

## Monique's Profession

Rick had been dating Monique for a little over a month when he realized that he didn't really know what she did for a living. He began to ask her about it, but she always avoided the topic. Rick started with subtle remarks, but by the end of their second month of dating, he was pointedly asking her what she did for a living. Still, she continued to sidestep the issue. Rick's curiosity was beginning to get the better of him. Rick and Monique had first met in an upscale bar in the city. It was a Friday night, and Rick was letting off steam with a group of co-workers from his office. All of the financial industry account managers tended to frequent the same handful of bars, and Rick naturally assumed that Monique worked in the investment industry.

Since then, Rick had seen Monique almost exclusively. Rick had really fallen for her, and he was convinced that she had fallen for him, as well. Still, her reluctance to talk about her occupation nagged at him. Occasionally, when he would call her up to arrange a date, she would say things like "Let's get together after I meet with my last client," or "I have to work, but we can meet afterwards." Rick hadn't thought twice about it at first, but became increasingly curious about her profession until his interest climaxed last Friday when he picked her up at her apartment.

Rick arrived at Monique's apartment at 6:00 pm on Friday evening. It was unusual that the two of them could get together so early on a Friday, but it was possible that night because neither of them had any work commitments. Rick rang the bell, and Monique invited him into her foyer.

"I'm afraid I'm running a bit behind," Monique said apologetically as she kissed Rick on the cheek.

"I won't be a minute..." she said as she darted into the bathroom down the main hall.

Rick stood in the entryway and glanced around the living room. It was impeccably furnished. He wondered again what she could possibly do to earn enough money to live this lifestyle. He had done quite well for himself, but there was no way that he could afford the furnishings and works of art that Monique had collected. Maybe they were inherited, he wondered.

As Monique emerged from the bathroom, looking every bit as beautiful as when she went in, Rick noticed several large packing cases inside the doorway of her darkened guest room.

"Going somewhere?" Rick asked with a sly grin.

"Yes, wherever you want to take me, my love," Monique answered with a mischievous smile.

"No, I mean the packing cases," Rick said pointing down the hall.

"Oh, those? They're just supplies for work," she said dismissively.

Monique opened the closet and took out a full-length fur coat, but Rick didn't veer from the topic.

"Look," he said politely. "We've been dating for two months now, and I still don't know what you do for a living. I think you need to tell me tonight."

"Rick, I really like you," Monique started. "But I'm certain that if I tell you what I do for a living our relationship will change in ways you never thought possible. And I love what we are building here. Please don't ruin it."

Rick was stunned. What could she do that would change how he felt about her? Nothing, that's what. Nothing.

"Monique, I insist," Rick said, breaking the small silence. "Whatever you do, it won't change how I feel about you. I promise."

"I've been afraid of this. I'd really prefer not to discuss it. Is there any way that I could talk you out of this?" Monique asked.

"Not this time," Rick said firmly. "My curiosity has reached its peak."

Monique stared into Rick's eyes, and after a moment, she said "Well then... It isn't something that someone can absorb in a vacuum. It's early. Let's go by my office, and rather than tell you what I do, I will show you."

Rick hailed a cab to take them to Monique's office, and Monique, usually composed and proper, spent the entire cab ride kissing Rick's neck and rubbing the inside of his thigh. Rick was surprised, but he certainly didn't stop her. In fact, he wished he had taken such an assertive step sooner.

After paying the cab driver, they entered a luxurious office tower on the west side of town. Monique handled the security guard's questions, and they took the elevator to the top floor. The elevator doors opened to reveal an opulent lobby and an impressive reception desk. Upon exiting the elevator, the lights came on automatically.

While Rick stood in the lobby looking around in awe, Monique walked behind the reception desk. She hung her coat behind the reception desk, picked up the phone, and tapped out a telephone number that she had clearly memorized.

"Hey, Sam. It's me. Rick has decided that he needs to know what I do for a living. So, I have brought him to the office to show him."

"Yes, I know, but there was no talking him out of it. So, I'm letting you know that we are here. I won't be long. I'll be through within the hour."

"Okay. Bye."

Monique hung up the receiver and moved toward the only door leading to the interior offices. As she approached the door, it automatically unlocked.

"Mr. Feline, Ms. Monique will see you now," she announced sarcastically.

Waking Rick from his daydream, he walked over to accompany her.

"Mr. Feline?" he asked quizzically as he passed through the door Monique was holding open.

"Yes. You are the curious cat, after all," she mumbled as she let the door close and lock behind them.

As she escorted him toward an interior room, Rick asked who she called. He was relieved to hear that she called Samantha, her partner, to tell her that they were in the office. Monique said that she didn't want them to be interrupted by nosy security guards.

"Okay, if you are going to insist that I do this, you will need to follow some ground rules," Monique began.

"No preconceptions; No judging; and no speaking unless I tell you to. Are we clear?"

Even though it was phrased as a question, Rick knew it was not negotiable.

"Okay. I won't jump to conclusions. I won't judge. And I won't talk unless you want me to," he said, trying to paraphrase the rules.

Monique ushered Rick into the room, and the automatic lights illuminated the space. Rick's eyes were immediately drawn to three packing cases similar to those he saw in Monique's apartment. The largest of the packing cases was a twice the size of a steamer trunk. The second packing case was somewhat thin and taller, and the third packing case looked like a case that might be used to hold a magician's props.

Rick began to ask what the cases were for, but he was quickly interrupted by Monique.

"Ah, ah ah..." she said placing her index finger over her lips.

"Didn't we just go over this? Leave the talking to me for now. Take off all of your clothes and place them on the chair behind you."

Rick stared back at her dumbfounded. He had never seen Monique so direct about his nudity. In response,

Monique tilted her head and shrugged as though to say "You asked for this."

While Rick was removing his clothes, he watched as Monique opened the thinner, taller packing case and removed what appeared to be a disassembled massage table. Even after he had completed his task, he watched Monique assemble the table in the center of the room. The table was sturdy and elaborate. It was covered in leather, and it actually looked really comfortable. The word "luxurious" came to Rick's mind as he examined the contoured surface that followed the general outline of a human body.

"Great. Now, up on the table face down, please," Monique said once the table was fully assembled.

As he climbed up onto the table, Rick noticed that it was divided into sections. Widthwise, the table was divided into three sections: a center section for supporting the torso of the client, and two thinner sections, one along each side, where the client's arms would rest. The center section was tightly upholstered in leather, while the side sections had loose leather coverings that were fixed where each side section met the center section, but the leather coverings loosely draped down along the sides of the table.

The table was also sectioned off from head to toe. At one end of the table, there was a generally oval hole with padded sides that was clearly meant to accommodate the face of the person lying on the table. There were sections that seemed to correspond to the upper torso, the lower torso and the legs. All of the sections gave the table a checkerboard appearance, with some sections being tightly upholstered and others being loosely covered. Nonetheless, the folds and contours of leather gave it a rich, exotic feeling.

While Rick was admiring the table, Monique rolled the third packing case closer to the table. She unclasped the case along the front, and opened it like a book. With the back of the case facing him, Rick could not see that the case contained an array of accessories that enabled Monique to practice her trade. Monique reflexively reached for a leather blindfold and gave it to Rick.

"Put this on," she said politely.

Rick looked back with a questioning stare.

"The darkness will enhance the experience," Monique explained.

"Now, put it on, please."

Rick shrugged and positioned the blindfold over his eyes. Although it removed his vision, which was a bit unnerving, it softly hugged his head providing a pleasant sensation. He blindly positioned himself so that his face was cradled within the egg-shaped hole toward one end of the table. It was surprisingly snug all around his face. Normally, Rick would have felt a bit claustrophobic in such a situation, but the combination of the blindfold and the warm pressure of the contour gave him comfort.

As he laid face down on the table with his arms along his sides, Rick wrestled with his feelings about

Monique's profession. On one hand, he didn't like the idea of her massaging other men, but on the other hand, he was excited to see how skillfully the woman he was falling in love with might please him. Rick resigned himself to simply enjoy the experience for now, and deal with any questions or negative feelings later. His resignation allowed him to slowly relax.

While Rick was silently resolving his feelings about her, Monique was busy preparing to give Rick a massage we would never forget. She reached into the case and put on a pair of gloves. She reached back into the case and removed an unlabeled jar of cream. She scooped out a dollop of the cream with her first three gloved fingers, and began to apply the cream to the base of Rick's neck. The cream was incredibly soothing, and Monique continued its application from Rick's neck down to the small of his back. Within seconds, the cream provided a warm sensation, and caused Rick to become slightly light-headed. Time seemed to slow down for Rick, and Monique simply continued her pleasant assault on Rick's entire torso. There was no way for Rick to know that the cream was infused with a mild sedative, but Monique knew. Her gloves prevented any accidental exposure to the effects of the cream.

Monique leaned in close to Rick's head and asked him how he was feeling. He was quite relaxed and mumbled an apparently positive response. As she removed and discarded her gloves, she told him to simply lie still so that she could apply three heating pads that would interact with the cream to relax him even further.

Rick felt Monique place the first pad along the back of his head. He couldn't quite make out what kind of material it was, but it was warm and felt something like leather. Monique laid a second wide strip of heated material along the small of his back and a third strip across his back just below his armpits. Rick could feel Monique manipulate the table at the seams between the torso section and the arm sections, and he felt each of the heated strips apply a slight downward pressure.

Between the warmth and his light-headedness, Rick was totally relaxed except for his groin. The lighter his head felt, the harder his erection became. He shifted uncomfortably on the table. Like a conductor reading a symphony's score, Monique anticipated Rick's feelings. Again, she asked him how he was doing even though she already knew the answer. He responded that he was great, but that he was a little uncomfortable because he was aroused.

Monique offered to make him more comfortable. His thought process was a bit slow, and he wondered whether she was offering to masturbate him. Before he could ask her to clarify, she manipulated the sides of the table, and he felt the table open up around his cock and balls. They dropped through the opening in the table, and Rick felt a relief that the pressure was gone. But he slowly realized that the air around his privates was cold.

"You're probably feeling a little cold down there, right?" Monique observed.

"Mmm-hmm," was all that Rick could muster.

"Okay, I'm going to warm you up, but don't let loose on me, now. This isn't about that," she explained.

"This is about you feeling relaxed and completely carefree," Monique added cheerfully.

She massaged some scented oil into the skin around his private parts. The oil was warm and satisfying. She then wrapped his balls in a heated bag and his cock in a flexible heated tube.

After Rick let out a satisfying sigh, Monique focused her attention on Rick's arms. She rubbed, kneaded and massaged each arm from his shoulder to his wrist. He could feel the table jar slightly at various times as she worked her way down. Monique was really putting in an effort, he thought.

"So, you're a massage therapist?" Rick asked, his speech heavily slurred.

"Shhh. Remember the rules. No, I'm not exactly a massage therapist. It only seems that way at the start," she answered quietly.

As soon as she finished his arms, she directed her attention to Rick's legs, paying particular attention to the areas just above his knees and at his ankles. When Monique finished his legs, Rick could hear some rustling from the nearby packing case.

Rick's body was so relaxed, he felt like a wet noodle. The massage was perfect except that his right shoulder seemed to be falling asleep. Rick began to raise his elbows up to adjust his body only to find that he couldn't move. It wasn't that he was too relaxed to move. Something was actually preventing his movement, and he was suddenly overcome with panic.

"Monique? What have you done? I can't move a muscle," Rick said urgently.

"Relax, dear. It's just part of my job," she said as she continued to locate and remove items from the packing case.

"No, really. I don't like this anymore," he said becoming louder.

Monique stopped her activity and moved to the side of the table.

"But I'm not finished. I thought you were enjoying yourself. We haven't even gotten to the really good part," she said calmly.

"No. I need to get out right now," he said nearly yelling.

Monique reached under the table. She removed the flexible tube and began to stroke his penis. It became even harder than before.

"Oh, I think you're doing just fine," she said smiling.

Rick's already elevated breathing and heart rate increased further. She was right. He did like that part, but he was still panicked.

Monique knelt down to get a closer view of, and access to, Rick's genitals. She opened her hand and examined the two pieces of hardware in her palm. Each piece was C-shaped, and when assembled together, they would form a ring with a diameter of about 1 and ½ inches. The surface of the outer circumference was brushed chrome, and surface of the inner circumference was primarily rubber except for a small rounded electrode in the center of each piece.

Monique positioned the two pieces above Rick's ball sac, and taking care not to pinch him, she assembled the two halves into a ring. She pressed the two halves toward each other until they locked together a "click." Once the pieces were secured in place, the ring appeared to be seamless. There was no keyhole or any other visible means of removing the ring. In fact, aside from destroying the ring, it ring could only be separated into its two halves using a custom made tool having a powerful magnet on each side. Although the tool was easy enough for a child to operate, obtaining the tool was nearly impossible - even if you knew what you were looking for. Without the tool, the ring would remain permanently attached.

As small as the ring was, it could perform a number of important functions. It housed a surprisingly strong battery that powered the assembled device. The battery was used by a Bluetooth receiver that allowed the ring to be controlled by another Bluetooth device, such as a smartphone. The battery also powered a vibration mechanism that could be set to a variety of settings, including intensity, pulse, duration, etc. Finally, the battery could be used to energize the electrodes that were constantly in contact with the tender skin of the wearer's ball sac. Like the vibration mechanism, the electrodes could be set to a variety of intensities and durations.

"Hey, what are you doing? Stop that! Let me go!" Rick screamed.

Monique was becoming annoyed. Why did it always have to go this way?

Unfortunately, Monique had anticipated Rick's reaction. She had already removed an accessory from the packing case that would remedy the situation.

Monique slid on her knees from Rick's privates to his face. She reached behind her to retrieve a faceplate that she had just removed from the packing case. The faceplate was designed to cover the lower portion of a client's face beginning just below the nose. One side of the faceplate was made of thick, easily compressible foam subtly contoured to match the lowermost features of a client's face. A thick rubber phallus projected through the foam of the faceplate in a location that corresponded with the wearer's mouth.

The other side of the faceplate was solid plastic, and it could be fastened to the underside of the table with

a set of corresponding latches. Monique inserted the phallus into Rick's mouth during a particularly energetic scream, and deftly locked the faceplate to the bottom of the table. His screams were now barely audible, and Rick was shocked. He could not dislodge the gag by backing his head away because of the leather strap that Monique had surreptitiously applied to hold his head down, and he could not push the phallus out of his mouth because the faceplate was immovably affixed to the table.

Monique rose to her feet, leaned forward, and whispered into Rick's ear.

"Shhh, honey. Relax. You wanted to see what I do for a living. Try to enjoy it."

Monique smiled a sad smile. She had done this hundreds of times to men who likely deserved this type of treatment, but she knew that Rick wasn't like any of them. She had started to fall in love with him, which was probably a mistake for both of them.

Dismissing her sentimentality, Monique forced herself to focus back on the task at hand.

Reaching behind, Monique picked up a new pair of gloves, a jar of lubricant and a chrome butt plug. The chrome device supported all of the same features as the chrome ring that Rick was already wearing. As she dipped the chrome intruder onto the jar of lubricant, she idly wondered what was in the lubricant that made it so effective. Every time she used the stuff, even the most reluctant the client seemed to swallow the device right up. Muscle relaxant? Some kind of heat treatment? No matter. What mattered was that it worked, and Rick's physiology was no different. Within seconds, the entire shaft was inside of Rick.

Even though Rick was completely immobilized, Monique knew that he didn't accept the plug without a fight. She could see his ass muscles tightening and twitching to keep the thing out, but his body betrayed him, and it slid in with a gentle push.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Monique could now relax and take a short break. She took her time packing up the accessory case, and she rolled it to the far corner of the room where it would be restocked before the next client was serviced. She walked to the kitchen area to get a bottle of water and a straw.

Monique was about to retrieve the largest packing case when she thought better of it. She would normally let her clients take care of that task in order to allow them to acclimate to their new situation. She would probably be doing Rick a disservice if she didn't give him the same opportunity.

Monique turned toward Rick. She noticed that the frequency of his nearly imperceptible twitches was decreasing. She leaned over his ear and whispered.

"Honey, I am going to remove the gag, but you have to promise not to scream."

She didn't wait for a response. She knew one was not forthcoming.



Rather than fumble with the faceplate, Monique worked from above. She loosened the straps that held Rick's head, shoulders and lower back to the table. She also unfastened the leather coverings that she had used to restrain his arms.

Once his upper body was free, Rick lifted it up from the table and sat back in a kneeling position. His lower legs were still restrained and attached to the table. He was spent. He stretched his arms. He twisted his head. He worked his jaw.

Maintaining her distance, Monique offered him her water and he sipped from the straw before speaking.

"What the hell was that?" he said accusingly.

"That's what you do for a living?" he continued incredulously.

"You don't know the half of it," Monique said as Rick fumbled to extricate his legs from the table.

"When you are free, please stand next to the table so that I can demonstrate your accessories," she said pleasantly.

"What? These fucking things?" Rick said angrily, motioning toward his private areas.

"No need to explain! I am going to find a tool box and cut this thing off!" he said starting toward the door.

Monique calmly watched him from the other side of the table with her smartphone in her hand. After his first step, he stopped.

"No. First, I'm going to get this thing out of my ass!"

He reached behind to remove the plug.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," Monique warned.

As if on cue, both devices worn by Rick emitted jolts of electricity that brought him to his knees and took his breath away.

"Rick, honey," Monique pleaded, "just stay put and let me explain."

Monique told Rick that she owned the company with Samantha. Their company was in the business identifying successful men in the financial industry, kidnapping them and training them to be slaves. She worked with Samantha to identify the clients. It was also her job to perform the kidnapping, but Samantha was in charge of the training. Monique explained that they were usually hired by a betrayed wife, a jilted lover or a corporate competitor.

She continued to explain that it wasn't supposed to be that way with him. She tried to keep her business separate from her personal life, and she was truly fond of him.

"But when you continually pried into my profession and insisted that I confide in you, you left me no choice," Monique said with tears welling up in her eyes.

Rick was taking everything in, but he was unable to speak. He had only just caught his breath. Besides, he didn't know what to say anyway. The situation he found himself in was completely unbelievable.

"Obviously, the devices are tamper-resistant," Monique continued.

"The shock you received was a level 1 - the lowest level available. The next time you tamper with either of the devices, you will receive a level 2 shock. There are a total of 5 levels, but we have never had to use anything more than a level 2 - and that was not pretty."

Rick remained silent.

"The training is typically painful, and I am really sorry that you will have to go through it. Please do whatever Samantha says. She is tough, but fair. She is my best friend."

A tear rolled down Monique's cheek.

"I don't really think that I need to further demonstrate the accessories, except to tell you that they can be controlled remotely, like by using a smartphone. And they can deliver pleasure as well as pain. I understand that it is really nice. I hope you get to experience that part of it instead of the pain."

"Monique. You don't have to do this. I love you. I would never tell anyone about your work," Rick said with conviction.

"Unfortunately, I can't be sure that you really feel that way, or whether you are just saying it to get out of the situation. In any event, the time for pleading and discussing is over. From now on, please just do as you are told."

Rick shook his head in disbelief.

Monique then directed Rick to stand near the largest packing case. She removed a plastic and rubber tube gag from the accessories case. She tossed the device to Rick and instructed him to insert it into his mouth. He looked at the gag, then at Monique.

"Just do it, please, and quietly," Monique said before he could object.

Rick fed the tube into his mouth until a rubber flange at one end surrounded the outside of his mouth. Monique pressed a button on her smartphone, and two rubber bladders on either side of the tube began to inflate until Rick's entire mouth was completely filled except for the center breathing tube. Rick grunted, and the butt plug and scrotum ring shocked him. Once again, he fell to his knees.

Monique let out a small empathetic whimper.

"Again, Rick, you must do as you are told. The gag has a sensor in it to prevent you from making any noise. That was a warming shock," she explained as she frantically tapped her smartphone.

"Normally, the shock intensity would increase upon your next infraction, but I am setting the devices so that the intensity of these shocks will stay at level 1. I know that it is sometimes hard for you to keep your thoughts to yourself. Of course, I can't control what Samantha will decide to do," she said apologetically.

"Do you understand?" she asked.

Rick glared back at her from his knees and nodded.

"Okay. Now, take the largest packing case. Lie in on its side, and open it up" Monique directed.

Rick complied in silence.

The interior of the largest packing case contained a thick foam insert to protect the contents of the case. The foam insert was shaped like a human figure in a fetal position. Monique then directed Rick to position himself inside one half of the case as indicated by the foam insert.

Again, Rick reluctantly and silently complied.

Once Rick was properly inside one half of the case, Monique walked over to the other side of the case and flipped it closed with her foot. It was as though she didn't really want to have anything to do with the case. It was like she despised the case.

With the packing case closed, Monique composed herself and checked to ensure that all of the clasps were properly closed. She checked to ensure that the air holes near his mouth and ears were unobstructed. Finally, she lifted the case to its upright position and looked into a vent that was directly across from Rick's eyes.

She could see that he was crying. She was crying too.

"Rick, I really do love you," she said softly.

"Samantha will be by shortly to take you to the training facility. Please be good. I don't want you to get

hurt."

"I may not be able to visit you, but I will check on you every chance I get."

With that, Monique turned toward the door and made her way back home.

Rick sat silently in the packing crate watching Monique leave. She turned off the light of the interior room, and she turned off light of his life.

Without Monique, he knew he had no hope of changing his fate. He wondered about his future. He felt a longing for Monique that was more than a longing for her to save him. It was the longing of a profound loss. A tear streamed down his cheek as he sat waiting for Samantha.