say that you have complete confidence, so it must be felt. You must be able to surrender in any conditions, any circumstances without the slightest shudder, without tears, without fear, without having your breathing panicked and your gaze pleading. You must simply let go, surrender with confidence, accept the test with determination knowing that whatever I impose on you, I control absolutely everything and that you must never doubt me. Never. Your fears in the face of a situation are the reflection of a whole bunch of things that you imagine could happen to you, and the fact that you consider them, that they come to your mind, demonstrates that your trust is not perfect. The only thought you should have in mind is that it is my decision, that you must respect it, accept it and do your best to shine in the face of difficulty. To make me proud. To be the best submissive possible for your lord and master. The rest should not exist in your head. You should know that every risk is calculated, I am not a beginner or unconscious. I am the one you chose to guide you on your journey, the one to whom you gave your soul and body. How can you doubt my judgment? How can you think that I cannot control everything, not master everything? Will I be worthy of being a master if there was the slightest flaw in my way of doing things? Can a master claim to want perfection in his submissive while being imperfect himself? I sincerely think that you have confidence, otherwise, we would not be here. What I want you to work on are your reactions, your attitude. You must channel your fears, analyze the situation and make a quick assessment. You must be able to understand what the real risks are, the reasons

why I expose you to them, and put all of this into relation. You will quickly deduce that your fears are unfounded. And if you don't feel it completely, then that's where trust and self-denial come in. I didn't test you yesterday after all. I wanted to keep you as I did, with your ass open and at your disposal. I liked taking you whenever I wanted and knowing you were always ready. I also liked seeing you as a decorative object, just a body placed there to be used at leisure. You know that it is something I appreciate, I often confront you with it and you have adapted well to this condition of being treated as simple open orifices. Today, the test will be different. You will go to the bathroom and take care of lunch, then you will return to your cage. You will have an hour to mentally prepare yourself and meditate on my words, on my expectations and this trust that you say you have. I do not want a tearful submissive who performs feverishly because she prefers to undergo the test with fear in her stomach rather than give up her collar. I want a proud, dignified and strong submissive who submits and accepts whatever her master decides to confront her with because she has full confidence in him.

— Yes, Master. I will do everything not to disappoint you.

— We'll see. Obey.

— Yes, Master.

Sia took the time to take a long, hot shower. She didn't know what awaited her. She had to prepare, but she didn't know for what. For everything. Be ready for anything. That was exactly what she had to keep in mind. She repeated to herself that ready-made expression, "be ready for anything", which had brought her this far. She had no regrets. It was extremely difficult mentally and physically, but she knew how much these trials strengthened the bond that united them even more. She still had to manage to remain dignified when necessary, but she had the feeling that she would be capable of it. Caught off guard, it was more complicated, but this time she knew, he had warned her. She was already in a state of intense concentration, and the hour granted that was to follow would help her to mentally barricade herself against anything that could make her weaken. She had had to force herself not to ask questions, not to ask if it would be painful. Beyond the fear itself, the fear of pain was an ordeal in its own right.

Once in the cage, Sia couldn't help but smile. A few days ago, she had looked at those bars with apprehension and frustration because they were keeping her away from him. She remembered the first night she had spent there, the pain she felt at the idea that he didn't want her near him. That feeling of injustice, of punishment. Today, she had understood and accepted this choice. It had become her norm. The place where he had decided she would spend her nights. She would have preferred to be near him, in his arms, but she understood that her submission

required constant conditioning and that too tender moments would distort her feelings. Above all, she understood that her desires didn't matter, only those of her master counted and that was what she had to keep in mind. The hour passed faster than she had imagined. She doubted herself when he came back to get her. She wasn't sure she could do "everything" anymore, especially if she kept her head up and her dignity intact. She took several deep breaths to concentrate as he attached a leash to her collar.

— Follow me little dog, we're going for a walk.

He dragged her outside the house. Sia really had to take it upon herself and remember everything he had said to avoid a hesitant gesture when she understood that he was heading towards his car. He opened the trunk and without a word, made her understand what he expected of her. The engine was running, the cabin was at a good temperature, far from the oven she had feared on that early summer afternoon in the south of France. He put a blindfold on her and closed the trunk without a word. He had already amused himself by making her climb into the trunk during short trips. A female dog he wanted her to be, a female dog she was. Sia was especially worried about being completely naked and not having seen anywhere with which to cover her. It was obvious that he was not going to be satisfied with a car ride without forcing her to go out in public. So this was the test he had chosen. To confront her with this type of exhibition that she dreaded so much and for which she had already had to question herself. If she backed down now, he would not only blame her for her lack of confidence, but it would also call into question her commitment to accepting to reveal her body as he desired. It would then be a double punishment. Despite the discomfort of the trunk of the moving sedan, Sia took advantage of the journey to concentrate again on her test. She knew a little more about what awaited her and applied herself to accepting her master's decision, whatever it was. It would be enough to obey. It was so simple said like that. The contrast between words and reality had always upset her. She who loved words so much. She who loved to tell him that she was his, with all her soul, and more. How could she feel in tune with herself when she was trembling in the face of the expected test, without even knowing precisely what it contained? She had wanted him to take her away. She had wanted to be able to say those words and have them ring true, without a doubt. The moment had come.

The car stopped and she waited feverishly, but with determination, for him to open the trunk. She would have to face it, completely unaware of what awaited her, where she was, if anyone could see her, while she was wearing only a pair of heels, her collar and her leash. For once, she almost appreciated being blindfolded and not seeing what was going to surround her. It would ultimately be easier to give in. She took a deep breath, slowly. He guided her to help her get out of the car

and stand up. She heard no noise around her and recognized an uneven ground under her feet as well as the scent of scrubland. He held her firmly with one hand on her leash, very close to her neck, and by the waist, with his other hand. She advanced near him, blind, strangely relaxed. They walked for what seemed like forever but she managed not to worry, he was close to her. She could do nothing but let himself be guided. He made her change direction before making her take a few uneven steps. Sia was breathing softly, so far, everything was fine, if this was the test, then she would do brilliantly. Suddenly, he pinned her against a stone wall, holding her wrists together above her head. She felt his face very close to hers. His breath against her skin, his chest against her breasts. He was right against her, forcing her to stick her back and buttocks to the rough wall. She felt deliciously oppressed. Right against him, she feared nothing and no one. He leaned towards her to bite her shoulder, until she could not hold back a moan of pain. She felt against her hip that he was hard and she felt a violent excitement. An intense desire for him to take her, to fuck her wherever she was, no matter where, no matter who would see them. She would have liked him to turn her over, to sink into her ass since that was the only way he had decided to take her for the days to come.

— On your knees, female dog. Suck!

She hurried to obey despite the stony ground that tortured her knees, she blindly unbuckled his belt and greedily swallowed his cock. She played with his tongue and lips as he liked and he was quick to tell her that she sucked well and that her mouth was good for fucking. He amused himself by slapping her during the exercise, and by smearing her face with his abundant saliva.

Sia tried to coordinate the suction of her mouth and the licking of her tongue as best she could. He let her do this for several minutes before pulling away abruptly, leaving her panting and open-mouthed. Then he pulled her a little further. He put a rope around her wrists and this time, Sia felt her body fully tense and stiffen. She tried not to show anything, remaining straight and impassive, her head held high, her eyes lowered under her blindfold as he forced her to raise her arms above her head. He had attached the rope to something above her. She felt intensely vulnerable when she no longer had his protective hands on her, when she no longer heard his voice. She remained like that for long minutes, without knowing where he was, what he was doing, what he expected of her. She feared the whip or the cane and concentrated on enduring the pain when he removed the blindfold. She then discovered a stone ruin nestled in the scrubland, open to the four winds.

32. Acceptance

— You will have plenty of time to discover where you are soon. For now, I want you to listen to me carefully. Some submissives would not see any difficulty in this ordeal, but I know that concerning you, I am touching closely on one of your limits. Once again, my goal is not to push you to make a mistake or to give up. I just want to make sure that your words are in accordance with your real capacities. We have spoken about it at length. You wanted to be put in a situation to fully feel your self-denial in order to feel honest with yourself. You wanted to truly understand all the cogs and all the mental mechanisms that are put in place in situations that you consider extreme or very difficult. You have to be strong to endure everything. Those who think that a submissive is a weak being will never understand anything about this world. I always expect you to be very strong, Sia. More than anyone else because you are mine. I want you to be able to face all the trials, those that I impose on you or those that your life can confront you with. But what I want during our stay here, and more particularly now, is to see your capacity to abandon yourself in total trust. You have begun to understand the mechanisms of self-denial, I am sure that you have noticed how your mind reacts to certain situations, differently from before. You have conditioned yourself to certain conditions, to accept certain lacks, certain frustrations. Your first reflex is no longer to think about what you would like or what you would have preferred, but to respond to my expectations, and to satisfy my desires. This might seem the basis for a submissive but it is theory. We know you and I that things are more complicated than they seem and that words are not worth much in the face of certain realities. I don't care about others, you are my submissive, and I want you to live up to my expectations. I want you to be excellent. Whatever we go through, I want to be able to remember such moments and tell myself that you can face whatever I want to impose on you. I don't want to have any doubts about that. Is that clear Sia?

Sia hadn't moved. Legs slightly apart, body tense, arms raised, chest forward, back arched, she kept her head and eyes lowered. Attentive to each of his words, focused as she had never been before. She had the feeling of an eliminatory test, more than ever. It hadn't been a question, but she knew that if she failed, her disappointment would be deep and that this failure would have serious consequences. She focused on her breathing as if she were meditating. He went behind her, gently caressed her hips, making her shiver, sticking to her. He placed a kiss on her shoulder. A gift that had become so rare that she could have enjoyed it. At the same time, this kiss seemed to herald something really difficult. For him to offer her this little attention that he knew was so precious to her, it was because he really wanted to encourage her, and therefore, she needed to be encouraged. He slid his hand between her thighs to her pussy and she heard him smile behind her

as he discovered her wetness. He played his fingers inside her for a long time, penetrating her, and tickling her clitoris. He waited for her breathing to become troubled, appreciating that she contained her moans. She felt on her ass that he was hard and she smiled inwardly. Suddenly, he unbuttoned his pants and spread her buttocks. She arched a little more, despite her bonds, to better offer him her ass and he took her like that, holding her with one hand by the hip, the other by the shoulder. He made a few back and forth movements before sinking deeply into her in one go, tearing a little cry from her.

— You are mine. I have every right to you. Never forget that.

— Yes, Master.

He took advantage of her ass for a few moments, sometimes passing his hand over her breasts to knead them and pinch her nipples. His breath was short, he too was excited by this new situation. He fucked her gently, without violence, letting his hard cock penetrate her deeply, keeping his glans deep inside her for a few seconds before withdrawing gently to come out again, and take her again.

— You're a good little asshole.

From his voice, he seemed satisfied. Sia not having been allowed to speak, she remained silent, as much as possible, concentrating on her uncomfortable and difficult to maintain position. He withdrew without having come, saving himself for later no doubt, and still mastering his body to perfection.

He came back to face her with a hard look and a firm voice.

— I'll leave you here, Sia. There's very little risk that someone will come through here, but it's not out of the question. You'll have to manage as best you can. I won't tell you how long it will take me to return, but it will be a long wait. I know that what's hardest for you in the end is being away from your master. And I want you to be able to cope. I know what I'm doing. If you really trust me, now is the time to show it. Stay dignified, be strong. Try to feel the power of your self-denial, and abandon yourself.

Sia swallowed painfully. She knew she had to say something, but she couldn't. He was going to leave her alone, naked and tied up, somewhere in the wilderness, where any walker could stumble upon her? Images flashed before her eyes at high speed, she felt everything inside her go crazy. A kind of electric current seemed to have replaced her blood in her veins. Pure adrenaline flooded her cells.

— Do you understand, Sia?

He had raised his voice and spoken with authority. He forced her to look up at him and she tried to hold his gaze without showing any weakness. A look that was probably a little too hard for a submissive, but he preferred it to tears.

— Have confidence. Be strong.

He placed a kiss on her forehead and walked away slowly but without looking back.

Sia remained for a few long minutes in a state of shock and bewilderment. Motionless, unable to react, she remained frozen in a sort of deep stupor. Then little by little, a few coherent thoughts managed to surface. Her breathing quickly became faster, her throat dry. She still did not dare to move as if the slightest movement could trigger a catastrophe. She kept her eyes half-closed and her head lowered so as not to see what was around her, so as not to confront reality. She fought against all the images that assailed her, all the possibilities, all the risks, everything that could happen. Happen to her. She did not want to wonder what would happen if a stranger passed by and saw her naked and offered, nor if there were several of them, and even less if one of them decided to take advantage of the situation. What could she do? How could he make her take the risk of being assaulted or raped, or even just humiliated in public by walkers far from this world? These were exactly the kind of thoughts she shouldn't have. She exhaled and cleared her mind for a few moments. He knew what he was doing. She should think about nothing else.

Sia finally raised her head to finally observe where she was and visualize all the details. She had seen her surroundings when he had taken her but had not really paid attention. It was an old ruined building, completely abandoned. There was no ground or roof, just a few stone walls, some of which had almost collapsed: everything was overgrown with vegetation. All around, there seemed to be only old fallow fields and the forest. No noise, just the wind in the leaves and a few birds. The place where she was was open on two sections of walls. Her bonds were fixed to a rotten beam above her head. She wondered if it was really solid and if she did not risk collapsing another part of the wall by pulling on it. She decided not to put all her weight on the rope and straightened up while swallowing her saliva. It would be a long wait, he had said. She forbade herself from thinking negatively and panicking, remembering like mantras all the words he had said to her. All the things she had to do and think. The fact that she had to trust and be selfless. She was convinced that he couldn't be far away. Maybe he was watching her? Even if that wasn't the case, she was convinced that he was within earshot, that if she screamed, he would hear her. He would come. She had to do what he had told her, surrender. Surrender to him. Trust. Time seemed endless. His arms were pulling at

her and the blood was rushing back to her lower body. She was shaking. It seemed to her that she had been there for hours. With each rustling of trees, she stiffened inside, she felt her stomach knot and her jaw clench. She tried as best she could to imagine someone turning up, what she would say, how she should act. No doubt the person would feel as uncomfortable as she did. No doubt not all walkers have the soul of a rapist and they would move on as soon as she said she was fine, that it was... what was it anyway? At least, how could she explain it? Could she lie, pretend it was a simple game, a challenge? She couldn't help but think that she would feel like she was blaspheming by expressing herself like that. She decided that she would ask the person to move on, that they were fine, and that they didn't have to explain themselves. Not sure that would be appropriate or enough, but she especially hoped that she wouldn't have any visitors.

Despite a few bouts of anxiety that she had barely suppressed, and her aching arms, Sia noticed that she was reacting rather well to the ordeal. Before, just thinking about such a scene would have completely panicked her. Today, she was managing to live it almost serenely. With self-denial? She had the feeling of being there. Of understanding the true meaning of this word. No doubt other situations would still put her in difficulty, but she was undeniably progressing in her quest for the absolute. This kind of ordeal would be a reference later on and would allow her to face more difficult things. Submitting was a journey, a long apprenticeship, and she had made great strides in these few days. She was becoming aware of it and it caused an intense feeling of fullness in her. She felt good, strangely free and light. She felt that he was very close. She knew that she was his. She knew that nothing could happen to him, because he would not allow it. She knew he was going to be proud of her and at the thought, she truly felt her stomach contract with unspeakable pleasure.

33. Confusion

— Obviously everything went well. You didn't panic Sia. You didn't have any bad encounters. I'm happy to see that you understood the meaning of my words and that you were able to trust your master. Not so long ago, such an ordeal would have completely terrified you. Today, you manage to let go. Your self-denial allows you to remain dignified and meet my expectations. I'm proud of you, little slave. You can be too. From now on I want you to keep in mind absolutely everything that happened, all your feelings, all your emotions. I want you to remember all the mechanisms that were put in place in you, so that you can achieve the detachment that was necessary for you to cope. I want you to remember it because you will probably relive this kind of situation. Not here. Not in this way. Not in this context. But sooner or later, you will need everything that has helped and accompanied you here. Probably even more, because it will not always be a question of warning you

in advance. Of giving yourself time to mentally prepare yourself for a difficulty. You must be able to channel yourself and abandon yourself with confidence at any moment. With a snap of your fingers. Accept everything. Obey. Whatever happens. Wherever you are. Don't minimize my words Sia, you know that I never say anything without reason. You must be ready for anything, at any time.

Sia was looking at him intensely. She was still tied up, her arms above her head. He had appeared in front of her without her even hearing him arrive. He made her raise her face a little more towards him, with a gesture of his thumb on her chin, and plunged her eyes into his.

— I'm proud of you.

Sia took a deep breath and closed her eyes, just for a second, to soak in the moment. When she opened them again, two tears of emotion rolled down her cheeks. He smiled at her and she smiled back before he untied her bonds. Once free, she fell to her knees at his feet, and he allowed her a long moment like that, in his place, her cheek against his hips, her arms wrapped around her legs. She didn't think about anything anymore. She was just fine.

He finally helped her up and handed her a little black dress that he had taken care to take with him without her seeing it. She put it on quickly and they left again. This time, she held his arm, they walked slowly in the undergrowth, without speaking. Shortly before arriving where he had parked his car, they saw another couple heading in the direction they had come from. Most certainly, they would pass near the ruined building. Sia managed to smile, while being aware that she would have been completely terrified if they had surprised her a little earlier, when she was still alone, naked and tied up. Once at the car, Sia did not have the leisure to sit next to him, she had to go back into the trunk, like an animal being walked. Whatever her actions and words, whether she walked beside him, naked and blindfolded or well dressed and on his arm, she was and remained his submissive, his servile slave. His docile female dog. He wanted that never to leave his mind.

When they got back, she was able to take a shower and had to make him a coffee. She realized that she had had to stay tied up for almost two hours. She had a hard time reacting and realizing. As if all this did not concern her directly. She felt detached from reality once again. As if her mind had found this solution to manage to do what was expected of it. She did not know if this minimized her abilities as a submissive or not. She knew in her soul and conscience that she did everything possible to meet his demands, but sometimes, it was not enough, she also had to do it with art and manner.

The days went by, with their share of servitudes and frustrations. With the recurrence of the rituals he imposed on her, implacable, mechanical. In fact, he

gave her less and less time, never treating her as anything other than a slave. A human being over whom he had all the rights. An object in his hands.

He finished his glass of wine and Sia took the opportunity to perform her daily ritual. Like everything else he imposed on her, it had become her norm. Her reality. The only one that existed and the only one that seemed to her to have never existed. This time that passed, Sia no longer controlled it, but it did its work. So little time no doubt, and yet, she had the impression that it had been an eternity. Not that these hours seemed long to her, on the contrary, but because she had very quickly completely conditioned herself to this new way of living. At least, that's what she felt in full consciousness. She no longer asked herself any questions. She was in pure obedience. Perfectly trained, her gestures had become pure reflexes. She sometimes acted like a well-oiled automaton. She was nothing more than a sexy puppet whose strings he held. At first, Sia had struggled a little against this feeling of indoctrination and conditioning to try to remain herself. Then she had given in to it with determination, aware that it was probably the only way to fully satisfy him. Probably also that depriving herself of proper reflection was the only way to manage to endure this daily life of extreme servitude. The only path to total self-denial. How long would she hold out like this? A month? A year? A lifetime? She didn't know if this extreme condition she was living could become her daily life permanently, or if she was enduring it because she knew it would only last for a while. When she judged her thoughts to be impure, not in conformity with her condition, Sia rejected them. Then, she no longer wondered about the end of the ordeal, she was just in the moment. Concentrating on serving him with dignity. Not forgetting anything. Thinking about every gesture, every attention. To endure the cane in the morning, the whip in the evening, because he wanted it and it was his way. To always be perfectly clean and comfortable for him. To think about the daily rituals. To always walk with your hands on your head. To always spread your thighs. To always arch your back well. To satisfy him in everything. The rest did not matter. The rest no longer mattered.

— Master, may I speak?

— I'm listening to you.

— Please, Master, allow your little female dog in heat to pleasure herself in front of you. I will be good and shameless, for your entertainment and pleasure... Please, Master, let me spread my legs and exhibit myself in front of you like a little slut...

Sia had knelt at his feet, as ordered. She no longer really had any difficulty with words when she had to beg for permission to masturbate in front of him.

Despite everything, she still trembled inwardly with fear of having done it wrong, chosen the wrong moment until he interrupted her to give her his consent.

Sia thanked him, head down and lay down on the ground, opening her thighs wide and raising her pelvis to better offer herself to his demanding gaze. With one hand she caressed her breasts, moving from one to the other, pinching her nipples. With the other, she caressed her clitoris. She knew she would not be allowed to come, her body had conditioned itself. She did not really feel pleasure. She had given up on it. She gave herself to him, she offered herself as a spectacle. Because he liked to know that she was obedient. She was an object of entertainment. A toy that he used only as he pleased. He liked to see her like this as he liked to watch her dance lasciviously while undressing. He ordered, she obeyed. Sia licked her fingers before starting to masturbate again, sliding her fingers inside her, caressing her lips, undulating her hips and moaning softly so that the spectacle was pleasant for her. Little by little, her body seemed to recognize her gestures and demand the pleasure due. Her frustration was there, buried in her brain but still present. Sia quickly chased away these sensations and felt an unpleasant feeling of emptiness.

He came between her legs, jeans unbuttoned and cock erect. He salivated on his fingers before sliding them into her ass with a back and forth motion. Sia didn't stop, raising her legs a little higher to offer herself better. He penetrated her, gently at first, then faster and faster. It was rare for him to take her in this position. Sia found it rather pleasant for anal penetration, and she had to once again repress some stimuli of pleasure and excitement that were trying to settle in her. She wondered if her body would be able to reverse gear and function properly again when he allowed it to. She worried that she wouldn't be able to cum like before. Yet she knew how delicious it was when he allowed her pleasure, when he took her hard and she couldn't contain her moans, when she found herself sweating, her heart beating fast, trying to stifle her cries in a pillow or against his hand because it was so good, she loved it so much. She remembered those times when, exhausted by repeated orgasms, she found the strength to beg for an "encore" in a moan, picking up the rhythm with her hips, and he amused himself with her sexual insatiability. Oh yes, how she loved that! She especially remembered those little moments, just after, when out of breath she hurried to come and suck his cock to swallow the last drops of his sperm and then she came to curl up in his arms, her body sated and her soul fulfilled.

Those moments no longer existed here. The scenes could be similar, the gestures the same, deep down, it was different. No matter how hard she tried to deny it, to refuse it, she knew that the lack was there, stronger and stronger, lurking in the shadows, and that sooner or later, she would have to face it. As he took her forcefully, she lost herself in her thoughts so as not to let the pleasure set in. She

wondered if she would be able to accept this frustration, if it was ultimately what she had wanted when she had imagined herself a slave. When she had wanted to know what she would feel if he really used all the rights he had over her, including the right to never give her pleasure again, to never take her in his arms again, to never offer her a little hug. Would she know how to never have special moments with him again, other than servitude and sexual offering. She was certainly touching on what she had been looking for, feeling true self-denial, the conscious renunciation of what she wanted, what she loved and what was dear to her. Given the speed at which she had adapted to this condition, she imagined that in a few weeks she would have definitively and fully renounced her own desires, perhaps even forgotten them completely. Unless she cracked before? Unless she no longer accepted this because it was not what she wanted. She suddenly felt deeply in failure and disappointment and had a hard time not showing it while he was destroying her on the floor. She should have let herself go, no doubt. Burst into tears and waited for him to question her. Tell him that she needed him. Beyond simple desire or a whim. It was not even about sex or pleasure, no it was just a vital need. She wouldn't be able to do it without it, but she couldn't tell him that, so she didn't let it show. Sia focused on her actions to push her doubts and unease from her mind.

He took her for a long time, making her turn around to enjoy her on all fours, before taking her mouth for a long time and spreading himself inside her in a moan of pleasure. Immediately after, he brought her back to her cage, without a word.

34. Evaluation

— Tonight I decided to evaluate you. I want to test your ability to give me pleasure. I want to take the time to confront you with what I taught you. Mentally you will have to review everything, remember the gestures, the positions, my expectations, then you will have to select sequences: You will prepare a demonstration of your know-how to be worthy of me and I will check that everything is perfect, that you are worthy of belonging to me because you are a good little private whore. You will have carte blanche. I know that you are never very comfortable when I let you decide, but it doesn't matter, it's my choice. You have to accept it. I will give you time to prepare yourself but not too much. Just enough for you to feel the stress rising deep inside you, that you realize that this exercise is important. It's not about giving me pleasure as usual, it's about being impeccable, perfect, at the moment I choose, placed under the uncompromising gaze of your master. You will put on an appropriate outfit and you will prepare yourself, physically and mentally. You will review everything I taught you, everything I like, don't forget anything, everything will count and believe me I will

not be an easy evaluator! Think of everything you know how to do that can make me hard and that I can appreciate. I want you to satisfy all my senses. To be perfect in all your gestures. All your attitudes. You will choose a playlist of about twenty minutes appropriate to the exercise. Twenty minutes during which I want to feel your body and your soul dedicated to my pleasure alone. You will start with a quality striptease as I taught you to do them. You will not forget to add some D/s gestures or allusions, because it is my submissive who will undress. I do not want a lascivious lover, I want to see my little whore well trained. You will know in these moments that I will note everything, I will see everything. You will finish your dance as you wish, and you will decide what to do to perfect my pleasure. Do not throw yourself on my cock. I want a sample of your submission, but the best. I want to evaluate the gestures that you repeat day after day. Those that leave no doubt about your place and your condition. Of course, I also want to taste the pleasures of your mouth and your whole body. I want a summary of what you know how to do. A selected summary of the techniques that you master. Do not let yourself be distracted, twenty minutes go by very quickly. Do not rush and above all, do not minimize what I expect from you. I will track down every imperfection. Note your application. Your motivation. But also your technique. The way you will chain gestures, attitudes, your ability to select the best and execute it perfectly. It is your ability to serve your master without a specific order that I will note. You know my tastes and desires. You know what pleases me. So do not disappoint me. I remind you that this is an evaluation, You will be graded. If the assessment is bad, you will suffer the consequences. If you fail, I will judge you unworthy of me. This failure will end our relationship. I have not been training you for all this time for approximations. I want perfection Sia.

He gently lifted her chin with the tip of his index finger, forcing her to stare at him. His eyes left no doubt about the threat. At that moment she knew he would do it. It was so hard to imagine, risking everything on a twenty-minute show.

— Is that understood, Sia?

— Yes, Master.

— This evaluation will take place tomorrow at ten o'clock sharp. When you get up, you will behave as usual, but I will simply observe you more. You will already be in evaluation mode. Watch all the details. At the appointed time, you will come and kneel before me, in the chosen outfit and pronounce these words: "Your slave is ready to be evaluated, Master". You will have taken care to prepare me a coffee and to have provided me with a notebook and something to write with. Then, I will order the start of the exercise. You will get up, put your playlist on and you will begin. During this day and this night, I want you to be fully focused on

this issue. It must become your obsession. I want my submissive to be able to face such stress. For you to master it.

— Yes, Master.

— Go to your cage and meditate on all that!

Sia seemed devastated by this new ordeal. Her master's expectations that always seemed inaccessible to her, until he no longer gave her a choice. Until she complied, with dignity. All that remained in her mind was this new ordeal. An assessment? Even as she questioned herself. He alone was capable of judging her, but the sentence could be terrible. Had he felt her flaws and her doubts? Did he, too, want to make sure that she was still worthy of his collar, despite the physical and mental fatigue? Had he worn her out voluntarily, to put her to the test, to make sure that whatever her condition, she was able to give him pleasure?

The more she gave, the more he would expect of her. And the more she would do. She wouldn't have wanted it any other way. She didn't have time to panic or worry about the consequences if she failed. If she wasn't satisfied. All she felt was a strong rush of adrenaline. Something exhilarating and exciting that left no room for anything else. He used it little during the day, as if to give her time to soak up the ordeal.

The next morning, time seemed to fly by. She only had a few handfuls of minutes left to put everything in place. Whether concretely, or in her head. She blocked out everything else. It was the only way to avoid failure. Giving him pleasure, she knew how to do it. So she would do it. She had understood that he did not expect her to suck him off for the allotted time. He wanted more. She took a shower while mentally listing what she had planned to do, how to do it, in what order. Thinking about it, she was relieved not to have more time. She would only have worried herself unnecessarily. She was in pure action, the situation suited her well. She got out of the shower after making sure her skin was perfectly smooth and that her anal preparation was correct. It was always a fear. She sprayed some gold-sparkling prodigious oil on her skin and rubbed it in quickly before getting ready. Lingerie, accessories, black skirt, white blouse and pumps. Despite the difficulty of the exercise, she wanted to stand on six inches of heels because she knew her figure would be slender and flattering. He expected that from her. She understood. She felt ready, desirable. While getting dressed, she had observed herself in the mirror, swaying her hips to imaginary music. Sure, her body wasn't perfect, but she knew how to show it off. And he liked her, he had told her so. She wouldn't be here otherwise. She fixed her makeup and tied her hair back. He had allowed her to use his phone, only to select music. She hadn't spent much time choosing the songs, while making sure they would be suitable. She had decided

that each of them would mark a new scene and had imagined a scenario. She would chain the sequences at her tempo. She would be in turn submissive, whore, female dog and slut. She was rediscovering a kind of long-lost free will that gave her energy and made a strong adrenaline rise in her. Excitement too.

Once ready, the pressure increased a notch. She felt her heart beat faster, as well as the worry of not being up to it seep into her. She sighed and concentrated by clearing her mind, as she had learned, and came to join him at the appointed time. He was also coming out of the shower and was only wearing a sarong tied on his hips. She liked seeing him too, with just that little bit on his skin. She liked his build, reassuring. She liked his presence, even dressed like that he was THE master. She had known many men and knew that where others would be only puppets in disguise, even in the most elegant of tuxedos, he gave off an aura, and naturally imposed himself in the most ordinary of outfits. She smiled at this idea and it gave her the extra energy to succeed, she would never want to disappoint him. Technically, this tied sarong was a good omen. That suited him perfectly and would make his task easier. She knelt down, head down, and handed him her coffee and the notepad. It had been a long time since she had stood in front of him fully clothed and she felt a strange sense of unease.

— Are you ready?

— Yes, Master.

— Do you understand what I expect from you? Do you have any questions?

— I don't think so, Master... I understand.

This question made her doubt. Was it possible that she had been wrong about her expectations? It was too late now. Her throat tightened.

— Put on your music and obey. Your evaluation begins.

Sia stood up while turning on her playlist. She put her phone nearby and stood in front of her master. The music played in the room as she began to move sensually. She slowly stripped off, using suggestive and provocative poses. She had no reserve, no modesty. However, at the beginning of their relationship, dancing like this in front of him was an ordeal that seemed insurmountable to her. She measured the distance she had traveled with satisfaction and pride. Her skirt and blouse on the floor, she played with her thong for a few seconds before quickly removing it. He allowed her to wear it for stripteases but she always felt like she was at fault when she wore one in his presence. She accompanied him to his feet, bending over exaggeratedly to exhibit herself in front of him, shameless. She took the opportunity to slap her buttocks a few times and make them pink. Her bra removed, she did the same on her breasts before playing with her nipples, pinching

and licking them provocatively. The first piece of music finished, she continued by getting on all fours for a little tour of the stage. She applied herself to a demonstration of four-legged gait, more feline than canine, across the room. Perfectly arched, tongue outstretched, she did not hurry the pace, on the contrary. She came back to him and rubbed her cheek against his knee, like a little dog looking for attention, before placing her elbows on the ground to kiss and lick his feet with application. She did not stop until the second song ended. Then she went up his leg, with the tip of her tongue, pushed aside his pareo, and lingered for a long time on his balls, lapping, licking, sucking and sucking them with mastery. He was hard and she felt reassured. She climbed back on his cock and licked it carefully before starting to suck it. End of the third act. Sia stood up with the feeling of not having enjoyed it enough. She turned her back to him and settled on his erect cock. She moved her hips, and savored feeling his cock inside her, without wondering if she was not breaking a taboo since he had refused her vaginal penetration. But he had given her carte blanche. She quickly straightened up, just long enough to impale herself once again, but this time, it was her ass that received his cock. She spread her buttocks with both hands, to give him all the available space. She felt him deep inside her. She worked her hips, back and forth, going up and down, slowly or more quickly. The end of the musical piece sounded the withdrawal. She got up to return to her knees between his legs. Her preparation having been of quality, she did not hesitate for a moment to take his cock back in her mouth. She symbolically cleaned him with her tongue as he had taught her to do after each penetration. Then she sucked him for a long time, sometimes alternating by jerking him off with her round breasts that she held firmly in place around his member with her hands. She also undulated her ass, for the pleasure of his eyes. The coordination of all these gestures was not easy, to remain fluid and desirable in each movement. But she knew that he was careful to control these details. She felt rather satisfied with her performance. She no longer thought about anything. She climbed onto the sofa to get on all fours, while keeping his cock in her mouth, and tried to impale herself deeply. She did not always manage to take it in her throat despite her repeated efforts. It seemed to her that to succeed this time, just before the end of the allotted time, would be a beautiful ending. She concentrated as he had taught her, forcing her body to the gesture of swallowing. Between two attempts, she simply started sucking him again, catching her breath. She finally managed it. She felt her throat open and spread, and the tip of his cock penetrate her deeply. In this position, she was in perfect control of her progress and didn't panic. She remained motionless for a few seconds, proud to feel his cock almost entirely inside her, savoring her little victory, before slowly withdrawing, maintaining her suction and playing with her tongue. She decided to stay on this success and not try to repeat the exercise. She was content to continue lapping and

sucking him, alternating the pleasures, until the end of the allotted time. From the last notes of She just kept lapping and sucking him, alternating between pleasures, until the time ran out. From the last notes of She just kept lapping and sucking him, alternating between pleasures, until the time ran out. From the last notes of Enigma's Sadness chosen for the finale of her program, she stopped and came back to kneel at his feet, head and eyes lowered. Although satisfied, Sia was disappointed not to have felt him cum. Worried about his verdict.

35. Reflection

— I felt you weaken yesterday when you were masturbating and I was fucking you. You weren't just concentrating on not giving in to pleasure. You were absent. Your thoughts were elsewhere. I didn't like seeing you like that. I think you didn't understand something important. Not taking physical pleasure doesn't mean that you have to exclude yourself from what's happening. When I say that you are only an object of pleasure, that you are only a mouth to fuck or an orifice in which to squirt, you must feel it fully. I want a being in consciousness. It is in this condition that you must find your pleasure. Knowing that you are there to satisfy your lord and master, according to my desires of the moment and without the slightest hesitation. Knowing that you are capable of acting according to my will in the snap of a finger, without the slightest question. That is what I expect from you. I must feel your voluntary submission every second. Whether I fuck your ass or your mouth, whether I whip you or finger you, your whole body must breathe your surrender to my expectations and my desires. If I only wanted an inert body to fuck, I would not have taken so much time to educate you! By forbidding you carnal and physical pleasure, I want you to develop something else, a mental pleasure produced by extreme submission. This self-denial that you seek should be able to help you achieve it. You have always said that you thought that this ultimate state would bring you something much more powerful than any orgasm. Do you think you can reach this nirvana of submission by escaping through thought? Do you think that by isolating yourself mentally, by creating a void, you could forget that my will is to fuck you without allowing you pleasure? You should instead concentrate on the opposite. Feel each of my gestures deep in your soul, and not in your body. To be fully aware of what I am doing to you and what I expect from you. Of what you are giving me. I want you to feel your renunciation, your abandonment, your submission. This frustration that I impose on you is my pleasure and it must be yours, your source of enjoyment. It must throb in your entire being. Then, you will be able to feel something happy about it. A deep beatitude. A feeling of serenity and well-being because then, you will be in tune with yourself, with the one you claim to want to be. A submissive in total self-denial for her master. It is this pure and unflinching obedience that must guide you.

Whatever you do or do not do, it is my choice, my order. It is my will. Whether it is washing the floor, opening your ass to me, offering yourself in a photo on the net, or sleeping alone every night in your cage, all this comes from my will alone. Every single thing, every single detail of your day, from the moment you open your eyes in the morning and kiss my feet before I take you outside to pee like a little female dog, until the moment when you settle on the cross to receive the whip before turning between your bars, and that you fall asleep alone in the dark, captive, must bring something to your condition of submissive. Each of these moments should make you feel your self-denial, your unwavering servitude, your extreme submission. It is these deep feelings that must guide you each time a little further and give you a feeling of fulfillment in your condition. Nothing that you experience should really be experienced as a constraint because behind each bond, each pain, each frustration, you must find something that reminds you why you chose to offer yourself to me and to give me your body and your soul. You wanted to go far and discover what you had not yet known. I have no reason to spare you especially since I too, for other reasons, wanted to put you in these extreme situations and judge your submission. Today I wanted to evaluate your capacities to give pleasure without being used only as an orifice. I wanted to see your body in action, and feel your willingness to be good. You did not disappoint me and so I will not punish you for your attitude yesterday. Consider that your assessment was successful and that you have the abilities to serve me. But I want you to think about my words, once again. Submission is a long journey and a real learning experience. It is not enough to know how to kneel to claim to be submissive. It is a path of life, a conscious and informed choice. After all these years, you still have so much to learn, Sia. But you have always been a good student. Sometimes it takes you time, but you manage to understand the lessons that I teach you, and to progress. I give you the keys to understand the mechanisms of total submission. I would like you to feel this much-fantasized self-denial, that you manage to feel it fully because that is what you wanted. There is no stake in the end, only to achieve a dream. Maybe this state of self-denial is not for you. Maybe you are not capable of it. Then you will have to accept it and live with it. Your journey here will not have been in vain, you will have learned a lot about yourself, I know that. But it is not over. I just want you to think about all this. I know that my words will turn in your head for a long time, and that then you will manage to put some things into practice and others not. Step by step, you will advance little slave. Nothing you experience should really be experienced as a constraint because behind every bond, every pain, every frustration, you must find something that reminds you why you chose to offer yourself to me and to give me your body and your soul. You wanted to go far and discover what you had not yet known. I have no reason to spare you especially since I too, for other reasons, wanted to put you in these extreme

situations and judge your submission. Today I wanted to evaluate your abilities to give pleasure without being used only as an orifice. I wanted to see your body in action, and feel your will to be good. You have not disappointed me and so I will not punish you for your attitude yesterday. Consider that your evaluation was successful and that you have the abilities to serve me. But I want you to think about my words, once again. Submission is a long journey and a real learning experience. It is not enough to know how to kneel to claim to be submissive. It is a path of life, a conscious and informed choice. After all these years, you still have so much to learn, Sia. But you have always been a good student. Sometimes it takes you time, but you manage to understand the lessons that I teach you, and to progress. I give you the keys to understand the mechanisms of total submission. I would like you to feel this self-denial so fantasized, that you manage to feel it fully because it is what you wanted. There is no stake in the end, only to achieve a dream. Maybe this state of self-denial is not for you. Maybe you are not capable of it. You will then have to accept it and live with it. Your journey here will not have been in vain, you will have learned a lot about yourself, I know that. But it is not over. I just want you to think about all this. I know that my words will turn over in your head for a long time, and that then you will manage to put some things into practice and others not. Step by step, you will advance little slave. Nothing you experience should really be experienced as a constraint because behind every bond, every pain, every frustration, you must find something that reminds you why you chose to offer yourself to me and to give me your body and your soul. You wanted to go far and discover what you had not yet known. I have no reason to spare you especially since I too, for other reasons, wanted to put you in these extreme situations and judge your submission. Today I wanted to evaluate your abilities to give pleasure without being used only as an orifice. I wanted to see your body in action, and feel your will to be good. You have not disappointed me and so I will not punish you for your attitude yesterday. Consider that your evaluation was successful and that you have the abilities to serve me. But I want you to think about my words, once again. Submission is a long journey and a real learning experience. It is not enough to know how to kneel to claim to be submissive. It is a path of life, a conscious and informed choice. After all these years, you still have so much to learn, Sia. But you have always been a good student. Sometimes it takes you time, but you manage to understand the lessons that I teach you, and to progress. I give you the keys to understand the mechanisms of total submission. I would like you to feel this self-denial so fantasized, that you manage to feel it fully because it is what you wanted. There is no stake in the end, only to achieve a dream. Maybe this state of self-denial is not for you. Maybe you are not capable of it. You will then have to accept it and live with it. Your journey here will not have been in vain, you will have learned a lot about yourself, I know that. But it is not

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Sia had only been able to nod. He was right, his words were already turning and turning in her mind to the point that she was losing her footing, she had no more bearings, she was dizzy. She felt miserable about her attitude the day before. He had read her doubts in her with such ease. However, he had made no allusion to what affected her the most, the lack of him. Did he see it? Deep down, everything else seemed insignificant. It didn't matter to her to sleep locked up, to endure the series of whippings, the humiliations and the frustration. If she had the warmth of his arms around her body from time to time, the sweetness of the intimate moments that he always offered her between two sessions and a few tender moments to

breathe from time to time, then... then the situation would be almost the same as she lived with him the rest of the time. Only sexual frustration added to the picture, and even then, he imposed it on her from time to time, but punctually. She no longer found it difficult. Or almost.

Sia had always taken an indecent pleasure in submission, servitude, and humiliation. She liked pain in a more confused and more upset way, but it had always been part of her condition and would not have wanted it to be otherwise. Having to submit to him, even more than the rest of the time, was not a punishment or truly a test, on the contrary she should have exulted, enjoyed it. Besides, her body was always reactive, even without the right to pleasure, her pussy was constantly wet near him. Would she have felt the same lack if he allowed her to enjoy systematically? No doubt she liked this power he had over her, to allow her or not to pleasure. She was at the mercy of his mood and his will, to reach orgasm, and that excited her. By focusing on the absence of tender gestures and on her difficulties in not giving in to sexual excitement, she had lost sight of the real reason for her presence here. The very essence of what she had come looking for. The feeling of deep submission, without compensation, without return, just serving him and being submissive to him, without expecting anything. Being in total giving and enjoying it, because that was, for Sia, the real reason for being a submissive: total self-denial. However, she had let her own desires and her shortcomings take over too often, depriving herself of fully living an extreme condition. She no longer knew where she stood or what to say. He was right. Again and again. She felt unworthy of him.

— Look at me!

She raised her sad eyes to him and they stumbled upon his cold and severe gaze. She felt him disappointed and probably annoyed at wasting so much time with her.

— You want to give up? I can stop everything!

— No, Master!

He didn't answer right away, but kept his eyes locked on hers. It was hard to hold her gaze, yet the dejection had already given way to determination, to her will, she was going to continue. He expected nothing less. Sia often seemed fragile, but she always knew how to be strong when needed. He knew it.

— So you go down and sit on the bench, ass wide open and ready to receive my whip, my cock, or whatever I decide to inflict on you. You will wait until I get into this position, and you will not move from it, no matter how long this wait is. Is that understood?

— Yes, Master.

— Take the opportunity to think about everything I told you. I never want to feel absent again. I want you submissive, deep in your soul. Deep in your guts. I want it to emanate from you, to sweat through every pore of your skin. I want to feel you quiver and shudder, I want your pussy soaked at all times. It doesn't matter that I impose silence, immobility and forbid you pleasure when I fuck you. Your pleasure is elsewhere, in obedience and submission. Learn to enjoy differently. Obey and let yourself be used consciously. I never said it was easy. Quite the contrary. But it is the path you have chosen. The one that led you to my feet. Be worthy of this collar that I allow you to wear.

— Yes, Master.

He snapped his fingers towards the stairs that led to the dungeon and Sia crawled towards them. She felt determined and relieved that he had given her another chance. It was as if he had given her the pieces she needed to assemble a complex puzzle. Little by little, it seemed to take shape before her eyes. She settled down on the easel after putting on some music and lighting a few candles. She had taken the time to observe her surroundings with fresh eyes. Had she never dreamed of such a place? Had she never imagined such an extreme condition? Why fight so much when she had the possibility of experiencing something she had fantasized about and had really wanted to discover. Since the beginning, she oscillated between fighting and giving up. She questioned his demands instead of just accepting them. She tortured herself when he frustrated her instead of enjoying the simple fact that he was inside her and taking pleasure in it. She blamed herself and at the same time, it seemed to her that she was really doing everything she could. It still wasn't enough. It was never enough. She adjusted her position on the submission bench. She was on all fours, straddling this object of wood and leather. It was tilted forward and adjusted to her height. The forearms placed flat, lower than her knees, forced her to be shameless. She exposed her well-raised ass and her wide-open pussy. The chin rest at the front kept her head at the right height, allowing him to take her mouth as he pleased. He could thus turn around her and had her three orifices at his disposal. She expected to endure a long wait. She could imagine him upstairs, imagining her in position, his head full of her words. He must have been smiling. She thought of all the other moments to come, here or elsewhere, and realized that she was considering them as rewards. She understood that she was still far from pure abnegation and quickly chased away these thoughts to indulge in the wait he had decided for her.

36. Abandon

— You are in your place like this. In expectation and obedience. You are my thing. My creation. I make you what I want. I train you to serve me and to fulfill my desires. That is what it means to be submissive. My submissive. An object of pleasure. Everything I want to impose on you, I impose on you and it is in the full and complete acceptance of this all the power that I have over you that you must flourish. I like to have you at my disposal and take advantage of my well-trained little whore whenever I feel like it.

He slid his hands over Sia's open and offered ass, who concentrated on appreciating the caress of his hands without taking any pleasure in it other than that of being a body he had at his disposal. As his fingers grazed her rump and back, lingering on her breasts, she applied herself to feeling all his gestures consciously and to drawing from them a deep feeling of gratitude. He honored her with his time, his teaching and his presence. She was the one he had chosen among all those who wanted to offer themselves to him. She was the one he considered worthy of him. She savored this evidence in silence, motionless, without a breath deeper than another. Her eyes half-closed, her mouth half-open. She focused on all the parts of her body that he touched and on her absolute submission in the moment. She had given herself to him. She wanted to remain his, more than anything else. She wanted him to feel it, to see nothing in her eyes but her willingness to serve him and be worthy of him. She remembered his words, she wanted his condition to shine through her whole being, to emanate from every breath, every look, every silence.

He began to play with her orifices, challenging her stoicism. Despite all her troubles and contradictions, her pussy was soaked. Just being there, offered. To him. No matter how conditioned she had been, remaining impassive was still a difficult ordeal, especially if she couldn't try to think of something else to distract herself and help her body not respond to stimuli. Sia tried to apply the same method as for the caresses on her back and rump, forgetting the carnal pleasure to only enjoy her condition internally, but she was aware that she would only last for a while. A part of her always feared disrupting the functioning of her body and losing all ability to be excited, to take pleasure and to reach orgasm. Was this what he wanted? Often during her training, when he imposed a new rule, it was rarely punctual. It ended up becoming a recurring request. Would she have to let herself go, or remain impassive, at the request? Would she be able to do it? She felt his fingers go back and forth inside her, lingering deep in her pussy and ass. Sometimes he gave her a few series of blows on the buttocks, to pinken her skin constantly marked by the whip, the cane, the riding crop or the belt. He loved to see her like that, marked. She thought of nothing else but what she was, what she had always wanted to be. His slave. His thing. His property. Every time she felt his

hand fall on her ass, she told herself that she was his, every time he caressed her clitoris or pushed his fingers inside her, she told herself that he had every right over her. All of them.

He came in front of her. He looked at the back of her neck and instinctively, without even looking at him, Sia opened her mouth. He unzipped his pants right in front of her face and brought his already hard cock close to her lips. Sia quickly stretched out her tongue to lick it. He didn't get close enough, deliberately, forcing her to crane her neck to lap up the tip of his glans. He wanted to feel her greed, her desire. If she couldn't take physical pleasure during penetrations, what she felt when he allowed her to suck him was hers alone, and he couldn't take it away from her. She had always taken an indecent pleasure in taking his cock between her lips and feeling it fill her mouth, far and deep. It was a privilege he granted her, almost a reward. A treat. She no longer knew if it was good or bad to think like that, but she had never experienced fellatio as a constraint. She took such pleasure in it that she was able to physically enjoy it. It had happened a few times, not often, but she had experienced it, when he spoke to her at the same time and his words had excited her so much that the pleasure had come. This time, it was different, there was the act and the act alone. He approached slightly, and she was able to take the tip of his cock between her lips and play around it with her tongue. She sucked it gently at the same time, like an invitation to come deeper inside her. She wanted to feast on this special moment where there was no frustration or question, just the pleasure she gave him. Despite the uncomfortable position he imposed on her, she applied herself without stopping until he came close enough to fully penetrate her mouth. She alternated the movements he liked. Deprived of her hands that she usually used to caress his balls, she allowed herself to leave his cock for a few moments, the time to take them in her mouth one after the other. She was never satisfied with him.

For a long time she applied herself to being a pleasure machine. He fucked her, penetrated her and came back to her mouth. He got a hard-on and penetrated her deeply, pressing on her ass, her lips. Sia kept up the rhythm and submitted. When he finally exploded inside her and she felt his hot sperm spill into her throat, she shuddered, a wave of pride invaded her. She was reassured, almost happy.

Sia had felt stronger after the words he had spoken to her. He had been able to guide her and explain the mechanisms she had to put in place to approach the feeling of total self-denial she wanted to know. However, as the days went by, she could not deny that her will was gradually crumbling. The lack was still there, it was wearing away at her convictions. If she was managing to control her body better and better and to ignore pleasure, a void was settling in her that she could not fill. All her submission, and all the self-denial she managed to show were not

enough. She felt... incomplete. More and more often, he left her alone, tied up or in her cage, only taking her out for imposed rituals, for domestic tasks and sexual use. Words had become almost useless. At every moment, she knew what to do, where to go, how to serve him. A gesture, a look, a snap of her fingers and she would do it. Mechanically. Obediently. She still put as much conviction and attention into it, but it was no longer anything more than a repetition of perfectly mastered gestures. Even when he imposed new things on her, new positions or changed certain habits, she submitted to them without any real reaction. Everything related to sex had become an ordeal that she had to complete, instead of being a moment of pleasure and letting go. Her body had become accustomed to the pain of the daily whipping and cane blows, unless he hit her a little less hard each time so as not to damage her skin. She wouldn't have been able to say. She didn't know anymore. Nor how long she had been there. Nor if this ordeal would ultimately end. She was in the moment, unable to plan ahead. She had forbidden herself to think about what came after, so as not to see it as a reward for what she was going through. It was not about enduring the ordeal by gritting her teeth, knowing that afterwards, she would find the warmth of his arms and their complicity from before. It was about going to the end of the road, exploring every corner of this extreme condition that she had fantasized about so much, and finding there what was at the end. But was there really something? Was she even capable of finding it, of feeling it? Sia ended up doubting it. This doubt questioned her about her true condition. Was she really a slave in the depths of her soul? A slave, she was in fact, in gestures. Living like a small animal. Locked up or chained, used to serve, trained with sticks so as never to forget who was the master. Punished for misconduct, but without any reward when she did well, or very little. It had seemed so easy and exciting to her to imagine such a condition when she was only fantasizing. When she dreamed of being a perfect submissive, without tears or doubt, without reluctance or fear, without desires of her own, without expectations other than to satisfy him in everything and for everything. Capable of anything. But the reality was different. Hard and bitter. She knew now that whatever happened, she would not come out of this experience unscathed. Sia questioned herself, more and more often, she doubted herself to be what she thought she was.

During a difficult evening during which he had not spoken a single word to her and had been particularly severe and hard with her, she realized that she was not up to it. She could not do it. She was kneeling a few meters away from him, her hands behind her back, waiting for him to finish his meal. She had dared to look up at him for a few seconds without him seeing her. She worshiped him like a God. Truly. She loved him as she had never loved, and as she could never have imagined it was possible to love. She loved everything about him, his charisma, his body, his

way of being, of speaking, of walking, his perfume, the tone of his voice, the texture of his skin. Everything. She loved everything. But even more, she loved the way he constrained and dominated her. Without any concession. Without ever the slightest flaw. Without ever giving her the opportunity to think that it could be a game. Without ever letting her get rid of the certainty that at the slightest serious fault he would release her without the slightest hesitation. She loved his intransigence, his search for excellence. She loved the perfect balance that he had always managed to maintain, made of demands but also of rewards. A perfect alchemy from which their powerful bond was born and which had allowed her to move forward, against all odds. To surpass herself a little more each time for him. He was in her eyes an exceptional master. The only one truly worthy of this title. She continued to observe him while feeling something unexpected and deeply painful growing within her. The revelation was imposed, bursting forth, after days and nights of trials. It was as if an acid was spreading in her veins, and spreading a deadly poison. The truth was bursting forth: she was not worthy of him. No matter how much she wanted it, she couldn't shake off her desires, this visceral need to curl up in his arms after a difficult moment. She couldn't stop wanting to enjoy feeling him inside her. She couldn't be satisfied with this extreme condition that should have filled her submissive soul. Self-denial was a myth, a state she would never achieve. She would never be able to tell him that he could count on her total self-denial. She wasn't worthy of him. Obviously. She didn't live up to his expectations. He had overestimated her. No matter how much time passed, how many days or weeks he decided to make her live in this state, she would not be able to blossom fully without his smile, without his hand caressing her face, without those moments when he allowed her to come and rest her cheek against his thigh to cry with emotion, or smile with fullness. Without his knowing gaze. Without their other moments. She needed more. Wanted more. The balance was broken. It seemed to her that the word self-denial was shattering painfully in her head like thousands of shards of glass. And everything inside her was shattering. She had to stop this pretense, she had to accept her failure. She had to... give up.

37. Self-denial

—Look down, slave! If I need you, I'll tell you.

— Yes, Master. Excuse me.

Sia resumed her position, interrupting her thoughts. A shiver ran through her body. For the first time, she was no longer sure she was in her place. That she deserved it. The one who was kneeling at her feet could not have thoughts like hers. She should have been fully satisfied with her condition, without wanting more. Submission was not a game. It was not give and take. She had said it so

many times. How could she claim to be his, when the only thing she really wanted at that moment had nothing to do with submission? Some would have said that she could not be perfect, but it was not a trifle or an oversight. A fault that could be crossed off a list with a few lashes of the whip. It was much deeper. It was her submissive soul that was cracking. She was capable of gestures and deeds, she had proven it. Submitting, accepting humiliation, pain, isolation and even frustration, with effort, she managed it. But it was not enough if there was nothing else beside it. She felt like she was playing a role. Lying to him. She was not honest, neither with him nor with herself. She should have indulged in self-denial, and instead, she ruminated on her shortcomings and unsatisfied desires.

That evening, when he accompanied her into the dungeon, the icy shiver she had felt earlier had not left her. Something deep had settled inside her. Like a knell that tolls the end of something and whose reasoning seems endless. She settled herself without thinking on the cross, guided by the automatisms acquired over the days. The candles flickered in rhythm, leaving the room partially in darkness, and making the shadows dance. The music rose gently. She had the sensation of smelling the leather of the whip. The atmosphere was such that she had always fantasized this kind of scene. However, the magic was no longer there. She just wanted him to come behind her and stick his chest against her back, to gently caress her skin and place a kiss on her shoulder while holding her a little tighter against him. To whisper in her ear "you are mine". So little. And yet it meant so much!

The whip cracked without warning, and she made a point of remaining even more impassive than usual. As soon as the five blows were given, she performed her ritual, kissed his feet, and went to join the small room where her cage stood.

- Is !

— Yes, Master?

— Look at me. Do you have something to say?

Sia was silent for a few seconds. He could still read her so easily. But how could he tell her?

— No, Master...

He looked at her for a long time, as if to give her time to change her mind, and finally ordered her to enter the cage with a snap of his fingers.

Sia stood there for a long moment, lost in thought. She was lying to him. She realized that part of her resented him, and the other cursed her for having such

thoughts. She didn't deserve her place. How many times had he told her that wearing his collar was an honor and that she had to earn it and be worthy of it? How many times had he told her that she had to give herself up naked, and confide every thought to him, even if it meant losing her? How many times had he told her that he wanted her perfectly trained, that he aimed for excellence and that he would never settle for a parody of submission? She realized that she was far from the perfection he had the right to expect. It didn't matter that the gestures were technically perfect. Deep down, she couldn't be satisfied with her condition as a slave, taking pleasure when he imposed his desires on her. Maybe that was what he had wanted? To confront her with reality, with her inability to act in total abnegation? Maybe he was waiting for her to become aware of this fact, and to draw the necessary conclusions? Maybe he had simply wanted to make sure that she was as strong and submissive as he thought? In that case he would have to face the facts and discover that he had been wrong! To disappoint him, to hear him tell her that he had been wrong about her. This feeling was terrible. She would not be able to face it. It was the worst punishment in her eyes.

Sia slid her hand over her neck, over the steel necklace she wore all the time and that had symbolized her belonging for so long. She had fantasized about this necklace, then dreamed about it, and finally she had earned it. She had given everything to earn it again, and yet, tonight, for the first time, she was considering having to take it off because she no longer deserved it. This caress on the steel, usually comforting, left a bitter aftertaste in her mouth. She could no longer turn back now, so obvious was the conclusion. She would have to face this terrible deadline. She had wanted to test her self-denial, to go to the extreme limits of her gift, she would have to take responsibility and go all the way. Above all, and whatever the cost, she had to stay true to her convictions. She had to be honest with him and with herself. She had to reveal herself naked, fragile, and admit her inability to be who she would have liked to be. She couldn't imagine his pity, and she had to expect to give her necklace back. The images of that scene invaded her brain, and each time the fatal gesture replayed itself mentally, Sia collapsed in tears in her cage. She blamed him for not feeling that, for not coming to join her, and calming her. She couldn't sleep that night. She had never imagined one day having to make such a difficult decision. Dawn found her alone, her features drawn, facing her destiny.

Sia waited until she had undergone and completed all the morning rituals and brought him his coffee before deciding to ask his permission to speak. He would probably expect her to ask him for permission to go to the bathroom or to beg him to masturbate, as she did every day. She never spoke to him like that for any other reason. However, when she looked up at him while waiting for his

answer, she understood that he had read in her gaze that it was something completely different. He put down his cup of coffee and turned a little more towards her, as if to make sure she would not doubt his attention.

— Speak, slave!

Sia was shaking. She took a deep breath and for a moment thought no words would come out of her mouth. He let her gain momentum in an endless silence.

—I've been thinking a lot lately, Master, and I haven't come to the conclusion I was hoping for... I've been lying to myself and through that, I haven't been honest with you either. I wasn't really aware of it, but since I realized my mistake, it's become clear in my head...

— Explain yourself.

His voice was sharp as steel. Icy.

— I am failing to meet your expectations, Master. In deeds and gestures perhaps, but deep down, in what I feel, I am failing to be what you expect of me. I understood your words, your explanations were clear, you taught me and showed me the way. You corrected me several times on my absences in difficult sessions, on the pleasure I should take through your pleasure alone. I can't do it, Master. I am not that submissive, I need something else too much. This total self-denial that I wanted to offer you, to prove to you, I have not achieved it. You deserve better than my inadequacy. The conclusion is so harsh...

Sia began to sob and her words became choppy.

—I... don't... deserve my place, Master. I... don't deserve my collar anymore...

Sia hadn't been able to look at him as she said those words. She had remained kneeling, head and eyes lowered, trembling with her sobs. If he was surprised by her statement, he didn't let it be seen. The silence dragged on until she calmed down.

When she finally raised her head to look at him, he slapped her violently.

— Do you really think you are capable of knowing what you deserve or not?

His voice was firm, without appeal.

— Do you think you have the right to judge yourself? Do you think you know better than me what my expectations are? I alone have the power to judge you and your submission! You are not just another submissive, you are my submissive. I am the one who has trained and educated you for all these years so that you respond to my orders. To my desires. In the way I have decided. I alone

can evaluate your abilities, the pleasure you give me, the quality of your servitude. You obey and comply. If your condition does not suit you, that is something else. If you do not like what you are experiencing, if you find neither pleasure nor fulfillment in your submission, then you only have one word to say to regain your freedom, that is your only freedom! So, I forbid you to judge yourself as a good or bad submissive. If I thought you were incapable or simply mediocre, if that was my assessment, I would have removed your collar myself without the slightest hesitation. You are an excellent submissive, Sia. I forbid you forever to say otherwise! I am your lord and master, the only judge of that.

— But I...

— You?

— I can't ignore what I'm missing, my own desires. I'm not able to live in this condition that you're selflessly imposing on me here. I'm still frustrated, lacking, longing. Lacking, above all. You. I realized that I was mainly waiting for everything to go back to... the way it was before. That's what keeps me going, when I should be thriving in my condition as you wanted it.

— Have you disobeyed in the almost twenty days we have been here? Have you rebelled? Have you backed down from an order? From the whip? Have you served me badly? Have you been a bad submissive? Have you been incapable of giving me pleasure?

— No, Master...

— You made mistakes, but I didn't imagine it could be otherwise. You will always make mistakes, they will be corrected each time and you will learn from them. No one is immune to making a mistake. But everything I wanted from you, you did. With dignity. You submitted. Fully. Each time you drifted, I brought you back into line and you followed my advice to become stronger. Your mistakes were punished and forgiven. I didn't expect more from you, Sia. You didn't find pleasure in it and it's regrettable for you, but you obeyed.

— I have not been able to show self-denial as you explained to me, Master. I cannot ignore my desires to think only of yours. I try, but each time it comes back, I cannot find the balance, I will not be able to live like this all the time...

— But who is asking you? Do you think that is what I want? A simple performing slave with whom to share nothing? I never wanted that, Sia. You know that. What I expect from you is complete and total obedience, at every moment. Whatever the circumstances. I need to know that you are capable of undergoing such treatment if I want it, for a few days, but never permanently. Never for a lifetime. Our relationship has become more vanilla in recent months, and will

undoubtedly become more so over time. Also, I need to know that with each snap of your fingers you are capable of the most extreme submission. I want to know without a shadow of a doubt, without any explanation to provide, that whatever the conditions, I can impose all my desires as a master on you. If I decide to make you sleep chained, in a cage, far from me rather than curled up in my arms, I want to see a quality submissive obey without flinching and not a woman who complies reluctantly. I want you to remember at all times that your place is the one I decide for you. These last few days you showed me that you were capable of anything, without flinching, for more than twenty days. I thought you would crack, it didn't happen. Now, I know that time has not changed the condition. This vanilla woman and these other moments that I discovered with you fade away at the slightest of my requests. I can count on you for a long time, Sia, this ordeal has confirmed me in my choice and this word, your words have given me the ultimate proof of your devotion.

Sia remained motionless, troubled. She no longer knew where she was or what she should do or say. He was still sitting on his chair and she was kneeling between his legs. He approached her and slid his fingers under her chin to make her raise her head. This gesture had the power to electrify her, she was as if hypnotized when he acted like this. He plunged his eyes into hers and spoke to her with gentleness and emotion.

— How can you doubt your self-denial, Sia? Maybe she is not as you imagined. No doubt she is not perfect in your eyes or enjoyable, but she has accompanied you in each of the trials you have experienced here, in each second that passed. You do not see it yet, but she has grown you, she has made you evolve and take steps that you would never have imagined taking. Even if you have often felt the lack and the frustration, I know that there were moments when you were perfectly in your place, when nothing else existed around you except your condition and your pleasure in being mine. Your desire for submission is so strong that you wanted to push all the limits, by living a condition so extreme that I doubt that it is possible to fully flourish there in the long term. You will relive days like those in shorter periods, and I know that you will live them differently. If submission is a long journey, self-denial is even more so. And believe me, you have already advanced on this path. You thought you would not be able to feel this state? However, this morning, after a night of suffering and reflection, you showed total self-denial and you demonstrated it to me in the most beautiful way. You were ready to give me back your necklace. You had decided to take back your freedom because you thought you had not been able to meet my expectations. I know what my necklace represents to you, Sia. It is everything to you, and yet since you did not consider yourself worthy of me, you felt you had to give it back to me. Apart

from your life, I know that there is nothing more precious to you. There is no gift that requires more self-denial than this one.

Sia couldn't help but let a few tears of emotion escape. He smiled at her and opened his arms to her. She threw herself into them eagerly and with delight, as if nothing in the world could be better than feeling them finally close around her. She stayed like that against him without moving, for an eternity. She would have liked it to last even longer, and he gave her all the time she could have dreamed of.

END

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