

Laura's Femdom Empowerment

What can I say? I get off on controlling subservient males. In college I learned that many males are easy prey and that I can get whatever I want out of them. This is the story of how I learned about submissive men and how that knowledge changed the course of my life.

Chapter 1 The Submissive Male

Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Laura Stanton. I'm also known as Laura Steele or Goddess Steele. I'm 24 years old. I'm a full time Physician Assistant and a part time Dominatrix. I have not always been dominant, but I sure am now. I genuinely enjoy the cat and mouse game of female domination in the controlled setting of the professional dungeon. However, the most satisfying thing for me is using my skills and natural gifts to control men. Both willing and unwitting.

I am fortunate to be blessed with great genes. My mother is of Danish descent and was a model in New York. My father was Brazilian.

I stand five feet eight inches tall. My hair is naturally curly and golden blond. I keep it on the long side. My skin is soft and has a natural glow. My eyes are bright blue.

My C cups breasts are what are referred to medically as "dense". In layman's terms they are "perky," so I have that going for me. Also, I work out or run most days to maintain my hard-body.

When I was young and naive, I would often get annoyed by boys falling all over me. I didn't appreciate the fact that all guys wanted me, and most girls wanted to be me. I was the stereotypical bitch. I dated the jock guys and ignored the quiet shy guys.

I must credit my college roommate Leesa. She opened my eyes. She taught me so much about guys and the male psyche.

As far as looks go she was average. She was my height but thin and flat chested. She and I met during our sophomore year. I noticed that she usually had several guys chasing her and she seemed to have a way with them. She was very confident and outgoing, and the guys loved her. She and I became roommates our junior year and we got a nice two-bedroom apartment.

At that time, I was dating a guy who was a member of the rugby team. He was hot and had a great body but beyond that he was not much. I didn't feel like he respected me, and sex was nothing special.

In bed he would go down on me for a few minutes which felt good but then he would climb on top of me. He never lasted more than a few minutes and then he'd roll over and go to sleep, leaving me to shower and clean up his nasty mess.

After Leesa and I moved in together I noticed that she never allowed guys sleep over. They would be in her room sometimes for an hour or more, but she always sent them home early.

One night, after one of her guy friends left, she came out and joined me on the couch. She let out a relaxed sigh as she sat next to me. I noticed she was smiling, and I said, "You sure are in a good mood."

Leesa said, "I should hope so. I just had two great orgasms, and I sent Carl home hard and horny."

I was shocked. I said, "You did what?"

She giggled and said, "You heard me. Don't worry, he'll be back tomorrow eager as ever."

At first, I was speechless then I asked her to explain. Leesa said, "Haven't you ever had a guy give you an orgasm then sent him home?"

I said, "Of course not! I would never do that."

"Why not?" queried Leesa. "Do you mean to tell me that no guy has ever gotten his rocks off with you and then left, or just fell asleep and left you horny?"

I thought for a moment and said, "Well actually that's what Brad does."

Leesa sat up and looked at me and said, "Laura! That's such bullshit! You are dating the wrong kinds of guys."

I said, "What do you mean?"

Leesa said, "It's so obvious Laura. You have always dated the alpha jerk males. The guys who treat girls like crap. If you pick the right kind of guy it will turn your life around. In fact, you need to dump Brad."

Leesa continued, "Ok, let me ask you this. Does Brad usually give you orgasms during sex or when he goes down on you?"

I was slightly embarrassed as I responded, "Well, to be honest I'm not sure if I've ever had an orgasm."

Leesa moved closer to me and took my hands in hers and said, "Laura, if you don't know whether or not you've had an orgasm, then you have never had one. Trust me. If you have an orgasm you know it."

Leesa looked into my eyes as she continued, "Well I can tell you about me. My best orgasms are from getting oral. And you know what, you are the hottest girl I know. You of all girls should be getting mind blowing orgasms whenever you want them. They really are important for good health, both mental and physical."

I was not sure what to say so I just looked down at Leesa's hands.

She squeezed my hands and said, "Laura. When I say you are hot I mean it. Let me put it this way. If you want to experience your first orgasm I'd be more than happy to give it to you."

I slowly pulled my hands away from hers and said, "Um, I don't uh, think that..."

Leesa held up her hands and said, "Laura, I'm sorry. No pressure. I'm just saying that you are gorgeous, and I would really enjoy giving you pleasure that way."

I tried to question her, "So does that mean you are..." I stopped myself.

"Lesbian? Bi? Gay?" Leesa threw out all the buzz words. She continued, "Well I guess if you need to label it, I'm bisexual. I mean technically speaking, but I haven't been with a girl for over a year, but I do enjoy it."

Leesa continued, "Enough about me. I want to help you. I need to teach you about one of the wonders of the world. The submissive male."

We talked at great length about Leesa's views on dating and men. About how sex drives all men and how they go about trying to get it. Leesa explained, "It's biology. All creatures are driven to reproduce. Of course, as humans we need to operate within the confines of society."

I said, "Are you going to get deep on me?"

Leesa said, "Laura stop. I'm serious. This will change your life, just hear me out."

I said, "I get it, all guys are horny."

Leesa said, "Yes, all guys are horny. They also need to follow social rules and fit in with society. Now, here's the important part. There are tons of guys who are so passive that they don't know how to approach or even talk to women. They want to talk to women. They want to

have relationships, but they don't have the confidence. Their sex drive makes them obsess over women, but their lack of confidence leads them to loneliness. They end up watching porn and masturbating to... well to girls like you."

Leesa went on, "So here's my lesson for you. I'm getting good at using my sexuality and men's natural sex drive as tools to achieve my goals and I can teach you."

Leesa said, "Women are able to flirt and play with men. It works most effectively on shy, passive men. With practice, women can push sexual buttons and manipulate passive men into whatever they want them to be."

I said, "Doesn't that make you a tease?"

She said, "Absolutely it does, but the guys I do it to, totally eat it up. Alpha guys get pissed and accuse you of being a cock tease. Passive guys go right along with it. The only thing they like more than playing with their own pecker is letting you play with it."

I said, "Yeah that makes sense."

Leesa said, "Yep, and the more you play with it, the hornier they get. It's so easy to manipulate those kinds of guys."

I said, "So Carl. He's one of your passive guys?"

Leesa said, "Yes. In fact, he's my little bitch."

I was kind of shocked again and said, "Bitch? At what point does a guy become your bitch?"

Leesa said, "Oh, that's easy. It's the point where you make him eat your ass before you let him suck your clit."

The idea of anyone eating anyone else's ass, as Leesa so clearly put it, had never entered my mind. I said, "Okay, that's gross."

Leesa chuckled and said, "Oh Laura, you are so naive. It's not like they are eating shit. I'm clean when they do it. Let me tell you. It's the most heavenly feeling you can imagine. I can't cum that way but it's a great lead in to getting oral."

I said, "So how do you know all this?"

Leesa said, "Well, in case you didn't notice. I don't look like you. In high school I didn't have all the guys competing for my attention. I had to actually work at it, no offense."

I said, "Uh, none taken..."

Leesa continued, "So that meant I had to pursue the guys I was interested in and the jocks wouldn't give me a second look. Before long I figured out that guys wanted one thing. They wanted, correction, they needed to cum. From that point on it's been a series of games."

"Games?" I said.

Leesa chuckled, "Oh yes. Getting guys hard and horny at inappropriate times was my favorite. Like in class when the lights were out for a video, I'd reach over and rub my boyfriend's crotch. He would never stop me because he loved it. Then when the lights came back on, he'd have a huge boner in his pants."

I said, "That's too funny."

She continued, "Yeah, I would get my boyfriends hard whenever I could. I learned fast that guys agree with anything you say when they are hard and horny. Think about it Laura. You need to get rid of Brad and look around. There are tons of guys at this school that would kiss your ass and I mean literally."

She continued, "Okay, rule of thumb. If a guy has the confidence to approach a girl like you, then he's probably going for sex and when he gets it he's on to the next girl. You need to find the guys that are afraid of you, and there are a lot of them. Once you start to give them attention, they will become putty in your hands."

Chapter 2 My Sexual Awakening

A few days later I was walking across campus thinking about everything I had learned from Leesa about men and dating. Maybe she was right. After all, I had only ever dated guys that approached me. I never took the lead. According to Leesa, most guys that have the confidence to approach girls like me are self-centered jerks.

I had also been thinking a lot about her going down on me. I was hoping she would bring up the idea again.

As I walked along, I looked up and saw my boyfriend Brad. He was talking to a pretty brunette. I could not believe my eyes as Brad leaned forward and started kissing her.

I walked up and stood right next to them. They stopped kissing and both looked at me. Brad quickly pushed the girl away and said, "Laura! What are you doing here?"

I said, "Uh, remember I go to school here too." Then I said, "Brad, we are done!" I turned to the girl and said, "Take my advice, he's a self-centered jerk, and he sucks in bed."

I found myself fighting back tears as I walked to my next class. It didn't really make sense because I never felt that I loved him anyway. I guess it was just the idea of being betrayed.

I got to my classroom and sat at a desk to wait for class to start. I texted Leesa and told her what happened.

She texted back, "No worries. I said you should dump him anyway. I'm calling a girl's night tonight. Chinese take-out on me. I'll be home around 6"

I texted back, "I'll take you up on that."

I was at our apartment by 5pm. I decided to shower. I was hoping Leesa would bring up the orgasm idea again.

The shower felt wonderful and I stood under the hot water for several minutes. I put body wash on my loofa and began massaging it into my skin. I had taken thousands of showers, but it was suddenly different. I was enjoying the feeling of the soap and water and loofah on my skin. I found myself imagining Leesa's hands on me. I paid special attention to my pussy to make sure I was clean.

I started thinking about Leesa and wondering if she would want me to go down on her. I was surprised that the idea kind of excited me. I decided to shave all my pussy hair.

I got out of the shower, dried off and put on my robe. Then I wrapped my hair in a towel and opened the bathroom door. Leesa was on the couch. She said, "Is it too early for wine?" She was holding a bottle of my favorite red wine. She was wearing yoga pants and a tee shirt.

I chuckled and said, "It's never too early for wine, let me get dressed."

She patted the couch next to her and said, "You are fine, come have a seat."

I walked over and sat down next to her as she opened the wine. She poured two big glasses and handed me one and took one for herself. She raised her glass and said, "To new beginnings."

I said, "Yes, and to girl's night."

We clicked our glasses. Leesa asked me what happened that day with Brad and I went over it

again. She asked me about other guys I dated, and I told her about all my past boyfriends and my limited sexual experiences. I explained that I did not care for giving blow jobs.

Leesa said, "Tonight I'm going to unleash a new Laura. A confident dangerous woman who always gets what she wants, and never gives blowjobs, no matter how much they beg. And trust me, they will beg."

I laughed and said, "Oh you think so?" I poured us more wine.

Leesa said, "I know so. The most important step is picking out the right type of guy. Of course, you start with looks. You need to be attracted to them. Next you need to make sure he's not an alpha male. There are plenty of shy respectful guys out there who don't even realize they are just waiting to be broken. Last, you need to bait him."

"Bait him?" I questioned.

Leesa continued, "Yes, get him to notice you. People form an opinion of whether or not they like someone in the first three minutes after they meet. You have that nailed because you are freaking gorgeous."

I said, "Well, thank you, but can you give me an example of baiting."

"That's easy," Leesa said. "Use your body, your tight ass and tits. Even your feet. Yeah, the feet are good. If you catch a guy looking at your feet, he's a perfect candidate. Once he notices you look him in the eyes and smile. If he looks away that's a good sign. I'll tell you what. Tomorrow is Saturday. Let's go get mani-pedis and then go guy fishing."

I said, "That sounds good. Hey we should order some food because this wine is going to my head."

Leesa said, "I'm not really hungry yet... for food."

I said, "Um what do mean?"

Instead of answering me she said, "Did you know that you can tell how good someone is at eating pussy by making out with them?"

I said, "I did not know that." I looked at her eyes and she leaned towards me.

Leesa said, "It's true." She was not looking at my eyes she was looking at my lips.

She continued, "Yeah, you can feel it in how they move their lips and their tongue."

I whispered, "Is that so?"

She smiled and moved closer, holding her gaze on my lips. She whispered back, "Yes".

I did not move closer, but I didn't move away either. Leesa reached up and pulled the towel off my head. I had forgotten I was wearing only my robe. My hair was damp, and she moved it off my face.

She said quietly, "You are so beautiful." Then she moved the rest of the way and pressed her lips to mine. They were so full and soft. She kissed me slowly and deliberately. She varied her lips from soft to firm and back to soft.

After a minute I felt her tongue pressing against my lips and I parted them for her. She cradled her hand on the back of my neck and held our mouths together. I offered her my tongue and she began caressing it with hers.

I felt my pussy getting wet. She was right. I could imagine her mouth caressing my most intimate parts.

She kissed me that way for a long time and I wanted more. I reached for the belt of my robe, but she stopped me. She smiled and said, "No. You have to wait. You don't want it bad enough yet."

She put her hand on the inside of my thigh just below my robe. I eagerly parted my legs and Leesa said, "Do you want me to eat your pussy?"

I said, "God yes."

She slid her hand up under my robe until she touched my swollen pussy lips. She looked at me and smiled and said, "Did you shave for me?"

I said nothing, but I smiled and nodded.

Leesa continued, "You are nice and wet too. That's good."

She stood up and peeled off her shirt and yoga pants. She was not wearing any underwear. I had never seen her naked. She had zero body fat. I could see the ripples of her stomach muscles.

Her pubic hair was trimmed short and waxed to a landing strip shape.

She said, "Turn and lay on the couch. Here's a pillow." She placed a small pillow at the end of the couch.

I did as she instructed and situated the pillow under my head. She bent down and untied my belt and opened my robe. She let out an audible sigh and said, "I don't know who's going to enjoy this more. Me or you."

She climbed onto the couch and lay on her left side facing me, between me and the back of the couch. She propped her head on her left hand, leaving her right hand free.

She whispered, "Close your eyes. No peeking."

I closed my eyes and waited. I felt a single fingertip on my forehead. She lightly slid her finger down my nose across my lips and down my chin to my neck. Then she placed all her fingertips at the top of my chest.

She continued sliding her fingertips down to my left breast and stopped at my nipple. She toyed with it until it was hard, and she said quietly, "I want you to understand how powerful you are as a woman. Your skin glows. Your breasts are inspiring and your ass, no your entire body has been chiseled from granite."

She moved her hand to my other nipple until it was hard. Then she began massaging my breast and she continued, "Everyone has sex drive. It's what keeps us alive. We have a deep-seated need to reproduce. With your body and the natural sex drive of men, you have the power to seduce anyone you want."

She moved her other hand and laid her head on my shoulder and wrapped her leg over mine. I could feel her pubic hair against my thigh.

She said in a whisper, "Tell me Laura. How do you feel right now?"

She was nibbling on my ear lobe as I whispered back, "I have never felt so alive and... I am unbearably horny."

She slowly moved her right hand down between my legs and found my wet pussy. She did not touch my clit, but I wanted it so bad. I started grinding my pelvis into her hand. I was actually whimpering.

Leesa stopped and stood up. She held out her hands to me. I took her hands and she pulled me up to my feet. She spun around so her back was to the couch and I was facing her. She sat down in front of me so my stomach was at her eye level. She put her arms around me and started massaging my ass with both hands. She began covering my stomach with soft gentle

kisses which made my stomach muscles quiver.

She reached over and grabbed the pillow and dropped it on the floor between her feet. She looked up at me and said, "Kneel on the pillow." She opened her legs as I knelt on the pillow in front of her.

She put her left hand on the back of my neck and pulled our lips together for more sensual kissing. She cupped her other hand over my bald pussy. She wasn't fingering me she was massaging my entire pussy. It was not giving me enough sensation and I wanted, no, I needed more. After several minutes I was so horny I put my hand on top of hers and tried to rub my clit with her fingers.

She stopped and looked at me with an evil grin. She said, "Tell me you're my horny little slut."

I said, "Yes, I'm your horny little slut."

She sat back on the couch and opened her legs more and put her index finger in her mouth. She looked into my eyes and sucked her finger for a moment and held up her wet finger. I watched as she lowered her finger to her pussy. She said, "You have to give before you can receive."

I knew what she wanted, and I wanted it too. I bent forward and buried my face between her legs. It was the first time I had ever eaten pussy. I was in no condition to go slow or try to tease her. I began licking fast and hard.

It was a wonderful sensation. Her feminine scent and soft folds. I could not get enough. She held my head and pulled my face into her sex. After a few minutes she was moaning and urging me on. My tongue was getting tired, but I kept licking as best I could. I felt her pussy pulsing when her orgasm hit. Finally, she relaxed.

Leesa said in a husky voice, "Not bad for your first time. Now get up here and lay down."

She stood, and I laid back on the couch. She wasted no time getting her face between my legs.

She said, "Ok you have really earned this."

She started with her tongue wide and flat and licked firmly from the bottom of my slit all the way to the top. She kept repeating that technique. Right away I realized this was going to be like nothing I had experienced.

After getting me fully worked up again she began lightly stroking my clit with the tip of her tongue. It was at that point that I put my hands on her head. I held her tight as she worked.

Finally, she focused fully on my clit. She used her thumbs to separate my pussy lips and she began suckling my clit. She would alternate sucking and licking, sucking and licking. Soon I felt tension building in my pelvis and my stomach tightened. Suddenly it hit. Wave after wave of pleasure. I moaned so loud that I'm sure the neighbors heard.

As I was calming down Leesa crawled up next to me and put her arms around me. I was so emotional I had a tear running down my cheek. She wiped the tear and kissed me on the cheek where the tear had been and said, "I'm sorry Laura."

I questioned her, "Sorry? Why in the world are you sorry?"

Leesa said, "I wanted this to be about you, but I got so into the moment. I was not planning on you going down on me, so I'm sorry."

I said, "Nonsense! Leesa, I want to thank you. That was the best sexual experience I have ever had. I've never had such a complete emotional release like that. Plus, I secretly wanted to go down on you. Just for the record, the way you did it, with me on my knees was totally hot."

Leesa chuckled and said, "That's just me. I make all my boyfriends eat my pussy on their knees. Except I don't give them the pillow."

I said, "On their knees? That's interesting."

Leesa said, "Laura I still have so much to teach you. And like I said, you are so hot that you are going to be dangerous. Wow look. It's after eight o'clock. I'm going to order from the Chinese place down the block. You want your usual?"

I smiled and replied, "Yes please."

Chapter 3 My First Submissive

The next day was Saturday and I woke up early. I decided to go for a run. I got up and went out to the bathroom to pee and make my hair presentable. As I passed Leesa's room I peeked in and she was asleep.

On my way back to my room I heard Leesa say, "Hey Laura."

I poked my head in her room and, "I'm sorry, did I wake you."

She replied, "Nope. I was already awake I was mentally planning our day."

I went in her room and I sat on her bed then I smiled and said, "Okay what's on the agenda?"

She said, "I'll summarize. Mani-pedis, lunch, slave fishing."

I chuckled and said, "Slave fishing?"

She said, "Fine. We will call it boy fishing."

I laughed and countered, "No, no, I like the first one. After all you are building a new me, right? I kinda like the idea of having a slave boy. Anyway, I'm going for a run. I can be ready anytime after 9 o'clock."

Leesa said, "Ok, I'll make us an appointment. Oh and I'm picking your outfit today."

I smiled and said, "I can handle it I'm a big girl."

Leesa said, "I know, I know. It's part of my plan though. You and I are both going to dress sexy-casual."

I said, "Okay. I've never heard of that term but it's quite self-explanatory."

Leesa said, "Yeah, I think I just made it up. We are going to be sexy enough to turn heads but casual enough that we look like two girls out shopping."

I said, "Got it." I stood up to leave.

As I walked out Leesa said, "When you are out for your run, I'm going to go through your clothes okay? I'll layout an outfit on your bed."

I gave her a thumbs up and went to my room. I put on some running clothes and grabbed a bottle of water and went outside. I stretched for a few minutes then I ran one of my favorite routes. It was about five miles.

During my run I felt great and I was wondering. Could it have something to do with the orgasm I had the night before?

Back in front of our apartment I cooled down with more stretching. I went straight to our bathroom and showered. I made the shower slightly cool to help cool myself down. I put on my comfy robe and I was wondering what Leesa had picked out for me to wear.

I decided to keep myself in suspense and did not go to my room. I went straight to the kitchen

to make an egg white omelet and read the news on my phone. I heard Leesa get into the shower.

After her shower Leesa came to the kitchen in just a towel and said, "Mani-pedis at 1 o'clock. It's time get to ready. Did you see your outfit yet?"

I said, "No, I wanted you to be there for the big reveal."

She said, "Excellent. Let's go take a look. We have to make sure we get the bait right."

We walked down to my room and I looked on the bed. She had laid out my new two-piece dress. It had a horizontal gray and white stripes. It had half sleeves and a high neckline. It didn't show any cleavage, but it really accentuated my C cup breasts with its snug fit and stretchy material. The lower portion revealed several inches of my tight tummy and was snug around my hips and ass.

Next to it was one of my white thongs and a pair of boots I didn't recognize. Finally, there was a small silver object. It looked like an expensive lipstick.

I picked it up and said, "What's this, sexy lipstick?"

She smiled and said, "Nope, but that's what it's supposed to look like. Let me show you," and she held out her hand.

I gave it to her, and she pulled the cap off and put it on the other end which revealed a bullet shaped tip. Then she twisted it, causing it to start humming.

My eyes got big and I said, "Oh my God, is that... a vibrator?"

Leesa smiled proudly and said, "Yep. A girl's best friend. My gift to you."

I laughed and said, "Wow. A true friend."

Leesa said, "Yep. You can leave it on your nightstand, and it won't get a second look. Mine is lavender chrome and you've never noticed it have you."

I said, "Hey, I've seen it on the bathroom counter!"

Leesa laughed, "Oh yeah, it's waterproof so I use it in the tub sometimes."

I said, "Thanks Leesa."

Then I looked back on the bed and said, "Are those your boots? And I don't see bra."

She said, "Yes and I know. See they are faux suede and open toe. They are super sexy, and they should fit you. Oh and no bra for you. I hardly ever wear a bra."

I said, "Yeah but you don't have..." I cut myself short.

She laughed and said, "Listen bitch. Don't judge my A cups they make a nice mouthful. Awe I'm kidding. Don't worry you don't need a bra. I want your nipples to show through your top. Shit if I had your chest I'd go topless every damn day."

I laughed and said, "Okay you're the boss."

Leesa said, "Let's get dressed then we'll do makeup."

I was skeptical and said, "Uh, I don't usually wear makeup unless I'm going out at night."

Leesa said, "Laura you have to trust me. It will be so subtle most people won't even know you are wearing it. Just a little blush and some eye makeup. Maybe a little lip gloss to make your lips shiny."

Leesa went to her room to get ready and I started getting dressed.

I felt a little slutty with no bra. I looked in the mirror and decided it was not too obvious I was braless.

I went over to Leesa's room and said, "What do you think?"

Leesa looked at me and said, "Yummy. You look good enough to eat." and she gave me a wink. "Let me see your chest."

I stood in front of her and she reached up to my chest and cupped one boob in each hand and rubbed for a few seconds. My nipples hardened and were clearly visible. She stepped back and admired her work.

She said, "I like it. It will be easy to see if you have a chill. All we need now is a little makeup."

I noticed her outfit. She was wearing a short black skirt and a white tank top. She said, "Sit here in front of my mirror and I'll do your makeup."

She was done in about ten minutes. I said, "You were right. I like the makeup."

She said, "I know, never doubt me."

She looked down at my feet and said, "Put the boots on."

I said, "We don't have to leave for hours."

Leesa countered, "I know but we need to practice. Class is in session girl. I'm going to teach you how a sexually dominant girl handles herself."

I smiled and said, "Alright let's do it."

I went and put the boots on, and we met in the living room. Leesa said, "Don't you love those boots. Super sexy, plus they show your toes. That helps you pick out foot guys."

I said, "What's a foot guy?"

Leesa said, "Some guys are sexually attracted to the feet of pretty girls. I've even turned some guys into foot guys. Once you have a guy kissing your feet and sucking your toes, he's a goner. He might as well just put his balls in your purse."

I laughed and said, "Oh my god Leesa, I think I'm going to like this."

She nodded and said, "You will love it. Ok take a seat."

I sat on the couch and she sat in the chair across from me.

Leesa started laying out her plan. She said, "First let's talk about the goal for your first slave. I say we find you a guy that you go out with for four or five months. In that time, you make it clear that you are not interested in sex before marriage and you don't give blowjobs. You will train him to eat your ass and go down on you and give you orgasms like I gave you."

I interjected, "I like the sounds of that. But I'm not a virgin."

Leesa said, "Yes, we know that but no one else has to."

She continued, "Furthermore you will do all this while only giving him an occasional handjob, sometimes stopping short of orgasm and sending him home horny."

I said, "Won't he just go home and jack off?"

Leesa agreed, "Oh probably, but it doesn't matter. I guarantee he'll be fantasizing about you when he does it. Plus, then he'll feel guilty which you can use to your advantage. If you get him

to admit masturbating without permission you can use that as a reason to punish him.

I said, "Punish him, how and why?"

Leesa said, "Well it's kind of basic psychology. You want certain behaviors out of your slave boy. You use positive reinforcement to reward good behavior and punishment to discourage bad behavior."

She continued, "All guys have high sex drive and they all masturbate. That is key to what is happening here. You need to get him to admit he masturbates and then promise to never orgasm without your permission. This is not a first date thing for sure. You need to give him some pleasure up front. After a few weeks you need to introduce the idea to him. You can say it's so he will focus more on you, or make up your own reason."

Leesa said, "Remember girls night?"

I said, "I will never forget it."

Leesa smirked and said, "Ah yes, you are welcome. Think back to it. I toyed with you for a long time. Remember how horny you were? You couldn't wait to go down on me. Well it's easy to get guys that horny. Plus, if you are limiting their orgasms they will be totally wrapped around your little finger."

I said, "Basically they become your slave. Wow, I never even thought about all this."

Leesa said, "I know. Most girls don't think like this. It's pretty rare so when guys start dating a highly sexual girl that plays these games, they are super eager."

I laughed and said, "Go on. Tell me more."

She continued, "Once you are regulating his orgasms the fun can ramp up for you. As your relationship grows you will figure out how to read him and how far you can push him."

I said, "Ok how do you go about catching and training a submissive guy?"

Leesa said, "Sub guys have radar for dominant women. It's all in how you carry yourself. Your posture is key. Good posture exudes confidence. Yours is pretty good but you need to focus on it. See your shoulders right now. Move them back a little and straighten your neck."

I sat up and pulled my shoulders back. Leesa said, "Perfect. Feel the difference? See how your boobs are loud and proud out front?"

I said, "Yeah I feel it, but it doesn't feel natural."

Leesa said, "You'll get used to it. This is new to you. Now try walking, straight back boobs out front."

I walked back and forth. I felt like I was practicing to be a model.

Leesa said, "Good. Now, eye contact. A dominant woman makes eye contact and never looks away first. I mean there's a technique. You don't want to stare them down and freak them out. You smile and look them in the eye and wait for them to look away. Alpha guys sometimes take that as a sign to come over and hit on you. When that happens, you need to shoot them down immediately.

Our target guys will look away. If they look at the ground or your feet, you need to move in and engage them."

Leesa stood up and started pacing and said, "Okay here's my plan for your first try. After manicures let's go to the coffee shop by campus. We will stalk our prey there. Once we pick a guy you will strike up a conversation with him."

I spoke up, "I will?"

Leesa said, "Yes you. Be confident Laura. How many times do I have to remind you, that you are gorgeous? Once we get talking, if it's going well, I'll say I have to go and I'll leave."

I said, "Okay then what."

Leesa continued, "I'll wait ten minutes or so and text you. If it's not going well you say nice to meet you, blah, blah, blah, I have to go. But, if it's going well we start operation accidental date."

I was curious now. I said, "And what is that?"

Leesa continued, "You tell him that you and I have tickets to a movie tonight, but I just bailed. Then say hey, would you like to go with me? When he said yes you shoot me a text and I'll buy two tickets then text you the barcode to claim them. Wahah. Instant date."

I said, " This is kind of cloak and dagger. I like it."

Leesa said, "Great. Now let's work on how to flash glimpses of your thong without being obvious."

I giggled and said, "God, you are naughty."

I had never had a pedicure while dressed like that. The girl working on my toes was probably about my age. I decided to try a little of the thong flashing on her.

I noticed her stealing a few glances up my dress. I couldn't decide if she thought I was slutty or if she wanted me, but it was fun practicing on her.

I chose a pretty intense red polish for my fingers and toes. Leesa went with a more subtle French style.

Later, at the coffee shop we got our lattes and had to decide where to sit. Leesa said, "We don't want a table in front of you. You need to be as visible as possible. Ok, over there."

She was pointing over at some couches. There was a large rectangular coffee table with couches on the long edges and big chairs on the short edges.

I followed Leesa over and she pointed at the chair facing the door and whispered, "You go there."

Leesa sat on the end of the couch right next to my chair. Only moments after we sat down a guy came over to me and said, "Hi I'm Steve what's your name?"

Something in my head clicked. I immediately recognized him as an alpha and I went into bitch mode. I looked right at him and said, "You don't need to know my name. You're not my type."

He had a startled look on his face and said quietly, "You don't need to be a bitch about it."

As he turned to walk away, I said, "Have a nice day Steve." He went back to a table with a couple of his friends and they were razzing him.

Leesa smiled and said quietly, "Nice job. You had to do it. Now all the guys in here are scared to talk to you."

I clarified, "Scared?"

She said, "Shitless. But that's not a bad thing. You are a force of nature. How does it feel?"

"It feels good. I do feel in control," I said.

Leesa was looking toward the door and said, "Hold on. Fresh meat at the door but don't stare."

I glanced and saw him. Kind of geeky but sweet looking. On the thin side and maybe five foot seven.

I purposely did not look at him again but Leesa could see him as he stood in line. She said, "This is good. He keeps looking at you."

Leesa spoke quietly, "Okay, I'll bet you twenty bucks he sits in the chair right across from you."

I said, "You're on."

Sure as shit. There were at least two dozen places he could have gone but he sat right across from me. I was focusing on not looking at him but Leesa kept a subtle eye on him. After a couple minutes she texted me, "Foot guy."

I texted back, "Think so?"

She replied, "Definitely. He keeps looking at your feet. Smile at him and see what he does."

While he was looking down, I looked at his face and waited. Soon enough he looked at me and I smiled. His eyes darted to my feet, then away.

I texted Leesa, "omg, I think you are right."

She replied, "Get ready to do a thong flash."

Leesa started talking. She said, "See Laura this is what I'm talking about." She held her phone so it was facing me, but the screen was black.

I uncrossed my ankles and put both feet on the floor, slightly apart. Then I leaned toward Leesa to look at her phone and I allowed my knees to separate just a little. I looked at her phone for a few seconds then I looked back at our boy. Caught red handed. He was looking right up my dress and quickly looked away.

I turned back to Leesa as if I was commenting on what she was showing me and I said, "Oh yeah. I really like that color."

I settled back in my chair and crossed my ankles again with my knees together. Then I texted Leesa, "This is my guy. Follow my lead."

She gave me a nod as I began talking, "Leesa, I'm telling you that guys prefer red nail polish. I mean the point of nail polish is to draw attention."

She caught on and went along with me. She said, "I disagree. I think the French polish is more elegant."

I said, "Well you are wrong, and I'm going to prove it."

I got up and walked right over to my guy and said, "Hello I'm Laura." I held my hand out to shake his hand.

He was obviously surprised but then he shook my hand and said, "Uh hi. I'm Jared."

I continued, "I'm sorry for bothering you but I'm wondering if you can settle a debate?"

Leesa got up and came over and I said, "Leesa I want you to meet my new friend Jared"

Leesa extended her hand and he shook her hand and said, "Hi my name is Jared Shoemaker."

I sat down on the end of the couch next to Jared's chair and Leesa sat down on the end of the opposite couch on Jared's other side.

I turned to Jared and I said, "Leesa and I just got our nails done today and we don't agree on which polish is better. I obviously think red is better but Leesa likes the French style. I want to know which you prefer."

I crossed my leg over my knee and put my foot right next to Jared's knee with my exposed toes almost touching his leg.

Leesa said, "Hey that's not fair. You're trying to influence the judge." She mirrored my position by crossing her other leg over her knee and placing her toes right next to Jared's other leg.

I was already enjoying myself as Jared was obviously flustered and he didn't know what to say. I began toying with him and I said, "C'mon Jared. Don't you prefer the alluring red polish on my toes rather than the boring plain white on Leesa?"

Leesa mock protested, "Hey! Boring? I think the word you are looking for is elegant."

I turned to Jared and said, "Ok Mr. Shoemaker. You are the judge. Which do you prefer?"

He pointed at my toes and said, "I like the red."

I said, "Thank you sir." I held my palm up to Jared for a high five. He smiled and lightly patted my hand.

Then I looked around for a second and I said, "I'm sorry. We're not going to get you in trouble with your girlfriend, are we?"

Jared said, "No worries there. No girlfriend."

I said, "Oh well in that case do you mind if we sit with you or do you need to get work done?"

He said, "No, no, you're fine. Please sit."

Leesa and I made small talk with him for a few minutes. We learned he was a freshman engineering student from a small town. He hadn't met many people yet, so he didn't have much of a social life."

Leesa knew the plan so she said, "Well, I hate to break up the party but I have to go. I promised my mom I'd go shopping with her this afternoon."

I said, "Hey are we still on for tonight?"

Leesa said, "Yeah. I got the tickets. Showtime is around 7 o'clock. I'll text you."

I said, "Sounds good."

I stayed and chatted with my new potential slave boy. After about fifteen minutes Leesa texted me, "News?"

I replied, "It's a go."

She texted back, "Give me a few minutes."

I continued with Jared. I was trying to learn as much as I could about him. The better I knew him the easier it would be to manipulate him. Finally, my text went off again, "The Conjuring. 7:10 pm tickets attached."

I texted back, "Thx."

Then I turned to Jared and said, "Dang it. Leesa just bailed on me. We were going to a movie tonight but now she can't go. She even has the tickets already."

Jared said, "That sucks."

Then I sprang it on him, "Hey, do you want to go with me? I don't want to go alone."

He smiled and said, "Sure! That sounds great."

I got up and said, "The movie's at 7:10 at the CinemaPlex at the edge of campus. How about I meet you at the fountain in front of the theater at 7 o'clock."

Jared said, "Sounds good."

I said, "What's your number? I'll text you so you have my number."

Jared told me his number and I texted him, "Laura Stanton".

"That's me," I said. He texted back, "Jared Shoemaker."

I said, "Great. I'll see you tonight Jared."

Back at our apartment Leesa and I compared notes. She said, "So let's talk about your new boy Jared ShoeLicker," and she chuckled.

I said, "You are bad."

She continued, "I loved your idea about the debate over whose nail polish was better. He already couldn't keep his eyes off your feet. Next thing I know you're practically rubbing his leg with your toes."

I said, "Yeah, it just kind of came to me. Do you think he was turned on?"

Leesa said, "Oh yeah. I mean you're hot anyway, but he loves your feet. You need to wear sandals tonight. Turn up the heat on him."

I picked out some tight jeans and a simple black form fitting tank top. At Leesa's urging I went braless and wore my basic black sandals. I knew I was taller than Jared and I didn't want to tower over him even more.

I got to the fountain a little before 7 o'clock and he was waiting. As I got close, he walked up and met me. I said, "Good evening Jared, how are you?"

He smiled and said, "I've never been better. So, what movie are we seeing?"

I said, "It's 'The Conjuring 2'. I have to admit I'm not super excited. I was only going because Leesa wanted to see it."

Jared said, "Cool! I love horror."

I grabbed his arm as we started walking into the theater and said, "Well I'm not a fan. I might be on your lap for the whole show."

The movie had been in theaters for a while, so it wasn't too busy. Leesa had chosen seats in the back. As soon as we sat down, I pushed up the armrest between our seats. Then I slipped off my sandals and sat with my legs folded under me. That allowed me to put the bottom of my right foot up against Jared's thigh.

I was sure to hang on him during the scary parts. I made up questions to ask just so I could put my lips against his ear and whisper. During some extra intense parts I buried my face in his neck.

As we walked out of the movie he said, "So what did you think?"

I responded, "I didn't care for it. Now I won't be able to sleep."

He said, "Oh it's just a movie."

"I know," I said. "Hey, do you want to get a coffee?"

He said, "Sure."

We walked to the coffee shop where we met. He bought me a latte and we settled in to one of the couches in a quiet corner. I made small talk as I turned on the foot tease. I sat down next to Jared and flopped my sandals on the floor. I reached down and grabbed my foot and said, "Geez my feet are sore."

Jared said, "Is it from the boots you were wearing today?"

I found it interesting that he remembered them. He obviously liked them.

I replied, "Yeah. They are super cute, but they hurt my feet."

Jared took the bait. He said, "Do you want me to give you a foot rub?"

I smiled and said, "Seriously? That would be great!"

I swung my legs around and put both feet in his lap. He picked up my right foot which was closest to his stomach and began working magic. I sat back and closed my eyes and cooed, "Mmm. That feels sooo good."

My left foot was between his knees and his crotch and I was slowly rocking it back and forth as I enjoyed his efforts.

I said, "I'm sorry if my feet stink."

Jared said, "I doubt your feet ever stink."

I was thinking, "Sometimes they do but I'm sure you're going to love it."

After about ten minutes he said, "Okay, switch feet."

He put my right foot down in his lap and I lifted my other one to him. As he began working on my left foot, I made sure that my right foot was perfectly positioned. I slowly and gently moved it to his crotch and began pressing. I could clearly feel his erection. He looked at me and I was smiling.

I said very quietly, "Jared, you are enjoying this aren't you."

He put my left foot down and said, "I'm sorry Laura I didn't mean to..."

I cut him off, "Shhh. Don't worry Jared. I take it as a compliment. Don't stop. You are doing a great job."

He took my left foot and continued massaging it. I started sliding my right foot back and forth on his erection.

He started blushing a little as I toyed with him. I glanced around to make sure no one was close to us and I started questioning him, "So Jared tell me, do you often give foot massages on first dates?"

He was quiet for a few seconds then he said, "Well there haven't been that many first dates but now that you ask... never."

I was surprised and said, "You mean you've never given a foot massage? You are really good at it."

He countered, "Yes I have, just not... to someone I'm dating."

I said, "Okay explain that one to me."

He was clearly uncomfortable and said, "Well, she's my sister's friend. My sister is older and sometimes she brings her college roommate home for the weekend. It started when I was only

eighteen, but she was twenty. Oh, never mind. It's not important."

He stopped rubbing my foot and said, "Laura, I had a great time, but I have to get back to my dorm."

I said, "No problem. I had a great time too. Why don't you text me sometime and we can get together again. You can take care of my feet whenever you want."

He said, "Ok I will."

He got up and hurried out of the coffee shop. His erection was clearly visible in his pants. I would have bet money that he went back to his dorm and jacked off.

That night I talked everything over with Leesa. She said, "This could not be more perfect. No matter what you do, don't text him first. Be patient, he will reach out to you."

As usual she was right. Almost two weeks later Jared texted me, "Hey."

I replied, "Sup?"

I wasn't going to make it easy for him. I waited for him to ask to see me.

He texted again, "Just wondering if I can see you again."

I replied, "As long as you take care of my feet."

He replied, "U got it. Where and when?"

I replied, "Meet me at Mr. Smoothie across from the student union. Saturday at 10:00am"

He replied, "C u then"

Mr. Smoothie was only a block from my apartment. I told Leesa what I had planned, and she agreed to be gone at that time.

I got up Saturday morning about 7 o'clock. I took a quick shower to wash all my important parts, but I skipped my feet. Then I went for a run. I wore my old running shoes and I didn't wear any socks. After my run I purposely kept my shoes on.

I put on some fresh running clothes to go to Mr. Smoothie. I didn't want my shoes to look out of place with my outfit. I walked in and he was sitting at the counter. I said, "Hey Jared. How's it going?"

He said, "Great, do you want me to get you a smoothie."

I said, "No. I'd rather get a foot massage," and I walked out.

He followed behind me just as I expected. He said, "Where are we going?"

Without looking at him I said, "My place."

After another minute we were at my door. I went in and he followed. I shut the door and locked it.

He said, "So... do you have any roommates?"

I was short with him as I replied, "She's not home."

I sat down in my comfy chair and looked at him. He looked over at the couch and turned towards it, but I surprised him by saying, "Don't sit."

I said, "Come over here."

I was pointing at the floor in front of my feet. He came over and stood in front of me. I said, "You said you'd give me a foot massage right?"

He stammered, "Ya... yes of course."

I continued, "So you need to take my shoes off."

He said, "Right."

He got down on his knees and unlaced my running shoes and pulled them off. He picked my right foot first and began rubbing it. I could already see his erection in his pants.

I moved my left foot up and pressed it against his hard cock. He paused and I said, "Don't stop Jared, focus on what you're doing."

He kept rubbing my foot and I kept rubbing his cock. I watched him closely. He was staring at my toes.

After a few minutes I said, "Stop for a second."

He let go of my foot and I put both my feet on the floor. I looked at Jared and said, "Do you

want to kiss my feet?"

Jared seemed excited and said, "I'd love to."

I said, "Then take your clothes off."

He stood up looked at the door and said, "What do you mean?"

I tilted my head and said, "What I mean is, strip naked and I'll let you kiss my feet. And don't worry, Leesa won't be back for at least a couple hours."

Jared was obviously torn. He didn't know what to do so I helped him with his decision. I reached out and cupped my hand over his crotch and felt his hardon. I started rubbing it through his pants and he just stood there and let me do it.

After a minute I said, "Jared, you don't want to mess this up do you? How many times do you think you'll get a chance like this?"

Without saying a word he pulled his shirt off then opened his belt and pulled his jeans off. He paused in his socks and underwear and I said, "Everything off."

Soon he was standing before me stark naked with his erection pointing at me. I reached up and gently took his cock in my hand and said, "You have a very nice cock Jared."

I used his cock to pull him closer to my face. I opened my mouth and put his cock within an inch of my lips. I pretended I was going to suck it but then I stopped and said, "Just kidding. I don't give blowjobs."

Jared was clearly flustered as I continued, "Now, where were we? Oh, that's right. Now you may kiss my feet."

That was all he needed to hear. He knelt down and started kissing my toes. After a few minutes he was sucking on my toes and licking between them.

I was commenting as he licked, "I'm glad you are cleaning my feet for me. They were sweaty after my run."

After quite a long time he finished with both feet and sat back on his feet. His cock was rock hard. I used my toes to keep toying with his engorged cock.

I said, "I like how you use your mouth. I can think of better ways for you to use your tongue though. Unfortunately we're running out of time today. We will have to do this again. How

does that sound?"

He said, "Yeah that sounds great."

I leaned forward and reached down and pointed at his cock and said, "It looks like you have a problem there. Would you like an orgasm?"

He said emphatically, "God yes. Please."

I stood up and said, "Get up."

As soon as he stood, I reached out and grabbed his cock and started walking to the bathroom. I was using his penis like a leash and he struggled to keep up. Once we got into the bathroom I said, "Sit down on the toilet backwards."

He complied, and I stood behind him. I reached down over his shoulder and grabbed his cock and started stroking. After a minute he started breathing heavy, so I stopped. He gave me a desperate look. I opened the bathroom cabinet and took out some body lotion and squirted a line of lotion along his penis.

Then I said, "There. Spread that around."

He said, "You want me to do it?"

I said, "Doesn't matter to me but Leesa will be home any minute."

I folded my arms and leaned against the wall facing him. I said, "If you want to cum you better start stroking."

He was too horny to resist. He grabbed his cock and started stroking. In less than a minute he was squirting into the toilet.

When he finished, I said, "Next time I have you over I'm going to show you a better spot for your mouth. Here's what I want you to do. No cumming without me ok?"

Jared said, "Okay."

I said, "Promise me you won't jackoff."

He said, "I promise I won't jackoff."

I continued, "I want you to wait at least a few days before your next orgasm. Don't text me

until you can't take it anymore, understood?"

Jared nodded and said, "Yes."

I said, "Good. Now go get dressed."

Five days later I got a text from Jared, "Hi Laura. Are you busy tonight?"

I replied, "I have plans. Check again tomorrow."

He texted back, "Okay."

I sent him another text, "Are you behaving?"

He replied, "Yes."

I sent him a thumbs up.

The next afternoon I was sitting with Leesa and Jared texted me again. , "How about tonight."

I showed the text conversation to Leesa.

I joked to her, "Hey, I have a question for you. How do you keep a horny, submissive guy in suspense?"

Leesa said, "How?"

She watched me text back to Jared, "Tonight at 8 might work. I'll get back to you later."

Leesa laughed, "I knew that all I had to do was nudge you. Now that you know about the passive guy situation you are running with it."

I said, "I have to confess. I really love it. Like when Jared was over, and I made him jackoff in front of me. I felt powerful, like a goddess. When he left that day, I realized I was wet."

Leesa said, "I know, it's really fun. So... after he left, did you use your special lipstick?"

I said, "Yes, and I loved it."

I waited three hours before I responded. I texted him, "My place. 8 o'clock."

He replied, "Okay"

I was sitting in the living room with Leesa and exactly at 8 o'clock there was a knock on our door. I called out, "It's open."

He came in and I said, "Follow me," and I got up and walked into my bedroom. As he walked by Leesa she said, "Hello Jared."

Without looking at her he said, "Hi," and he hurried by.

He entered my room and I closed the door. I said, "Clothes off you have thirty seconds."

I had caught him off guard and he said, "What?"

I began a countdown, "twenty nine, twenty eight, twenty seven..."

He stared ripping his clothes off. By the time I got to seven he was naked and I said, "Kneel down right here."

He dropped to his knees next to my bed. I sat down in front of him and said, "You almost didn't make it. Next time I tell you to strip I'm only giving you twenty seconds. If you don't make it, I'm going to make you wait another day is that clear?"

He was slightly out of breath and said, "Yes Laura. It's clear."

I continued, "Good. Now tonight is where the tables turn a little. From now on it's all about Laura. I know you like my feet. If you follow my directions carefully then I'll let you suck on my toes before you orgasm. How does that sound?"

He said, "That sounds great."

I wanted to evaluate how good Jared was with his mouth because I was curious about Leesa's theory about kissing. She claimed that the better a guy was at kissing, the better he would be at eating pussy.

I said, "Kneel proper right here. Straight back, head held high."

He did as he was told, and I leaned down and started kissing him. He kissed back, somewhat awkwardly.

I said, "I've been wondering how good you are with your mouth. Based on kissing you, I'd say you need some training. How would you like to be trained to eat my pussy?"

"Yes, I would love that!," Jared said, obviously excited.

I smiled and said, "Jared, when I'm done with you, pleasuring women orally will be your greatest skill. Let's take this one step at a time. Have you ever gone down on girl?"

He shook his head and said, "Just on their feet."

I said, "Well that doesn't count. What do you say we start with the basics. Your most important senses are going to be smell, taste, and touch."

I stood up and took off just my pants and sat back down on the bed in front of him.

I motioned to Jared and said, "Come here and put your nose right here against my panties," as I pointed at my pussy.

He moved in and pressed his nose to my panties, and I said, "That's it. First you need to love a woman's scent. Have you ever smelled that before?"

He shook his head slightly and said, "No."

He was breathing in deeply. I was holding his head and I said, "So do you like it?"

He kept his face against my panties and said, "I love it."

I said, "Good. Okay that's enough," and I gently pushed his face away.

I stood up and said, "Of course you usually won't be able to see what you're doing because it will be dark. I want you to have a close look, so you know what to do with your mouth. You don't want to be one of those guys that just licks all over and hopes for the best."

I took off my panties and sat back down on the bed in front of him. I said, "Okay look closely here."

I spread my legs and pointed out all the details of my pussy from inner and outer labia, to clitoral hood and clit.

I wrapped up the anatomy lesson, "And of course don't forget the anus. That's one of the most sensitive erogenous zones on a woman's body. In fact, that's where I'm going to have you begin."

I laid back on the bed and pulled my knees up to my chest. I said, "Start by licking my ass."

Jared had a skeptical look on his face and I said, "Don't worry Jared. I keep my body clean. If you want me to teach you to pleasure me, this is where you're going to start."

He moved forward and put his mouth over my asshole which put his nose right between my pussy lips. Of course, it was part of my plan to get his nose right in my pussy. I felt him tentatively place his tongue against my asshole and start licking.

I encouraged him, "That's it, vary your strokes with your tongue. Light touch then firm, alternate."

I was quiet as I enjoyed his ass eating. Then I said, "Okay that's good, now before you eat my pussy I'm going to have you worship my feet."

I sat back on the edge of the bed and had him suck on my toes while I toyed with my pussy. After he had properly worshiped both feet, I taught him how to eat me. Starting with teasing labia licks and culminating in worship sucking of my clit. He actually brought me to a nice orgasm.

I said, "Jared that was very good for your first time."

Jared's cock was still rock hard and had a drizzle of precum on the tip.

I gently stroked him a little and said, "I bet you are ready for an orgasm now, aren't you?"

He said, "Yes please. I'm absolutely aching."

I said, "I'll give you one of two choices. One, I'll give you some lotion and you jack yourself off then wait a week for your next orgasm. Or two, I'll give you a handjob, but then you have to wait two weeks."

Jared said, "I'll take the handjob."

I said, "Ok, two weeks it is. Lay back on my bed."

I squirted some lotion on my hand and began stroking. I made him tell me each time he got close so I could keep him on the edge. Finally, after stopping five times I resumed stroking and said, "Tell me who owns your cock."

Jared said, "You do."

I said, "Try again and use my name."

He said, "Laura Stanton owns my cock."

I finally stroked him to completion and he squirted all over his stomach. I gave him a box of tissues so he could clean up.

After he got dressed, we walked out of my room and he headed straight for the door. I called after him, "Text me in two weeks Jared. Make sure you behave..."

As he walked past Leesa she said, "Goodbye Jared."

He kept his gaze on the floor as he walked and said, "Bye."

He shut the door and I sat down on the couch and let out a satisfied sigh. I was all smiles. Leesa said, "Let me guess. You made him eat you to an orgasm?"

I chuckled and said, "Yeah, after he was done eating my ass."

Leesa said, "That's my girl. So overall, what do you think. Pretty damn amazing isn't it, this femdom, sub guy thing?"

I said, "Well I can tell you I'm never going back. From now on I will never date a guy who expects to think for himself. And if I ever get married, my husband will be totally wrapped around my finger."

Leesa agreed, "I'm with you. Men should not be in charge of anything, the least of which is a marriage."

Leesa continued, "So where are you with Jared?"

I explained, "Well. He's now going to wait two weeks for his next orgasm as a price for the handjob I just gave him."

Leesa said, "Good, good, I like it."

I said, "Yeah, I stroked him off and he came all over his chest and stomach."

Leesa said, "You made him clean it up right?"

I said, "Yeah but now I have a wad of cum soaked tissues in my trash."

Leesa said, "I've got a simple solution for that. Just make him eat it."

I said, "Ewww, gross!"

Leesa said, "I know. Cum is gross but that's the best way to get rid of it."

I looked at her and said, "Are you serious?"

Leesa said, "Oh yeah. It first happened with Carl a few months ago. He had been whining to me that he wanted to rub his cock on my feet so one night I let him. After about a minute he blew his load all over my feet."

I said, "Oh my god that's disgusting."

Leesa continued, "I know, and I was pissed. I yelled at him and said clean it up. He told me he'd get a towel, but I said no. I told him to lick it up. He was so scared that he did it."

She continued, "After that he was even more passive and submissive. Now he does anything and everything I tell him to do. Last weekend I took him shoe shopping and I made him fetch all the shoes I picked out and bring them to me. Then I made him put them on me. It was quite a rush. I know some people noticed."

I said, "What are you looking at on your laptop?"

Leesa said, "Oh I'm shopping for a Halloween costume. I'm supposed to tell you that you are invited too. John and Kyle are having a costume party for Halloween. It's Saturday the twenty ninth. So, we have a few weeks."

She continued, "I'm looking for a naughty costume. I was thinking about going as a dominatrix but I don't have the chest for it."

She paused and said, "But I know someone who does," and she reached up and grabbed my left boob.

Well that was a few months ago. I ended up going to the costume party as a sexy kitten. I didn't want all the attention I would have gotten as a dominatrix. Also, I broke up with Jared and I never did make him eat his own cum. But, as I look back on it, I'm sure I could have made him do it.

Chapter 4 Going Pro

It was late January and I decided it was time for some new excitement. I had broken up with Jared a few months prior and I wanted a new sub guy to torment.

I was thinking about the best place to find a submissive guy and suddenly I remembered Leesa looking for costumes the previous Halloween. She wanted me to go to the party as a dominatrix.

Of course, I went as a sexy kitten but now I was thinking. I wondered what it would be like to be a real dominatrix. I knew that pro dommes made good money. I decided to look into it.

I googled "MetroCity dominatrix". I was surprised at the results. There were ads for quite a few individuals and a couple "establishments". I clicked on a website for a place called "Red Room Studio".

The website said that Red Room Studio was a professional BDSM studio. It was owned and operated by Mistress Alexis X. I could tell she was older, but she was very beautiful. She had black hair and a dark complexion.

I had to click a button to acknowledge that I was at least eighteen years old and there were warnings about the site containing "nudity and adult material". I clicked through to the site.

I had found a new and exciting world. There were profiles on Mistress X and half a dozen other pro dommes. There were even a couple professional submissive women.

I looked through the list of "services" and there were some things I understood like "corporal punishment" and "discipline". There were many things I had never hear of like "pegging" and "key holding". Plus, there were mysterious acronyms like, CBT, SPH, CEI and many more.

I read Mistress X's profile. She had over twenty years of experience as a professional dominatrix. At the bottom of her profile in light gray text there was a section that caught my attention. It said, "Are you a female in the MetroCity area interested in becoming a dominatrix or professional submissive. Call (573) 555-0526 and schedule an interview.

My curiosity got the best of me, so I picked up the phone and called.

It rang a few times and a woman answered, "Red Room Studio, Pixie speaking. How may I help you?"

I almost hung up but then I said, "My name is Laura and I'm interested in learning about becoming a dominatrix."

Pixie said, "Ok great. I just have to go through a few questions first."

I said, "Okay."

Pixie continued, "How old are you?"

I said, "I'm twenty one."

I could hear computer keys clicking and then she said, "Ok good and you are Laura and what's your last name?"

I said, "Stanton. I'm Laura Stanton,"

Pixie said, "Okay, got it. And what is your height and weight?"

I said, "I'm five foot nine and about 130 pounds."

Pixie said, "Okay. Yep. And let's see... Have you ever been diagnosed with any mental health issue or do you do take any medication for a mental health condition."

I must have sounded a little annoyed as I said, "Ah, no," because Pixie said, "I'm sorry Ms. Stanton I'm just following Mistress X's procedure."

I realized my tone and I said, "Oh no. You don't need to apologize. It actually makes sense, I just didn't know what to expect when I called."

Pixie continued, "No problem. So, you said you are interested in dominating. Any interest in being a pro sub?"

I said, "Definitely not. That is counter to my personality."

Pixie said, "Oh yeah, I understand. I'm actually one of the pro subs here and I typically only switch to domme when absolutely necessary so I get it."

Pixie spoke to herself, "Okay, let's see, top only."

Then she asked another question, "And this question is about gender. Would you be willing to do domination sessions where you top only men, only women, or no preference?"

I thought for a moment and said, "Hmmm. I was thinking only men sought out these kinds of services. I never thought about it, but I'd be willing to dominate men or women."

Pixie said, "Okay that's good. That would make you more flexible for our client base."

She paused for a moment and said, "That leads me to the final question, What experience do

you have in female domination, professional or otherwise?"

I said, "Professional would be none. I do, however, really enjoy sexually dominating my boyfriends."

Pixie said, "Ok great. Well I can tell you that you are a great candidate so far. The next step is to schedule you to come in and meet the owner, Alexis X. We are located very close to the Prairie View Shopping mall."

I was surprised and said, "You are? That's only fifteen minutes from my apartment. I've never seen your building."

Pixie chuckled and said, "Yeah, that's on purpose. We are technically on mall property. When the mall expanded in 2010 the movie theaters were rearranged so we are located in part of the old theater space. We do have our own, discreet outside door from the parking deck, but you can also reach our lobby from inside the mall if you know the secret."

I said, "I'm already glad I called. This is exciting."

Pixie said, "Well good. Let's talk schedule. Our session hours are 6pm to 2am Monday through Thursday and 2pm to 2am Friday through Sunday. Alexis prefers to meet new candidates, weekdays after lunch, and before session hours."

I said, "Well tomorrow is Tuesday. I can make that work."

Pixie said, "Let's plan on 4:05. You can meet with me and I'll show you around. Then you can meet with Mistress X at 5 o'clock."

I said, "Okay that sounds good but it's kind of an unusual time."

Pixie laughed, "I know. That's to help you remember your temporary PIN. I'm going to give you a four-digit PIN code to get in the secret mall entrance. I just set your code to 0405 to open the door tomorrow between 4pm and 4:10pm. You mentioned you are familiar with Prairie View Shopping mall?"

I chuckled and said, "Ah yes. We are very close."

Pixie said, "I know right? So, do you know where the restrooms are next to the sporting goods store?"

I said, "Down the hall to the left of the store?"

Pixie said, "Yep. That's where they are. Go down the hall, past both the men's and women's restrooms. At the end of the hall is a door that says Mechanical Room 13. Go through that door and you will see a red door at the end of the hall. It's the only red door anywhere in the mall. Next to the red door's handle is an electronic keypad. Enter your PIN on the keypad. As long as you are in the ten-minute window that I set, you will hear the door click as it unlocks."

I said, "Wow, I never knew that was there."

She said, "I know. We are good about keeping a very low profile. Now, after you go through the red door, make sure it shuts behind you. The next door is marked Red Room Studio. I'll buzz you through that one."

I said, "Do I have to knock."

Pixie said, "Oh no, I'll see you coming. Our surveillance cameras start in the hallway by the restrooms and are everywhere except our changing rooms and session studios."

I said, "Okay, I'll see you tomorrow."

The next day I was walking through the mall on my way to meet Pixie. I couldn't shake the feeling that people were watching me. I think it was just because of where I was going. It was actually kind of exciting.

I went to the red door like Pixie described and I found the keypad. I checked my phone and the time was 4:02pm. I was in the ten minute window so I punched in my code 0-4-0-5. The door made a loud click. I pushed it open and went through. I made sure the door shut behind me. Ahead I saw the door labelled Red Room Studio and as I got close to it, I heard Pixie's voice on a speaker, "Come in Laura," and the door buzzed.

I walked in and was greeted by Pixie. She was very petite at about five feet tall. She was wearing leather pants and bra and she had a heavy black leather collar locked around her neck. There was a silver pendant hanging from the collar with an "X" on it. She extended her hand to me and said, "Nice to meet you Laura, I'm Pixie. Welcome to Red Room Studio."

I said, "Thank you," as I shook her hand.

Pixie continued, "I'll give you a quick overview of what your visit will entail. I am going to show you our facilities and introduce you to our on-staff bouncer. Then you will meet with Mistress X. She will evaluate you and if she likes you, she will take you to the next step."

I said, "Okay bouncer? And next step."

Pixie said, "I use the term bouncer because it's kind of a common term. Basically no one is allowed to be on the premises alone. It's a safety thing. Whether it's me or one of the dommes there needs to be at least a bouncer and preferably more. Tonight Jake is working. In fact, watch this."

She went behind the desk and pressed a hidden button under the desk. I could hear a buzz in the next room. About three seconds later the door burst open and a very large man came into the room and said, "Pixie, are you okay?"

Pixie put up her hand and said, "Sorry Jake, I'm just showing our new guest how our safety works around here."

Jake looked at me and lowered his eyes to the floor and said, "Oh hello miss. Welcome to Red Room."

Then he turned to Pixie and said, "Will there be anything else Miss Pixie?"

Pixie said, "No. Thank you Jake."

Jake went back into the side room.

Pixie continued, "As far as next step... just be aware that you will need to pass a background check. It's a legal thing. As long as you have no felonies or warrants for your arrest or anything you will be fine."

I said, "That actually makes me feel better."

Pixie said, "If you don't mind I'll get a copy of your driver's license now and Mistress X should be able to run it before we're done with your tour."

I gave her my license and she made a copy of it and gave it back to me.

Pixie said, "I'll put this copy of your license in the drawer for Mistress X. Okay, let's spend a few minutes on our facilities. We cater to many different fantasies and fetishes. We have four different session rooms, each one focused on a different areas. Of course, we have the classic BDSM dungeon which is our most popular. We also have a medical themed room where we can do nurse, or doctor related sessions. We have a room we call the classroom which can be setup as a business office or a school classroom. Finally, we have the interrogation room which we use for prison or military interrogation scenes.

Let's start by taking a look at the dungeon. We will enter through the changing room which is how all clients enter.

She said, "Follow me."

I followed her down a short hall off the lobby to a heavy steel door. She opened it and I followed her inside. It looked like a medieval version of a modern bathroom. There was a sink and a metal toilet. There was a shower and a large metal locker. On the far wall was another metal door that had one word on it, "Dungeon".

Pixie said, "Each session room has its own changing room like this. Of course, they look different but they serve the same purpose. This is where the client gets ready for and recovers from their session."

I said, "This is amazing."

Pixie smiled and said, "I know. It's pretty great. I worked at two other places before Mistress X found me. The Red Room is the best and so is Mistress X. Anyway, the client's prep time and recovery times are included in their session time. So, let's say a client needs ten minutes to prepare and twenty minutes after to shower, that's thirty minutes of their session time."

Pixie continued, "We want our clients' experience to begin the moment they walk in. Most of our clients are submissive, so I treat them as such. Of course, I'm passive myself so I'm just acting but the clients don't know that."

Pixie continued, "When the client enters the changing room we require them to place all their clothes and belongings in the locker and shut it. Once closed, it's locked until a staff member unlocks it. This serves two purposes. First it helps get the submissive headed toward sub space. Second, it legitimately helps us take control of them. Once they are naked and no longer have access to their clothes, keys or cell phone, they find themselves at our mercy."

I said, "What is sub space?"

Pixie said, "Oh, sub space is a state of mind. It's a metaphor for the state of the submissive's mind when they are in session. Not all subs experience it, but we create the optimal environment if they are open to it."

I said, "That's interesting."

Pixie continued, "I know. I find the entire S&M scene fascinating. I've learned that most people who are active in this lifestyle are highly intelligent. We cater to people from all walks of life but many submissives are professionals in demanding careers. We provide them with an outlet. A mini break from their daily stresses where they can let go. No responsibility, no decisions, no rights. They are told what to do. And they do it."

I said, "So what happens after they are naked?"

Pixie said, "Well maybe you can just experience it. Mistress X is scheduled for two sessions tonight. She has a first-time sub from 6:00 to 7:30 and a regular from 8:00 to 10:00. When she gets here, we'll ask her how you might be able to participate. In the mean time, let's take a look in the dungeon."

I followed her through the door labeled "Dungeon". It was much larger than I expected. The walls were red and there were many large pieces of furniture.

Pixie said, "The dungeon is the most complex session room. We have six full size furniture pieces."

She showed me each piece in detail. There was a large X made of timber. She said, "This is our St. Andrew's Cross. Ours is unique because it can be rotated all the way around. We can strap the slave to this facing in or out and then spin them upside down with the press of a button. Next is our spanking or pegging horse. It immobilizes the slave in an all fours position for corporal punishment or easy access for pegging."

I interjected, "So pegging is what?"

Pixie said, "Oh that's when Mistress wears a strap on dildo and uses it to uh, violate a male slave rectally. It's an extremely emasculating experience for a man."

I said, "Wow. That's intense."

Pixie said, "It can be. Take a look at this. It's our CBT chair."

I stopped her, "And said CBT?"

Pixie said, "Cock and ball torture. Mistress can strap a slave into here and it fully exposes their genitals for whatever torment Mistress feels like. It can also be used for female slaves to carry out vaginal punishment."

Pixie continued, "Fourth is our bondage bench. It's seven feet long and has over two dozen attachment points to tie clients down."

I interjected, "What are these bars under it?"

Pixie said, "Oh, there's a cage area built in under it. It's two feet by seven feet by two feet high."

Pixie continued, "Moving on... the fifth large piece is the oral worship chair. This is reserved only for Mistress X's regular clients. It provides a very comfortable place for mistress to sit while simultaneously binding a slave in a proper kneeling position so they can service her orally. Mistress X has a very similar one at home."

I gave Pixie a kind of surprised look and she said, "Moving on... Last but not least, is Mistress' throne. It has multiple binding points around the perimeter."

Pixie opened several low-profile cabinets to reveal dozens of paddles, canes, and all manner of toys like vibrators, dildos, plugs and more. I could tell what most things were, but I pointed out one, odd shaped black rubber device. I said, "What's that?"

Pixie said, "That's a remote-control prostate stimulator."

She picked it up to show me. She said, "This gets inserted into a man's rectum and this area here rests up against his prostate gland. There's a powerful motor in it for vibration and see these two metal pads?"

I said, "Yes, those are to stimulate the prostate with electric pulses, aren't they?"

Pixie said, "Exactly. Mistress X can use the vibration to keep slaves on the edge of orgasm then, if she grants it, she can use Estim to milk the cum out."

I said, "I work in the medical field and I've heard of prostate milking but I have no experience with it."

Pixie said, "Well Mistress X has plenty."

Pixie pointed out a large plastic bin on the bottom shelf of a cabinet. She said, "This is where any and all toys go after use. Once a toy or implement is removed from storage it has to go in this discard bin for sanitizing. Our attendants clean the implements and furniture after every session."

She continued, "We have two types of restraints. They are all high quality. The black wrist and ankle cuffs and collars are for submissive clients. They are all real and lockable. The red ones are also real but they have been modified. All their locks are permanent but they actually fasten with magnets. That is for the safety of our professional subs, me included."

She picked up a red wrist cuff and said, "Watch this."

She wrapped it around her wrist and it snapped shut. It appeared to be locked in place. Then

she pulled on it and it popped open.

I said, "That's a great idea and it makes it safer for your sessions with dominants right?"

Pixie said, "Yes. There is always a bouncer in the room with us but it's nice to know we are not actually restrained."

It took us about a half hour to tour the other three session rooms. The classroom and the prison room were relatively stark and basic, but the medical room was very impressive. It was all white and very well lit. It had a medical examination table and the main piece really surprised me. It was an actual gynecological exam chair. It had been modified with leather straps at the ankles, above and below the knees, and there was a wide waist belt. It was topped off with arm rests complete with wrist and elbow straps.

I said, "Wow. You actually strap men into this thing?"

Pixie said, "Yes, some, but this room is actually more popular with our female clients. Two of our pro dommes specialize in topping women. Many women who get strapped in here experience multiple orgasms."

I said, "I'm truly amazed at a this."

Pixie said, "I know, like I said..."

Suddenly her text went off. She pulled her phone out from her leather pants. She read the text and said, "Mistress X is in the office. Follow me."

She went back the way we came in, through the changing room. As we came out of the medical session room Pixie said, "Make sure you close the doors."

We arrived back at the office and Mistress Alexis was there. She was even more beautiful than I expected. She was almost exactly my size, but her breasts were probably D cups. She was wearing a sharp business skirt and blouse. She looked more like a business executive than a dominatrix. As Pixie approached Alexis, she slid her right foot forward. Pixie fell to her hands and knees and began quietly kissing the toe of her right shoe.

Alexis ignored Pixie and smiled at me, extended her hand and said, "Hello Laura, I'm Alexis X."

I shook her hand and said, "It's a pleasure to meet you. This is a very impressive establishment you have created."

Alexis said, "Thank you. I'm quite proud of it."

She looked down at Pixie and said, "Thank you Pix. That's enough"

Pixie stood up next to Alexis and folded her hands behind her back.

Alexis turned back to me and said, "Well Laura, you definitely have the looks. Are your breasts augmented?"

I said, "No. I'm all natural."

Alexis nodded and said, "Wow, good for you. She's very beautiful isn't she Pixie?"

Pixie nodded and said, "Yes Mistress X. I couldn't wait for you to meet her."

Alexis said, "Well Laura, your background check is clear, and you obviously have the looks and the body to be a dominatrix. If you have time tonight you could see what it's all about. Are you free tonight?"

I said, "Yes, I'm open."

She went behind the desk and sat down at the computer. She started clicking keys and said, "Let's see who I have on my schedule."

After a moment she continued, "Okay, 6 to 7:30 I've got a newbie. His name is Paul and he's 49 years old. His application looks like he has pretty typical interests. So, Laura, we could dress you up in some sexy leather and you could observe as kind of a guest domme."

She continued, "Then from 8:00 to 10:00 I have slave Beez. He's been seeing me every month for about a year and a half. He's one of my chastity slaves."

I said, "Chastity slave?"

Alexis said, "Yes, you heard that right. He wears a stainless-steel cage on his cock and I hold the key. It keeps him from having orgasms without my permission."

I said, "Seriously?"

Alexis said, "Oh yeah. Dead serious. He can't even get a full erection unless I take his cage off."

I was overwhelmed with curiosity and I said, "Okay I need to see this."

Alexis laughed and said, "Well I know slave Beez is very concerned about his privacy. He only

ever wants me, and Pixie involved in his sessions but I have an idea. For his session we could put you in the dungeon as a slave. We would put a slave hood on you with one of our faux blindfolds. It's what our submissives use. It looks like you are blindfolded but you can actually see through it."

I said, "Okay... what would I wear?"

Alexis said, "Well, ideally nothing but red ankle and wrist restraints. Are you okay being nude?"

I said, "Yeah, I guess. Especially if I'm wearing a hood."

Alexis said, "Great, then it's settled. Have you eaten?"

I said, "No."

Alexis called out loudly, "Jake! Come out here."

Jake opened the door and said, "Yes Mistress?"

Alexis said, "Go out to the food court and get us some Chinese food. Pixie and I will each have a chicken fried rice and, Laura, what would you like?"

I said, "I'll have the same."

She said, "Ok Jake three orders of chicken fried rice."

Jake hurried out the door and Alexis turned to Pixie. She said, "Pixie, take Laura to the dressing room and find her something sexy. I'm thinking an outfit that involves thigh high leather spiked heel boots and shows off that impressive chest."

Alexis turned to me and said, "So you are Laura Stanton, hmmm. You need a professional name. I know, how about Goddess Laura Steele?"

I said, "Oh yes, I like the sound of that."

Later Pixie was helping me in the dressing room. I did feel sexy. I was wearing a red leather micro mini skirt and thigh high boots. My black leather bra was tiny, with small triangles covering my nipples. I had my hair pulled back and braided.

Before I knew it, the time was 5:50 and Pixie said, "Come over here and look at the surveillance monitors. Soon we should see our new slave Paul. His window of time to enter his code is only five minutes. His PIN will only work from 5:55 to 6:00pm."

I pointed at the monitor and said, "Look. That guy just went past both bathrooms."

Pixie said, "Yep that must be him."

Soon he was standing at the red door looking at his phone. Pixie chuckled, "Look how nervous he is."

I said, "Yeah, and he has to stand there for three more minutes."

As we watched him fidget nervously Pixie briefed me on the plan. She placed a wooden stool in the middle of the room. She said, "Ok, I'll do the talking. I'm going to be in *domme* mode so just go with it. You just sit back on the couch looking confident and sexy."

I said, "Got it," and gave her a thumbs up.

Soon Paul was outside the final door and Pixie whispered, "Ready?"

I nodded.

Pixie pressed the intercom button and said, "Welcome Paul. Come in," and she pressed the door buzzer.

Paul walked in and Pixie pointed at the stool and said, "Sit."

He quickly looked me up and down as he sat down on the stool.

Pixie said, "My name is Pixie, you shall address me as Miss Pixie. Do you understand?"

Paul said, "Yes Miss Pixie."

Pixie continued, "Seated on the couch is Goddess Steele. She is a guest here. We are hoping she comes to work for us. Do not speak to her or look at her body. You may only look at her feet. She will be observing your entire experience here at Red Room Studio. Is that going to be a problem?"

Paul started to look my way but then he quickly looked back at Pixie and said, "No problem. I mean, that will not be a problem Miss Pixie."

Pixie continued, "Your session time starts now. You will have approximately one hour in the dungeon with Mistress X. There's an additional half hour for this check-in and application review. Your session fee of \$300 is due now. How will you be paying cash or credit card?"

Paul took out his wallet and gave Pixie \$300 cash in fifty dollar bills. Pixie counted it out loud on the desk. Then she slipped it into a narrow slot on the desktop.

Pixie began clicking on the computer and said, "Next we are going to review your application. I see you have several activities that you rated as high interest. Mistress X makes an effort to include as many high interest activities as possible. You have listed, shoe and foot worship, corporal punishment, humiliation, cock and ball torture, and orgasm tease and denial. If you had a choice would you like your session to end with an orgasm or would you rather be left frustrated?"

Paul said, "I would hope to be allowed an orgasm Miss Pixie."

Pixie said to herself, but loud enough for us to hear, "Of course you would," as she entered his preference into his profile.

Pixie continued, "I see you have very few hard limits listed but several low interest activities. Be aware that Mistress X frequently uses low interest topics as punishments. So, knowing that, do you want add to your hard limits list?"

Paul said, "No Miss Pixie."

Pixie continued, "Good. Okay, just a couple more things. Mistress X uses a safe word. Her safe word is Mercy. If the scene is getting too intense for you, Mistress X will pause if you say Mercy. If you are gagged and can't speak, you shake your head back and forth. The safe word does not end the session but there is a consequence for using it. You forfeit any chance for an orgasm. Do you understand the use of the safe word?"

Paul said, "Yes, I understand Miss Pixie."

As Pixie continued the printer behind her quietly printed Paul's session summary. Pixie picked it up and said, "Have you shaved all of your pubic hair and properly bathed?"

Paul said, "Yes Miss Pixie. I just showered before leaving home."

Pixie said, "Good. After Goddess Steele and I escort you to your changing room I will give this session summary to Mistress X. I hope you enjoy your time at Red Room Studio."

Pixie stood up and turned to me and said, "Goddess Steele, would you be so kind as to show slave Paul to the dungeon changing room?"

I said, "I'd be happy to."

I got off the couch as Paul stood up from the stool. Rather than walking straight out I walked up to Paul and stood very close to him face to face. With my boots on I was several inches taller than him. I enjoyed his discomfort as he tried to keep his eyes on my feet."

I said, "Follow me slave Paul."

I walked out, and Paul followed closely with Pixie coming after him. I opened the door to the dungeon changing room and we all went in. Pixie gave the final instructions, "Remove all of your clothes. Place your clothes, shoes and all your belongings in this locker. Once the door is shut it will lock. That is for your security."

She glanced my way and gave me a wink. She continued, "Mistress X will let me know when your session is over. I will come in and open the locker for you."

Pixie pointed to a letter X on the floor and explained, "When you are ready to begin, open the door to the dungeon and then kneel on this X and wait for further instruction."

Pixie left the changing room and I followed her, closing the door behind me. I followed her through the domme's dressing room and down the back hall to the rear entrance of the dungeon. She held the door open for me. I walked through the door and she said quietly, "Have fun."

Mistress X was waiting in the dungeon on her throne and she said, "I had a chair brought in for you."

She motioned to it and said, "Make yourself comfortable."

A minute after I sat down slave Paul opened the dungeon door on the other side of the room and dropped to his knees on the X. He was not fat, but he was not in great shape either. His public area contrasted with his legs and chest because it was completely devoid of hair. His erection revealed his level of arousal.

Mistress X waited for a long time. She was allowing slave Paul's anticipation to build. Finally, she stood up and slowly walked over to the wall and removed a leather collar and leash from a hook. She moved to the center of the room and pointed to the floor in front of her. She said, "Crawl to me slave."

Slave Paul dropped to his hands and knees and crawled to Mistress X. She slowly walked around him like a tiger stalking her prey. As she walked past the changing room, she closed the door. Back in front of her slave she commanded, "Kneel."

Slave Paul raised up on his knees. Holding the collar in one hand she put her other hand on the back of his head. She pulled his face between her legs. Holding his nose to her pussy.

Slave Paul reached up and cupped his hands on her ass cheeks as he enjoyed her scent.

Mistress X dropped the collar and leash on the floor and used both of her hands to push his hands down.

She walked over to the cabinet and opened the door, revealing an array of implements. She chose the smallest ratan cane. Walking back to slave Paul she commanded, "Hold your hands out, palms up."

She moved beside him as he complied. She laid the cane across both of his palms. Then she tapped his palms twice. The third time she raised it and brought it down with a crack!"

Slave Paul winced in pain, but he did not move.

Mistress X said, "Tell me slave. You paid a fee to be here correct?"

Slave Paul said, "Yes Mistress X."

Mistress continued, "Did you think you were buying a whore?"

Before he could answer Mistress brought the cane down for another viscous strike on his palms."

Paul's voice was cracking as he said, "Uh, no. No Mistress."

She rested the cane on his palms again. From where I was sitting, I could see red stripes on his hands.

Mistress drove her point home. She said, "Do not ever.."

Crack!

"Ever!"

Crack

"Lay your hands on me again. Do you understand?"

Slave Paul had tears welling up in his eyes and his penis was hanging limp. He was fighting

back tears as he said, "I'm sorry Mistress. I understand Mistress."

Alexis paused for a moment for a reality check. She said quietly, "Tell me slave. Do you remember your safe word?"

Slave Paul nodded and said, "Yes Mistress."

Alexis said, "Good. She walked over and placed the cane on the spanking horse. As she walked back to slave Paul she said, "Using only your mouth, fetch the collar for me."

He bent down and picked up the collar with his mouth. He straightened back up and she took it from his mouth. She patted his head and said, "That's a good boy."

She moved forward and pulled his nose back to her pussy. This time he held his arms at his sides. I watched as his erection returned.

While keeping his face in place she slid the collar around his neck and fastened it snugly. She took the end of the leash in her hand and started walking to her throne. He dropped to his hands and knees and struggled to keep up. His hands were obviously tender.

At her throne she sat down and tied the leash very short, forcing his face down between her feet. She said, "Take off my boots."

With trembling hands he unzipped each boot and pulled them off. She wasn't wearing any stockings. She allowed him to kiss her feet and suck on her toes for about ten minutes. She was degrading him all the while.

She said, "This is where you belong isn't it, slave. You are only allowed to taste my feet. If you behave, I may allow you to have an orgasm today. Would you like that?"

Between licks slave Paul said, "Yes Mistress, may I please have an orgasm?"

Slave Paul was focused on her feet and Alexis smiled at me and she continued, "I haven't decided yet. That will depend on how desperate you are when you beg. Keep going, I want my feet completely clean."

A few minutes later Alexis grabbed a small towel from beside her throne and dropped it in front of slave Paul. She said, "Dry my feet and put my boots back on."

When he was done, she untied his leash and led him over to the spanking horse. She said, "Get up here."

Slave Paul got in position and Alexis quickly strapped him down. She tightened straps around his wrists, elbows, knees and ankles. She picked up the small ratan cane and dragged it lightly across his back but then dropped it in the discard bin.

Returning to the cabinet she chose a large leather paddle. Moving back beside slave Paul she toyed with his erection. It was pressed against the end of the spanking horse and pointing at the floor. She stroked him enough to heighten his arousal then she let loose with a dozen hard swats to his ass.

She said, "Remember slave. If it gets to be too much all you have to say is Mercy and I will stop."

She spanked him another dozen times and it was noticeably louder. I knew she was trying to get him to use the safe word so she could deny his orgasm.

After almost fifty strokes he was holding strong. She took off his collar and dropped it in the discard box.

Mistress X said, "You are doing very well for your first-time, slave Paul."

She removed all the straps from his arms and legs and said, "Okay. Go to the cross."

She walked to the St. Andrew's Cross and said, on the cross, facing me."

He got in position and she strapped him in. He was totally immobilized with straps around his ankles, knees, wrists, elbows, and waist.

Over at the cabinet she opened a small drawer and returned with a handful of small metal objects. As she started applying them to his balls. I could see they were metal clamps. In just a moment she had six clamps all around his balls and he was wincing in pain.

One more trip to the cabinet and she came back with a small vibrator. She switched it on, and it buzzed to life. As she held it to the head of his penis she said, "Tell me when you are close to cumming."

After a minute he said, "I'm close."

She moved the vibrator away, waited a moment and reapplied it. By the third time she stopped and said, "Slave Paul. Do you want to cum?"

He said, "Yes please."

Alexis grinned and said, "Beg me."

His voice was cracking as he said, "Please, please Mistress X. I need to cum."

Alexis said, "I'm not convinced you want it slave. Your time with me is almost up."

Slave Paul began groveling, "Please Mistress X. I need to cum. I'll do anything."

She said, "You will do anything huh? We will see."

She moved to the wall and pressed a button causing the cross to begin slowly turning. Once slave Paul was upside down, she let go of the button.

Moving back to her tormented slave she grabbed his penis and pointed it directly at his face. She said, "Do you still need to cum slave?"

He was quietly sobbing and then said, "Yes, yes please. I need to cum."

Alexis said, "I'm going to make you cum on your own face. Do you still want it?"

He did not respond. Alexis said, "You have five seconds to decide... four... three..."

Slave Paul said, "Yes, yes, please yes Mistress."

Alexis held the vibrator firmly to his penis and within seconds he began spurting. The first spurt hit his forehead and hair. The second shot hit his mouth and dripped into his nose. The final twitches of his penis made the last of his load dribble onto his stomach.

Alexis pressed the button again and rotated him upright. After she set him free, she handed him the towel and he wiped off what cum he could. Then he dropped to his hands and knees in front of Alexis and said, "Thank you so much Mistress X. That was so much more than I was hoping."

When he returned to the changing room Pixie had the locker open and had toiletries and a towel so Paul could shower.

After the session I was sitting in the office with Pixie when Paul came out of the changing room. He said, "Uh, excuse me, Miss Pixie. Would it be possible to schedule my next session?"

She smiled and said, "Of course, slave Paul. Come over here."

A short time later Pixie and I were in the employee dressing room to get me ready for Mistress

X's session with slave Beez. Pixie had red wrist and ankle cuffs and a red leather hood. She said, "Okay you can put that outfit in this basket and our staff will take care of it."

I stripped out of the borrowed sexy outfit and said, "I'm ready to get my slave on."

I was stark naked and Pixie was just looking at me. She said quietly, "Wow. You are really built. You will look great in this outfit."

I said, "Cuffs and a hood? That's not really anything."

Pixie smiled and said, "Yep, and you'll look great in it."

I said, "Thank you Pixie."

She helped me get the hood on and made sure my hair was straight out the back. I snapped the magnetic cuffs on, and Pixie said, "Here, let me put the faux blind fold on you."

I said, "Hey this is cool."

Pixie said, "I know. Look in the mirror."

"Wow, this totally looks like a blindfold."

Pixie said, "I know. You have to remember to look with your eyes. I mean move your eyes not your head. You don't want it to look like you are watching the scene."

I said, "Got it."

Alexis walked in and said, "Laura is that you in there?"

I laughed and said, "Slave Laura, at your service."

Alexis said, "Ha, ha, ha, funny. Slave Beez should be here in a few minutes. Pixie get Laura chained in the dungeon close to the oral worship chair. That's where most of the action will be."

Alexis turned to me, "Laura how is your acting?"

I said, "Uh, I don't act, at all."

Alexis said, "That's fine. I don't want you to say anything, just be upset but don't over do it. Right when the scene starts, just act distressed."

I said, "Distressed?"

She said, "Yeah. Act like a girl who is naked and chained in a dungeon against her will."

I said, "Got it."

Minutes later everything was in place. I was chained to the wall, on my knees with my arms stretched overhead. There were two black knee pads under my knees. I'm sure that comfort was not given to actual submissives. Mistress X was sitting on her throne. We could hear slave Beez in the changing room. I was surprised by Mistress X's outfit. All she was wearing was black silk panties, black silk bra, and tall strappy heels that fully exposed her feet.

The changing room door swung open and slave Beez was kneeling on the X. I purposely didn't turn my head to look because I was supposedly blindfolded.

Mistress X stood up and said, "Crawl to me."

As slave Beez crawled across the room he came into my field of vision. At first I was thinking, "Wow. Nice body on this slave Beez."

Then I remembered the role I was playing. I started quietly sobbing. Slave Beez stopped at Mistress X's feet. Mistress X moved over to me and snarled, "I told you to be quiet you little bitch."

She surprised the hell out of me by slapping my left breast. It hurt but it had the desired effect. I went silent. I was really surprised because I assumed she wouldn't touch me.

Mistress X moved closer to me and spoke quietly but loud enough for slave Beez to hear. She moved her hand down and cupped her fingers under my exposed pussy. I felt her fingertip slide up between my lips and settle on my clit. She was gently rubbing my clit as she continued, "I've taken away your sight but I'm going to allow you to listen. This slave is going to pleasure me and you will have to imagine what is happening."

My clit was slippery and firm and I found myself legitimately turned on. This was going to be very fun.

Mistress X walked over and closed the changing room door. Then she went to the bondage bench and leaned against it, facing out. She said, "Slave Beez. Crawl to me and begin."

Slave Beez crawled to her and lowered his face to Mistress X's right foot. He began gently kissing her toes. He covered her entire foot with kisses and very slowly worked his way up her

ankle. I noticed that Alexis was not giving him any instruction. He was well versed in what to do.

Eventually he reached her pussy and lovingly kissed it several times through her silk panties. Then he continued down her left leg all the way to her left toes. When he was done Alexis turned her back to her adoring slave and he spent the next ten minutes repeating his path. This time from heel to heel. Pausing momentarily at her ass to gently kiss each cheek.

When he was done Mistress X took off her panties and leaned over the bondage bench. She said, "Okay slave. You know what to do."

Her obedient slave buried his face in her ass and worshipped. He licked her ass for a long time as she encouraged him. Alexis was obviously enjoying herself.

When she was satisfied, she got on the padded bondage bench and laid down on her stomach. She said, "Stand up slave. You know what to do."

For the first time I got a good look at his chastity cage. I had never seen anything like it. His penis was forced into a downward pointing position with shiny steel rings wrapped around the shaft and his balls. I also saw his face. He was quite handsome and at least six feet tall.

He moved into position at the foot end of the bondage bench and began massaging Mistress X's foot. I didn't know the time, but I'd say he spent at least twenty minutes massaging her from toe to shoulders and back to toe. Then she rolled to her back and he repeated the entire massage. I was astounded. This man pays Mistress X to keep him in chastity and then he pays more to massage her.

Finally, she said, "Okay slave. Get on the horse."

He moved over and climbed up onto all fours on the horse. Mistress X went to the cabinet and got a small box and the prostate stimulator I had seen earlier. Out of the box Mistress X pulled a black rubber glove and a tube of lubricant. She snapped the glove onto her right hand. Then she squirted lube onto the shaft of the prostate toy and spread it around. Next, she dripped some lube on slave Beez's asshole. She pressed her gloved middle finger against his anus and slid her finger in all the way. She stroked her finger in and out to spread to lube around.

Finally, she picked up the prostate toy and pressed it against his asshole. He grunted a little as the large tapered head spread and violated him. She pressed further and the large portion disappeared into his rectum and the base of the toy was pulled up snug to his ass. Mistress X discarded the glove and put the lube away.

She said, "Kneel in front of the worship chair."

Slave Beez did as he was instructed. He was only a few feet from me when he knelt at the chair. I made sure to keep my face pointing down as I watched.

He moved forward and placed his neck in the front of the padded red seat. There was a half circle area that cradled his throat. Mistress X came over and pulled a wide leather strap against the back of his neck. She then buckled his wrists and ankles to straps that were attached to the frame of the worship chair. He was held in a proper kneeling position. His back was straight and he was completely immobilized with his mouth in the ideal position for Mistress X's needs.

Mistress X got the remote control for the prostate device and put it on the padded arm of the oral worship chair.

She swung her leg over slave Beez's head and settled in to the seat. There were foot rests perfectly positioned to cradle her high heels. She sat back with her pussy just out of reach but only inches from her slave's mouth. Reaching out with both hands she stroked his hair as she looked into his eyes. She spoke quietly to him, "Tell me slave. Who owns you?"

Slave Beez replied, "You own me Alexis."

I was surprised to hear him use her first name.

She smiled and said, "Yes Bo. That is correct."

I knew his initials were all the letter B which is why he was called slave Beez, but his first name must have been Bo."

Alexis continued, "Tell me who owns your cock."

He replied, "You own my cock, Alexis."

She smiled and picked up the remote control. She pressed a button and it beeped once. Then I could hear the muffled vibration of the prostate massager. It was humming rhythmically, on for a second, off for a second, repeating.

Slave Beez penis filled its tiny prison as it tried to erect.

Alexis was amused as she watched him try to deal with the stimulation. She continued speaking, "And slave. How long has it been since I have allowed you to release any semen?"

Slave Beez said, "It has been twenty nine days, Mistress."

Alexis frowned and said, "Awe, you must be so, so frustrated. Do you hate me?"

Slave Beez said, "I adore you."

Alexis moved forward on the seat and said, "Show me."

He began lovingly kissing her pussy like a groom kissing his bride. I realized my pussy was getting wet. I had never witnessed anything so beautiful and erotic. He was not just eating her pussy, he was worshipping her as his goddess.

He was obviously very skilled at cunnilingus. I could tell by the sounds Alexis was making. She said, "Yes, that's it, slave. Take me to the edge and keep me there."

I noticed slave Beez was slowly grinding his pelvis in the air. That's when I realized the cruelty of the prostate device. The vibration against his prostate gland was keeping him intensely aroused, but it was not enough stimulation to cause ejaculation. That combined with the grip of the steel chastity cage resulted in ultimate control. Mistress X had slave Beez in a state of absolute servitude.

That was it. That was the moment I realized I wanted this in my life. I wanted to control a man. No, I wanted to have that control over many men. I was ready to begin at Red Room Studio.

A moment later Alexis said between heavy breaths, "Okay slave. Finish."

Slave Beez stretched as best he could and closed his mouth over Alexis' clit. He began fervently sucking. Alexis threw her head back and said, "Oh god yes! Yes! Ohhh!"

Her orgasm lasted longer than mine ever had. Finally, she relaxed and slid back from his face. She picked up the remote and pressed another button and it beeped twice. The sound from the massager changed. It was humming continuously now and slave Beez was feeling the effects. He was shamelessly humping the air. I could see precum dripping on the floor. She quietly watched his torment for several minutes and let his frustration mount.

Finally Alexis turned off the vibration and said, "Do you want a release or do you prefer to wait for your next session."

Slave Beez said, "I'm ready now."

Alexis smiled triumphantly and said, "Very well."

She stepped off the oral worship chair and walked over to get her panties. She pulled them on

and straightened them. Then she released all of Slave Beez's restraints. She said, "Get back on the horse."

On the horse she made sure his chastity cage was hanging off the end then she strapped him down with nine straps. Wrists, elbows, ankles, knees and waist. She moved behind him and pressed firmly on the prostate device to make sure it was in proper position. Then she beeped the remote twice and the continuous hum returned.

She walked over to the cabinet and took out a shiny black object. It looked like a small dinner or salad plate.

She grabbed the remote control in one hand and the plate in the other as she moved behind him. She positioned herself so I could see.

As the humming continued, she held the plate under his chastity cage. Then she pressed another button and the remote gave a long beep, then a red light on it lit up. The moment the light came on, Slave Beez began to groan as he tensed. After a couple seconds the light went off and he relaxed. A couple seconds later the light came on and slave Beez's reactions followed it.

I realized she was using the estim pads to milk him. Each time the light came on an electric current was pulsing through his prostate gland.

The fifth time the light came on it started. A string of semen began flowing onto the plate. Once the flow started Alexis pressed another button and light began blinking. Slave Beez groaned as the flow continued for several second. When he was done, Alexis turned off the device.

She lowered the plate just for a moment so I could see how much he had produced. It was a surprising amount. Then she set the plate of semen on slave Beez's back and said, "Don't move."

She went to the cabinet and brought back a small plastic box and some baby wipes. She gently pulled the prostate toy out of slave Beez's rectum and put it in the box. Then she used a baby wipe to clean his ass. She used another wipe to clean the extra cum off his steel chastity cage. Finally she threw away the wipes and placed the box in the discard bin.

She came back and walked around her subject. She said, "Tell me slave. Was that your best orgasm ever?"

Slave Beez shook his head no.

Alexis feigned grief, "Awe, that's too bad. I know prostate milking is not terribly pleasurable is it?"

He said, "No."

Alexis said, "Well least we got all that semen out of you. Now you'll be comfortable for a least a week or so. Until that evil fluid builds up again. It is evil isn't it? The semen I mean."

Alexis picked up the plate from his back and moved around and placed it on the horse, directly under his face.

She said, "Answer me slave. Do you think this plate of semen is evil?"

Slave Beez said quietly, "Yes Mistress X."

She said, "It's time slave. Clean the semen off the plate."

Slave Beez said, "I. I can't. Please Mistress."

Alexis walked over to the cabinet and pulled out a large leather paddle. She slowly walked in front of her slave so he could see what she was holding.

Alexis said, "Slave. You can and you will lick that plate clean."

Slave Beez shook his head and tried begging, "Please Mistress X. Don't do this to me. I, I can't do it."

She moved into position behind him. She held the paddle against his ass and began rubbing circles with it. She said, "Last chance slave."

He shook his head no. Alexis squared up her feet, and paddled his ass with ten hard swats. Slave Beez began sobbing but he did not move. Alexis let loose with another ten swats, more vicious than the first.

Finally, he lowered his face and began licking. He stopped after two licks. Alexis pressed the paddle against his red ass and said, "All of it."

He was broken. He was quietly sobbing as he finished cleaning the plate.

After that night I officially became a professional dominatrix. I was still in college and the extra income helped pay for my schooling.

Chapter 5 Laura Finds a Candidate

I graduated from State University with honors. That helped me land a good job as a Physician Assistant right here in Metro City. It was nice because Leesa and some other friends of mine were still students at State University and lived nearby.

I was able to buy my own house. It was small with only two bedrooms and 1-1/2 bathrooms. It was not new, but it was clean and nice. It had a full but unfinished basement. My washer and dryer were in the basement next to a couple of large storage rooms. More than enough space for a single girl like me. One thing that got old fast was the upkeep. It had hardwood floors throughout and quite a large kitchen. I was accustomed to cleaning a small apartment and that workload was shared by Leesa. Now it was all me.

I made enough extra income as a part time dominatrix that I could afford a cleaning service but then it occurred to me. There are plenty of guys out there that pay to be controlled and abused. Why couldn't I just find my own submissive guy and turn him into my maid? If I did it right, he would pay me for the privilege.

I decided it was time to test my skills as a dominatrix. What better way to prove I was a force to be reckoned with than by enslaving a vanilla male. I decided to give myself six months from the day I met my target until I had him enslaved as my personal servant. I created a profile on a popular local singles website, MetroDate.com

Screen name: [LauraLove1995]

My name is Laura. I'm a beautiful 24 year old Goddess and I'm looking for you. Are you a lost soul seeking direction and guidance? You must be honest and attentive with ample free time in your life to devote to a mutually beneficial relationship. I am tired of dating and I'm looking for a change. The ideal candidate will be unattached and between the ages of 25 and 45. They will be physically and mentally healthy. Message me here for consideration

In the first twenty-four hours I only got four responses. Two from jerks who said vulgar things and that I should add a picture to my profile. One message was from a man named Ben and I got one from a woman. The note from Ben seemed promising:

Message From: [BenSeeking82]

Hello,

My name is Ben. I am 37 years old and divorced with no children. I have been alone for 10 years now and I'm really hoping to find a woman to spend quality time with. I am free most evenings and I would love to meet for coffee. Thank You.

I decided to respond to Ben's message. He seemed a little desperate and that would work to my advantage. Plus he had a picture on his profile and he was better than average.. According to his profile details he was a couple inches shorter than me and he was slender.

Message To: [BenSeeking]

Hello Ben. Thanks for the message. I don't like a lot of back and forth messaging online so yes, I would be happy to let you buy me a coffee. What evening can you meet me at The Coffee Ground at Fifth and Ames Street?

I took a position of control with my first message. By deciding where we would meet and that he would be paying. After I sent the message, I decided to add a picture to my profile. I really didn't want my face online, but I figured, why not use my natural gifts to improve my chances? While I was at it, I blocked the profiles of the two jerks that wanted to "bang me" and "eat my pussy".

For my profile picture I put on a pair of black spandex running shorts and a gray sports bra. I took a selfie in the mirror with my phone blocking my face. I added it to my profile and went to bed.

I had a busy day at work the next day and I didn't even think about my MetroDate.com profile. I brought home some Thai food and sat down to eat at my kitchen table. When I was done, I noticed that my kitchen was a mess. Worse, I needed to dust and do my laundry. That's when I remembered MetroDate.com and my need for a maid.

I logged in to my account and I was kind of surprised. I had 58 new messages. I noticed that I could apply filters to my messages, so I clicked on it. I set filters to limit messages to only reach me from people that met my criteria. I set the age range to 25 to 45. Their relationship status had to be single or divorced. And they had to be 150 pounds or less.

That cut the message count down to a couple dozen. I noticed that [BenSeeking82] had replied.

Message From: [BenSeeking82]

Hello Laura and thank you so much for your message. I am available any night this week from 6 o'clock on. Which evening works for you?

I texted Leesa, "Hey sup? Can you help me with a little project some night this week say 6:00 to 7:00 PM?"

She replied, "I'm free Wednesday night what do you have in mind?"

I texted back, "I'll need some help from 6:30 until maybe 7:30. I'll call you later to explain."

She replied, "Gotcha ttyl"

I sent a message back to Ben:

Message To: [BenSeeking]

I'll be at The Coffee Ground at 6:30pm. I'll expect you to be waiting. Get me a decaf latte tall. Bring a single rose and lay it on the table in front of you. See you then.

He replied almost immediately:

Message From: [BenSeeking82]

I will be there. I'm really looking forward to it.

Then I called Leesa and told her what I was up to. She said, "Yep. It's official. I've created a monster."

I laughed and said, "Well do you want to clean my house for me and do my laundry?"

She said, "No fucking way."

I said, "Ok then. I'll see you about 6 o'clock Wednesday night."

Leesa and I met outside the coffee shop to go over my plan. She was going to go in alone and get herself a coffee and dessert then act as my lookout and be there to help if things went poorly. I went back to my car to wait.

At about 6:20 my text went off, "There's a guy waiting in line holding a rose."

I texted back, "Yay! That's him. What's he look like and what's he wearing?"

She replied, "He's kinda old. And he looks nervous as hell. He's wearing khaki dress pants and a nice jacket. Kind of looks like he has money. What's he do?"

I texted back, "idk what he does but his profile says he's 37."

She replied, "Yep. He looks 37 lol"

A few minutes later she texted again, "Okay, he's sitting at a two person table in the back left corner. Your latte and rose await..."

I replied, "Ok thx. I'll come in at 6:30. Remember, just ignore me."

She texted back, "I know. I'm not an idiot."

As I walked in to the coffee shop I was doing my best confident female show. I was wearing a conservative black knee length skirt and pressed white blouse. I had my blouse unbuttoned to show some nice cleavage. I decided to wear some low, closed toe heels. I wanted Ben to meet the beautiful and sensible Laura. I had my phone in a small black leather clutch purse.

I made eye contact with Ben as soon as I opened the door. I walked directly across the coffee shop to him and did not look around the room. I focused on my posture with my back straight and chin up. I saw more than one head turn as I made my way back to the corner.

As I approached his table Ben got up and said, "Hello I'm Ben. You must be Laura."

I said, "I am."

I did not extend my hand to him and he followed proper etiquette by not extending his. I looked down at the chair opposite Ben's and then I looked back at him with expectant eyes.

Ben said, "Oh excuse me."

He quickly got up and went around to pull out the chair for me. As I sat down, he pushed my chair in for me then returned to his seat.

I said, "Thank you Ben. I appreciate a gentleman with good manners."

I was mindful of sitting up straight and keeping my chest out. I turned my chair slightly to get my legs out from under the table. Then I crossed one leg over the other. That exposed my knee and put my shoe almost beside Ben. He was clearly nervous as he glanced from my face, down my leg to my foot and back up to my face.

I said, "So Ben. Tell me about yourself."

Ben said, "Ok. I'm 37 years old. I'm an electrical engineer with Paragon International. I was married for about 13 years. We never had any kids, I guess they weren't in the cards for us. Then about ten years ago my wife and I separated."

I said, "Was that a good thing or a bad thing, I mean your divorce?"

Ben replied, "Well. I really loved Michelle. So yeah it was a bad thing. I mean I don't know if

she ever really loved me the way I loved her."

I said, "So have you done much dating since?"

Ben said, "I dated a few women over the years but I'm kind of an introvert so..."

I interjected, "So what kind of hobbies and interests do you have?"

Ben smiled and said, "Well let's see. I like movies. I have home theater that I really enjoy. I also like making things like furniture. I have a nice workshop in my basement. I like to go to plays and museums."

Ben said, "What about you. What's the story of Laura?"

I knew I was going to have to skip some big chunks like the fact that I was a part time professional dominatrix.

I said, "Okay, I'm 24 years old. I graduated from State University this past spring. I'm working as a Physician Assistant at a clinic on the west side."

Ben commented, "Good for you how do you like it?"

I said, "I really enjoy it."

Ben said, "I have to admit that I'm very curious."

"About what?" I asked.

Ben paused and then said, "I mean no disrespect, but I can't believe you are single. You have a great career ahead of you and you are beautiful. In fact, you are the most beautiful woman I've ever met."

I smiled and said, "Well thank you. And... I know. Outside looking in it doesn't seem to make sense but allow me to explain."

I straightened my leg, pointed my toe and stretched my leg. Then I recrossed my legs the other way. Ben's full attention was on my feet and legs as I adjusted my position.

I continued, "It's really quite simple. I'm a jerk magnet."

Ben smiled and said, "A jerk magnet? That's a new one."

I said, "Yeah but you get it right? All the guys that pursue me want one thing. I'm tired of it and I'm worth more than that. I decided to see if I could find someone to spend time with who was not looking for a hookup. If you know what I mean."

I continued, "Also, I'm a new home owner. Well, I mean the home is new to me. I didn't realize how much upkeep there is owning a home. I could use advise sometimes and maybe help with things around the house. Like my washing machine broke last month. Water all over the basement and I didn't know where to start. It cost me \$250 to have it fixed."

Ben smiled and said, "Well then, I'm your guy. I can handle all sorts of household emergencies."

I smiled and said, "You're hired." We both laughed.

I said, "Well, you are free most evenings correct? So you could, oh I don't know, take me to dinner tomorrow night?"

I picked up the rose as Ben responded, "Yes, I would love to take you to dinner tomorrow night."

I held the rose to my nose and inhaled. I said, "It's a date. And thank you for the rose Ben. It's my favorite flower. So beautiful and delicate. Yet... if you don't treat them with respect, they will hurt you."

He chuckled nervously and said, "Um. I get your point. I promise that I will always treat you with the utmost respect."

I smiled and said, "Perfect! That way I won't have to punish you." I slowly swung the rose down against my thigh and I made a whip crack sound with my mouth.

We both laughed again, and I was thinking, oh Benjamin, if you knew my capabilities you would run.

I wasn't quite ready to let Ben know where I lived so I spelled out our dinner date. I said, "So for our first official date I will make a reservation at Antonio's On the River tomorrow night. I will meet you at their bar at 7:00pm."

Ben said, "Okay, I've not been there but I heard it's great."

I replied, "Yes, I love Italian food and theirs is the best."

I stood up and Ben stood up as well. I said, "I'm excited Ben. It will be refreshing to spend

quality time with a gentleman."

I stepped up to him and wrapped my arms around his neck and gave him a firm hug. I held my breasts against his chest, and I said, "Thanks again for the rose. I'll see you tomorrow night at 7."

He was clearly flustered as I stepped away from him. He said, "Uh ya... yes. Tomorrow night. You will take care of the reservation, right?"

I said, "Yes. Bye Ben." I turned and walked away. As I turned, I saw Leesa just walking out the door. She met me at my car, and we sat in it to compare notes.

Leesa said, "I was eavesdropping. I heard him say where he works so I was stalking him online. He seems legit. According to LinkedIn he's been employed at Paragon International for almost 14 years."

I said, "That's good right?"

She continued, "For sure, plus he's on his neighborhood association board."

I said, "So that means he lives in a nice neighborhood?"

Leesa agreed, "Yep. Looks like you may have a winner here. So, what's your plan?"

I said, "I don't have every detail planned out but I set a goal. I want him to agree to be my servant within six months so let's see. Today is June 7th. That gives me until December 7th."

Leesa said, "Ambitious. I like it."

I said, "Thank you. I plan on having a lot of fun twisting Benjamin into my toy."

After a couple weeks Ben had taken me to dinner three times. I decided it was time to go to the next step. I bought an apple pie to have at home.

Up to that point Ben had picked me up and dropped me off at my house but he had never been inside. On our way back to my place after dinner I said, "Ben, do you like apple pie?"

He said, "I love it."

I said, "Great. How would you like to come in and have some?"

He said, "You baked a pie?"

I said, "No, I bought a pie. You don't want me in the kitchen."

We both laughed, and Ben said, "Okay I would love some store bought pie."

Ben parked in my driveway and we went in the front door. I said, "How would you like a tour of my estate?"

He chuckled and said, "I would love one."

Of course it was a short tour and we ended it in the kitchen. I pulled out a chair at the table and said, "Take a seat."

I put on some music because I wanted a little background noise for my plan.

He sat down and I served him a large piece of pie and coffee. I was thinking to myself that soon he would be serving me. I joined him with my own piece of pie and cup of coffee. Before I took a bite, I said, "Shoot! I forgot I need to throw some laundry in. Can you live without me for a few minutes?"

He said, "Of course, no problem."

I went to my room and got my basket of dirty clothes. I made sure that my worn hot pink and red thongs were right on top of the pile. I was walking past Ben in the kitchen, on my way to the basement. Then I stopped and placed the basket on the floor a few feet from him.

I said, "Dang it. I left my duffel bag in my car. I'll be back in a minute."

I walked around the corner to my front door and opened it, but rather than going outside I closed it again and hurried back to the kitchen. The background music covered the sound of my steps.

I peeked around the corner and I was elated. He had taken the bait. He was kneeling on the floor next to the basket, holding both thongs up to his nose. His eyes were closed and he was inhaling deeply.

I stepped out from around the corner, and cleared my throat.

Ben opened his eyes and was surprised to see me. He dropped the underwear into the basket and said, "I thought you were outside."

His face was turning beet red and I said, "I forgot my keys so I came back" I put my hands on

my hips and waited. I wanted the tension to build. He knew he was caught.

Finally Ben said, "I'm so sorry Laura. It was a moment of weakness."

It was time to start laying the groundwork of my plan. I motioned to the kitchen table and said, "It's really okay Ben. Take a seat."

I wanted Ben to get comfortable with me, so I went into nurturing mode. We both sat at the table and I looked into his eyes and took his hands in mine. I said, "How long has it been since you have... been with a woman?"

Ben said, "It has been a very long time and I miss it."

I picked up both thongs from the basket and said, "Which one do you like best?"

He was quiet for a moment and then said, "I like the hot pink."

I held out the hot pink one, smiled and said, "Okay, I want you to take this home tonight and sleep with it on your pillow. Then bring it back tomorrow night so we can talk about all this."

He protested and said, "Laura, I can't..."

I cut him off. For the first time I used his proper name and said, "Benjamin stop. I know you want this. I want you to take this home and you will do it."

He held out his hand and said, "Yes Laura."

As he tucked my dirty underwear in his pocket I said, "Bring that back here tomorrow night at 8 o'clock."

He said, "Okay 8 o'clock."

He left and I was excited. My plan was working. I was planning to make him obsess over me and my scent. Next was the guilt of masturbation and me "helping him" control his urges.

The next night he was at my door right at 8 o'clock as instructed. I opened the door and praised him. I said, "Right on time Benjamin. Very good, please come in and sit with me on the couch."

He sat next to me and I held out my hand. He reached into his pocket and pulled out my underwear and placed it in my hand. Rather than tuck it away I put it on the couch between us.

I looked at Ben and said, "I am really glad we met and I've been enjoying our time together, have you as well?"

Ben said, "Yes, very much."

I continued, "Is it fair of me to ask you to be completely honest with me?"

Ben said emphatically, "Yes of course. Always."

I said, "Tell me Benjamin. How many times a week do you masturbate?"

His face turned a little red and he started nervously rubbing hands on the tops of his thighs. He said, "Uh... a few times a week."

I paused and waited for him to look at me. I tilted my head and said, "Be honest Benjamin."

He looked back at his hands and said quietly, "Ah... almost everyday."

I said, "Okay. And do you look at pornography when you masturbate?"

I found myself enjoying his discomfort. He paused again and I encouraged him, "It's okay Benjamin. Your secrets are safe with me."

He confessed, "Yes I do look."

I said, "Tell me, what exactly do you look at?"

Ben said, "I have a monthly subscription to an adult website with videos of... mainly lesbians."

I frowned somewhat dramatically. I wanted to make him feel dirty and guilty for jacking off to lesbian porn. Of course, that was a pretty normal thing for a divorced lonely guy. But I didn't want him to know that.

I said, "So last night did you masturbate to my female scent?"

Ben nodded and I feigned concern, put my hand on his knee and said, "Benjamin, believe it or not, I understand how strong the male sex drive is. I can help you with your masturbation problem."

That's when I started totally bullshitting. I said, "Benjamin, I have a close friend who works in marriage counseling and interpersonal relationships. She has taught me a lot about the strains

on relationships and what differentiates men and women."

Ben was listening intently as I spoke.

I continued, "She tells me that many men spend too much time on uh... their own personal desires. There are ways to help men abstain from self-gratification. Or at least to limit it. So, what I want to do is help you with that. Will you let me help?"

Ben thought for a moment and said, "Sure, I guess. What can you do?"

I said, "Well, I could provide you with some level of female companionship and help you refocus all the energy you waste on pornography and masturbation. You could abstain from masturbating all week. Maybe spend two or three evenings a week here with me. Then you could indulge on Sunday nights. You could come here, and I would give you whatever underwear I was wearing. Then you could enjoy my scent while you get relief and you would be ready for the work week."

Ben thought for a moment and said, "So I would just have to use my will power?"

I said, "Okay. Now here's the twist. I need you to keep an open mind."

Ben said, "Okay I trust you."

It was now or never. I said, "There are companies that make devices."

Ben was clearly confused, and I said, "I'll cut to the chase. I want you to buy a chastity device."

Ben said, "You want me to buy a what?"

I repeated myself, "I want you to buy a chastity device. There are actually many companies that make them. You can get a plastic one. It fits around your... male parts and is fastened with a lock. I will hold the key for you. That way you won't have to worry about the temptation to masturbate"

Ben was speechless, so I continued talking. I moved my hand up a little higher on his thigh. I started gently rubbing as I spoke. I was trying to arouse him without being obvious about it. I knew that an erection in his pants would help him see things my way.

I picked up my thong and held in front of him and said, "Let me ask you this. Would you rather masturbate to images on a screen or my thong on your face. Pick one."

He said, "Your thong every time."

I smiled and said, "Okay, let me hold the key to your chastity device and I promise that each time you orgasm it will be to the scent of my pussy."

Ben said, "Well can I see what these chastity devices look like?"

I said, "Sure, hold on."

I moved to the end of the couch and grabbed my MacBook off the end table.

I sat back down next to Ben and turned it on. I went to the CB-X.com website and showed Ben what I was talking about. I said, "Let's see. They each come with five different size rings and spacers, so you don't have to worry about measuring yourself. There are two basic sizes, regular and small. You just use the ring and spacer that fit you."

Ben said, "It does sound kind of interesting. What could it hurt? Okay I'll try it."

I smiled and said, "I think it will be great. Just think how much more time you will have. Instead of sitting at home you can be here with me, helping me around the house. Spending quality time with a real woman."

I continued, "We just need to figure out which of the two sizes you need. Stand up."

Ben stood in front of me as I put my laptop on the couch beside me. I reached for his belt. He was apprehensive at first, but I said, "It's okay Ben. Remember I'm a PA. It's nothing I haven't seen."

Ben shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yeah, I suppose."

I unbuckled his belt, unsnapped his pants and tugged his zipper down. Then I pulled his pants down to his ankles. Next was his underwear. I grabbed the waist band and pulled them down to his ankles in one fluid motion.

I took one look at his penis. I quickly put my hand over my mouth to stifle my laugh, but I know I was smiling. I had never seen such a small penis. It was pointing straight out, and I would guess it was only four inches long and an inch across.

I said, "Ben, I'm sorry I just..."

Ben said, "It's okay. I know I'm not well endowed. I think it's why I could never get Michelle pregnant."

I said, "Don't worry Benjamin. The size of your penis does not matter to me. After all, you and I will never be intimate in that way. You know that, right?"

Ben said, "Oh yeah. Of course."

I said, "Okay, two things. One, you will need the 6000s model which is the small one. And two, you will need to shave all this hair. The device will be more comfortable if your genitals are hairless."

I continued, "Pull your pants back up and give me your credit card."

Together we chose the clear acrylic cb-6000s and a one-time use emergency key box. It was a small clear plastic box about the size of a box of Tic Tac Mints. You put a key in it, and it snaps shut permanently. That way Ben could have a key for emergencies, but he would have to break the box to use it.

I said, "Okay enter your billing address and I'll put my address in for shipping..."

Click. I pressed the order button. I made sure to save Ben's credit card information in my browser in case I had to buy anything in the future for him.

I smiled at Ben and said, "Yay! I'm excited. I should have it by Wednesday. You can come over that night and try it on. Don't forget to get rid of that hair."

Ben said, "Okay."

By that time Ben and I had each other's cell numbers. After work Wednesday evening, I found the package on my front porch. I texted Ben, "I have the item. Be here at 8 o'clock."

Ben texted back, "Okay."

I replied, "Don't be late."

Chapter 6 Laura's Chastity Slave

My doorbell rang at 8 o'clock. I grabbed my phone to make sure it was Ben. A couple weeks prior, Ben had installed an eye-hole camera for me on my front door, feeding live video of my porch to my cell phone.

I went over and unlocked the door and swung it open. I said, "Are you ready?"

Ben smiled and said, "For you... I'm ready."

I stepped aside and said, "Great! Come in."

It was time to begin shifting the roles in my relationship with Ben. I had always shown him that I was a confident young woman. Now I was going to subtly start treating him more as my servant than my equal.

I sat down on my couch. I had already opened the package and I had the pieces of chastity cage neatly laid out on my coffee table. Also, on the coffee table next to the chastity cage I had laid a towel.

Ben left his shoes at the door, walked over and looked at the cage and he said, "So that's it huh?"

I said, "Yeah, this is it. Go ahead and strip. Fold your clothes neatly here on the couch."

I was hoping Ben would not question me and he didn't. He took off his shirt, folded it and placed it on the end of the couch.

I acted nonchalant, as if having a middle-aged man stripping in my living room was an everyday occurrence.

He followed with his socks and pants. He paused in his underwear and I said, "Underwear off and get over here."

He slid his underwear off and placed them on his other clothes. I motioned to the towel and said, "Come sit right here."

He sat right in front of me and I put my hands on his knees and pushed his knees far apart. I said, "So, is this your first time shaving down here?"

Ben said, "Yes, it feels very strange."

His tiny penis was hardening and I commented, "Well the good news is, going hairless makes you look a little bigger."

I said, "Okay, let's try the middle ring and spacer sizes."

I put the medium size ring around the base of his genitals followed by the upper portion of the ring and alignment pins. I slid the medium spacer on the main locking pin then I said, "Okay, now we just need the cage."

Despite the fact that his penis was tiny I could not get the cage to slip on completely. He was fully erect with his penis pointing at the ceiling.

In my best dominant tone I said, "Benjamin, you are already being naughty. You need to calm down. Sit and don't move."

I hurried off to the kitchen. When I returned, I had a small plastic sandwich bag filled with half a dozen ice cubes. I sat back down in front of him and put one arm around him and held his lower back. With my other hand I pressed the bag of ice against his cock and balls. He didn't move but he sucked air through his teeth.

I said, "That's a good boy. Don't move."

After a couple minutes his erection was gone, and I pulled the ice away. His penis flopped down. I quickly grabbed the cage and it easily slid over his flaccid member and onto the alignment pins. I pushed the main locking pin through the large hole in the cage.

I said, "Normally this is where my metal lock would go but let's start out with a plastic lock."

I put a plastic lock on and pushed it together until it clicked.

I said, "There. How does that feel?"

Ben said, "Very strange."

He reached down and held his penis through the cage. He moved it around a little and I watched as he began to erect in the cage. His penis reached the end of cage but did not fully fill the sides.

Ben gave me a funny look and said, "Am I going to be able to pee with this on?"

I said, "Of course, but... I recommend that you sit down otherwise you will probably make a mess."

Ben was quiet for a moment and said, "Why did you use the plastic lock?"

I said, "Well the cage came with ten of them. I figured I'd start you out with those for the first couple weeks. I expect it will take time for you to get used to this. That way you can get it off if you need to change the fit or anything. Now, I want you to treat the plastic locks as if they were my metal lock. Try not to indulge in masturbation. See how many days you can wait. Then, when you can't take any more, you may cut off the lock and relieve your tension. But I

want you to put it back on right away with a new plastic lock."

He seemed pleased with that answer. I gathered up all the extra rings and spacers and put them in the storage bag that came with the device. I also picked up the metal lock, two keys and emergency lock box and kept them for myself.

I said, "Go ahead and get dressed. Take the extra pieces with you in case you need to change sizes. I have plans with a friend and I need to go."

Ben seemed surprised and said, "Oh. Okay."

He stood up but before he could grab his underwear I said, "Oh wait. Take that towel down to the washing machine. Don't start it, just throw it in and leave the lid up."

He said, "Okay."

He picked up the towel and headed for the basement wearing only his new chastity cage. I wanted him to experience carrying out orders wearing nothing but his cage.

I heard him walking back up the steps and I called out, "Hurry up Benjamin! I don't have all night!"

He hurried the rest of the way to the living room. Once again, I acted like this was all completely normal.

Then I said, "Now you may get dressed."

Of course the implication was that he was not allowed to get dressed without my permission. I stood and tapped my foot impatiently as he hurriedly dressed. Then I said, "Like I said, I want to give you time to get used to your new... situation. I'll text you in a couple weeks."

Ben said, "Okay. That's sounds... fine. Oh wait. I remember you saying that I would always be able to orgasm to your... uh scent."

I smiled and said, "I did say that but not until I'm holding your key. You aren't really locked yet are you?"

Ben shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yeah, I guess that's true."

After Ben walked out I followed him and locked the door behind us. We got in our respective cars and I watched Ben drive away then I put my car in my garage. I didn't really have any plans. I just wanted to get him in the cage and then separate myself from him. I knew I'd be on

his mind constantly.

After two full weeks I texted Ben right before I left work, "Miss me?"

He texted back, "You have no idea."

I chuckled to myself and actually said aloud, "Oh, Benjamin trust me I have an idea."

I continued texting, "Are you busy tonight?"

He replied, "Free all night."

I texted back, "I'm hungry for pepperoni pizza. Bring one to my house for dinner. What time can you be over?"

He texted back, "How about 6:30?"

I replied, "See you then."

I had worn my hot pink thong that day and it gave me an idea. I changed into some loose black nylon shorts and a tight white tee shirt and no bra. I unlocked my front door as I waited. When Ben pulled into my driveway I rubbed my nipples for a moment to make them stand up proud and they were clearly visible through my tight tee shirt.

Ben rang the doorbell and I spoke into my phone, "Come in, it's open,"

He could hear me through the speaker on the eye-hole camera. He came in and closed the door and I said, "Lock it."

I switched my phone over to Facebook and started surfing.

I said, "Take the pizza in the kitchen and set the table. You can find plates and silverware. I'll have a lemonade with ice. Come and get me when it's ready."

Ben was a little taken aback but he didn't question me. He said, "Oh...kay."

After a few minutes Ben peeked his head around the corner and said, "Dinner is ready."

I walked into the kitchen and praised him, "Yummy. This smells good."

I paused next to my chair and Ben quickly stepped over and pulled out my chair. I smiled and said, "Good boy."

As we ate, I asked Ben about everything I could think of besides his chastity cage. When were done I got up and said, "Thank you, that was delicious Benjamin. After you finish cleaning up come and join me in the living room so I can check your cage."

It took him a little longer to clean up but after about fifteen minutes he was standing in front of me as I played on my phone. I purposely ignored him for a minute to test him. I was instilling in him the idea that my time was more important than his. He waited patiently for well over a minute.

Finally, without even looking at him, I said, "You know the drill. Clothes on the couch."

He took off each article of clothing and folded it and placed it on the end of the couch. Once he was fully nude, I put my phone down and said, "Come over here."

He walked up to me and stood right in front of me as I sat. I took the cage in my hand and turned it left and right and asked, "So how has it been going?"

Ben said, "A little rocky at first. I wake up each morning with my erection being held down by the cage. As soon as I'm done peeing, I get flaccid. Oh, and the first morning I found that one of my balls had slipped out from behind the ring so now I'm wearing the smallest ring and spacer."

I said, "So how long since your most recent orgasm?"

Ben proudly said, "It's been five days."

I smiled and said, "That's great Benjamin. So, what have you been doing with your time at night?"

He said, "I've cleaned my entire house. It's pretty spotless."

I looked up at him and said, "See! This is already helping you make better use of your time. Okay we need a plan. It's Thursday night. How about I allow you an orgasm tonight then I'll lock you for nine days until next Sunday?"

Ben looked worried and said, "That's a long time."

I sweetened the deal and said, "True. How about this... tonight when you masturbate to my scent, it can be with your favorite thong... while I'm wearing it."

Ben excitedly said, "Ok deal!"

Then I said, "First you need to shave again. Follow me."

I got up and walked into my bathroom. I opened the drawer next to the sink and took out fingernail clippers, a new pink razor and shaving gel. I pulled up the sink drain stopper and filled the sink with hot water. Then I clipped the plastic lock off his cage and threw it in the trash.

I said, "First you need to wash yourself."

As I pulled the cage portion off his cock, he got a full erection. I put the cage in sink. Then I took off the rest of the chastity device. I put the ring pieces in the water and set the other pieces aside.

I handed him a washcloth and said, "Stand here at the sink and wash yourself."

While he cleaned up, I laid a towel on the bathroom floor. When he was done, I said, "Here's a razor and shaving gel. Sit here on the floor and shave yourself."

I sat on the edge of the tub to watch. He spread the shaving gel all over his balls and stubble. His tiny penis was rock hard. He was obviously very turned on. I acted like I didn't notice. I smiled and said, "Do you like the vanilla scent? It's my favorite."

He agreed, "Actually I do like it."

As he worked, I made sure to sit with my legs open so he could get glimpses of his favorite thong. When he was done I gave him the washcloth to clean himself up."

I said, "Okay clean and dry the rest of your cage, and bring all the pieces back to the living room."

He followed me with his little penis bobbing obscenely in front of him. In the living room I sat on the couch and said, "Now would you be a sweetheart and give me a foot massage?"

He said, "Sure", and reached for his clothes.

I put my hand on top of the pile of clothes and said, "You are fine. I prefer you like this."

I reached out and stroked him just a little and said, "Kneel down right here in front of me."

He knelt down and took one of my bare feet in his hands. I acted like I didn't realize that the hardwood floor would be uncomfortable on his knees. I gave him detailed instructions to draw

out the foot massage and make his physical discomfort last as long as possible.

As he worked on my foot I hooked a finger on the loose crotch of my shorts and said, "Benjaminnnn", and pulled it to the side.

He looked at my thong and groaned, "Oh, you are so cruel."

I gave him an evil laugh and said, "Oh Benjamin, you love it."

I continued, "Ok switch feet but first, put your nose right here."

I was holding my finger on my thong. He moved forward and eagerly buried his face between my thighs and took deep breaths through his nose. He started gently kissing my pussy through my thong.

After a minute I pushed him away and said, "That's enough. Now my other foot."

I made him massage my other foot even longer. Then I finally said, "Ok it's time for your last orgasm for nine days. Hold out your hand."

I quickly stood and pulled off my shorts and sat back down. Then I leaned forward and spit in his hand a few times and said, "There's your lube. Get your nose on my thong. I'll give you two minutes."

His hand almost entirely covered his little penis as he started stroking and he pressed his face into the fabric of my thong.

He lasted about one minute, and he blew his load on the floor. I stood up and put my shorts back on and said, "You need to clean up your mess and wash your dicklette before I officially lock you."

He went and found some spray cleaner and paper towels and cleaned the floor. Then he hurried off the bathroom to wash.

When he was done, he came back over to me. I said, "On your knees right here in front of me."

He obeyed, and I began applying his cage again. I got everything done except the lock and I said, "Hold this pin here and I'll get my lock."

I got the lock and the emergency backup key from my kitchen drawer. I returned to Ben, still obediently kneeling and holding the cage shut. I dropped the backup key on his pile of clothes, sat down in front of him and said, "Move your hand."

He let go of the cage and I snapped the lock on and said, "Ok get dressed. Time for you to go."

He didn't say anything as he got dressed. He seemed to be taking in his situation.

As he walked to my front door I said, "Remember that key is only for emergencies. If you need to use it, I want you to text me. Also, every time you come here you need to bring it so I can make sure it's sealed. Goodnight Benjamin."

Ben said, "Uh, okay. Goodnight Laura."

The next day was Friday. I waited until after 5pm and I texted Ben, "I'm busy all weekend. Come over Monday night at 6 o'clock and bring me Tai food for diner."

He replied, "Okay 6pm"

That weekend I had been invited to a party at a nice house at the edge of the city. Plus, I wanted to let Ben's semen to build up over the weekend.

Saturday night I didn't want to draw too much attention to myself at the party, so I dressed a little more conservative than usual. I wore a dark knee length skirt and loose top that hid my cleavage.

I was at the party having a great time, but it was getting late. I saw Jared there and decided I needed an orgasm. It was kind of loud as I walked up to Jared. He saw me and looked a little startled.

I leaned in to his ear and said, "How have you been Jared?"

He leaned to my ear and said, "I've been fine, fine. How about you?"

I said, "I've been amazing. Follow me."

I turned and walked through the front room and out the front door to the street. We passed some of Jared's friends and I heard one of them say, "Hey look. It's Laura."

Another guy joked, "Yeah, Jared's nuts are in her purse."

Outside, Jared was trying to keep up with me and said, "Where are we going?"

I said, "Be quiet."

Across the street was a small park. I went over to a picnic table in a dark area and sat on the end of the table. I grabbed Jared by the belt and pulled him to me. He tried to speak but I put my hand over his mouth and said, "Shhh. Your mouth is not for talking."

I reached up under my skirt and slipped off my panties and held them on Jared's face. He froze and inhaled my scent.

I said, "Get on your knees."

As he dropped to his knees, I turned my back to him, and bent forward over the table. I lifted the back of my skirt with one hand and placed my other hand on the table.

I said nothing more. He put his hands on my ass and spread my cheeks. Then he buried his face in my ass and worked his tongue over my asshole. My favorite thing about Jared was that he was such an obedient ass eater.

I fingered my clit until I had a delicious orgasm. I turned back to face Jared and looked down at him. In the dim light I could see his mouth was covered in spit. I picked up my panties and used them to wipe his mouth then I stuffed them in my clutch purse.

I straightened my skirt and said, "Thanks Jared. Goodnight."

Jared was still on his knees as I walked away and he said, "Laura, please call me."

The next Monday evening Ben was right on time. He rang the bell and I called out, "It's open."

He was carrying Tai takeout and a dozen red roses. I said, "Benjamin you shouldn't have!"

He smiled and said, "I know you love roses. Plus, I have an extra fifty dollars a month now."

I said, "Really? Why is that?"

Ben said, "I cancelled my monthly membership to No Man's Land. That was the website I wasted all my time and... energy on."

I said, "Good for you Benjamin. Now you can focus on me, right?"

He said, "Exactly. Give me a minute to get dinner ready," and he walked in to the kitchen.

I thought to myself how things were working perfectly. Ben had been starved of companionship for so long he was falling further into my web of control. Time to take Ben to the next step.

Over dinner I asked Ben about his hobbies. He mentioned his woodworking and home improvement projects. That gave me an idea. I said, "I have a good size room in the basement that I'd like to turn into a kind of... rec room. Is that something you can do for me?"

Ben said, "Oh yeah. I'd love that. What do you have in mind? Billiards, ping pong, darts?"

I said, "Well not exactly. More like a meditation room. I'd like to sound proof it so it's nice and quiet and maybe add some nice dimmable lighting. Then put some type of tile down."

Ben said, "I see, kind of your own personal sanctuary."

I said, "Yeah. A private room just for me. And you can make furniture, right?"

Ben said, "Well I'm not an artist but I have made tables and basic cabinets."

I said, "That's great. Why don't you start with the sound proofing and finishing the walls and floor and we'll go from there."

He said, "Great. I can start this week."

As I finished eating, I said, "Thank you for dinner Benjamin. After you clean up the kitchen, I was hoping you could help me with my floor."

Ben said, "Sure. What do you need."

I said, "It really needs a good cleaning. I usually sponge mop it, but it needs a good bucket scrub. Then once you are done you can give me a whole-body massage."

He looked at me and clarified, "Your whole body?"

I said yep, "Everywhere. Toes to nose."

He stood up and grabbed my plate and said, "Where's the bucket."

Soon he was on his hands and knees in the living room, scrubbing my floor. I suggested he take off his pants and socks so he didn't get them all wet. He was obediently scrubbing away in only his tee shirt and underwear as I laid on the couch.

I played on social media. I didn't want him to get discouraged so midway through his work I changed my clothes. I put on only two things. Tight black yoga pants and a snug hot pink half shirt. I walked back into the room and he said quietly, "Wow," and put his head back down and

continued.

Once he was done, I had him massage me. He was still wearing only his underwear and tee shirt. I made him kneel next to the couch as I taught him how to massage me. I had him start with my feet while I was laying on my stomach. I taught him how to massage me everywhere, especially my ass. As I rolled to my back, I could see a large wet spot on his underwear where his penis was trapped in its cage.

As he continued, I taught him how to massage my breasts. I'm sure it turned him on, and it actually turned me on too.

Finally, I said, "Well Benjamin this has been a great evening. Thank you for the flowers and the help with the floor."

He said, "You are very welcome"

I said, "Can you come over Wednesday night and we can get started on my meditation room?"

As Ben got dressed he said, "Sure. I'll bring my tape measure and we can plan it out."

At the door I gave Ben a big hug and squeezed my breasts into him. "Goodnight Ben, " I said as I opened the door.

He said, "Goodnight swee...," Then he caught himself. He hurried out the door.

After he left, I went straight to my room and laid on my bed. I thought to myself . "God I'm horny as hell and I know Ben is too. I wonder if he'll bust into his emergency key tonight. I do love this female domination stuff," and I grabbed my vibrator off the nightstand.

Wednesday evening Ben came in and said, "Okay I did some research online and I have some flooring and wall finish ideas to run by you."

I said, "That's great but I need to check something first. Give me your emergency key. He looked worried and said, "What? Okay," and he reached into his pocket.

I took it and held it up to the light. I could see a crack along the edge and what looked like superglue.

I went into controlling bitch mode. I pointed at the crack and said, "What the fuck is this?"

Ben was silent for a moment and his face started to redden. He said, "I uh dropped..."

Then he decided to confess. He said, "I'm sorry Laura. I got home Monday night after massaging you and I, I couldn't take it anymore."

I continued with my pissed attitude. I said, "Ben. You know I'm doing this for you right? If I can't trust you then I'm not sure why I'm even spending any time with you."

Ben said, "Please give me a second chance. I know I can do better. We are great together and I love being here."

I crossed my arms and cocked my head to the side and stared at him, "Wait here," I said as I walked away.

I went to my bathroom and grabbed my shower brush. It was made of wood and had a handle as long as my arm. The head was large and oval shaped. The back of it was flat and smooth. I returned to Ben in the living room. I was holding the handle in one hand and rubbing my other hand with the smooth flat back.

Ben looked at what I was holding and I let his gears turn a little. Then I said, "There is only one way we can make this right."

Ben said quietly, "What way is that?"

I said, "Strip and get on your hands and knees right here."

There's no way Ben could have known that I was an expert at dishing out corporal punishment. In fact, I had half a dozen paddles and riding crops in my bedroom closet. I knew I couldn't use one of those or he would realize I was more than I seemed.

I also knew this was a pivotal event in our relationship. I needed to make him suffer enough that he was truly remorseful but not so much that it scared him away.

Ben could tell by my tone that I meant business and he began stripping and placing his clothes on the couch.

I walked to the middle of the room and began slapping my makeshift paddle against my hand. Ben finished undressing and I pointed to the floor in front of me. He came over and got down on his hands and knees.

I moved beside him and began lecturing. I pressed the wood against his left ass cheek and rubbed in circles as I spoke, "Benjamin. How do you feel about me?"

He said, "You are the most incredible woman I have ever met."

I said, "Do you respect me?"

As he answered I swung back and measured my stroke. He said, "Yes Laura I..."

I cut his answer short with five hard swats to his left ass cheek.

His voice faltered at he continued, "Laura I respect you more than anyone I've ever met...",
Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack! Smack!

I put five hard swats on his right ass cheek.

I paused and slowly walked around Ben and stopped with my feet in front of his face. I leaned down and placed my hand on the back of his neck. Then I pushed his head down until his cheek was on the floor.

I moved back beside him as I continued with my speech, "Benjamin, I'm going to take away your emergency key. From now on your only release will be through me. Do you understand?"

Ben said, "Yes."

I quickly applied ten more swats, five to each cheek and said, "Yes what?"

Ben paused a moment to catch his breath and said, "Yes Laura. I understand."

I was applying classic corporal punishment technique. Inflict a burst of pain. Then pause to lecture. The dialogue serves to drive the point home and allows the administrator to evaluate the mental state of the victim.

"Tell me Benjamin," I continued, "Who is in charge here?"

Ben said, "You are Laura."

I let go with ten more swats, even harder than before then I stopped. Ben was sobbing and his tears were making a puddle on the floor.

I slowly walked back to the bathroom and returned the shower brush to its hook. I grabbed a box of tissues from the bathroom counter and walked back to the living room. Ben was still in the same position with his cheek on the floor and his bright red ass in the air.

I sat down on my recliner and said quietly, "Come here Benjamin."

Ben crawled to me on all fours. I said, "Up on your knees."

He raised to his knees, so we were face to face. I took a tissue and used it to dry his tears as I held his chin. I noticed that precum was dripping from his chastity cage.

I said Benjamin, "Do you understand now how serious I am about chastity?"

Ben nodded his head.

I continued, "You need to accept the fact that you are no longer in control. You no longer have the burden of deciding when to have an orgasm because it's not your choice... Okay?"

Ben nodded and said, "Okay."

I smiled and leaned forward and hugged Ben and said, "Good. Now we are done with this. Get dressed so we can talk about my new meditation room."

Ben smiled and said, "Okay Laura."

Chapter 7 Laura Collars Her First Slave

At the time Ben had no way of knowing what he was actually building for me. It was not going to be a "meditation room" at all. It was going to be my own private S&M dungeon. I planned to have him finish the walls, floor, and ceiling. Then by the time I was ready for him to make my custom dungeon furniture he would be my collared slave.

As we went over my ideas, I decided to give Ben an incentive to finish the room quickly. I said, "Let's see, tonight is Wednesday. How long will it take you to finish lights, walls, floor and ceiling?"

Ben thought for a minute and said, "If we go with vinyl flooring and drywall that would be nice and make it faster. Then a suspended ceiling with lights. I could probably have that done in four weeks."

I said, "Have it done in two and a half weeks and I'll teach you how to bathe me."

Ben said, "Seriously? You fully nude in the bathtub and me washing you?"

I smiled and said, "Yep, that's what a bath is and of course I'm serious. It will give you a chance to experience my body in a respectful and helpful way. Plus, I would hope that you really enjoy

it."

Two and a half weeks later it was Sunday. Ben had worked the two weekends and most nights on my special room. He had installed dense sound deadening insulation in the walls and ceiling.

I had chosen gray vinyl flooring that looked like tile with black grout lines. It was durable, easy to clean and was not cold like tile. The walls were ready for paint and the ceiling was a black, suspended tile. He put in LED lights in the ceiling and accent lights on the walls. All the lights were fully dimmable.

As Sunday afternoon turned into evening, I went to the basement to check on Ben. He was just finishing cleaning the new floor.

I said, "I'm really happy with my special room so far. You did it. It has only been two and a half weeks."

Ben said, "Well, I still have to paint the walls. What color do you want?"

I said, "You have done a lot of work in a short time. Why don't you make us some dinner then you can give me a bath."

Ben said, "Sure. What sounds good?"

I said playfully, "Something quick. The faster we eat, the more time you will have to bathe me."

Ben said, "Chinese takeout it is. I'll be back in fifteen minutes," and he ran up the stairs.

After Ben cleaned up dinner I said, "Okay, it's time. Let's go," and I walked off to the bathroom.

In the bathroom I said, "First, I want you to strip. No sense in getting your clothes all wet."

Once he was down to just his chastity cage I said, "Okay now we need to fill the tub. Put in the drain stopper. Then turn on just the hot water. I found that the bathtub cools the water too much as it's filling so using only hot water makes it just right."

Ben turned on the hot water so I had to talk a little louder so he could hear me.

Then I said, "Next, we need to gather everything we need. Girl baths are complicated. We need body wash, washcloth, loofa, razor, shaving gel, and after bath lotion."

I grabbed a hair tie and wrapped my hair up on top of my head. I said, "We don't have time to handle the hair. That's for another night."

I continued my instruction, "Okay, you need to undress me."

Ben's fingers were shaking as he unbuttoned my shirt and pulled it off. Next, he unsnapped my jeans, unzipped them and dropped to his knees to pull them down.

Once they were off, he pulled off my socks. Now I was down to bra and panties.

I pointed to the front of my bra and said, "This bra hooks in the front right here, see?"

Ben nodded and I said, "Try it."

I looked down at his cage and his little penis was pushing it up. I reached down and cradled it in my hand and said, "You seem to be enjoying this so far."

He reached up with trembling fingers and unsnapped my bra and held the two ends together and looked me in the eyes.

I said, "It's okay Benjamin. You may take off my bra."

He looked down at his hands and then slowly separated them like he was opening a gift. He actually smiled as my breasts came into view.

I snapped him out of it by saying, "Benjamin, now my panties."

He dropped to his knees and did almost the same thing. He slowly pulled them down and was looking intently at my pussy

As he stood up I held out my arms and did one spin, displaying myself and I said, "What do you think?"

Ben smiled and said, "You are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

I said, "Thank you Benjamin. Okay turn off the water."

Then I slowly dipped one foot into the hot water followed by the other.

I started by shaving my legs and touching up my pubic hair.

I told Ben, "Stick with me long enough and maybe I'll train you to do all this shaving and take care of my hair."

He smiled and said, "Sounds good to me."

I spent the next half hour enjoying my bath. I allowed Ben to wash me everywhere except my pussy and ass. He watched me as I took care of those delicate areas. It was at that point that I notice he was dripping precum from his cage.

I said, "Benjamin. Tell me. Are your balls aching?"

He said, "Almost always."

I smiled and said, "That's good. That means I'm always on your mind. But I bring it up because you are leaking precum on my floor. You need to clean that up and then get my towel."

Ben grabbed a tissue and wiped the floor. Then he grabbed my towel and wrapped it around me as I stood up. I held my arms out so he could dry me.

I stepped out of the tub and walked out of the bathroom nude. I called over my shoulder, "Bring the after-bath lotion."

Ben scurried after me. I went to the living room and laid on the couch. I said, "Okay, lotion time. Kneel beside the couch and start with my feet."

It took Ben another half hour to cover me properly in lotion. When he was done, I swung my legs around and sat on the couch. I looked at the floor under where Ben was kneeling and there were more precum drips which gave me an idea.

I said, "Benjamin. You cleaned my floor yourself, correct?"

Ben said, "I did. Hand scrubbed."

I continued, "So would you say it's clean enough to eat off of?"

Ben said proudly, "Yes, of course."

I said, "Benjamin. I know your balls are aching. I've decided I'm going to give you a little relief."

Ben looked a worried and said, "A little?"

I stood up and walked toward my room. I said, "Just a little... don't move."

I returned wearing my silky pink pajamas. I had his chastity key and a scarf. He was waiting on his knees right where I left him.

I sat on the couch in front of him and took off his cage and put it on the couch next to me.

His dicklette was sticking straight out. I said, "Start stroking but don't cum. Just get close and stop."

He stroked for about a minute and stopped. I said, "Are you close?"

Ben nodded and I said, "Go again. No cumming."

This time he stopped in thirty seconds. Then I stood up, grabbed my scarf and moved behind him and said, "Put your hands behind your back."

I used my scarf to tie his hands behind his back then I sat back down in front of him. I started stroking him with just my thumb and forefinger.

I said, "Tell me when to stop."

Almost immediately he whispered, "Stop."

I waited ten seconds and started again. After a few seconds he said, "Stop."

This time I didn't stop. I just slowed a little and watched his face. Soon he tensed and said, "I'm going..."

Then I stopped. He had a panicked look and said, "No don't... please don't stop."

I watched as cum dribbled out of his little dick and he groaned in frustration. Not a lot of cum. Just a small puddle about the size of a quarter.

I gave Ben an evil grin and said, "There. Just a little relief."

Ben had a desperate look on his face. I'm sure it was his first ever ruined orgasm. It was designed to enhance his frustration. Next was a healthy dose of humiliation.

I looked in his eyes and said, "Benjamin. You seem to have made a mess. You need to clean it up."

Ben said, "Yes, I will. Please untie my hands and I'll take care of it."

I grinned and said, "You don't need your hands. After all, you did say my floor is clean enough to eat off of."

He looked at the cum on the floor then back at me. He said, "Laura. I uh. Please, I don't want to do that."

I reached down and wrapped my hand around his balls and squeezed a little. I said, "Benjamin, if I have to ask again, I'm going to get my shower brush. And when I'm done, you will still have to lick up that mess. Now. Do you want to do it with a blistered ass or not?"

He was defeated. He struggled to get his face to the floor and began licking. Soon he was done, and the floor was clean. He raised back up on his knees, but he was not looking at me. His eyes were on the floor. The humiliation had caused his penis to shrivel. I quickly reapplied his cage and locked it.

I untied his hands and said, "Get dressed. I need to get some sleep."

The stage was set for the next weekend. He didn't know it but next Saturday was going to be one of two things. It was either going to be the last day of our relationship or his first day as my slave.

I wanted to give Ben the entire work week to mentally evaluate everything. Of course, I wanted his sexual frustration to build as well.

I was a little worried that I had gone too far by making Ben lick up his cum. I planned on pushing him over the edge the next weekend and I really wanted him to choose slavery over leaving me forever.

Before Ben left, I said, "I have a busy week coming up. I have refresher training for my certification, so I won't be able to see you until Saturday."

The next day was Monday. I didn't usually text him randomly, but I wanted to get a sense of his mental state. I decided to text him while I ate my lunch, "Hi Ben. How's your day going?"

He replied, "Much better now that you texted."

I replied, "I just want you to know that I appreciate everything you do for me."

He replied with a heart and said, "I can't wait for this weekend. I'm aching for you," and he added a winking emoji.

I thought to myself, "Perfect".

I texted, "Let's eat out Saturday night. Pick me up at 5 o'clock and you can take me to that new Greek restaurant on the north side."

He replied, "Great. C u then."

I really was busy, and the work week went fast. The next thing I knew it was Saturday. I decided to dress a little more provocative than usual. I wanted to tease Ben and I also wanted him to see how I could turn heads.

He was at my door right on time at 5 o'clock. I opened my front door and he said, "Wow. You look dangerous."

I smiled and said, "Behave yourself and you won't get hurt!"

He chuckled and said, "Trust me Laura. I will behave."

As we drove to the restaurant I was thinking back to when Leesa told me I was dangerous. I guess she was right.

Ben said, "I hope I see someone there that I know."

I asked, "Why is that?"

He said, "I want to show you off. You are so gorgeous."

I laughed and said, "Oh I'm not perfect."

Ben disagreed, "Oh yes you are."

Unfortunately for Ben there was no one there he knew. Even so, he was the consummate gentleman. Holding the door, my chair, even standing when I got up to use the ladies' room. It was obvious that he was enjoying being with me and catering to me.

After dinner on the way back to my house I said, "I want to thank you for dinner Benjamin."

He said, "It's my pleasure Laura. I enjoy every second with you. But, you know, I've been doing a lot of thinking lately."

I said, "Oh? What about?"

He said, "Me and you. I mean how do we fit?"

He pulled into my driveway and I said, "Let's go inside and talk."

We went in and sat on the couch. I said, "Ben, of course everyone is different. I feel that, to be happy, some people need many people in their lives. Other people only need a few. Extroverts interact with lots of people, and introverts just a few. I'm an extrovert."

Ben interjected, "And I'm an introvert."

I agreed, "Yes, you are."

I continued, "You have been filling a void in my life. Of course, you help me a lot around my house but I also enjoy our closeness. In case you weren't aware of it, I immensely enjoyed my bath night."

Ben agreed, "So did I."

I held his hands and said, "Good, and..."

I paused to think. Ben said, "And what?"

I said, "Well, I'm sure you realize I have needs, and I am hoping you would be willing to help me with that. Now I don't mean sex. Well, not intercourses anyway."

Ben said, "I am all ears."

I continued, "I'm hoping you would be willing to let me teach you to pleasure me orally."

He smiled and said, "Yes. Next question."

I laughed and said, "Well it's not quite that easy."

Ben said, "What's not easy about it?"

I said, "I have a kind of test for you. Just to make sure you are the kind of person I'm looking for when it comes to being that special person for me. I mean it's a very personal and private thing."

Ben said, "Let's do it."

I said, "The test involves me giving you a bath."

Ben got up and said, "I'm going to pass this test. Let's go."

I cautioned him, "Ben, it's not like my bath. Girl baths are different."

Ben said, "That's okay, I'm ready."

I said, "Okay let me change first. You strip and leave your clothes here."

I excused myself to my room and came back in comfy clothes. I was carrying an empty clothes basket. Ben was pacing in only his chastity cage. I said, "Let's go."

As we passed my kitchen table I said, "Grab one of these chairs and bring it in next to the bathtub."

Ben was a little confused but he went along with it.

Once we were in the bathroom I put the empty clothes basket on the counter and I said, "Put the chair right here next to the tub."

Ben placed it where I had asked and then I said, "Okay. Get in the tub with your feet toward the drain."

He gave me a confused look and said, "What about the water?"

I sat down on the chair, looked up at him and said, "Ben, I said get in the bathtub."

He did not question me again. He stepped into the tub and settled against the cold porcelain.

I crossed one leg over the other then laced my fingers together on top of my knee. I said, "Tell me Benjamin, how long would you say you have been on the MetroDate website where I found you?"

He thought for a moment and said, "It has been over five years."

I continued, "And in that time how many messages would you say you have received?"

Ben said, "Only a few."

I scowled my face a little and said, "Hmm. Do you know how many I got, in the first twenty four hours after I added my photo?"

Ben said, "How many?"

I replied, "Over sixty, several of which were from women. So, what does that tell you?"

Ben said, "That people want to be with you?"

I said, "Yes. That and, there are many more men like you, than women like me."

I reached over and put in the drain stopper. Then I turned on just the cold water at a very low flow. I paused as I watched the cold water slowly move up and touch Ben's heels. He moved his feet back and I reached over and pressed his knees down. I said, "No, no. Don't move."

Ben sucked air in through his teeth and said, "Oh god is that cold!"

I was not smiling. I tilted my head as I watched him try to deal with the cold water creeping up his calves. Looking into his eyes I said, "Benjamin, do you know the purpose of your bath?"

He said, "No I don't, please tell me."

I said, "It's simple. It's what I want."

He clarified, "It's what you want?"

I said, "Exactly Benjamin. I want you to sit here and endure this just because it's what I want."

It was a very important test. If Ben sat through the discomfort then there was a very good chance he was slave material. He winced as the cold water reached the bottom of his balls. They began to shrink against the ring of his chastity cage.

I continued tearing him down, "Benjamin, you know that I have medical training, right?"

He said, "Yes, you are a Physician Assistant."

I said, "Correct. So that means I have some level of familiarity with human anatomy. I can tell you with confidence that your penis is much smaller than average. In fact, I'm certain that's why you could not impregnate your ex-wife Michelle. You were not able to get your semen deep enough into her body.

That's means your penis is really only good for two things. First and most importantly it allows you to pee. Second, it serves as a way for me to reward you by allowing you to have an orgasm. So, it's best that I keep your penis locked in chastity at all times. Don't you agree?"

Ben looked down at his tiny penis shriveling in its cage as the cold water started to rise over it. He said, "Yes Laura. You should do that."

I said, "I'm sorry Benjamin, do what?"

He paused and then said, "You should keep my penis locked up."

I said, "I'm glad you agree. I'm going to use your credit card to buy a custom-made stainless-steel cage that will not need to be removed for you to wash yourself."

Ben said, "Okay."

Finally, his entire chastity cage was submerged in cold water. I reach over and shut off the faucet. It was suddenly very quiet, and I noticed Ben was shivering.

I stood up and stripped all my clothes off and put them in the empty clothes basket. I took all the towels and washcloths off the shelf and put them in the basket as well.

I looked Ben in the eye and I said, "Benjamin, you mean the world to me and I don't want to lose you. But... tonight could be the last time you ever see me."

Ben got a worried look on his face and said, "Why?"

Rather than answer him I moved the chair out of the way. I reached down in the cold water and removed the drain stopper. I turned to Ben and said, "Stay here until the water drains completely. Once the tub is empty, join me in the living room."

I picked up the basket and left the bathroom. Leaving Ben with no way to dry or warm himself. I put the basket in my room and went out to prepare the living room for Ben's moment of truth.

I could hear that the water was still draining as I prepared. I had a small towel on the couch next to me, covering a very important piece of Ben's future.

I heard the water stop draining so I moved to the front edge of the couch. I had laid a towel out on the floor between my legs. I reached down with one finger and toyed with my pussy as I waited for Ben to join me. I was quite wet as I anticipated what was about to happen.

Soon Ben came into the room and walked over and stood in front of me. He was leaving water drips as he walked. I waited a moment and said nothing as I continued to finger myself. Ben's gaze naturally settled on my pussy. I stopped for a moment, removed my finger from my sex and pointed at the floor in front me.

Ben understood and knelt on the towel. His cage was still dripping water and his penis was shriveled and cold.

I said, "Benjamin, there is only one way forward for you to have a relationship with me."

As I spoke, I rubbed the wetness from my fingers on Ben's upper lip. I watched as his dicklette hardened once again in its tiny prison.

Ben said, "Please tell me what I need to do to stay in your life."

I watched Ben's eyes as I removed the towel next to me which revealed a thick black leather collar and a small padlock. He squinted a little as he was trying to process what he was seeing.

Then he looked at me and said, "Is that a dog collar?"

I said, "No Benjamin. Dog collars don't need padlocks. This is a human collar. This collar is your only path forward in a relationship with me. You will do as you are told, without question. And, whenever you are in my house you will wear this collar and lock to remind you that you are my slave."

Ben was quiet but his penis betrayed him. It was pushing his cage out as it tried to erect.

Finally his voice cracked a little as he spoke, "And what if I refuse. If I refuse to wear it."

I shrugged and said, "Simple. I will give you your chastity keys and ask you to leave, and to never contact me again."

Ben thought for a few seconds and said, "I cannot lose you. You are the best thing that has ever happened to me and I will wear your collar."

I smiled and said, "That makes me very happy. You may begin by softly kissing my pussy. No tongue, just soft kisses, the way you would kiss my mouth if you were allowed that privilege."

Ben pushed his face between my thighs and began lovingly kissing my pussy lips. I picked up the collar and wrapped it around his neck. Then I pulled it snug and fastened the buckle. Finally I picked up the padlock and looped it through the locking hasp. I squeezed the lock and as it clicked shut I got a chill. I had done it! I collared my first slave.

As Ben continued lovingly kissing my pussy, I gently held his head. I began laying out some rules. I said, "From now on you are slave Benjamin or just slave, and you will refer to me as Goddess Laura or simply Goddess. Do you understand?"

Ben paused just long enough to say, "Yes Goddess Laura."

I said, "Good. Now I can tell you about my basement room. It's not a meditation room at all. It's my own private sexual playroom and you will be making my furniture. I'm going to have you paint the walls red and the first thing you make is going to be an oral worship chair so you may properly worship your Goddess."

Ben momentarily stopped kissing and looked up at me and said, "I love you Goddess Laura."

I smiled and said, "I know you do slave. I know you do. Now it's time to learn how to use your tongue."