

Operation Forlorn

1. The Jag

My ambition had taken one hell of a bruising; and I had been going places.

I had joined the Police at the first opportunity, just nineteen years and three days old and youngest recruit ever within the Metropolitan Police Service; straight from college with a list of straight 'A's. I was the top recruit on my course winning both the academic and athletic trophy's. I was going places.

Two years later I was straight out of my mandatory probation and into CID; Detective Constable Janine Glover, 'Jag' to my friends. 'Detective', I like that title. A further two years and I made Sergeant and transferred to the sexual offences unit. This was unheard of within the Met', a twenty-three-year-old Detective Sergeant. I was going places.

Then fame and fortune and further progression presented itself to me when I investigated and got to arrest the pedophile Michael Heslop for the abduction, rape and murder of two young children. Or rather, I got to falsely arrest the Right Honorable Conservative Member of Parliament and totally innocent Sir Michael Heslop. I was no longer going places; well just to the traffic division as a demoted Police Constable.

Today though is another day, another opportunity and the sun is shining. I have just been approached by the regional Deputy Head of Serious Crime and offered a transfer.

Det' Ch' Inspector Warner personally hunted me out and was waiting for me at my station at the end of my late shift and said I should take him for a drink if I wanted my career back on track. Four months of Traffic had been more than enough and I ran to change and grabbed and dragged him out and to the nearest decent pub.

I bought the pints and he did the talking "You were just unlucky Jag, for the offender to look so much like Heslop, drive the same elitist car and in the same color, and live in the same area of London; well, I would have arrested him too on the evidence you had, and you had to act quick with the third abduction and all.

Heslop was even on the database as a sex offender for that incident in the gent's public convenience back in his Eton School days but of course that couldn't come out, him being a 'Sir' now. No you were just unlucky, plus we never did get the real culprit so technically Heslop could have been the offender; but luck can change; how would you like to be part of Serious Crime? Even reinstate you as a DS? But of course, there are a couple of catches, no free rides in life?"

"Fuck the catches, I'll do it."

"But the catches....."

"I told you, Fuck them!"

"Jag, let me explain, you cannot come into this blind; it is an undercover (UC) operation, you will need training, physical realistic role-play, as a bondage slut, a sex slave. Once trained you will frequent sex clubs where you will be tied up and displayed, groped and fucked; it will be some ordeal and at the end of it you will need hospital and counselling."

"No way, this is a wind up and you can Fuck right off, no way would you let a Police Woman get tied up and raped as part of an operation; I'm off, Ta ta."

"Jag, wait, I am being straight with you, I promise. This goes no further if you do not accept the challenge, but we are onto the main man behind London's imported sex slave industry, Karim Osanodo."

"You are right, we would never let that happen to a Police Officer; but this is different, the stakes are so high. We have tried everything else but we just cannot get near him in the right places. Other UC's have tracked him to these clubs, but they would stand out like sore Dicks if they went in. This guys a ruthless murderer, they wouldn't come back out again."

"We believe one of these clubs is just a front for his real sordid business empire. To get you in there even your handler, an UC Detective Inspector, will be tying you up and fucking you; he'll even do you in training so you take it naturally from him in public. You will be his slave, and wear his collar twenty-four seven. There are so many young ladies being raped and tortured and murdered out there that the Crime Commissionaire has signed off on this one. We have studied our options, and you are it. You have the looks and the youth to carry it off. You have

the brains, the motivation and the ambition to get through it. Commit to this and you will come out the other side a Detective Inspector with your own team. At twenty four you will be the youngest DI ever."

DI at twenty four? That appeals. Getting tied up and shagged? Well, it wouldn't be the first time but so far it has been me that chose who got to play hide the salami with my cunt. But hey, I could just grit my teeth and see it through, write the time off as a bad experience and move on, career back on track.

The DCI had been to the bar whilst I thought and he returned with two fresh pints "I'm in" I told him "Who's the lucky bastard DI that's shagging me now?"

DCI Warner paused long enough for me to start to fear the answer "DI Adrian Niscom."

"Oh fuck, the Adonis. You do know he tried it on with me; put his hand up my skirt at the Christmas do?"

"It could never be proven, and if I remember right you never made a formal complaint."

"Only because I punched him out and everybody witnessed that; so if I complained, only I would have got done and fucking golden balls DI 'Adonis' Niscom would have walked away Scott free and smiling, Bastard! Now he gets to Fuck me over again, whenever he wants by the sound of it."

"It will be a professional Police operation, we will all do only what is absolutely necessary. Jag, welcome to Operation Forlorn."

"Forlorn? Oh Fuck, that says it all."

"Jag, you know fine well all our operation names are random computer generated now."

"Exactly, even the computer says I'm Fucked!"

2. The Mission

The DCI didn't hang about, he told me to take the next four days off and 'square' my life, when I leave my apartment on Monday I won't be going back for some time.

This Gangster Osanodo apparently has his own surveillance capability and we must assume that if I become of interest to him I will be followed. I will be sharing a place with the Adonis for the foreseeable.

So, I mothballed everything, set up everything that needed paying with my bank Direct Debit, had my mail transferred to a Post Office Box that my Police handler would have access to; emptied my fridge and freezer and food cupboards and threw the cat out. I gifted my car to my sister, told my family I was off on an overseas sensitive commitment and I wouldn't be contactable, not that they ever do anyway; I dressed like a slut and walked out not knowing if I would ever return.

I had been told not to pack, my new place was already fitted out with all the clothes and toiletries I would need; but not wearing something nice was a mistake because when I got to my 'Safe House' it turned out the first day was only a 'meet and greet' and briefing day; Tuesday I was off to a Psychiatric hospital for a four day assessment. They needed to ask me every question known to man about me to enable them to record this and produce a 'Janine Normal Model' to try to return me to after this ordeal was over. They will have recorded 'Janine Glover, nice girl, dresses like a slut'.

Almost a week later and back at my new place I must endure the shit eating smile of the Adonis whilst 'Trigger', the 'expert' brought in to train us as Master and slave and prepare us for the world we are going to be entering started to brief us on his role.

He built Adonis up like a God the way he talked about the role of Master; my interest and attitude was beginning to wander at this stage and Trigger maneuvered his way over to me whilst he kept his spiel up. He casually took and lifted my hands out to him, and I let him; and then calmly snapped handcuffs around them and helped me to my feet.

All the time he was still talking the Adonis up and it was really getting on my tits. He slowly walked me to the center of the room, still talking, and placed my cuffed

hands up and locked a steel ring around them. He walked to a side wall and turned a handle and my hands were drawn up until I was on my toes.

"Hey, Trigger, Boy, what the fuck do you think you are doing? Just wind that thing back down, okay?"

Trigger waited for me to stop speaking, and then just carried on talking up Adrian's role as he sauntered over to me. He wandered around behind me and without any warning a big black soft foam ball was pushed into my mouth. I was doing my best to shout out and struggle but this was followed quickly with a much harder red rubber ball which was forced in between my forced open teeth and straps taken around my head and fastened. All the time he had kept up his monologue on Adonis whose smile was now really eating shit.

Trigger then proceeded to flick open a switch knife and cut off all my clothing, pants included.

He lowered my hands a couple of inches and locked my ankles in a leg spreader bar, well wide; and raised the height of my cuffs again until once again I was struggling.

Trigger collected something from a side wall and said to Adonis "You two clearly don't know each other too well, and she looks as though she hates the fuck out of you; not good; take this" and Trigger threw something to Adrian which he caught "and lube her up good and proper, from chin to toe, everything, inside and out, get to know your slave; and you, learn to love the feel of your Master; I'm going for a smoke break and a cup."

Oh Fuck! I cannot even start to try to struggle I am so helpless. These cuffs are cutting into my wrists and it takes all my effort to stand tall to relieve the pressure on my wrists. I am totally naked and the Bastard Adonis is stood in front of me with a bottle of baby oil in his hands thinking all his Christmases have come at once. Oh Fuck!

"Well my pretty little slave (The condescending Fuckwit! I Fucking hate him!) it looks like I was wasting my time at the Christmas party, although I knew even then that once I had given you my smile, my attention, my touch, you would just beg to be my slave, my Fuck-bag."

No way you fucking tit will I ever beg anything from you!

He poured a load of the baby oil onto his hands and started by gripping and smoothing his hands down my arms, one at a time. Then with more oil up both my legs. My skin was crawling and my wrists were hurting.

He spurted oil, lots of it over my back and smoothed this in, and then around my belly. He was saving the best for last. He poured more over my tits and took an age rubbing this in, fondling my breasts. Then my ass, using both his hands from in front of me; and then he bent around and pulled open my buttocks and slid a finger up my bum and repeatedly prodded into me. I was totally fucking helpless to do or say anything. I cannot believe how easily Trigger cuffed me and got me like this. Then he was back to my tits again just to make sure they were well enough oiled up and then down to my crutch. I have a hairy pussy, well-trimmed into a high narrow triangle but not a Brazilian, and he was rubbing this now. Then the moment he would love and I would hate, into my cunt, first one finger, his middle right; and then two fingers, and then three. All the time rubbing, penetrating, playing with me; and I knew he knew what he was doing but I was determined that this cunt was not making my cunt come.

At the same time, he was at my pussy with his right hand, his left was at my tits again, he was really making the most of this opportunity. I heard movement behind me and knew that Trigger must have returned. Adrian looked up and paused for a second but then looked away from the door and continued.

Try as I may I just could not prevent it. Regardless of my head my body was full of selfish treachery and getting turned on and I was starting to gasp, this was masked by the gag and the foam ball in my mouth but fucking Adonis glanced up to my face and smiled; the bastard knew.

It was really happening now, a full-blown orgasm was inevitable try as I may to switch off my sex when out of the corner of my eye I saw Trigger walking slowly, quietly along the wall, and fucking DCI Warner with him and some blond young female with a clip-board!

They had made it along the wall and were watching me over Adrian's shoulder just as the orgasm hit me, fucking betrayed me more like! Regardless of the pain in my wrists I shook, my head went back and I howled into my gag.

I brought back my head and Adrian was giving me eye to eye contact, and smiling as his hand continued but slowing, just enough to extend my orgasm and embarrassment.

Trigger stepped forward and slapped Adonis on the back saying the DCI would like a few words.

Still in this same helpless position, still coming down from the orgasm; I had to listen whilst the DCI congratulated the two of us on our dedication to public service, our commitment to the fight against serious organized crime, our professionalism and the personal sacrifice we had both volunteered to make. All the time the young blond bit was taking notes; both her and the DCI were within touching distance and kept addressing me, as though they didn't want to take their eyes off me. I wonder why?

The DCI finished his speech, slapped Adrian on his back; was obviously confused where to slap me and instead patted me on the shoulder and said "Good work girl, excellent stuff" and with the blond, who was still staring at me, left the room.

Trigger lowered my wrists slightly just enough for my feet to take my full weight and then started explaining my role to the two of us. To prepare my proper state of mind I was being kept here as a slave for as long as it took. Trigger would be with us a lot at the start but leaving us alone more and more as we developed. Adonis could come and go as he pleased because at the end of the day, he was the Master.

There was no hired help, I would be doing all the cooking, washing, cleaning etc because I was the slave. I would sleep where I was allowed to when I was allowed to and would learn to obey all men and Adrian in particular. I would learn to love Adrian as my Master and would beg for him to place the slave collar around my throat (No fucking chance, just what planet are you on mate?). Sex would be my salvation and I would worship the orgasm; I would do anything for it no matter how demeaning (Fuck right off!).

When I was released from this place it would be as a fully trained and obedient slave and I would beg to stay and continue my servitude (You haven't factored the 'JAG' factor in have you? I am a fully trained Detective used to dealing with

hardened criminals; I am a black belt in Karate, an athlete, and fucking hard enough to deal with this tit-head thank you).

I would learn good sex technique; I would learn how to suck cock, deep throat technique; I would learn how to pole dance, how to perform striptease; and how to be the ultimate pleasure slave. On the open market, I would be worth a fortune (He actually laughed as he said this). From today onwards I was a slave, and would be treated as a slave; for the rest of my youthful days (Whoa boy, this is a short-term deal, don't get carried away now).

He took my wrists down from behind me, un-cuffed one wrist and easily pulled my arms behind me and re-cuffed me. He then removed my ankle spreader bar. Leaving me naked like this he said for me and my Master to talk a little and have a coffee or something if Master allowed; he was going for a pint and would be back after his lunch to resume training.

He told Adrian to un-gag me after he had gone; and if I cursed any, then a good spanking may help me cry and get over it. Adrian was free to use anything he wanted on me, and do anything he wanted with me, but no permanent scaring.

No sooner had the foam ball popped out and I was giving him both barrels; laying into him for fondling my tits, all that stuff with the baby oil, wanking me off and smiling at me to show how much he was enjoying it, all that crap he said about me wanting him. He didn't say anything but went to the wall and lowered the cord with the ring and then dragged me over, regardless of me trying to kick his nuts up into his belly, and fastened the ring again to my cuffs and going to the wall and raising my arms behind my back until I was stood bent just about doubled over.

"Now listen here Detective Sergeant Glover, you accepted this job just as I did. You got offered this job because you are a bloody good DS, me because I am a bloody good DI; we have a serious task here, a real challenge to pull this off. As new-comers to the bondage-club scene all eyes will be on us, we must look and be the part. Now I am entering into this as professionally as I can, and I will expect the same of you. I will do as Trigger directs and learn my role; it is up to you whether you want to take this personally or if you want to act professionally too; but you volunteered for this and I will make sure you play your part and help us prosecute this murderous evil bastard."

He then spanked me, and spanked me, and spanked me until through gritted teeth and tears I asked, then pleaded, then begged him to stop.

He lowered the cord but did not release me; he left me instead.

Five minutes later he was back with two cups of coffee which he put down on a bench. "If I release you are you going to behave like you want to get through this and help the operation, and drink your coffee?"

"Yes".

"Yes what?"

I had to think about this one, I was so distraught with the spanking and the telling off I had received; it shook me worse than the orgasm experience. "Yes Master."

He released me and took his coffee and sat down. I took my coffee and went over to the chair facing him and asked him "Where are my clothes, can I at least cover myself whilst we talk?"

"No, get used to it."

I sat down and was just about to take a drink of my coffee and try to calm down when he said "You shouldn't have sat."

"What?"

"Seats are for Masters not slaves, you should have stood or knelt by my side, if I had wanted you to sit I would have said so, but we will make this an exception, whilst we have our first proper talk."

"You cannot be serious, there is only us here, and aren't you taking this slave thing a bit far?"

"You don't get it do you? Trigger has said he expects it to take around seven weeks to train us, you as a slave and me as a Master, you don't think it is easy or it comes naturally for me to treat a fellow officer that I respect like this do you? And I am married with children, what about my loyalty to them?"

"It didn't seem to bother you at the Christmas do."

I was drunk, I was out of order and I apologize for that, I actually thank you for punching me and bringing me to my senses."

"Oh, gosh, well, thank you for saying that."

"No, he says seven weeks; I have researched the statistics, during those seven weeks over twenty women will be murdered, over one hundred brought into the Capital from abroad as sex slaves; over six hundred raped and or tortured; if we can get those seven weeks down and get the rubber stamp from Trigger to proceed we are saving an awful lot of lives and hurt; but your selfish ego is going to get in the way. Worry less about what is happening to you and more about those girls losing their lives; step up to the challenge, commit to what we are doing here, make a difference. I know it is not natural to you, not nice for you, but at least play the part until it becomes more natural as Trigger promises us it will."

"What did he mean when he said I would be treated as a slave for the rest of my youthful days?"

"Simple psychology, he wants to change your mind-set, get you thinking like a slave; I get the feeling he will always talk long term, like this is your life now, get used to it kind of thing, we should do the same."

I thought about all he had said, all those lives being lost, the pain, the suffering, all those poor defenseless girls and I understood, I was letting my personal situation, my suffering, my ego get in the way. I had signed up to do this, somebody had to and that somebody was me.

"Okay, I agree, I understand better now, just a bit of a shock and not particularly pleasant being trussed up and wanked off by you, especially in front of the DCI; but I will play my part starting immediately."

"Okay, finish your coffee, say goodbye to sitting on seats, and come over here and suck me off."

"Fuck off Adonis, you take it too far, way too far."

"Your ego again. You're going to be made to do it anyway until I don't even have to snap my fingers. You will do it to me, you will be fucked by me, by other men that I bring to you or take you to; you will go down on women and be licked by other women and fucked with strap-ons by other women; you will kneel in the middle of a club and suck other men's cocks and much much more. This is the

task. The Commissionaire has signed off on this, the term 'Whatever it takes' is actually written by his own hand on the order. Your ego is going to cost us lives."

Again, I thought about this and I couldn't argue, as demeaning, as horrible as the task was this was it. I had to perform like a seasoned slave to give us credibility to integrate with the criminal fraternity and penetrate the seedy core of his murderous business empire. I hated that my nipples were hard and erect at the thought of it all. This was not Adrian, or Adonis, this was my Detective Inspector, my Master, giving me an order that in its own weird way would assist the operation that I was committed to and save lives. Fuck my ego.

I finished my coffee, got up and knelt before him and asked "Master, may this unworthy slave please suck your cock." Fuck that stuck in my throat, just wait for his cock!

"Slave, continue."

I unzipped his jeans and unbuttoned the waistband so I could ease down the jeans and give me better access. His cock was already rock hard and first I broke the foreskin down the shaft a couple of times with my hand and then licked at his cock. If I was going to have to do it, I may as well make a proper job of it. I took him tentatively into my mouth, just, and then played my wet lips down the shaft in stages as I took him in; my tongue still doing its stuff. I played his knob-end into the top of my throat, probably giving away my experience at blow jobs whilst my tongue and lips worked on him and my hand held his balls, just fingering and rolling lightly. I could feel his legs and torso strengthening and going rigid, the usual effect I have on men and I knew he was enjoying it. I played his cock in stages further and further down my throat until eventually I could actually lick his balls.

I played it out as long as I thought he could endure and then gave him some rapid head to finish him off and immediately he shot his hot come into my mouth. I finished and licked him off and swallowed his come and kneeling back, hands on hips I asked him "Was that satisfactory, Master?"

A round of applause came from behind me and I turned to look, there was Trigger with the DCI and the blond girl again! I didn't know what to say, what to do, where to look, anything. Adonis was putting his Dick away and Trigger had

stepped up to me and was putting something metal around my throat "Well done slave; you are obviously fully on-board and committed to this training; this could go well." As he said this, which did kind of make me feel better about being found giving head and saying what I said he had secured something around my neck and was now placing my wrists into cuffs at either end of a bar attached to the collar around my neck. Apparently, this is a steel yoke but whatever you call it I would never get myself out of it and it left me totally displayed.

Trigger went on "Slave, the DCI would like a word with you out in the yard." He attached a leather leash to the front of my collar and handed it to the young blond girl who put her clipboard under one arm and led me outside with the DCI following my naked butt.

It was the first time I had been out in the yard, it was quite big, the full width of the house and brick walls at least sixteen-foot-high on the three sides surrounding the paved yard. No doors or breaks in the wall, and no windows or balcony's overlooking us.

The blond looked a bit embarrassed holding my lead but she continued to do so and definitely couldn't take her eyes off me. I just had to stand there and let her; I didn't really know what to say. Eventually she said "Nice piercing, it suits you." Referring to my belly button silver bar with the two lock-ends on. Well it wasn't as though I was wearing anything else for her to comment on and I don't really expect her to say how nice my tits are, or how she likes my Pussy.

The DCI stepped out and joined us and introduced us "DS Glover, Jan, this is DC Sophie Milner; she, like you joined the Met at nineteen and won top student; we have been keeping our eyes on her as we did with you and now she has just completed her probation we have brought her into CID. This is her first assignment."

"Because of the threat to this operation and to you and Adrian in particular we have to keep it Top Secret, I have therefore brought Sophie into the fold as she is too new to have been corrupted. I am training her as an UC handler and she will look after you. She is fully briefed and has volunteered to join the operation. Now I have discussed her role with Trigger and she will be making random visits to check on your welfare but she will also be filling in when Adrian is away. He has to maintain a fully up-to-date knowledge of the enquiry so may be away for a day or

two at a time; during these absences Sophie will be your Mistress and Trigger says you will obey her. I know she is only just twenty-one but just like you at that age, she is good with excellent potential to go far and Trigger will train her on how to treat you to maintain your training. Understand?"

He too was having great trouble keeping his eyes off me, but I mean, my tits were just out there, standing proud and begging for attention. This felt very weird. "Yes Sir, fully understood; Good afternoon Mistress (I said jokingly), I hope I will not disappoint you as your slave."

"No" she replied, "Best hope you never do, slave."

"Er, Sophie" said the DCI, "I think Jag was joking with you."

"I know Sir, but I wasn't with her."

Oh shit, I've got a right one here, this day just gets better and better.

I was led by Sophie back into the main 'Dungeon' room and my lead handed to Adrian, then the DCI and Sophie said their goodbyes and left. I paid attention this time and noticed that the steel reinforced entrance door made absolutely no noise opening or closing.

3. Training

Trigger continued with his spiel explaining what would be required of us, and what kind of things happened in these bondage clubs. He concentrated on our relationship as Master and slave. That the Master would always treat his slave with disinterest, as a piece of property; and just take it as granted that the slave would perform as and when he wanted it.

The slave however would be just the opposite, she would love and adore her Master, hang on his every word, every nod of the head, every movement. She would anticipate his desires and needs, she would want to display total obedience and be happiest when actively obeying her Masters wishes. On seeing her Master, she would be happy and if allowed to look him in the eyes then this would be with adoration and an adoring smile. But unless forced to do so or told it was okay to

do so a slave would never look the Master in the eye, focusing instead on the Masters feet.

This was the relationship we were to cultivate and display naturally before Trigger would sign the risk assessment allowing us to move onto the enforcement side of the operation, actually starting to attend the clubs. We had a lot of work ahead of us, and no doubt a lot of pain for me.

Trigger then took me through some movements and postures; how to adopt certain slave positions, how to walk, how I should hold my head; how to kneel with my back straight and my knees spread apart with my hands on my thighs and my head down when told to 'relax'. This was not a natural position and I would need to assume and practice it at every opportunity. I was in the kneeling position now but with my hands and neck still in the yoke.

He actually had a slave training film and the disc was loaded into a 50" screen TV; I was to watch it every chance I got, over and over. It was a 90-minute film and I would be watching it first and last thing every day I was here. It included various sex techniques, instruction on oral sex, use of vaginal muscles to enhance intercourse; pointers on striptease and the dance of the seven veils which apparently, I need to know. It also demonstrated all the basic slave positions and how to move from position to position with grace and sexuality. I wonder how I ever managed without it!

At the end of this session Trigger was calling it a day, well for him anyway; he just wanted to see Adrian Fuck me and he would be off. Again, on hearing this last remark my blood started to boil and my ego resurfaced; 'Fuck' me? This little Twat is deciding who will Fuck me?

I was fighting the desire to tell Trigger just where the Fuck to go when once again he pushed the foam ball into my mouth and followed this again with the ball-gag. He stood me up, walked me over to a leather padded bench and bent me over it tying my yoke to the far end. Then he pulled my legs apart and fastened leather cuffs around my ankles.

"Adrian, show your slave who's the Boss will you so I can get out of here."

I couldn't see him but I could sense him coming up behind me. He put his hands on my exposed bum and fondled my buttocks; working his way down to fingering

my pussy; then at the same time shoving his thumb up my bum and playing with it. Holy Shit this cannot be happening! This is a real and unnecessary violation of me, I am a fucking Police Officer and he is my DI, he can't be doing this. His hands leave me and I sense him unzipping himself. Next his hand is back on my left buttock pulling my buttocks apart; and his cock is entering me; and not my pussy, my ass! Holy Shit! Fuck! Oh Fucking Fuck Fuck Fuck! He's in, all the way, up to his balls, and he's fucking me, anal the bastard!

Trigger compliments him on his decision making and his style and says "Good man Adrian, be the Master, make her yours; let's see how many times and how many ways you can do her before I get back in the morning, Anal, pussy and mouth; I'm betting seven more max. Try all the different restraints out; you have pretty much every restraint known to man in here; get to know them. See you in the morning, oh and don't forget to name her, I'll need it for your collar." And he left me to my fate.

The bit about naming me went over my head, I was taking it anal for the first time in my life and I can't say I was particularly enjoying it. It hurt, it just felt 'wrong', he was really hammering into me, and he was just about yanking my tits off. Worst was my mind, I couldn't believe this was happening; I was actually crying and I never cry. I was seeing bright lights and struggling to breathe and on the point of passing out when he finally came and slowed and stopped.

"There, that wasn't too bad now was it? You certainly needed it, get a bit of that arrogant attitude fucked out of you." It was lost on me, I was almost delirious with what had just happened. He untied my yoke from the bench and released my ankles and I slid off the bench and onto my knees and then my side. He went and retrieved a tool from a shelf, it looked like a small but thick, dumpy screwdriver but instead of a flat blade or cross it had a hollow end shaped like a star. He used this to turn the bolts in my cuffs and collar and remove the yoke. He also fitted a small pad-lock to the buckle on the back of my gag. "I don't want you talking yet slave, you have yet to learn not too. Now get in that kitchen and cook me something to eat; Now slave."

I struggled to my feet, my legs like jelly, and just stared at the big piece of shit in front of me, he stared right back and said "You really are going to be slow to learn aren't you?" He slapped handcuffs onto me and dragged me to the center of the

room and fastened my cuffs again to the ceiling cord and raised me onto my toes; then laid into my tortured ass with a cane. That brought me around. With no leg restraints on I was fairly dancing to avoid the cane and turning my body away from him but then he would hit my thighs and tits until I presented my ass to him again. It went on and on. Eventually he asked "Do you want to lay down and kiss my feet and beg forgiveness for the look you gave me; and make me dinner, or do you want me to continue with your training?"

I was still dancing, expecting more blows. I couldn't speak with the gag in but made what noise I could and nodded frantically as though this meant something "Kiss my feet?" I nodded, pleading, begging with my nodding head."

"Good slave, you are learning something then."

He went to another shelf and brought back a leather collar, a thick wide and heavy one and locked it tight around my neck and then released me, the cuffs as well. I immediately went to the floor and on my belly crawled over to his feet. He leant down and unlocked and removed my gag and I kissed him on both his feet and said "Sorry Master, I am so sorry, please forgive your untrained slave, I will do better, I promise."

"Yes slave, I know you will, now cook, and it better be good."

I somehow managed to stand and on rubber legs limp to the kitchen. On the way there he called after me "Just prepare it ready for cooking then come back in here with a glass of wine for me, I will need to screw you again to get my appetite back."

This is so wrong, it shouldn't be like this, what he is doing to me cannot be necessary; but even the commissioner has signed off on this? Whatever it takes? Seven weeks of this abuse? But then DI with my own team? I don't know what to do, this isn't right.

Having prepared the meal ready for cooking I poured him a large glass of red wine and took it through to him; I knelt at his feet and offered it up to him and he took it from me. I said to him "Adrian, this cannot be right, what is....." I was knocked off my knees, collapsing onto my side and stunned; the room was flashing, I was seeing stars; He hadn't hit me, but something had happened, I felt a shock

through my neck into my head and I had collapsed; as I come to I looked down thinking I was bleeding but I wasn't, I had pissed myself!

Confused I looked up at him and he was sat there smiling with a grey plastic thing in his hand. "That seemed to work well, that was level three. It's a dog-collar, a shock collar, it has five levels; apparently, they all hurt but level three is obviously effective enough for now, you've pissed yourself, ha! You spoke without permission, mistake. You called me by name, mistake. You didn't call me Master, big mistake. Want to say anything else and try for level four? No, I thought not; now get on that bench on your back so I can fuck you, then clean the bench and all this piss up on the floor, then make my dinner; and then I will consider how best to punish you."

I meekly got to my feet and hobbled over to the bench and managed to get my bum up onto it and laid back; my legs dangling. He finished his wine and come over and lifted my ankles onto his shoulders and without any messing about, fucked me. It did nothing for me, absolutely nothing; and I do not know how much he enjoyed it as I was now scared to look him in the face; I did not want another of those neck shocks; but I imagined him with a very evil maniacal smile on his face as he come into me. "Right clean this place up, get me another wine and get cooking."

I did as I was told, day one and I am broken already; well fucked.

4. Jag the Pussy

The night didn't get any better. I got to eat the chilli that he left on his plate, not much and I had to eat it from the plate off the floor with my hands cuffed behind me. I had water in a dog bowl to wash it down with. Lovely.

After that he continued to lecture me about his expectations of me; and in-between fucking either my ass, pussy or mouth he gave me my name. "Slave, I have your new name to give you. I have thought long about this because I appreciate how important it is for you to have a meaningful name that truly represents you, tells a story about you. Now I know in the past you have always been called 'Jag', and you seem to like this and so I will stick with the feline family

but obviously, you are no longer seen as a Jaguar or anything that strong, wild or ferocious; but something tamed, something defenseless, but cute and soft. Like a cat or a pet; so from this day on your name is Pussy." He really looked proud of himself, like he had just split the atom or something. Dumb fuckhead!

That was one hell of a night, morning could not come fast enough. I did not get a bed, at least not that night anyway. In-between shagging he either left me in whatever restraint I had been in for the shag, such as in the stocks (he also caned me in the stocks for my punishment) or in the wrist and ankle spreader bar; or I was chained by my collar to the foot of his bed and I slept on the floor. The closest I got to being in his bed was either being fucked whilst on the floor beside his bed or when I had to lean over and suck him off whilst he was in the bed; either way it was no comfort for me.

He kicked me awake at 7am, put me on my hands and knees and fucked me anal again; then I had to make him breakfast (Full cooked breakfast for him, cold porridge for me) and then go watch my training video. This was actually a rest for me because he couldn't really restrain me for this as I had to act out various movements demonstrated in the video; plus there was an exercise mat there and this is the closest to comfort I am likely to get; but even then in-between the postures and movements I had to adapt the kneeling slave girl posture.

Trigger turned up just as the video was ending and I had to get him breakfast and coffee for Fuckhead. I heard Trigger ask Adrian if he had managed seven fucks and Adrian told him eleven; and I can vouch for him, he wasn't lying. When he tried to put his hand up my skirt at the Christmas 'do' I was oh so innocent compared to where I am now.

I spent the morning demonstrating my newly learned slave moves to Trigger; and then mounting Adrian and practicing utilizing my virginal muscles during sex; which seemed to work and with it not being a case of Adrian just forcing himself onto me and banging away I actually got something out of this. However, I then had to take Trigger in my mouth and demonstrate my oral technique. Absolutely fucking repulsive.

The afternoon turned out to be my rest period, well of a sorts. Trigger thought I was far too pale and a more healthy looking suntanned body would improve my price. I wanted to point out that I wasn't actually on the market to be sold, that I

wasn't a real slave; but figured I really didn't want another caning yet and definitely not my shock collar getting pinged. Therefore, after I had made them lunch and I had slurped another bowl of porridge out of a dog bowl I was taken outside into the yard and chained to a sunbed. Wrist and ankle cuffs chained to the top and bottom of the sun bed so that I could turn from my front onto my side as the day wore on. Adrian, of course, looked after rubbing my sun-cream in; and took real pleasure in making me come.

Another piece of totally unnecessary abuse, whilst chained to the sunbed Adrian brought out some wet-shave gear and shaved my pussy. He then ordered me to keep it this way, I would get time every day to look after my personal hygiene and keeping my body shaved was a part of that. I didn't even give him a one of my looks never mind say anything, I didn't want shocked.

This night was a repeat of last night, with me cooking, washing up, being lectured and getting screwed. The days started to repeat themselves with instruction in the morning and sunning myself in the afternoons but with a newly added extra; Trigger had an exercise bike and a treadmill delivered and these were put out in the yard and I had to do half an hour on each after the sunbathing and before my shower. Something weird though, day four was thick black clouds and still they chained me to the sunbed. Now I'm wondering do they really want me to have a tan or is this just to get me out the way whilst they bugger off to the pub? It's obvious Adrian has had a drink by the time I am released.

By Friday morning I felt I was either truly getting into character or I really was broken; I wasn't sure which. Most of the things Trigger had said I needed to demonstrate naturally I now was. I always instinctively called them 'Master', I automatically assumed the kneeling position in their presence; I never looked them in the eyes and I never spoke unless in response to them. Keeping my body looking good seemed to have become more important to me than my career or the operation and I even look forward to pleasuring him in the hope he will in turn bring me to orgasm, the only pleasure I ever get now.

5. Pleasure

I was laying chained to the sunbed, face down with my eyes closed when I felt the hands on my back rubbing the sun cream in. I instantly realized these were not Adrians hands, they were far too smooth and the cream was being rubbed in nicely, not roughly like he does.

I opened my eyes and looked up and there was Sophie looking down on me. I said nothing, she hadn't said I could talk and I didn't know how she was going to play it. She continued with the sun cream and when she finished my back I turned over and she done my front. She was very thorough, and embarrassingly, I enjoyed it.

She then sat down on the only other sunbed beside me and started to talk. "Now Pussy (so she knows my name then!) I shouldn't be having this talk with you, it isn't part of the plan, but I feel I need to; but after this there won't be another talk like this, it will be all business; do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good, now Adrian and Trigger have gone, they are having the weekend off and I am here to continue your training and keep you in role; I am your Mistress for the weekend. I have been given a detailed itinerary by Trigger and I am going to stick right to it. I am going to be doing things to you I do not agree with and do not think are right; but I will be doing them. Also, I will be having you do things to me that I do not want done to me and you should not be made to, but we will do them. I must say I do not agree with anything that is happening here but the DCI has explained that very few and only a select few officers will ever see the bigger picture and sometimes officers just have to trust their instructions and as part of the team see them through. That is you and me. You have your role and I have mine; and I will be completing my role by the letter. I apologize now for what this means but will not apologize or show any weakness to you again, do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Good, thank you Pussy; as you know I am just out of probation and I desperately want to follow your career path into CID; the DCI has given me this chance to be

an UC officer handler but he knows I want to be a Detective, I am not going to do anything to blow it.

Now I am twenty-one years old, 5'6" and less than a hundred pounds; you are twenty four, 5'10", about a hundred and thirty pounds I would guess, and a black belt in Karate; you could quite easily kick my ass."

"As part of this training they want to test this, to see if you can behave as a slave when the opportunity to retaliate or even escape presents itself. As a slave, you may have to 'service' other, weaker women, they should not fear a well-trained slave. To test this at times I may order you to restrain me and pleasure me; but be aware you are being tested; you can kick my ass but you won't see the job through, your choice."

"Also, the shock collar around your neck, Trigger says it stays on until Adrian takes it off. I do not have the key. Something they did not tell you and I shouldn't but I will because as I said I do not agree with what they are doing to you, the control for the shock collar has an anti-tamper mechanism, if it is squeezed or smacked hard a contact is made within the casing and it gives out a level three shock, and repeats it every hour until a code is entered to cancel it; and if destroyed then they have a healthy supply of spare controls and you will be punished severely if it was you that damaged or hid the control, understand?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Now this is a one-off opportunity for you, is there anything you feel you need to say, anything the DCI needs to know?"

"Yes Mistress, I do not trust either of them; I cannot believe all the things they have done to me have been necessary, and they are both taking far too much pleasure out of it; and they both go missing every afternoon for two or three hours; but as you say, we do not all get to see the bigger picture and I do trust the DCI and I will see this through and stay in role; and thank you Mistress for letting me speak."

"Is that it?"

"Yes, thank you Mistress."

"Okay Pussy, talk over, do not speak unless invited. Had I known there was sunbathing to be had I would have brought my bikini; but given the circumstances I suppose I may as well strip off too."

What a fantastic body! A natural blond, not even a hint of fat, marvelous tits and an ass to dye for; with a cute little blond Brazilian.

Having stripped off she ordered me to open my legs and then sitting on the edge of my bed she put the forefinger of her left hand into my mouth, keeping it open; and with her right hand masturbated me. After all the heavy, rough sex I had endured this was so gentle, so sensitive and almost loving in comparison that in no time she had me murmuring and moaning and my knees thrust apart and my ass bucking onto her hand and Yes oh so fucking Yes! Oh, my God that was sensational, and with a woman! I have always known that Police Women are generally seen as likely lesbians and I have always distanced myself from any suspicion or rumor in that area, women have never done it for me; but that was fucking fantastic; I am still coming down from it.

Sophie walked away back into the house and returned with the collar remote and the cuff keys, and she released me. "Up slave" and I reluctantly got up and onto my feet; a shame as I had been floating. Sophie said "That wasn't fast enough slave, and you gave me a bit of a look there, but I will let you choose, do you want a level one shock or for me to spank you?"

"Er, er," I didn't know what to say.

"Okay, not fast enough, you can have both" and with that she pressed the button and I was shocked and it bloody hurt! It didn't knock me off my feet or anything, but did send pain through my neck, short and sharp. "Okay, come here, bend over my lap."

She was sat on the sunbed and I leant across her so that the bed would support my weight with my bum in her lap. She really did spank me, both buttocks, and quite hard about ten times. It made me more embarrassed than hurt and I am not entirely sure but did I just get a kick out of that?

She ordered me up and then putting her feet up she clicked the ankle cuffs around her own ankles, and then lying flat she clicked the wrist cuffs closed too.

"Pussy, sun cream head to toe, then do me just like I did you."

What? Is she for real, she wants me to finger her? I know she done me but girl on girl? With me on top? But I am not at all lesbian, although maybe she isn't either. She said she would be doing things she didn't agree with; did she just do that to me on instruction? She was very good at it but I suppose she does herself all the time. Anyway, she's the Mistress.

It was strangely erotic, having this beautiful young blond chained naked to the bed whilst I rubbed sun cream into her knowing that when I was finished I would be making her come. It felt electric and the reaction I was getting from her from just rubbing in the cream I know it was mutual. As she did I placed one finger into her mouth and then with the other hand played with her. I took my time and brought her slowly whimpering to the boil and made the orgasm last. Like me she too could not prevent her ass and legs and thighs clasp for more as the orgasm came. As she came down from the orgasm she turned over and said for me to carry on with creaming her back. I was jealous as this must have been lovely, being softly massaged with the cream as the body still had the after-effects of the soothing orgasm reverberating within.

When I finished, I told her "That's you covered Mistress, anything more Pussy can do for you?"

"No Pussy, you done good there, lay down and sunbathe and be quiet."

"Yes Mistress."

I laid down and could not help but look at her, I felt safe as she was facing the other way; she is absolutely beautiful. I have never had any experience like that before, nothing even remotely like it. Fingered by a girl, to then be shocked and spanked by that girl and then finger her; and enjoy it all; what is happening to me? Is this slavery? Or Lesbianism? Or is it love? Or hopefully just the end of such a stressful week that my brain is fried?

Also, the fact that I am stronger and bigger than her, and she is still cuffed to the bed, and I am still obeying her and calling her Mistress, this is all very weird, maybe the training is working and actually turning me into a submissive slave.

I had drifted off to sleep but an hour or so later I was awoken by "Pussy, release me."

She collected up her clothes, just a light summer dress and a G-string; and went in for a shower whilst I cooked dinner; she had told me to make enough for both of us.

After dinner, I washed up and then was told to shower and then joined her in the lounge where she was watching TV, one of my favorites, the old Clint Eastwood Dirty Harry film.

She had me bring a bottle of red and two glasses through, I was getting a drink!

It was lovely, respite from the training, apart from me having to wait on her and kneel naked by her side whilst we watched the movie it was just like a girl's night in. She had even brought a box of chocolates with her and shared them with me.

We got ready for bed and I changed the sheets as Mistress would be sleeping in the same bed Adrian had slept in, and I guessed me on the floor again.

I was called to her bed and when I walked in she was stood there naked but with a big black dildo strapped to a belt around her waist.

"Pussy, kneel down and suck this dildo." I did.

"Now stand up and bend over the bed, legs apart."

As I did this she entered the dildo into me from behind and started to fuck my pussy; it should have been so wrong and a total spoiler for the much-improved day I had enjoyed up until now; but it wasn't. It was a big dildo but she handled it and me with care and possibly even affection and she made me come, and come again.

Then she ordered me into the bed (Yes! I get to sleep on a mattress, I hope) and got into bed beside me. The lights went out and then I heard the double ratchet clicking of two cuffs being closed; she had hand-cuffed herself to the headboard!

"Pussy, at daylight you will release me, or if we hear any movement in this house you will release me, the key is on your bedside drawers; but between now and daylight, until I am released, you will not obey a single word I utter, and you will treat me as your slave; do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress" I paused and laughed to myself, shocked by this turn of events given that she has just shagged me with a strap-on dildo; "Yes slave Sophie."

I rolled onto my side, facing away from her, deciding what, if anything I should do.
"Pussy, didn't you hear me, I said treat me as your slave."

"Yes, slave, I heard you; and I was trying to sleep, now how should I punish a slave that wakes her Mistress? Oh, and I have just created your own new slave name, you are now called Pleasure."

I switched the light on and got out of bed and left the room. I come back with a whip and a pair of leg cuffs and pulled the sheets off her "Turn over slave."

"Not a whip, I didn't say you could whip me."

"Silence Pleasure, you are in enough trouble already, now turn over."

She looked very, very worried but turned over. I cuffed her ankles to the footboard and with my hands felt and caressed her wonderful ass. Then with the whip I struck her across her buttocks. Not a heavy strike, she may have me in the same position tomorrow; and it was only a little whip, a big twelve-inch leather handle but only one leather whip strand and only a couple of feet long. I continued to whip her quite softly but enough to raise the blood in her buttocks.
"Do you beg forgiveness slave?"

"Yes Mistress, please forgive me for waking you."

I gave her a few more strikes then put the whip down on the bed beside her and climbed onto the bed. I ordered her up onto her elbows and then sitting on her pillow I maneuvered my legs down between her arms until her cuffed hands were effectively cupping my buttocks and my legs were apart keeping her arms apart; "Slave, pleasure me" and with my hands I forced her face down into my pussy and then again took up the whip and gave another strike down between her buttocks so that the end would flick against her pussy.

That made her gasp but had the desired effect and her tongue was soon at work; and what a good little tongue she had. I just closed my eyes and enjoyed, at times she had me squirming in pleasure and the orgasm was beautiful.

I patted her on the head and said "Good Pleasure, let me reward you" and climbed out from under her and turned her back onto her back, she looked very flushed.

I nipped back into the Dungeon and found what I had been looking for, something used on me the day before with fantastic results.

Before re-entering the bedroom, I ordered her to close her eyes, and keep them closed.

I stroked her abdomen and worked my fingers down to her Pussy and played with it enough to get self-lubrication, it took seconds, she was already turned on. I then pushed the large steel dildo into her and with a length of rope tied a crotch-strap to ensure it remained in place; and then got into bed beside her and switched off the light.

"Pleasure, you will not say anything or make another sound or you will be punished." I lay on my side and left it five minutes as though I was trying to sleep; and then I flicked the remote and set the dildo vibrating. There was an instant gasp and I felt her go rigid, and then start to squirm. "Slave, be still."

She tried, I'll give her that, but just as she appeared to be mastering level one I kicked it up another gear. Then a couple of minutes later onto the highest level three setting. Then, just as she had done outside, I placed my fingers into her mouth, and with my other hand pressed down on her pubic mound causing her clit' to really interact with the vibrating dildo. Her body went wild and she could not help but let the weird and wonderful noises out of her mouth. I continued until multiple orgasm was obvious and then killed the dildo; then rolled over and slept; I don't know how long it took her to sleep, I while I would wager.

Twice more through the night when I awoke I gave her sessions with the dildo, with similar or even better results each time.

I awoke at daylight and found I actually had my arms wrapped around her, and she was awake and staring at me.

"Once more?" I asked; she thought about it, but shook her head. "Okay, but I am not to obey a single word until you are released, your orders." I switched the dildo back on and went to use the bathroom.

By the time I was back she was in ecstasy, fighting her bonds with no success. I switched it up to level three and really finished her off.

I untied the crotch-rope and removed the dildo; and then I released her ankles and I was just about to release her wrists when I paused, kissed her on her cheek and said "Thank You Pleasure, and you truly are" and then released her wrists and said "I hope Mistress is not disappointed" and immediately adopted the slave kneeling posture to await her command. She sat up in the bed and just stared at me, I do not know what she was thinking but she was giving whatever it was some serious thought.

I was ordered to prepare breakfast, but I too could eat what I cooked, fried breaky, ecstasy!

Then I was to watch the training video again. Whilst I knelt in my posture position watching this I was aware of Sophie on her mobile phone making and receiving lots of calls; then after the video I was taken into the yard and Sophie locked a very long thin chain from my shock collar to a ring set in the rear wall; I was to exercise, using the bike and treadmill for an hour but then another hour of floor exercises like sit-ups, star jumps, squats and push-ups.

I had finished with the treadmill and had quite a sweat going on, I was really pushing myself. I had to stay fit and strong, I somehow knew it was vitally important now.

I was on my back on the decking doing slow, controlled sit-ups facing the house when I glanced movement in one of the upper floor windows. I did not turn my head or stare but on each sit-up just glanced my eyes up. There was a man there, a stranger, looking down on me; he had something in his hand like a white slim box but with a rod attached.

I was guessing Sophie had arranged his coming here when she was on the phone and had then chained me out here so I wouldn't be aware. That he shouldn't have allowed himself to be seen but couldn't resist ogling the naked girl exercising in the yard. I instinctively opened my legs and changed from sit-ups to crunches hoping that seeing between my legs would hold his interest whilst I got a better look at him but after only a few seconds he was gone.

I decided I did not know what the hell to think. The guy I guess was doing some sort of electronic bug sweeping, but why? This is a Police safe house, why sweep it now? Why not before we got here? Something is going on here, something not

right; but I am effectively a prisoner and committed to doing what I am told, basically, obeying. I will not tell either Sophie or Adrian about what I have seen; I am not meant to know so I will keep it to myself and see what develops.

Sophie releases me and orders me to make lunch. Whilst I am doing this I see that Sophie has left her clip-board on a bench in the dungeon. Sophie is having a shower and I take the opportunity to see what her notes say. She really is following orders, I see my itinerary for this weekend and it describes all that has happened between us, her fingering me in the yard and then cuffing herself and ordering me to finger her; and her cuffing herself to the bed and being my slave for the night.

Obviously, she isn't just some lesbian taking advantage of me and she may hate, even feel physically sick at what is happening here. I see that she is going to be my slave again tonight with some interesting orders for me to follow; and tomorrow after lunch we will both be restrained and reliant upon each other for release; interesting; they are really testing my attitude and acceptance of discipline and poor Sophie is just a pawn being used.

After lunch Sophie spent an hour taking me through the dance of the seven veils, she had unlocked the clothing cupboard and got out the costume, sheer blue sheets of silk, each almost transparent and these were wrapped and fastened around me as I had seen on the training video; then with the video playing I had to mimic the movements; I would be doing either this or the various striptease routines every day from now on. A bit much for just turning up as a submissive in a club I thought but I said nothing.

Following this it was back into the yard for my sunbathing; but this time after I was cuffed in place and Sophie had rubbed my sun cream in she left me. I had lots to think about, but didn't really know what. I ended up looking down on my own body and starting to laugh. I had been naked now for a whole week and didn't even think it unusual anymore; I was certainly no longer embarrassed by my nudity. This sunbathing was working too, even my tits were getting tanned and my bikini lines were no longer that obvious. In the past I had always been a bit of a prude and always worn at least a bikini when sunbathing on holiday but I imagine I may be a bit more liberal in the future.

I was still thinking these silly thoughts when Sophie came back out, ominously with a couple of lengths of rope in one hand and the whip I had used last night in the other.

"Slave, last night this made you think of pleasure, so turn over so I can whip your ass and give you some of the same pleasure." She was smiling as she said this, the bitch; but I turned over knowing playing awkward would only result in worse.

She put the rope down and caressed my bum, sitting between my legs and using both hands to massage my buttocks. Again, I was confused at the pleasurable feeling this gave me; I was really starting to enjoy it and may even have let the odd groan slip out when she stopped and stood up. The first whip really hurt, it must have come close to breaking skin and I let out a loud cry I was so shocked at the pain. It probably surprised her too and she must have quickly realized just how easy I took it on her last night because the following lashes were much softer but still enough to let me know I had been whipped; my ass was glowing and hot as hell.

She stopped and ordered me to turn onto my back. It hurt but I did it without comment. She tied rope around my knee and took the rope under the sun-bed and pulled my other knee out and tied this to the other end keeping my legs really wide apart. She sat on the bed next to me and massaged my pussy and putting her other hand over my eyes. After a couple of minutes her massaging paused and I felt it entering me, the same fucking vibrator that I used on her last night, and uncovering my eyes the other rope was tied as a crotch tie keeping the dildo in place.

She sat on the other sunbed but pulled it right up alongside mine and smiled as she pushed a button. She really enjoyed herself, having me on remote like some sort of gaming machine responding to her buttons. Naturally I tried to fight it, to hide the effect, but it proved impossible and it took over me, increasingly causing me to squirm on my wounded ass and moan and groan and whimper and cry out as orgasm after orgasm ripped through me.

Eventually she took pity and switched it off but left me there with my knees still tied apart. Just as I was getting my breathing back to normal and stopping sweating a cloth or something landed over my face blinding me and it kicked in again; I instinctively bucked against it and I could hear her laughing from behind

me; a few seconds later just as I thought this pleasure from hell would never stop she started tickling my feet and I really went crazy.

I was still coming down from that experience whilst I was cooking dinner. It was a bit more awkward than usual because just to remind me I was a slave my hands and feet were cuffed and outside the kitchen I was made to crawl everywhere. Again though, whilst I had to eat off the floor I was allowed to eat a proper meal and after this I got to watch another movie with her and drink wine; kneeling naked by her side.

I showered and shaved my pussy again before bed, I was getting used to having a shaved pussy, I may keep it. As I left the bathroom I was ordered by Sophie into the dungeon room.

She had two ropes dangling from the ceiling with leather cuffs attached, I knew what was coming, I had read it on her clip-board; she was to flog me, immediately before bed, all over, starting softly and getting harder and harder until I begged her to stop, and then she was to continue until I was beyond begging. I knew this was going to hurt me, but I also knew it would hurt her doing this to me; I said nothing and raised my hands to the cuffs. My ankles were then spread and cuffed apart and the ropes raised and tied off stretching me.

After the flogging I physically dropped to the floor as the ropes were lowered and the cuffs removed. It took ten minutes curled up in a ball before I could even start crying, and then the tears really flowed and just wouldn't stop. Sophie had left the room, I knew she couldn't stand to look at what she had done to me. I didn't hate her for this, I knew she was reluctantly following orders; if anything, I felt kind of sorry for her, what a shitty start to her CID career.

Eventually I managed to get to my feet, I went to the kitchen and leaned over the sink and washed water over my face and just tried to get some focus back. I went up to the bedroom and Sophie was curled up on the bed crying her eyes out.

I assumed my kneeling slave posture at her side "Mistress, can I help you?"

The way she was sobbing you would have thought I had flogged her. She covered her eyes with her hands and sat up and slowly regained her control and stifled her sobs. Then she sat herself on the edge of the bed and looked down on me, and breathed heavy and just looked. "Jan, I am so so sorry, I am not cut out for this; I

feel so bad, this is so wrong." She stood up and took her clothes off and threw them onto a chair in the corner. "Slave, I want you to take me downstairs, suspend me as I did you and flog me as I have just flogged you; and regardless of my pleas, do not stop."

"No, Mistress."

"What, I gave you an order, slave, just do it, obey!"

"No Mistress, you will have to punish me."

She came up to me and threw me on my side in frustration, then dived onto the bed and started beating the bed with her fists and started sobbing again; it was like some awful overly dramatic movie clip. I climbed onto the bed next to her and hugged her "Mistress, don't fret, don't feel bad, I understand and you did warn me you would follow the itinerary set of you to the letter so just stick to the program and move on, what's next on the list?"

Sophie turned and hugged me back and once again got her sobs under control and whilst stammering said "I am to be your slave for the night, until daylight; but once daylight comes you are to lock me in the stocks and fuck me from behind with a strap-on and then make me lick your pussy until you come before you release me. These are my instructions from Trigger, the whole fucking thing is totally fucking ridiculous."

"Yes Mistress, but fucking you with a strap-on may make me feel better." She actually laughed at that.

"Okay, Mistress" She said to me, "I am your slave for the night, you have your instructions for my release and I order you to follow them. Now how may I serve you?"

"You are to lay here and masturbate whilst I take another shower, then you can massage my body with baby oil; and then I will think of something."

But I didn't; I had my shower but fell asleep as she massaged me and she didn't wake me.

The following morning when I awoke I was still face down in my pillow, my whole body felt bruised and my thighs ached like hell but looking down I could see no

evidence at all of my beating. Sophie was lying next to me snoring quietly; I left her and went for a hot bath.

When I got back to the Master bedroom Sophie was gone. I found her in the Dungeon room, the converted lounge, kneeling naked by the stocks with a strap-on dildo laid in front of her.

So she is determined to go through with this; totally fucking unnecessary, the assholes are just fucking with her, she must see this? Well, I'm not looking forward to this but let's get it over with so we can have breakfast.

I open the stocks and order her into them and lock them closed. Also, locking her ankles apart, I start by playing with her Pussy until she is more ready to take this considerable dildo into her. I strap it on tight, what an incredibly weird feeling, how the heck do men ever walk normal with something like this between their legs? Thank fuck I was born a woman.

I enter into her and taking it slow and as gentle as I can I start pushing into her, screwing her as I would like to be screwed. As it progresses I start to put more purpose and effort into it, I am actually starting to enjoy it. She is totally helpless to anything I do, and I am exciting her, I can feel and sense it; she is starting to moan; I think she would be upset if I stopped!

I slide my hands up her body as I penetrate her and take hold of her breasts, they are magnificent, bigger than mine but not huge, and so firm and round, just perfect and they feel so damn good. I play with her nipples between my fingers as I grope and fuck her and she is really going now, trying to back onto me as I enter her again and again and squealing out in delight and ecstasy as she feels the orgasm build and then she comes, Oh my God she is loud, begging for more and harder and I give her what she wants until her whole body is juddering in pleasure and I am collapsed onto her back, the dildo still in her and my hands still on her tits.

Still we say nothing and as I release her from the stocks I cuff her hands behind her and only then release her ankles. She knows what she has to do and as I lay on the gym mat and open my legs she makes her way over to me and starts licking the second I have the strap-on removed. I am so turned on by what has just happened between us and she is eating my pussy with such vigour that it

takes no time at all before it is my turn to gasp loudly in orgasm but still she continues and as much as I like it I have to pull her head off me "Slave, the task is complete, stand up; and Pleasure, I was right, that did make me feel better."

I can see in her eyes, it is only with reluctance that she does stop and stand up but she is smiling at my comment. I remove her cuffs and kneel "Mistress, your orders please."

"Oh Pussy, that was, well, sorry, I would rather not say what that was; get me breakfast" and she dashed away in the direction of the bathroom crying again. I think she is struggling to come to terms with her very unprofessional feelings.

After a good breakfast, I am making the most of these whilst Sophie is here; it is watching the training video again and then the dance of the seven veils which Sophie has to do with me so we can mirror each other and help me improve. Then it is my first pole dancing session, there is a video for this too and I actually enjoy doing this; I think I may be a natural!

We have to have an early lunch, Sophie doesn't explain why but I have seen the itinerary on her clip board, we are to have started our joint-restraint exercise testing my obedience and trust as a submissive slave by one o'clock, to allow me to get to the yard based exercise and sunbathing by two thirty.

6. Mutual restraint

After lunch, I find that whilst I was washing up Sophie was getting the room prepared, this is the dance and video room that is normally empty other than the floor being covered in gym-mat material, the pole dancing pole off to one side going from floor to ceiling, and eyebolts fixed into the floor, walls and ceiling in various places.

On the floor in the center are two identical steel yokes, the same as I have previously worn; a steel slave collar, a length of chain and the really thick heavy metal wrist and ankle spreader bar. Sophie is stood waiting, naked.

She explains what is going to happen and we make a start. My ankles are locked into the outer cuffs of the spreader bar keeping me kneeling and stopping me from going anywhere. Sophie snaps the steel collar around her neck and then

with steel clips connects one end of the chain to her collar ring and then the other to my shock collar ring. The chain is about six foot in length but once the yokes are fitted only I will be able to unclip her end of the chain and she mine. She fits a yoke around my neck which must go above the shock collar and stretches my neck, almost becoming a posture collar; and then locks the other yoke around her own neck. She locks both my wrists in the yoke and goes to lock her own left wrist into the yoke cuff but I warn her "Er, Mistress, these yokes need a special tool to release them, you do not have it here; I do not want you getting stuck."

"Thank you Pussy, I have the tool on a bench out in the dungeon room; as long as you release my chain I can go and get it, I will then give it to you so that you can release me and then I, if I feel inclined, and you have performed and pleased me as I require, can release you."

She pushed the bolt home on her left wrist cuff and then leaning down and placing her right wrist in place she had me push home the final bolt. We were now totally reliant on each other; it felt good and I was feeling excited; I was even wishing this was in my home and we had set this up for fun on an even footing so we could really torment and frustrate and explore where this could lead; Oh, my God I am turning fucking lesbian!

"Okay Pussy, take your time, make it slow and pleasurable, you have one whole hour to exercise your tongue; I have a set number of orgasms in mind and of a certain standard; if you achieve this you will enjoy your sunbathing, fail and you are getting your butt whipped

again." She stepped forward and put her pussy in my face, and I eagerly got to work.

I do not know how long he had been there, but having secured what I believe was her second orgasm I rested back on my heels for my tongue to get a brief rest and saw Det Insp Adrian 'Adonis' Niscom leaning nonchalantly against the door frame with a huge smile on his face.

Sophie was still unaware. "Er Mistress, we have a visitor."

She didn't know, or realize what I meant but saw me looking at the door and turned to follow my gaze and saw him "Hi Sophie, I was getting the shopping in

and brought some more supplies in for the kitchen whilst I was passing; everything going okay?"

She stared at him, then looked down at herself, as though just now taking it in that she was naked; I could see her wrists jolting as she tried in vain to cover herself and then she pulled me over as she tried to walk away causing her to stop. She was helpless and we all knew it. "You cannot be here now, you cannot see me like this, I have no clothes on, this is private, my time; turn around, turn around right now and leave us, I will be reporting this."

"DC Milner, this is my operation, you are working to my instruction, instructions that will lose all value if discussed in front of DS Glover; you are doing your job, I am doing mine, all for the same purpose; I must be able to see for myself and monitor our joint progress in this phase so that we may move as quickly as possible onto the next; now you will stop this insubordination and continue immediately with your task, and if you are extremely lucky I will not be reporting this; do I make myself clear?"

"Yes Sir, very clear."

She stood there still looking at him whilst I managed to get back up to my knees; she had a red face, in fact her body was turning red.

Hesitantly she turned her body back to me and again pushed her pussy into my face "Continue slave."

I thought all this was bullshit, but not wanting to force Sophie into further confrontation with the DI, especially as she was naked as well and clearly embarrassed by the DI being here and seeing her like this I got on with my task. It didn't embarrass me any after what I had already done with the two of them.

I had noticed that Adrian had his iPhone clipped to the front of his belt, at first I thought it was my phone that he had taken off me when I first got here but of course it would look like mine, they are all the same police issue; but it was unusual, I hadn't noticed him ever wear it clipped to his belt like that and I wondered if he was filming us, or am I just getting paranoid now.

Whilst Sophie stood there and I tended to my task between her legs Adrian took a slow walk around the room, really giving me the creeps and then when he got

back to the door he said "Good work Sophie, I'm going now but as a special treat I will bring you both a Chinese take-away around five; it's a lovely day so the two of you enjoy your sunbathing" and he left.

We couldn't hear the door but we gave him plenty time and then Sophie stepped back and fumed "That dirty lousy bastard, that is why they were so specific with the times, he knew he could come at this time and I would be naked and restrained; he just wanted to ogle me the creep. This exercise is over, release my neck chain."

I think she was right, they are playing her and this was set up; and he probably was filming us. However, regardless of this I was still feeling a little bit mischievous "Mistress, I haven't completed your orders yet, I must continue or you will whip my butt when we get outside."

"I will whip your but if you don't obey me, now release me." But I had distracted her and she did have a smile on her face.

"But Mistress, your orgasms, Pussy must give Pleasure orgasms or she will beat Pussy." She laughed out loud at this, "Pussy, you really are something, how you can make me laugh in this situation I do not know. Now please release me so we can get on."

It finally dawned on her that she could simply lean over and unclip the chain from my collar which she did. It left her with a chain lead but that would be no issue for her. She went out to get the yoke release tool and came immediately back; "It's gone, he's taken the fucking release tool."

She did however still have the keys to my ankle cuffs and although she had to lay down to achieve it she did manage to release me so I could stand. All the time she was cursing him but together we searched the place to see if there was another tool we could use but with no joy.

So here we were, both stuck naked and unable to cover ourselves. We ended up doing as he had said and laying on the sunbeds sunbathing and cursing and waiting the three hours to see what his excuse was and what he was going to do with Sophie naked. Even I was nervous for her.

He was early, just after four forty he came into the yard and announced dinner was served, and he had brought more wine too, four bottles of white in the fridge and five red in the cupboard.

Sophie hadn't had a chance to get up or say anything when he continued "I will let you serve yourselves, it's all in the kitchen and still hot; I can't hang around but just to say I wanted you to have an easy day today Pussy, you deserved it with what you are going through; so sorry Sophie for the little trick but your yoke tool is back where you left it; without it you had to go easy on Pussy. I will let the two of you decide between yourselves who is going to release who and who gets to be Mistress through until I get back in the morning; but just to give Pussy a slight edge" and he stepped forward and taking hold of the end of the chain attached to her neck he stretched this to a ring set in the nearest wall and put a lock through it. "And I must say Sophie, you do present yourself very well as a police officer, this plain clothes assignment really suits you; see you in the morning, Pleasure."

Sophie again went a lovely crimson color in stark embarrassment; I don't know how long he had been stood listening to us but he had obviously heard my slave name for Sophie; but I must agree with the DI, she really does suit nude.

I went and retrieved the Yoke release tool and whilst I would have loved to have teased her over who releases who first as an excuse to keep her naked and restrained a little longer I don't want our Chinese to get cold and so I immediately set about releasing her cuffs and collar. Also, I am still the slave and her the Mistress regardless of what has happened today.

"Thank you Pussy" she said as she unclipped the chain from her yoke and leant over and clipped it onto mine, "It's still so nice out here I think I will treat you to Chinese alfresco."

She went and found the master keys for the padlock holding the chain to the wall and released it, took me over to the patio table and locked the chain to an eyebolt set in the ground by one of the chairs; and then left me to go inside.

I hadn't been told I could sit and so I knelt by the chair.

She came back out with two large wine glasses and a bottle of the white "Pussy, sit in a chair will you, I am not looking down on you all the time and getting a crick in my neck, and pour two glasses but do not start without me." She unlocked my

yoke but took the chain and wrapped it once loosely around my neck and clipped the end onto one of the links; "I know it isn't locked but do not remove it."

"Yes Mistress." I poured the wine.

A couple of minutes later we were enjoying a feast, Adrian really had pushed the boat out.

"I cannot believe that I have been paraded naked and restrained like that in front of Adrian; it is clearly wrong; but I must admit that being naked like that, unable to run away or cover myself; after my anger had gone I was left feeling something, something new, a sensation I have not had before; I don't know if I am still angry, or excited; this is all very strange; how do you feel?"

"Well Mistress, it's a bit different for me, a lot heavier, I mean, the first time you saw me I was giving a blow job to the DI, and naked; and you had the DCI with you; and I swallowed; how do you think I felt? But now, well, I don't know either. I am having to endure an awful lot of shit from everyone and it all goes against everything I have always championed in women in the Police; but stuff I have done, been made to do, and had done to me; as awful as it is when you think about it, some of it really thrills me and I have certainly experienced orgasms on a scale like never before. It would be nice though to get some control back, to be the decision maker; and I am scared I have been far too easy to turn into an obedient slave; as though I am a natural submissive which really does surprise me."

Between forks of food and slurps of wine Mistress continued "Yes, I struggle to even imagine where your brain is right now, it is as though you have been brainwashed, re-programmed as another person; the change in your attitude and demeanor has been so dramatic. I actually now think of you as 'The Slave', as Pussy, and this means that I am also being changed, re-programmed and desensitized like you. I mean just look at me; after what he done to me today and not only am I still here but I am voluntarily still stark naked; all my clothes are upstairs and the DCI could pay a surprise visit or Adrian could come back but I am enjoying being naked with you and sunbathing as we eat; I would never, ever have been so carefree or brazen before but I like it."

Sophie continued "Anyway, enough about my nakedness, Adrian has made it pretty clear you are having an easy day, and you would like some control back; I will keep you naked and continue to call you Pussy because to be honest, I am enjoying having you naked and calling you Pussy; plus it won't do any harm to kind of keep you in role; so you can continue to call me Mistress, or Pleasure if you prefer to have me as your slave; but otherwise you decide what we do tonight, all night."

"I like the sound of that, Pleasure, then you too are staying naked. We will eat as much as we can without being ill; and then we (emphasizing the we) will do the dishes and then I will chose the movie whilst we drink as much wine as we can. Then we will see where that takes us." I unclipped the chain and slung it aside.

The meal really was good, the highlight of my stay to date and the wine was certainly helping. I looked at the movies available and selected Coyote Ugly, always one of my favorites and as it turned out one of Sophie's too. We ended up cuddling on the couch as we got drunker and when the bar scenes come on jumping up and copying the dance routines; I had a great time. We enjoyed it that much we played it again and actually ran out of white and moved onto the red wine; I anticipated sore heads in the morning.

Eventually Sophie fell asleep with the movie still playing. I put everything away and tidied up and went out and sat in the moonlight to finish my wine before waking her up and taking her to bed.

She was very giggly, clearly drunk, she asked "Er Pussy, are you tying me up again? I don't mind if you are; I rather quite enjoyed it last time?"

"No Pleasure, we are sleeping together but nobody is getting tied up."

"Oh, are you sure? You can spank me or whip me again if you like? Please?"

I steadied her over the sink and brushed her teeth for her and then put her to bed and brushed my own teeth; I was also unsteady on my feet. By the time I got to bed she was fast asleep; I climbed in beside her and hugging her also soon fell into sleep.

I slowly come awake and the sunlight was streaming in through the open window. I could feel that we had lost the sheet through the night but it was so warm and

humid we had probably kicked it off. I was lying on my side and Sophie was snuggling into the back of me, I could feel her breathing on my back; her right hand was around my waist. I just laid and enjoyed the feeling whilst I properly woke up. As I did I gained the sensation that we were not alone; I raised my head, slowly so as not to wake Sophie and there was Adrian sitting in a chair at the bottom of the bed.

"If you two young lovebirds are quite finished perhaps we can get back to work?"

This incensed me, it's one thing what I am doing with him but I cannot have rumors of me being a lesbian getting fed down the ranks. I softly moved Sophie's arm off me and slid out of bed "Regardless of what you may Arghhhhh" and I dropped to the floor. It was only, I think, a level one shock but it still bloody hurts. 'No; That fucking shock collar' I realize putting my hands to my neck and feeling it once again locked around me.

I look up at him as the realization strikes fully home, he just sits there smiling. I instinctively resort to training and on my knees crawl to him, kneel at his feet, put my hands at his feet and touch the floor with my forehead "Master, your disobedient slave awaits her punishment." It is sickening how easily this transition comes to me.

"Go and make two plated breakfasts slave, and a bowl of milk and oats for you; I will awake your Mistress before waiting in the yard for you to serve me."

After that it was all business as usual, I did not see Sophie have her breakfast or leave, I was watching my training video again. This whole week followed pretty much the same pattern as the last, me being treated entirely as a slave and fucked in every orifice by both Adrian and Trigger; and placed into many weird and wonderful positions of bondage and subjected to pleasure with an array of sex toys. I even spent one whole day blindfolded and gagged whilst being randomly spanked, caned, whipped and fucked. I continued with my exercise sessions and sunbathing as well as the pole dancing, striptease practice and dance of the seven veils.

7. Another Pleasure

The weekend finally came and by then I was exhausted and a nervous wreck. As Trigger had predicted I had now reached the stage where I would voluntarily crawl over to Adrian and beg to eat his cock, just in the hope I would get some sexual gratification from him in return. Usually I was disappointed but still I tried; a thrill between my legs was now the only nice sensation I ever experienced; my only fleeting distraction from my slavery.

Sophie come in and immediately played hard-ball with me; this was the first I had seen of her since last weekend and she has obviously thought about how we were progressing and is taking it back to playing by the book. She was very much the Mistress and me the slave. She even left me around the corner in the dungeon suspended from a ceiling beam and blindfolded whilst she drank her wine and watched a film, Forrest Gump, I haven't seen that one for years, I wish I could have watched it with her. I actually start to cry; and then physical sobbing erupts from me; all week I had so looked forward to Sophie returning and now I am suspended here, alone, gagged and crying; a broken woman with a broken heart.

The film is still on in the background but I feel her arms wrap around me and then she hugs me, I can feel through my body that she is sobbing too. Eventually she leaves me and I hear the film sound being turned up; she has obviously thought it through again and found the resolve to leave me and stay hard. Just a few minutes later though and she is hugging me again and whilst I have stopped my bubbling I can feel her sobbing again.

She lowers and releases my hands and then my blindfold comes off followed by my gag "Go and get a glass slave and then join me." I set off for the kitchen "On your knees slave, crawl."

I do, immediately, but I feel much better and can even do this smiling.

Sophie starts the film again from the beginning and I am kneeling by her side, she has even given me a cushion to kneel on to bless her. I bend over and kiss her foot and say "Thank you Mistress."

"For the cushion?"

"I appreciate that Mistress, but I love this film, thank you for letting me see it and for starting it again from the beginning."

She says no more for quite some time but does put her hand on my head and plays absently with my hair. After a while she jumps up and runs to the upstairs bathroom; I reach over to the control and pause the movie.

After a few moments, she returns and sits down but does not start the film, instead she says "Pussy, as you will obviously have gathered I am struggling with this; but I am determined to see it through (I gathered it wasn't the movie she was talking about). I will play by their rules and follow their instructions but I cannot be a bitch with you all day without some kind of release or make-up time at night, I just cannot; I do not have it in me. I have tried tonight but I cannot do it to you. So whether you agree or not won't have to matter but I will still be as firm as I can at night and will maintain the Mistress and slave relationship as we are here now but that will be it, that is as soft as I feel I can go with you; and through the days it will be by the book; sorry."

Again, I bent over and kissed her foot and said "Thank you Mistress, I understand, I really do, thank you."

She re-filled our glasses and the movie continued.

When bedtime came, I had to please her with my tongue before sleeping on the floor at the foot of the bed. Once daylight come if she was still asleep then I could join her in bed until she awoke. I did this and when I awoke again she was hugging me in her sleep.

The same routine followed, breakfast, training video, and the various dance and posture technique exercises.

After lunch Sophie got changed, she walked into the dungeon room wearing steel heeled stiletto boots, a very short leather skirt and a leather bra, all in striking red. She also had red leather cuffs and a high collar all locked on and each with 'D-Rings' fixed in as did her boots. She had a leather belt over the top of the skirt with more rings set in it and also a steel hoop that had a switch dangling through it. My eyes must have went very wide, she looked simply quite amazing and she smiled at this and even gave me a twirl; but then she got to business.

Sophie spent one whole hour just teaching me to beg as demonstrated on the video I watch every day. I had to beg to have my bum switched, which she did if I got it totally right and she did even more if I made a mistake or didn't sound like I was truly begging; I had to beg to lick her pussy which she very much teased me with saying I wasn't begging earnestly enough and switching my bum many more times before allowing me to discover she had nothing on under that short skirt; and finally I had the most difficult challenge of the lot, I had to beg for her to shock me (Adrian had left the collar on me and taken the key). Getting my begging to sound sincere caused my bum to receive a lot of unwanted attention from her until I was finally successful and she zapped me, level one.

I was then suspended again from the ceiling and my ankles cuffed to eyebolts wide apart and the cuffs raised stretching me and I was gagged with a ring gag.

As Adrian had done with me on day one she then covered my body in baby oil, and like him she also gave special attention to my tits, ass and pussy; but then just as it was doing something for me, she stopped, and flogged me, all of me, over and over, mostly my back, thighs and bum but all of me. With the ring gag in place I could not stop myself crying out. Fortunately, she was not hitting me hard but the sheer weight of the flogging and sensitivity of my glowing skin was making me cry out on every strike. She put down the flogger and then took a cane to my butt, each buttock individually and across both at the same time and again it was not hard but again I had to cry out.

She then showed me a particularly large, steel, ringed butt-plug before walking behind me and working it into me; making me gasp out and groan aloud as it made home. Then she stood directly in front of me and ordered me not to lose direct eye-contact with her as her fingers entered my pussy and started to play.

My body was glowing and sweating and smarting; I was totally vulnerable, my legs wide apart, and I could not close my mouth to the sounds she was taking from me as her fingers probed and rubbed and worked their evil.

It made me squeeze my butt-cheeks but this just emphasized the butt-plug and how big and deep it penetrated. She worked deeper and faster, her thumb playing my clit' like a plectrum on a guitar string, strumming me as her fingers played the chords. My breathing faster and faster and louder and the orgasm building and rising and Yes you fucking beauty! Oh My God Oh My Fucking God

Yes! Yes! Yes! My head went back, my eyes closed and some sort of fucking weird high-pitched yodel escaped from my mouth as one stupendous orgasm was ripped out of me. Oh, My God!

My chest was heaving and the sweat poured down me; I lowered my head and regained eye-contact with Mistress "You shouldn't have done that Slave, you have robbed your Mistress the pleasure of seeing your orgasm in your eyes; after all the work I put into it, I will never get that wasted time back; I even warned you not to look away but you had to disobey me."

She's joking, right? Now I have just gone from magnificent orgasm to feeling like shit, wasted.

She did not mess about. I was taken down from the suspension and locked in the stocks; my butt-plug removed and then with a ten-inch strap-on she fucked me in the ass, without mercy, and listened to my ring-gagged expletives throughout.

Before releasing me from the stocks she spanked my already hurting ass; fastened nipple clamps with little bells on them to me and reinserted the butt-plug. "Slave, you will not remove the clamps nor the plug; I will remove them if and when I am ready."

She probably thought she was being incredibly strict with me, didn't she realize that this was like a walk in the park compared to what Adrian and Trigger do to me?

When she finally released me from the stocks and removed my ring-gag I knelt at her feet, kissed her feet and said "Thank You Mistress." As I knelt I felt the tell-tale swish on my legs indicating it wasn't just a butt-plug this time, it was a tail as well.

"And what for this time slave."

"For showing kindness to your slave, for the orgasm Mistress." These days, it really was all that mattered to me.

"Then show your gratitude properly slave" and widening her stance "Pleasure me."

"Yes Mistress, thank you Mistress" and once more I went under her skirt.

It was then out to the yard for my exercise and sunbathing. Using the treadmill running machine with my tits ringing and my tail swishing was some experience. When Mistress joined me she was still in her red dominatrix outfit. She applied my sun-cream and then ordered me onto my back and to open my legs; inserted the large steel vibrating dildo and told me to keep my hands on my head and my feet on the floor either side of the sunbed; and I was to keep my mouth wide open. She started playing with the control. It was good, it is always good and she was soon hearing the sounds she wanted from my open mouth. As she went up and down the control settings getting me going wilder and wilder and more frantic for the orgasm to come the dildo must have been working itself out because Sophie put her foot up on the bed and with her booted foot pushed it back home and kept it there; this shot me over the edge and I am sure the neighbors must have heard my cries of pure ecstasy!

As I come down and slowed the sweating I realized Sophie had left me but moments later she was back. She handed me the control to the vibrator and told me to relax for an hour and amuse myself.

She then bent over and locked a six-inch chain between the 'D-Rings' on the ankles of her boots. She handed me a padlock and turning around and putting her wrists together ordered me to lock them together, which I did. "Pussy, do not unlock me until six pm, or obey any of my instructions until then."

"Mistress, if this is part of your instruction then I would anticipate a visit from my Master."

"No Pussy, we will not receive any visits this weekend, I just want to be restrained."

I did play a little with the control, but it just wasn't the same on my own, it needed to be forced on me for it to take the same effect but I had a little fun.

I had to unlock her at six but there wasn't a clock in the yard, so fearing I would be late, I was actually early going into the house to look for her.

I found her mounted on a Sybian, with her chained feet behind the machine and her knees splayed wide apart by the machine. It was running and she was sweating furiously.

"Pussy, switch it off, I can't get off!"

"No Mistress, I have your orders."

"Pussy, disregard that stupid order, this is a new one (she was struggling to speak coherently but I got the gist, she was coming, a lot), switch this off and release me, immediately."

"No Mistress, I have your orders; but I will sit here and make sure no harm comes to you."

"Slave, obey me or else, I can't take it anymore!"

I looked at the clock, almost fifteen minutes to go, this was going to be fun! I done something I knew I would pay the price for later, I went and got myself a glass of chilled white wine, pulled a stool up directly in front of her and sat down

"Mistress, do not worry, I am here for you; and so I can tell you what it is like, I will look into your eyes as you orgasm."

"Pussy" she struggled to force out between gasps "You are in so much trouble."

I raised my glass in salute to her and enjoyed the show.

I switched off the machine and apologized "Mistress, I am so sorry, please forgive your stupid slave for being late (ten after six) but I just plain forgot the time as you were doing so well" She said nothing, just lots of spasms running through her body and deep breathing, gasping to get it under control; and then I could see it, one more almighty orgasm and she shuddered mouth wide open. I knew the feeling, I have spent many hours on that same device and a bigger one mounted on a wall in the dungeon.

I unlocked her ankles and her wrists and helped her off the machine, she struggled to stand. "Slave, bring me the control to your collar, in your mouth, on your knees." Like I said, I knew I was in trouble but I didn't figure Sophie would shock me. All the same I got down on my knees and went and found the control. She took it from my mouth, sat on my stool and said "Slave, a very large glass of white wine now!"

I crawled off to get it and then back again. She handed me my glass "Now go fill yours."

Once back she tapped her glass against mine, said "Here's to our pussy's and all the pleasure they bring us" and downed her drink; I did likewise. She then burst out laughing

"That was unbelievable, so much pleasure off such a simple machine; and I can't believe I trapped myself on it, what was I thinking?"

"Mistress, am I not in trouble?"

"Pussy, you followed my orders, you done well; but then you helped yourself to wine and grabbed a ringside seat, that was taking the piss; being deliberately late, that was really taking the piss; and that bit about staring into my eyes? Totally fucking taking the piss! In your shoes, with me stuck on that thing, I would have done exactly the same; how can I punish you for that?"

"Thank You Mistress."

"No, Pussy, I am going to punish you, I am just asking how?"

"Oh, sorry Mistress."

"Don't worry, I have just had such a good time; I have both realized and confirmed something about myself and now I am going to celebrate, on my way here I spotted the Chinese take-away Adrian must have used last week, just a one minute walk away. So you take a seat on this little Sybian here and I will go get us similar to what we had last week and we can start the evening early."

I was now excited, enough to almost jump onto the Sybian. Sophie used the cuffs designed for the device, large straps for the thighs attached to ankle cuffs holding me in a frog tie; she then locked my wrists in cuffs to the back of my collar and started the machine on the same random setting she had used and went to get changed; well I say changed but she just threw a short summer dress over her outfit, grabbed her purse and headed out.

Almost forty minutes later, a very sweaty and truly orgasmic time later, she returned. She tried to explain that she had noted our depleted (and soon to be depleted further) wine stock and so had to get to the wine store before the Chinese, and then there was a queue; but I wasn't really listening, I was kind of distracted imagining death by Sybian when she finally switched it off.

She didn't release me though as I hoped she would, my arms were really hurting now from this unnatural position. Instead she stripped off back to her leather outfit, poured another two glasses of wine, held mine up to my lips and let me drink; then sat in front of me with her drink and switched it back on, high setting only.

"Now I am going to look into your eyes, do not dare to close them or look away or you won't be eating Chinese."

I obeyed and she got what she wanted, and I know how marvelous this is, I saw it in her eyes earlier.

Once again we got slaughtered, just as we had last week; this time watching 'Pretty Woman' and then 'Notting Hill', we both love the 'Romcom's'. But this time as I helped her to clean her teeth and get into bed and she was pleading with me to tie her up I did. I had her hands cuffed to the headboard and her ankles cuffed wide apart to the bed frame and went down on her and fell asleep. I awoke some hours later with my face still in her pussy. I simply rolled over and fell back asleep.

She awoke me early the next morning by bouncing on the bed as best she could and shouting at me to wake up. As I awoke I remembered her predicament and laughed to myself. She was shouting "Pussy, get these cuffs off me, get them off me now!"

I got up and ignoring her went to the bathroom and freshened up before returning.

"Pussy, I gave you an order."

"Sorry Mistress, but you gave me orders last night and I haven't completed them yet."

"What orders?"

"You ordered me to spank you and then tie you like this and then I am to pleasure you with my tongue and hands making you come at least three times before I release you."

She went quiet and thought about this. "Did I really order that?"

"Yes Mistress."

"But that isn't part of the instructions, you are meant to sleep on the floor until daylight."

"Sorry Mistress, I do not know the instructions, only your orders which I followed."

"But why would I, oh, did I? Well I was clearly drunk, or you were and you misheard me."

"Mistress is always right; but you certainly did enjoy having your bottom spanked, you kept asking for more each time I stopped."

"Oh; did I? Really? Well, let's just forget that; release me now and we will say no more about it."

"Sorry Mistress." I climbed onto the bed and put my tongue to work. She continued to complain and order this and that and threaten this and that but soon she gave in to the inevitable and come. I followed this with a full hand massage of her body, her nipples, she is very ticklish there, and down again to her pussy. "What is that noise anyway? Has somebody put a wind chime up or something?"

"No Mistress, you decided to leave the nipple clamps on me until I had satisfied you, in response to me having left you on the Sybian last night."

"Oh, Pussy, I am so, so sorry, you didn't deserve that; but at least I took that butt-plug tail out of you, didn't I?"

Heading for orgasm number three I straddled her body with my butt in her face whilst I went down on her.

"Oh Pussy, you have slept with that in you all night? You could have just slipped it out I would have understood; you should have."

"Sorry Mistress, I was ordered to keep it in until you removed it."

She went quiet and let me concentrate on my task.

The clamps hurt like fuck when they came off, and even the butt-plug took some pulling out, I think it was starting to set in there. Then it was a standard Sunday

morning following the same routine and an afternoon of more pain based training before my exercise and sunbathing and a really easy night watching TV and drinking wine, although just a couple of glasses this night; Sophie was determined Adrian was not finding us in bed together again; at least not in each other's arms and not restrained.

Adrian turned up early but Sophie had already got me up earlier and she was eating breakfast and I was watching the training video when he arrived. Sophie was back in her normal street clothes; not seeing her in that leather outfit really was his loss.

This week was just more of the same and I really was now the total submissive slave, totally broken and subservient. The only event of note occurred on the Thursday afternoon; Master had me shackled to a wall, standing, my arms were locked into steel shackles above and either side of my head; then my legs were taken up and with my knees pushed against the wall my ankles were shackled either side of but below my hands. This left me elevated with my pussy wide open and right in front of my own face. I was also gagged. I remember looking at myself, not a view I have enjoyed before, and thinking 'There's a bit that could do with some sun on it, still snowy white' when the DCI and Sophie with her clipboard come in. I could not have been in a more humiliating position, and it was me the DCI wanted to address. He explained to my Master that it would only take a couple of minutes so Master said it would not be worthwhile releasing me, just to brief me as I was. Marvelous.

So, there I was, shackled to the wall with my pussy wide open and on perfect display, and no doubt my asshole too with the DCI and Sophie stood right in front of me and trying to hold a conversation without the DCI making it too obvious he couldn't take his eyes off my cunt.

He explained that we were well ahead of schedule and that Trigger had signed off on the risk assessment; I was ready to go. Tomorrow night the Det Insp was taking me to a similar club out of town as a trial and if all goes as expected we would be in the target club Saturday night. Well done and all that, the department will be very proud of me. He went to pat me, as he does, but couldn't really decide where he could pat me and ended up hesitantly tapping me on my bum a couple of times before hurrying off. I got a smile from Sophie as she left with him.

I was then given quite an easy time from the moment the DCI left. Adrian had to go and make his plans for the Friday night trial-run and Sophie came back to 'Mistress' me again; the DI would be back tomorrow mid-afternoon with all in place ready for us to go in the evening.

It was a quiet night with Sophie, I still wasn't allowed clothing and still had the shock collar locked on but otherwise there was no Mistress / slave business; we were just to relax and could talk about anything but the job. More movies and wine it was then, but only two, well maybe three glasses of wine. As it turned out this become two, maybe, definitely bottles of wine!

Not being able to talk about the job, or even police work in general as it turned out; we had very little else in common and once we had exhausted our conversation on romantic comedies and then action movies, our second favorites; and as the wine flowed we eventually turned to the only other thing we now have in common, bondage.

Sophie was trying to make out that what had happened between us was entirely professional or down to the wine but that she had no interest in bondage or in lesbian relationships.

I wouldn't have this, I said I wanted to believe the same about myself too and we could both quite easily agree that we were just doing what we had to and feel better with this agreed view but the reality was that we had both interacted sexually with each at one point or another because we wanted to, we chose to, either in the heat of the moment or otherwise but we had touched each other and excited each other and given oral sex to each other through choice and we had to accept and deal with that fact.

I also explained that some of the spankings and canings she had given me had excited me as much as if not more than they hurt and made me want her to touch me. That she too had responded to similar incidents of spanking and whipping and only just last weekend had on both nights pleaded with me to restrain and spank and then lick her; that drunk or not she must enjoy it and want it.

Sophie was both giggling and blushing as I said all this; and countered "I was drunk on both those occasions, I didn't even remember pleading with you or

ordering you to do the things you done with me. I have always done silly things when I am drunk, it doesn't make me lesbian or a wannabe slave."

"No, but outside when I was tied to the sunbed and you were controlling the dildo, you were loving it, I could see it in your face; then when you cuffed yourself and had me frig you again you loved it; and that session where you got yourself stuck on the Sybian, well you asked to have your wrists cuffed together, and you put yourself on that machine; and you quite clearly loved all of it; was that in your instructions?"

"The bits on the sunbeds were in the instructions, but no, cuffing myself and going on the Sybian, that was just curiosity."

"Curiosity maybe, but you loved it."

"Yes, it did have quite an effect on me, to be honest, I have never come like that."

"Want to do it again? Now?"

"No way! I'm still sober and know better now."

"You were stone cold sober then, I dare you."

"Well I dare you right back, two can play at that game."

"How about we spin the bottle?"

"Do what?"

"We spin our empty wine bottle on the floor, it will either point north at you or south at me, whoever it points at goes on the Sybian, naked and restrained and the other has control."

"Er, well,"

"Double dare you!"

"Go on then slave, spin the bottle."

I did, and shit, it pointed at me.

Well that session was sensational, actually doing it of our own free will, purely for pleasure; it was just what I needed.

After she released me (and I could tell she was really in the frame now, hot, excited, and wanting) I cleaned myself up and then cleaned the Sybian and left the restraints by it and went back to my drink and the movie.

8. Honesty

"Er Pussy, what are we doing now?"

"Watching the movie and having a drink; that's it, I lost the bet and done the dare, game over."

"But, but don't you want another game, same again or something similar?"

"No, I have done it now, and it was fantastic, thanks; that is some machine, I really feel great now, better than a back massage anytime."

"But, well, I haven't done anything, I haven't, well, like, relaxed like, well, you know; and watching you, controlling you, well I am feeling a little bit frustrated that's all."

"It's okay, watch the movie, it will soon go away. Unless you want to start telling the truth; in fact that's the new game, you tell me the truth about your feelings on lesbianism and bondage and if I believe you I will put you on the Sybian and give you the time of your life."

"No way, that is just so unfair!"

"Okay, no game, watch the movie."

It only took a couple of minutes of my drinking and ignoring her. "Ask me a question."

"Do you enjoy being tied up, and remember, I must believe you?"

She giggled very nervously and played with her hair and had a drink "Yes, I have never been restrained in anyway before apart from when we do our cuff and baton training; but for years I have fantasized about being tied up during sex and here when it happened; when I cuffed myself to that sunbed and you were rubbing the sun cream on me I was in heaven; I knew that was what I had always wanted; but even better if it had been a man putting the cream on me. When you

started to play with my pussy and frig me that took me to a whole new level; I was so helpless and horny with it that my pussy could have exploded!"

"Okay, I believe that is true, next one, what lesbian feelings do you have?"

Again, she played with her hair and kept drinking, obviously thinking through what answer she was to give me. "I am not a lesbian. I have for some time, since my early teen's worried that I was lesbian and because of that avoided any sexual interaction whatsoever with women; but through experience of both sex and my feelings I now know for certain I am not lesbian. These circumstances here have brought us together and forced us into some sort of relationship but this is just what it is, a weird set of circumstances. When I leave here and this operation I will never look at you or another woman sexually."

"Okay, I will come back to that answer; I don't believe you have told entirely the truth. Next question, do you enjoy being spanked?"

She giggled, a lot, and squirmed thinking about it, "Yes, but not so hard I don't think, the whip too, and even that switch thing; but more so being naked and restrained and I only ever imagine by somebody I love or at least fancy."

"Okay, I believe that one. Next, when this operation is all over, will you still do bondage?"

"Er, I don't know, I would like to, I obviously enjoy it and admit that, but I would need to find the right person but yes, if the right opportunity arose I would like to be tied up some more."

"Okay, three out of four, not bad but not good enough to earn a ride on that machine; not yet. Two more questions, one going back to the one you lied on."

"I didn't lie!"

"Sush, let me finish; and one new make or break one. Okay, going back to your lesbianism, you claim you are certain you are not lesbian; do you enjoy it when I eat your pussy? Do you enjoy it when I lock you in the stocks and fuck you with a dildo? Do you enjoy it when I rub sun cream into you? Do you enjoy it when I spank you? Tonight, after the movies and the wine are finished do you want me to tie you to the bed, spank you and have sex with you? And remember, total truth, no spin."

She didn't giggle, she took two very big drinks and replied "Yes, Yes to all of those."

"And the final make or break question, and you must look me straight in the eyes when you answer this; do you suspect, or know that you are in love with me."

She didn't hesitate, she kept eye contact and said "I believe I am falling in love with you and it scares the crap out of me; but I will never know for certain because this operation is going to fuck everything up and by the time you have completed your post incident psychiatric recovery treatment and got back to work what happened here between us will be just a memory and I will probably be dating some bloke from traffic or somewhere."

"Okay, you have passed the test, thank you Sophie, that was very big of one so young to admit; let's get you out of those clothes and into heaven, should we?"

"Just one thing first, will you please be as totally honest with me and give me the answers to those same questions?"

"I knew you were going to ask that. Yes, I too love being tied up but only in certain ways; some of the pressure positions Adrian and Trigger put me in are hell and no enjoyment at all but if it doesn't really hurt me then yes I like it; and sex in bondage is unbelievable; even with the spanking and whipping. I have always had an active sex life but the stuff I have done here blows all that away; I have been taken to many new highs."

"I am not lesbian, or at least never was; in fact, I distance myself from any association with lesbianism. However, I have now, since you come along, had to rethink that and I am definitely now at least bi-sexual because I enjoy sex with you and I fancy you like hell, you are beautiful; and I may be in love with you because I find you such a lovely person. I love your company, your touch, and even your smell and taste."

"But I say all this with a caveat, they have done something to me here, they have broken me, my spirit and my character; and I really am a nymphomaniac sex slave; they have molded me into this, brain-washed me; it is as though I am hypnotized all the time to obey. They have this shock collar locked onto me but it isn't necessary, I automatically give total obedience; any instruction, any order and I jump to please my Master."

"They have me begging, pleading for their touch, any touch. I will do anything just to get any kind of sexual attention. If the worlds fattest and ugliest man came in here now and clicked his fingers I would give him a blow job that is how wrecked I am; that is how they have conditioned and trained me. Now that can't be right can it? So I have to doubt my state of mind; so I do not truly know if I am Lesbian, Bi-sexual, heterosexual; whether I truly like bondage or even if I truly love you; and I won't know the answers to any of this until I am away from all this and I hopefully get put back to where I was before by the fancy mind Doctors. But if I am left with any of this in me after the Doctors have finished, I hope it is my love for you."

I finished my little confession and Sophie padded over and hugged me, she had tears streaming down her cheeks "Oh Pussy I am so sorry for what they, we, have done to you."

She continued hugging me but I stopped her "Whoa, you don't think you are getting out of your session with the magic machine like that do you, come on, strip naked."

"No, Pussy, that moment has passed, lets cuddle and watch the movie."

"You want to comfort me and make me happy? Then come on, let me tie you to that machine and do horrible things to you."

She finally laughed at this and started to strip off. I kept her on the machine and tormented her for a good half hour before I gave her enough to orgasm; and then went for it big time with her.

Before the second movie had finished Sophie had fallen asleep, she had ended up face down in my lap as she slid slowly down my torso. I managed to get out from under her and tidied everything away and cleaned up. When I got back to her she was face down on the couch with one hand by her side and the other in the small of her back; I thought 'why not'?

I grabbed a pair of leather cuffs and a lock and very softly cuffed her wrists and then brought her wrists together and locked them.

I then started massaging her legs and buttocks getting firmer and firmer until she awoke. She didn't move, she just said "Ah, that's lovely, thank you Pussy." Then

just a few seconds later, with quiet panic, "Pussy, my hands, you've cuffed me!" She managed to wriggle herself up into a seated position "Take these off, I need to go to the loo."

"This way, Pleasure." I said taking hold of her and getting her to her feet.

"No, Pussy, I need the loo."

"I know, don't worry, we will soon be there."

I guided her to the upstairs bathroom, slapping her bum every step that she took; she squealed all the way but the cuffs remained on. "Pussy, I need to pee, please take these off."

I turned her around and sat her on the toilet, then kneeling I held her knees apart, "Go ahead, pee."

"Pussy, no, not like this, not with you watching."

"Yes, like this, with me watching, go on, I want to see, pee for me, please, pretty please."

I was putting a little girls voice on and this cracked her up and she did indeed pee, she couldn't help herself.

I took some paper and wiped her off and then had a pee myself whilst she watched. Then I brushed her teeth and then my own before taking us both to bed.

Sophie asked lots of questions and raised lots of valuable points but I ignored all of this, and instead threw her on the bed and gave her a really good spanking.

I then took the chain I had already locked to the bed and wound the end once loosely around her neck and with the key removed the lock from her cuffs and put it through the next link in the chain. I fully removed her cuffs. She was now totally unrestrained other than a long thin chain connecting her neck to the headboard. It was more representative of her bondage than any real restraint but the fact she was not free to leave the bed would have some psychological effect on her.

She was using her now free hands to comfort her bum and was giving me an evil stare. I took all the pillows and put them in the center of the bed and laid face down over them so that my bum was raised high; "Well, Pleasure, if you think I

have overstepped the mark and you need revenge, now is the time; then you can spend the rest of the night proving to me you do not have any lesbian feelings towards me."

And she did, she spanked me every bit as good as I had her, and then some. Then considering neither of us were lesbian we did a bloody good impersonation of two red hot lesbians on heat and in love. The wine was good but Sophie tasted even better.

I don't know how much sleep we had but we seemed to be at it all night; either just cuddling or fondling or spanking or licking each other; and we went a step further, our first lesbian kiss; a full-on snogging session.

The next day neither of us were hungry for breakfast and we both just had the oats and milk, funny seeing her eat it as I had come to think of it as my 'slave gruel'. It was very embarrassing after last night not really knowing how to address each other or what to say; in the end I said "Look, after such a good night this is shit; now will you go and get your red Dominatrix outfit on and treat me like a slave and you my Mistress and make me obey you? At least that way we both understand our roles and what we are doing; plus you do look really hot in that red leather."

She thought about it and agreed; it would serve the purpose and get us through the day.

I watched the same bloody training video again; I was now an expert in every known submissive position known to man. Mistress then had me doing my pole dancing and we both enjoyed this, me doing it and her watching.

We didn't have time for anything else before lunch, and it was a late lunch as it was, as we had laid in this morning, or at least I had refused to release her chain from the bed until she had licked my entire body.

Whilst we were having lunch Mistress thanked me for making such a lovely lunch and said she looked forward to having me cook and wait on her at her home in the future. I retaliated by thanking her for the compliment, but "Does this food taste as well as I did when I made you lick me this morning, all of me, and nibble on my tits and eat my pussy?"

"Slave, on your knees, I do not know what I was thinking letting a slave sit at my table."

I instinctively slipped out of the chair and onto my knees. Mistress stood and put my plate in front of me, on the floor, and then went and got some handcuffs and cuffed me to the rear.

"Slave, you have made a nice lunch, eat it."

And I did, even licking the plate.

Mistress loosened one cuff and then re-cuffed me to the front and told me to wash up. As I stood she stopped me and gave me a quick kiss on the lips and said "your food tasted better, but you were more fun." I couldn't stop my smile from beaming and as I turned for the kitchen she gave my bum a big swat with her switch making me jump and her laugh.

9.Master and Mistress

After lunch Mistress took me through into the dungeon room and again cuffed me to the rear; she then found my arm-cuffs and locked these on me above my elbows drawing my arms together and pushing my chest out displaying my tits to their very best.

She put me on my knees and frog tied me keeping me there, and splayed my knees. She said "Pussy; all last night and even this morning you were very much in control and you took full advantage; well your Master will be here soon and I need to redress the balance, the natural order of you being my slave for my pleasure before I hand you over and possibly never see you for quite some time. Your last memory of me should be the taste of my pussy which I make you eat; the juices of your Mistress running down your slave tits. Now pleasure me, and I will measure your love for me by the vigor you put into your task. She stepped up to me placing her groin up against the top of my head and her feet well apart. This was quite a change in character for her, she was getting quite brave and more open to her sexual desires with me.

I raised my head and ran my nose up through her blond pubic hair and chewed the hair directly above her sweet pink pussy; then with my lips and tongue

massaged the lips of her pussy before working my way in and chewing on her clit'; my tongue probing to its maximum and working her into a frenzy.

"Hi Sophie" I heard in Adrian's voice and I stopped to look over my shoulder "Hi Sir" responded Sophie as I felt a slap on the top of my head "Slave, did I say stop?"

I returned to my task, smiling; Sophie will be embarrassed as anything with him being here and watching but obviously, she values what I am doing far higher than her concerns about Adrian.

In the background, I hear chair legs being pulled and turned on the floor, Adrian must be sitting down to watch.

(link opens in new window)

Sophie is starting to react, starting to come. I feel her hands on the back of my head pushing me into her as she starts to come and I hear her gasp as it breaks "Slave, don't stop, I want multiple; and don't you dare disappoint me."

She is getting very brave because I hear her say "DI, a favor please, this trapeze bar above me, cuff me to it."

I carry on with my task and I am loving this development of the Master being here, I want to see how this plays out.

I feel her lift slightly and know she has been cuffed and the slack taken out of the trapeze chain; and the DI asks "Would you like your ankles restrained also?" to which Sophie agrees. Asking Master to restrain her like this really is out of her character, far from her comfort zone and I am wondering if she is actually following pre-written instructions.

I continue and she comes and comes and comes until finally I receive the order to stop.

"Slave, that was adequate; on your knees, go and kiss your Masters feet and if he is feeling charitable he may untie you so you can exercise."

I immediately obeyed and worked my way over to him which being frog-tied wasn't very graceful and kissed his feet and said "Master, I am yours." He patted me on the head, messed with my hair and then leant down and released my legs.

Leaving me with my arm and wrist cuffs on he told me to go and use the treadmill for thirty minutes.

Sophie was in her red leather outfit and looking magnificent, and spread-eagle from that trapeze she looked arrogant but extremely sexy and vulnerable; I don't know what happened next between her and Adrian but I would have raped her rather than release her. But she asked the DI to put her in that position, and she ordered me away first so she must know what she is doing; I hope.

I done my thirty minutes on the treadmill and still there was no sign of Adrian but I was actually scared to go in, I mean with my arms cuffed as they are I am not capable of helping in anyway if he is doing anything to her, just making matters worse; so I laid down on the sunbed and tried to relax but my arms had gone numb.

Not long later Master come out and un-cuffed me, he said it was four o'clock and we were leaving at seven thirty; I was to attend to my bathing and making myself look fabulous which, he said, wouldn't take too much effort, and have his dinner ready for six pm. On my way through the house I saw no hint of anything untoward and no sign of Sophie.

10. Back on mission

After washing up I was given a black leather outfit to wear. Bra, G-String, mini-skirt and killer steel heeled stiletto shoes, all in leather; and a black and red 'Guns & Roses' cotton T-Shirt with the waist torn off just not quite below my boobs bearing my midriff and exposing the bottom of my bra and all of it if I raised my arms at all. As provocative as all this clothing was, and I felt like a slut wearing it, just wearing clothes at all felt weird.

He removed my shock collar saying that was the last I would ever see of it, as long as I played my role; that the training and need for such things was over now. He did however replace it with a bright steel collar that was self-locking, he said this one was staying on me until after the operation had finished so I should get used to it. He also added thick steel cuffs to my wrists and ankles which he fixed on

with a special tool and long thin bolts; these too were on for the long term. They had steel rings fixed to them.

He allowed me to go to the mirror to see myself, I looked fucking hot! I got up close and studied the collar, it had 'Pussy' engraved on it in large letters and a ring set in the front and as I felt around a ring on the rear too.

He was in black leather trousers and a black cotton shirt. We were good to go.

He took me outside and into a hackney cab and gave the driver the destination, somewhere in Crawley. We pulled up outside the Black Bull pub in the high street and went inside; he explained we were having a couple of drinks in town first just to help relax before we got to the club which was only a short walk away.

At the bar, I was getting quite a bit of attention, and I liked it. I had been starved of this kind of social interaction and only now did I realize how much I missed it. The pub was quite busy and as much as the slut I was dressed as there were a couple of girls dressed in even less. He got me half a pint of lager and we found a spare table to sit at. I had actually automatically knelt at his side which made him laugh but he told me to get up and sit down beside him and to look like we were a couple. I didn't think this would affect me but so close to actually going live on the operation I was really nervous and totally reliant on his guidance.

Two pubs later I was actually having a good time, enjoying all the guys ogling me and being out on the town; my wrist and ankle cuffs and collar were getting a lot of attention; but then the time came and we headed for the club.

It was on the ground floor of a large tenants' block and called 'Shackles - Private Gentleman's Club'. We walked through the door to be met by two Gorillas that checked us out before letting us through a second set of doors and this took us to a reception where Adrian swiped his credit card and after a brief chat with the receptionist that typed something into a computer we were let through the next set of doors and told 'locker 214, your membership number has been set as your code'.

This room was wall to wall lockers and a long flat table running down the center. Adrian keyed a code into locker 214 and told me to put my T-Shirt and skirt in. Already in the locker was a leather lead, a ball-gag in a sealed plastic bag and a switch.

I understand now why I had to be so desensitized, had this been before the training I would have backed out at this stage.

Adrian took my hands behind my back and used some sort of clip or lock from his back pocket to fasten my cuffs together, and then took the lead out and fastened it to my collar. He left the gag and switch where they were and closed the locker.

In only my skimpy leather bra and G-String he led me through more doors and into the club. It was huge. There were three bars and many levels, wooden beams running throughout on every level above our heads with rings, chains and leather ropes and cuffs dangling. Wooden vertical beams with more ring bolts and cuffs and chains; there were cages, podiums with cages, stocks, frames, suspension bars everywhere. Looking around I could already see naked or nearly naked girls restrained in various positions. One just in front of me was on her knees with her hands cuffed above her giving a blow job to some guy. Guys were sat on barstools around raised podium tables with their girls doing dances for them on the podiums. But there were also guys in suits and ladies in evening dresses; and waitresses naked with their arms cuffed behind their backs and their wrists in front of their bellies with trays in their hands. It really was all very surreal.

Adrian led me to the bar and he sat on a barstool and again ordered a pint and a half of lager. I was stood beside him, my heels two inches off the floor as taught, and my head in the arrogant position. He left me like this whilst the drinks were brought and then unclipping my cuffs but clipping them again to the front he told me to turn and kneel. He then handed my drink down and I placed it on the floor between my open knees.

The club was filling up pretty quick and I noticed there weren't many ugly people here, obviously to be in the bondage club scene you have to be fit and a looker! Some were old, but they were still fit. Punters were taking it in turns to display their slaves in various positions of restraint on the podiums; and there was a central stage as well where various shows were being put on. A huge black guy, easily six foot six walked by with two very young white naked 'Pony Girls' on leashes and the way the girls were being made to walk was very comical; they had 'bit-gag's and blinkers and butt-plug tails and all their leather was highly polished and they looked fantastic; and more than that, they looked happy and proud.

Adrian told me to finish my drink and then go to locker 214, punch in 2553, deposit my bra and G-String, and then crawl back on my hands and knees. He unclipped my cuffs and automatically I obeyed him.

On the way back it was awkward navigating between the other guests as I wouldn't dare speak without permission. I would have to rub my face down the side of someone's leg for them to know I needed by and generally this resulted in a spank to my butt as I passed.

I made it back and knelt again by my Masters side. He cuffed me again to the rear. I didn't mind, as a slave it wasn't my place to mind, and besides I was enjoying myself just people watching and here knelt below one of the bars I wasn't getting that much attention. Adrian was in conversation with somebody and pretty much ignored me but every now and again gave me a drink from his glass.

He then got talking to a lady in an evening dress and was quite openly flirting with her. She asked about me and he had me stand, and turn, and bend over. They laughed about something and he told me to kiss her feet which I did. Then she told me to stand and turn and she put her hands around me and really felt my tit's, agreeing with Master that I was very firm and just a nice size.

He said something else and she laughed and lifted up her dress and showed him she was wearing a chastity belt; that the lady in the gold dress had the key and unless he done her Mistress first she would have no chance. They both laughed at this. She excused herself saying she was visiting the powder room but she would be back to finish the conversation; Master asked her if she would mind taking me to save him the problem later and she agreed. He gave her my lead and she clipped it on and led me away.

First, she took me to her partner in gold, just to show me off I think. They had a good discussion about me and then she felt my tit's too, and then my ass. Then the first lady explained that I had kissed her feet and I was ordered by the lady in gold to kiss hers too. Then finally I was taken to the loo. As I kind of expected they kept the stall door open and watched as I peed and there was a lavatory attendant that they ordered to wipe me dry; just a young girl about Sophie's age.

Then the lady in gold went into a stall and took me with her. She actually removed her dress to pee, she was naked underneath. When she finished, she did not use paper, she stood and ordered me to lick her clean; gross!

I did as she asked but she insisted it wasn't enough, she would tell me when she was clean.

Nearly ten minutes later out in the powder room her partner was well jealous
"Next time I'm bringing her on my own."

"Now Stacy, don't be a bitch, you know you have your belt on, and besides, she has saved your tongue the task; you should be more worried by the fact she was better than you."

"Yes Mistress" Stacy replied.

"You can take her back to her Master and introduce me to him; then go to our locker and lose the dress and put your collar on; be a good slut."

"Aw, but Miss', it's still early and I'm having a good time swanning about like a Mistress."

"Stacy, you are making me cross now, I don't want to hear another word from you; in fact, bring the gag back with you and carry the switch back between your teeth; hands on your head, now go."

Stacy walked us over to Adrian, her Mistress holding my lead; and stopped in front of Adrian. Her Mistress said "Hi, I believe you are the owner of this adorable piece of flesh?" He was just taking a swig of his drink but nodded, she handed my lead over and continued "I'm Angie, pleased to meet you" (she went to shake his hand but he put his drink down and stood and gave her a kiss on the cheek, ever the smooth one); Nice to meet you too, I'm Adrian and yes this is Pussy."

"Yes, I saw her collar, really suits her; I do hope you don't mind but I did make use of her tongue in the ladies just now; she's very good, you do have her well trained, very obedient."

"No, no problem at all, she lives to serve; the other girl that is with you, Stacy, she belongs to you?"

"Yes; You spotted that she is a submissive then?"

"Yes, she showed me her belt and explained you were holding the keys, a bit of a give-away."

"Oh, the little trollop showing her belt off to strangers! Well you will see it a bit better very soon, she got jealous of my using your Pussy and acted a bit precious, a bit above herself so I have sent her off to change; I am in your debt for using your slave but if Stacy's mouth is attractive to you please do collect on the debt anytime you like."

"Thank you, I will take you up on that; please sit down and join me if you like; I will just settle my slave and I will get you a drink."

Taking my lead, he walked me over to a vacant wooden frame directly across from where he was sat. The frame was the shape of a doorway but slightly taller and wider. With clips and chains already fixed to the frame he stood me in it and chained my ankle cuffs to the bottom corners and my wrists high up to the sides leaving me spread-eagle. He ordered me "You may utter sounds, but not a meaningful word unless asked a direct question." There was a large plastic red disc in a slot on the side of the frame, he took this out and turned it displaying the green side and put it back in "Just to keep you entertained whilst I make new friends."

I figured the green showing meant I was free to be touched or something; there was still another disc above this one that was showing red, I didn't fully understand this but I didn't need to, there was nothing I could do about it anyway.

Master had returned to the bar and was getting drinks for himself and Miss Angie; and then Stacy returned, naked but for her high heels, belt and collar and as directed the switch between her teeth and her hands on her head. She was getting a lot of approving looks from men and women alike. She stopped in front of Angie and knelt and leant forward offering the ball-gag in her extended hands which her Mistress took.

I could just hear them talking and they were having Stacy stand and turn and display herself to Adrian; he remarked on her collar that had 'Chastity' inscribed on it; Angie explained that when she had agreed to accept her as a slave Stacy had been very Bi-sexual, and loved cock. She was always flirting with men and

would leave her for any chance of a shag. Since then she has kept her in a belt whenever out of the home and has starved her of cock for the best part of a year now. Angie explained that just to make the torment worse she herself has found a rekindled attraction to a man's cock and whilst keeping Chastity in her belt and denying her this pleasure, she takes full advantage of her opportunities with men.

Adrian laughed and said to let him know if he could do anything to help making her giggle and flirt even more. Yeah, they are going to be going off and fucking, good old married reliable father of two Adrian!

I was distracted from what happened next with them because I was receiving some attention from a man and a woman. I couldn't work out their relationship as both were in leather, him black leather shorts and vest, her in blue leather mini-skirt and bra. They had both given me a good examination and first he had played with my pussy a little and was now behind me but playing with my tit's and she was on her knees licking me and cupping my buttocks. Rather than being horrified by this, as I would have been a few weeks ago, I was enjoying it!

I heard Angie make comment on this to my Master "Your lovely Pussy is hot for this, isn't she? Such a natural slave, I'm jealous."

"Would you like to play with her?"

"I would like to take her home and own her!"

"Sorry Angie, I still have plans for her before I sell and replace her."

"I expected as much, but when the time comes please keep me in mind and let me know the price; in the meantime, when she becomes free I may have a little play with her."

"Help yourself."

I was again distracted by what was happening to me and reaching my first ever very public orgasm but when I looked back Angie had gone and Chastity's head was bobbing up and down in Adrian's lap; he was resting back on his barstool with his elbows back behind him on the bar.

My two visitors had moved on and I couldn't help just watching Chastity and the various emotions playing on Masters face when I received more attention;

somebody behind me was cupping my bum and then the hands went around me, almost smoothing my skin, and onto my thighs, and then up to my breasts then down to my already juicy pussy. A body pushed up against my back and then I was being kissed and licked on my shoulder and then my neck. "Hi again Pussy (as she nibbled on and licked inside my ear); shame I can't use your tongue on me in this position but don't worry, when I take you to the powder room again we may divert to one of the more private lounges; would you like that?"

"Oh, yes Mistress, very much, and soon, please."

She laughed "You really are perfect Pussy, so adorable; what are you like when you are spanked or whipped? Does that make you even hotter Pussy? Being naked and helpless whilst another girl punishes you? Would you like me to make your bum glow red?" She was still behind me and kissing me and playing with my pussy; she was really getting to me, really turning me on. "Oh yes Mistress; please, Pussy would love that." My slave training had prepared me well and these responses just came out instinctively.

Angie made some gesture to Master and he nodded. Angie stepped to the side and turned the top disc from red to green and then went and collected her switch from the bar.

She came back and played the leather square end of the switch over my body making me guess where it would suddenly flick and strike. She ran it up and down the inside of my thighs. I was so hot my body was gyrating trying to get my pussy some attention and then it struck full on my pussy lips; I cried out in surprise and pain but as the pain relented leaving my pussy throbbing I smiled a natural smile of pleasure at her.

"You are insatiable aren't you my lovely slave? Your body addicted to pleasure; your pussy desperate and on fire?"

"Yes Mistress" and this wasn't just the training speaking, I really was a total sex slut now.

"Close your eyes, and keep them closed."

With my eyes closed it become even more erotic. Not knowing when it would strike. There was far too much noise in the club for me to hear her movements or

even the swish of the switch; it would just land where she wanted when she wanted and make me jump and shriek and cry out.

My buttocks must have been glowing, and my thighs; but every now and again whilst I thought she was behind me or to the side she would switch just the nipple without even brushing the tit and this sent me wild every time; and then she would strike my pussy again and then back to my bum. Periodically she would pause and kiss me on the lips whilst tormenting my pussy with her hand and talking really dirty to me explaining in detail what she is going to do to me later and then returning to the switching. This seemed to go on for an eternity and eventually, finally, after so many orgasms I had lost count I heard her instruction "Pussy, you may open your eyes."

I did, and there was a crowd around us, at least forty men and women spread in a deep semi-circle from one end of the bar around behind me and across to the other end of the bar. Angie took a bow and stepped back and this was met with Adrian clapping and then everybody burst into applause. I discovered later that Angie is quite a renowned Dominatrix and female slave trainer so she knew exactly what she was doing.

Everybody dispersed and I heard her comment to Adrian "She's fantastic, brilliantly responsive; and so hot and good fun to play with; you really have trained her very well but she is so natural too; she was born for this. That was quite a beating I gave her there, and not once did she beg or plead for me to stop or soften my blows; fantastic acceptance of discipline."

"Yes, well she couldn't could she, even if she wanted to; you see she was effectively gagged, I have ordered her not to speak a meaningful word unless responding to a direct question; so she had to take whatever you gave her."

"Oh, your poor slave, I did not know or even guess because she answered all my questions like it was a conversation; had I known I would have eased off; I was actually trying to make her plead with me and would have continued to escalate it even higher if I hadn't had this audience; the poor girl."

"Mistress, that was so hot, your slave is jealous, do you have anything for me Mistress?"

"Adrian, I do apologize, as you can see I have not trained Chastity at all well as a slave, but I spend enough time with my well trained slaves and prefer to have Chastity a bit more undisciplined and raw so that she can amuse me and give me good excuse to punish her; I have more fun with her this way; please excuse me."

The frame next to mine was now vacant and Angie dragged Chastity over to it and locked her ankles to the corners and kneeling her down raised her hands above her head and cuffed them to a single chain dangling from the top center of the frame and raised this so that she was kneeling erect "Do not dare make any attempt to stand, and just as you heard with Pussy here, you are not to speak a word unless in answer to a question; I am far from happy with you as you will really find out when I get you home."

She flipped both her discs to green and stepped across to mine and gaining a nod from Adrian flipped my top disc red. Adrian stepped over and gave me a good drink from his glass and patted me on my pussy.

Angie and Adrian had obviously discussed this because they both immediately left us and disappeared through a side curtain with their drinks.

Because of the show, Angie had put on with me I was still getting a lot of attention and this cascaded onto Chastity too and almost immediately there was a cock in her mouth. By the time our Masters got back from their own sexual athletics Chastity had serviced at least half a dozen men and there was nowhere for her to spit so I was very pleased at the position my Master had left me in but didn't discount that I will most probably be in that same position at some point, but I would just have to swallow it when it was forced on me.

I couldn't believe how fast the night had gone; after their return I had only done a little pole-dancing on one of the podiums and cleaned Angie's pussy for her again in the powder room a couple of times and Master was leading me out to the lockers to make our exit. I had to go alongside him on all fours but I was lucky to get a brief rest half way there when Angie stopped us to give Adrian a card; and I got a bonus, whilst they chatted and said their goodbye's Angie had Chastity lick my pussy clean! What a lovely Mistress; I was only upset that she never did take me to a private room and do the things she had threatened to do with me.

I was given my T-Shirt and skirt to wear but my leather bra and G-String I was told to just carry home. Even just opening the taxi door exposed my breasts and when we arrived back at the safe house I was pleased there was no gang of lads hanging around as I knew it would be impossible to exit the cab without exposing my pussy and my tit's.

Once inside Adrian poured us a couple of drinks and sat down, well he sat, I knelt beside him. He complimented me on my performance; saying that there was no way on earth anybody would ever suspect either of us of being coppers on that performance and we had integrated so well so quickly that we were definitely ready for the real club tonight. He was really chuffed and I was too.

He said we were to get a good night's sleep ready for tonight and I could actually use the little bedroom. I suddenly felt hollow, needy somehow, I no longer knew how to be alone if not restrained in some way; and I was still so hot and wanting. All that stuff in the club had been good; I enjoyed all of it, even the strangers mauling me and Angie beating me; but I was far from satisfied.

"Master" I said putting my head against his thigh, "Can Pussy not sleep with Master? Shame to mess up a clean bed when you have such a big bed?"

It started low in his belly and grew into roaring laughter "Detective Sergeant Glover, are you begging me to fuck you?"

I wasn't even a little embarrassed "Yes Master, please."

"If you suck my cock now whilst I finish my drink, then bring me another; finish your drink, have a good shower, clean your teeth and wait naked kneeling at the foot of my bed; I will consider your request, but you will owe me."

"Thank you Master" I said unbuttoning his leather trousers.

I got to sleep in his bed, and I got the attention I was craving.

11. The Collar and The Cuffs

Adrian made his report up to Chief Inspector Warner and made a few more calls whilst I exercised and sunbathed and bathed and shaved and then we followed the same pattern as the previous night. Getting dropped by taxi in the

neighborhood we hit a few bars. I was dressed the same but with an 'Easy Rider' cropped T-Shirt on every bit as revealing as the 'Guns & Roses' shirt. These bars were even busier and I was loving flaunting myself in my cuffs and collar.

The club was called 'The Collar & The Cuffs, Private Members Bar' and was impressive. It took up the whole side of a central London block and had a red carpet leading up to mirrored doors between golden handrails from the kerb and the pedestrian entrance.

Again, there were tuxedo clad Gorillas to meet us and show us through and I got the impression Adrian had been here before the way he knew the routine as we passed through reception; or at least he had been very well briefed. It was similar to last night, the swiping of the card and the allocation of the locker and again I was relieved of my shirt and skirt and cuffed behind with my lead snapped on before we entered the main room.

Whereas 'Shackles' had been all wooden timbers with chains and cuffs fitted this was all golden bars and rails and golden chains. There was a high ceiling and chandeliers and balconies over three floors and stages and podiums and bars spread all over.

There was one central main bar and this is where we headed and again Adrian sat and ordered us drinks whilst I knelt below him facing into the room and having a good look around, my hands now clipped to the front. It was a lot classier than last night but much the same things were going on and already there were a lot of people here. Again, they all tended to be fit good looking people reaffirming my observations from last night.

Along at the end of the bar was a tall fellow in a blue suit with a bunch of guys in black suits stood around him. As Adrian passed my drink down he whispered "Blue suit, Karim Osanodo; if he approaches or passes stretch or flaunt yourself or something, try to attract him." I understood fully what he meant; create an opportunity for his introduction.

We were on our second drinks when one of Osanodo's goons was passing us by and Adrian stepped back from his stool and backed into him causing Adrian to spill some drink. The goon stared at Adrian as though he was going to kill him or something and Adrian immediately went into apologetic mode defusing the

situation and the goon also started apologizing too saying I had distracted him (I hadn't even moved!); he hadn't noticed me in the club before and I was quite cute. Adrian apologized again for my distracting him and offered him a drink which he accepted. During this Osanodo come over to see what was happening with 'his guy' and Adrian introduced himself to which Osanodo replied "Pleased to meet you Adrian (He kept with his real name in case of a random chance encounter giving him away), I am Karim, this is my club; always nice to have new members and I am sure you will like it here; and who do we have here?" gesturing down to me.

"This is Pussy, Pussy say hello to Karim." I had already moved my glass aside in anticipation and moving in front of him still on my knees I bowed down and kissed both his feet and staying down there said "Master, pleased to serve you."

He laughed and said "Just by being here you are serving some of my fantasies, now kneel up, let me see you."

I did and he appraised me and then gestured for me to stand and turn.

I stood and put my cuffed hands high above my head and on my toes turned slowly before him; pausing half way to let him take my naked butt in. I finished the turn and then knelt again at Masters feet.

"Adrian, I compliment you on your slave, will we be seeing more of your slave later?"

"I was just about to strip her for our pleasure; Pussy, you know the locker, code 12123, naked, no shoes; leave all the other stuff in the locker and return on all fours." He unclipped my cuffs and I made to stand but Osanodo placed his hand on my head keeping me on my knees "I am interested in seeing your slave some more, please join me at my table for drinks". He took my lead from Adrian and handed it to a waitress clad in white collar and black bow tie, white cuffs, white stilettos, white hold-up lace stockings and nothing else; "Guide Pussy to the lockers and lead her back to my table once changed." And then to Adrian "I do like the look of a naked girl in heels, should we reconsider?"

"Pussy, keep the shoes."

I stood and followed my lead; Adrian went off in the other direction with Osanodo and his goon. I had actually been pleased when he had said to lose the shoes; these silly super high heels are crippling me; now I have to keep them I will be happy to crawl back! I am happy as I follow my naked lead though, we have only been here an hour and already we are at our suspects table.

As we walk through the club I form the impression our Mr Osanodo is a little bit racist; he is Asian but all his beautiful naked waitresses, and there are lots of them, are white, as are his goons and his bar-staff.

Back at his table I kneel by my Master. There is him, Osanodo, and seven goons all seated in a large oval on comfortable high backed cushioned bench-seats; and a couple of the waitresses standing alongside ready to serve. There are several small low level tables dotted about for the drinks.

At Osaodo's request for a better look Master has me stand in the centre and go through a display of my trained positions; giving everybody a really good look at every bit of me from every angle. I then return to my kneeling 'arrogant' position by his side and he again clips my hands to the rear.

Osanodo and Adrian are getting on like best friends and Adrian is challenged to a game of pool in Osanodo's private area. I am sent to a pole dancing podium and told to dance until he returns.

I soon get quite an audience including half of the goons.

After half an hour or so one of the goons comes over and stops me and explains that my Master and Mr Osanodo have been watching me on TV and are very impressed with my skills. Mr Osanodo has put some Champagne on the bar for me. He clips my cuffs to the front and reattaches my lead and takes me over to the main bar. I kneel at his feet and look up to him but he draws me back up and sits me on a barstool "Mr Osanodo said to look after you, sit up here and relax, take in the view and enjoy the Champagne."

"Thank you Master."

He removes my lead but takes a gold chain that is fastened to a ring above the bar and locks this onto my collar and walks away.

My original waitress, the one that led me to the lockers is standing nearby and every time my glass is half emptied she steps forward and tops it up. I like this service, I kind of like the waitress too!

I take in the club properly; there are pony girls, pony boys, men and women in full latex and leather body suits with all kinds of restraints, people in gas masks, chastity belts, girls with tails hanging out of their butts, girls in Egyptian and Arabian outfits, some in baby-doll nighties, some in siriks, some naked but with veils on; men in masks; people being whipped and paddled and spanked. There are trapeze bars with naked women fastened to them, stocks, spreader bars, gynecologist chairs; cages, head cages, stretching racks; if you have seen it then it is here somewhere.

The bit that I find most intriguing is behind the bar. It is a really long bar and every ten or fifteen feet along the wall at the back of the bar is an opening with a girl's head locked sticking through just above head height. Above each of the girl's heads is a large screen TV showing their bodies from behind and what is being done to them live. The wall must be thick because their heads are set back a layer of bricks as though they are in an eighteen-inch square box a few inches deep, each head opening lined in different colored silk.

The one opposite me, a young red head that is ring-gagged; can see me and the club but cannot see what is happening behind her, and she is the only one that can't. So, I can see the cane being swung on the screen and then the startled reaction and the scream from the girl as it lands. I can see on the TV that her hands and arms above the elbows are cuffed and chained up to the ceiling and her ankles are tied apart.

The girls either side of her are both being screwed whilst they are restrained in the same position. One is gagged the other has no gag. None of them can do anything to stop what is being done to them in the rooms behind, and neither can they mask or hide their faces and reactions and emotions to what is being done from everybody at the bar. This is amazing and unique bar entertainment, beats the hell out of the usual dog races and football!

I find it fascinating and don't know which is the most erotic or compulsive to watch, the unexpected pain and shock of the girl being caned or the pain and

pleasure of the girls being screwed. A very weird kinky side of me makes me want to be up there in their position!

I didn't have to wait long!

My Master and Mr Osanodo returned and sat at stools either side of me, they seemed to be hitting it off well with Osanodo saying how well my Master had played but he would get even on his next visit, when they would play the real game, snooker, which he went on to explain to Adrian was in his other private area.

The girl in front of us, or at least her head, the redhead, was unable to stifle her grunts; I had seen her caned and now she was getting taken from the rear, she was very loud and almost musical at times; I think I preferred her being caned! Osanodo and Master were discussing her and also the other girls either side and Osanodo was wondering how I would perform up there. He asked me and I said "Oh Master, that is something I have never seen before let alone tried; it would obviously depend on what was being done to me but I don't think I would disappoint."

Osanodo called the barman over and whispered to him and he went back and entered something into a keyboard. Almost immediately the redhead was brought to a climax and once the entertainment value of her pleasure and recovery was complete she was released and removed from display. My neck chain was unlocked and the waitress handed me my glass of Champagne to drain and I was led away along the bar to a side door.

A couple of minutes later my head was through the same hole in the wall, my wrists and arms were cuffed up to the ceiling and I was looking at Master and Osanodo down and across the bar from me. My ankles were spread well apart and locked. I had no gag fitted.

Master and Osanodo were enjoying some joke as were a few of his goons in black suits that had joined and stood around them; and they gave no warning of the cane strike they were obviously seeing on the TV above my head but I certainly felt it as my ear-splitting scream of pain will testify.

I was utterly helpless, not even in the same room as where my bum was hurting. I so did not want another strike like that, so did not want to cry out like that again

but knew there was nothing I could do. I hung my head and waited. Below my chin, set in the wall was a drip tray hidden from the customer's sight obviously to catch any drool or spit. They all laughed at the intensity of my scream and this attracted other customers to gather around for the show.

I awaited the second strike; it was a long time coming. I would say a cruel delay keeping my bum in tense agony. It didn't come. Instead somebody behind me was cupping my tits and playing with my nipples; and then something was put up against my pussy and switched on. I recognized it as a Magic Wand, a very large and powerful one. This really got me going; I had prepared myself for pain, lots of it but instead was being given the most wonderful vaginal massage whilst my tits were also played with. I was in ecstasy. I was coming. I was moaning and gasping and weirdly looking down at Master and Osanodo and his followers unable to hide or protect my facial emotions from them when the next cane strike landed; and holy fuck did it hurt! Whoever was wielding the cane must have took a fucking run up! This was followed by three more hard strikes and then softer spanking and then the Magic Wand again. I was crying real tears and moaning in orgasm at the same time and the guys across from me were simply loving it.

Then I felt it enter me; anal, and it wasn't a cock, not a living real thing; but something far harder and bigger; and it pummeled me. I could not stop the noises coming out of me. Without hardly breaking the stroke it was slipped out of my butt and into my pussy and the intensity increased. If you happened to have been there that night I can only apologize for the noise I made and the words I shouted; not my proudest moment by any means but Master and Osanodo were banging the bar, cheering and clearly loving my moment! I never did find out who it was behind me which makes me a slut until the end of time. I mean, most woman, the decent ones anyway; know every Man they have ever had sex with, at least what they look like. If I am ever asked I will have to admit "Yeah and some bloke caned and fucked me from behind; haven't a clue who but he was good; the whole bar watched."

As I was allowed to come back down again I saw Master and Osanodo talking together and then Osanodo whispering again to the barman who again typed something into a keyboard.

My ankles were released and then my arms from the ceiling but my cuffs were not removed. I was kneeled down and my ankles spread and locked down again and then a blindfold was put on me.

Not even a minute later a hand was on my head and another hand on my jaw, opening my mouth. A cock entered me and I didn't need instruction, I ate. I ate cock like I had never ate before; like it was my sole purpose in life; taking it deep, using my lips, my tongue, everything and drinking it all down. I had no doubt at all that this was Osanodo in my mouth and I wanted invited back, my Master with me. I will swallow anything to nail this evil bastard.

Finished, he left me; and moments later my blindfold was removed and I was released and guided back to my Master. I knelt by his side and Osanodo himself filled a glass with champagne and handed it down to me and complimented me on my performance.

Master Tyung, apparently a famous Japanese master in the art of rope bondage arrived and was putting on a display and Master volunteered me to take to the main stage as one of his subjects. Master and Osanodo returned to their original table with the rest of the goons whilst I was tied up.

I must say this was a first for me, tied up to this standard with rope. I had a weird design tied onto me, like lots of diamonds all over my torso and incorporating a crotch tie that had knots in the rope entering into my pussy and anus; incredibly tight and with it being incorporated in the body rope harness every move, every breath caused excitement in my pussy. My arms were behind me and rope tied from arm to arm from shoulder down to wrist and finishing with being tied off on the rope just above my buttocks; also adding to the strain on my crotch-rope.

I was displayed for a while and obviously the punters couldn't resist playing with my ropes, every touch reverberating in my pussy; and then I was sent away from the stage and had to find my way back to my Master, still bound in rope.

I knelt at his side but was immediately called to stand and show Master and Osanodo and his goons; which now also included five women; my rope bondage. One of the woman, a beautiful tall blond girl; expressed instant jealousy and went off to see if Master Tyung would tie her up to. This surprised me as she is

obviously a Mistress and not a slave; or at least this was her standing within the group.

I knelt quietly at Masters side whilst they all enjoyed their evening and some thirty minutes later the tall blond returned and she wasn't happy. She was ordering one of the goons to "Untie me, immediately!" Between the rants and raves coming from her I worked out that she had asked to be tied as I was; but she was keeping her underwear on and her arms would not be restrained; she only wanted the torso bondage and crotch rope to wear under her dress but Master Tyung had tricked her; saying that he was the Master and she the slave to be modelled.

Having applied the rope into basically a harness around her body it had taken him less than the click of one's fingers to snare her wrists behind her in rope and he didn't even have to cut her underwear from her because he had weaved the rope around her in anticipation of stripping her. Her Bra and panties were tied hanging from her newly added ponytail. She was naked, crotch-roped and extremely embarrassed and the guys and the other girls loved it; each one spanking her butt as she turned from one to another.

The goon she had been with knelt her beside me and told her to shut up; he would "see to her later."

The club was still buzzing when Master said farewell and thank you to Osanodo for hosting us at his table; Osanodo said it had been a pleasure and that he would be extremely disappointed if Adrian did not return through the week if only for him to get revenge on the snooker table and handed him a card; he also said he would take it as a personal insult if he did not get to further feast his eyes and sample the delights of Pussy (Yes, Me) on many more occasions.

We made our exit, the 'clit-rope' still working its magic on me. At the lockers, Master pulled my skirt up and fastened it and then just pulled my cropped T-Shirt down over my head and over my Tit's but I was still tied in this rope bondage and this was obvious.

I was still dressed, tied like this as we got into the taxi but if this was in any way unusual the taxi driver didn't let-on. I was still like this when we got back to the safe-house. Master poured a couple of whisky's and held mine up for me to drink

and then stripped me again. He put me on my knees, gave me another drink and then put his cock in my mouth and I sucked him off whilst he told me the promising news. Master was in!

He did not release me from the rope bondage until the following lunch time; I loved it.

12. Not so Forlorn

Tuesday night we were back again. The good news was that between getting back from the club on Sunday morning through to now I was treated very leniently; getting my own bed, no whipping or caning (just a little spanking and even that was at my request) and whilst my collar and cuffs were kept locked on very little bondage. Even what sex we had was generally down to my begging. What didn't change was my diet and exercise. I could still only eat my oats and milk for breakfast and lunch; and I had to do an hours exercise each day and keep my sunbathing up.

Adrian went off with Osanodo for their game of snooker or whatever it was they were really up to; more likely something involving Osanodo's range of imported slaves; and I was left naked cuffed to a frame for people to play with.

The same happened again Thursday, and Friday, and Saturday and twice more the next week. During this I had been put 'behind the bar' with my head on display another twice; and also put on a rack and fucked (I am sure by Osanodo) and suspended by all fours and fucked (I am sure by Osanodo) and again blindfolded and mouth-fucked (again, I am sure, by Osanodo).

I was also dressed up in a cocktail dress, but naked underneath other than a chastity belt and stockings; but still with my collar and cuffs on; and taken by Adrian to Osanodo's own home. This was the following Saturday night. It was just Osanodo and his partner, Sally (or in my case 'Mistress Sally'); and two other male guests and their partners. Osanodo had waitresses like those in the club, all white stockings and shoes and collars and cuffs waiting on but I was the only slave there. After dinner I was 'given' to Sally for the night, apparently, it was almost her birthday, she was given my chastity belt key too.

I absolutely hate this thing; it is worse than being whipped or caned or anything. You cannot make me into this needy slut and lock my pussy away; that is just evil.

My brief time of being in a dress was over and Sally soon had me in her bedroom on my knees licking her out. She was a more stringent Mistress than Adrian was a Master and that is saying something. She tortured me and all the time demanded my love.

She made me crawl, lick her feet; lay on the floor and masturbate with a dildo whilst she whipped me. She gagged me and cuffed me and spanked me and fucked me with a dildo; then removed my gag and had me tell her how beautiful she is and how I wish I were her and how I love her and want to be her slave. She made me beg for her to buy me and keep me in a cage outside. She was an absolute bitch; I loved her. Then she locked me back in my chastity belt and returned me to Adrian and that was that until I got home to the safe-house.

Adrian was on an absolute high. He was in. There is a ship, The Crimson Pearl, arriving off a small port on the Kent coastline next Saturday with £3million street value cocaine and thirty females all aged under twenty thinking they are being trafficked into Britain to start glorious new lives but in reality, to be sold as sex slaves. He had a week to get the finer details and get an operation together to rescue the girls. It was working! All this shit I am going through is not in vain; we are going to get the bastard!

The week between was pretty easy, two more visits to the club with lots of humiliation and sex for me which I enjoyed; since Adrian had found how much I hated the chastity belt he had kept me in it in the safe house, actually making me whimper before he would give me sex so even the sex forced upon me at the club was very welcome.

The arrangements were made, Adrian had all the details and had briefed the DCI. The ship was coming in Ten pm Saturday and laying too off Ramsgate harbour where it would be met by a locally acquired launch and the 'cargo' transferred. The DCI and a CID team with uniform and firearms support would meet the ship off Ramsgate; at the same time, another firearms supported team would mop up the villains on the harbor side.

That same night Adrian had been invited to a poker game at Osanodo's home, men only, I was not invited, no women or slaves allowed, strictly poker and business.

Obviously, Adrian had to be there as he didn't want to burn his cover in case anything went wrong; plus, we still had to actually tie Osanodo to the illegal trafficking and enslavement of the girls. Sophie was coming over to 'Babysit' me for the night.

Saturday came and the plans changed. I was sunbathing when Adrian come out and took my chastity belt off and told me to get in the bathroom and shower and make myself beautiful; and shave again too whilst I was at it. I had two hours to pamper myself. The Poker night had been cancelled and we were meeting Osanodo at the club; or at least he was and he was taking his slave with him. He would get a message to Sophie but the DCI's operation was still on so we were just confirming our alibi's being at the club when the operation went down.

13. Fucking Pleasure

I was given my usual leather mini-dress high-heels and crop-top to wear; we had discarded with the leather underwear weeks ago, and we taxied over to the club.

It felt as though something was not quite right but I suppose Adrian was on edge with the short notice change of plans. As soon as we got to the club I was stripped naked and cuffed and taken through on my lead. I did not even get my customary drink at the bar; but instead was told to go and pole dance on one of the podiums.

From this I was taken and locked into a frame where people could play with and whip me.

It was some time before one of the goons came and collected me and took me through the same passage I had previously been through when I was being locked with my head through one of the holes into the bar. I figured this was happening again but I was wrong.

I was taken into the same chamber as the first night I had experienced this but there was a girl already in position with her head locked through the wall and her

arms cuffed up to the ceiling and her ankles spread. Osanodo was there, sitting with a drink in his hand; I knew the camera angles and he would be just off screen for anybody looking from the bar.

"Hi Pussy, something a little different for you tonight. I have here a brand-new slave, partially trained already but new to me. You are well familiar with her position and what happens here; but this time you get to play the Dominatrix."

"I want you to first spank her until her bum glows nicely, then flog her, then cane her, then whip her; and finally, I want you to strap that dildo on and fuck her ass; I will finish it fucking her pussy whilst you watch. Now get on with it"

At this stage in the game I was not going to do anything to rock the boat, literally. I stepped up and started spanking her, whoever she was, stupid bitch. She had a beautiful butt on her, and lovely tits; reminded me of Sophie, same kind of size and shape but this girl had a shaved pussy Sophie has a lovely little blond Brazilian.

Once I got her bum glowing I worked her all over with the flogger, giving her a real session and not just relentless flogging but changing the timing so she could not anticipate the blows. Then the caning; I kind of took a sadistic pleasure in this, knowing full well what she would be feeling as I delivered each unexpected thwack of the cane. The whipping must have destroyed her; she must be a gibbering wreck by now to the guys at the bar; this is far heavier than anything I have taken out there.

Then I strapped on and lubricating the shaft entered into and fucked her ass.

Once Osanodo indicated I had done her enough I withdrew and removed the strap-on, Osanodo took me to the rear and knelt me below a brass horizontal bar; he clipped my cuffs together to the rear and then attached the rear of my collar to the bar keeping me in an upright kneeling position. He then gagged me.

He then went and fucked the girl I had just shafted up the ass.

He zipped up and released the girl's ankles; it was obvious her legs were like jelly but the cuff restraints helped her remain standing. He opened the bar-wall hatch and released her arms from the ceiling and turned her around.

Oh, My Fucking God No! Fucking No! Sophie! It cannot be Sophie! It is; what the fuck is Sophie doing here? She cannot be here, she was meant to look after me but she was cancelled; but it is, it is poor Sophie. Oh Fuck, what have I just done to her?

She looks at me as Osanodo guides her across to me but I can see she is so far out of it she has no idea who I am. He restrains her alongside from me and in the same position, also gagged. She has identical wrist and ankle cuffs to mine; and an identical collar but with 'Pleasure' engraved upon it.

Then Adrian walks in, looks at us, and smiles!

14. All about Adonis

"Hi Pussy, having a good time? Nice to see Sophie, or should I say Pleasure again? Certainly, a pleasure to see the two of you together again; that was a good show the two of you put on for us."

"Don't worry, it isn't all bad news, the DCI's operation is going ahead and going well. You see the Captain of the Crimson Pearl was meant to be delivering to my good friend Karim here but instead double crossed us and is selling to one of our competitors. We have to send a message out, fuck with Osanodo and you get fucked. Karim had all the details, I put this operation together and the DCI gets to save thirty girls and recover all the drugs. I get the plaudits for another successful operation and puts me in good stead for another promotion so I can help Karim even more; plus, I get some great benefits from Karim; the pay-offs are bloody good. Also, we have a buyer lined up for you two, a Saudi Prince, £400k for the two of you; a huge price but he loved your story, of how you two are Metropolitan Police Detectives tricked into slavery. That's why you both had to learn the dance of the seven veils, he loves that one; and with the added extras we are putting in you he is paying premium."

"Oh, you are wondering how I am going to get away with it and how come Sophie is here?"

I nod, confused by all that is being said.

"You see, the poker night was never actually happening, I just needed Sophie to come to the safe house and for the DCI to know that was the arrangement. I had you in the bathroom when she arrived. She was ever so sweet on you, I explained she could either be the evil Mistress and give you a hard time or she could wear the shock collar and be your slave and give you an easy time. She actually put the shock collar on herself and locked it for me! The rest is pretty obvious; she was chained in the yard when you were leaving with me and then Trigger collected her. When the DCI's operation is over they will find an empty safe-house. I could not know what happened to the two of you as I was here all the time. He will however, in trying to trace you ping your phone, it will be found 'lost' under a bed in the safe-house; it has video and pictures of the two of you loving each other in bondage. We will have to assume that the two of you have gone 'native'; fallen in love and disappeared off together."

"A shame, but they can hardly blame me for the irresponsible actions of two young girls in love."

He looked at Osanodo and nodded and resumed his glory speech to me and Sophie that was coming around to what was happening. He took a black box out of his pocket and opened it "See these? These will make the two of you the most obedient and best sex slaves on the market."

Inside the box laid in blue velvet were small almost transparent circles of plastic film with a small silver square shape in each, some sort of electronic circuitry; and pin shaped pieces of plastic film again with silver threads inside.

He explained "Osanodo has his own surgeon here, a top-class surgeon unfortunately struck off from practicing because of a slight mistake some time ago but still very useful. You see these discs will be implanted in your brains, one above each ear and one at the rear of the head. The strips get implanted around your clitoris. The plastic soon dissolves leaving the electronic implants embedded within you and irremovable for all time. The really wonderful bit is that it is your own body heat that powers them."

"The discs in the brain are operated from anywhere in the world via telecom signal causing anything from mild short sharp head shock to long term severe head pain; meaning you are always in fear of this control and there is no running away. The strips in the clitoris when activated just very gently reverberate causing

a constant arousal of the clitoris meaning you will do anything for sex; you will kill for it believe me. This also can be operated from anywhere in the world.

Obviously only the Saudi Prince will have the activation codes but you and Sophie will fight each other for the Prince's cock. Imagine this being activated and you locked in a chastity belt unable to even scratch that itch! Brilliant!"

"So, we all win, I get the kudos of a successful operation, the DCI gets his result, Osanodo takes a serious competitor out and puts out a strong message to others that would betray him; and you and Sophie get to have the sex and bondage you love for the rest of your young lives. Obviously, lose your looks, pass your sell by date, game over; but hey, you can't have everything!"

"Something I am curious over though, Sophie," he said whilst removing her gag; she was still pouring tears bless her after that going over I had unknowingly just given her; "that day I came back and cuffed you to the trapeze bar whilst you were taking Pussy's tongue, and then you wanted me to suspend your legs too and fuck you; how long have you wanted me like that? Have you fancied me since you first met me? Have you fallen for me? It must have driven you wild knowing I was in Pussy's pussy every night and not yours?"

Yeah, I must admit, it had surprised me when she had herself restrained like that knowing she would be left alone with him.

Sophie's gag come out and between sobs she said "No fucking way you arrogant asshole, I have hated that moment ever since; I don't understand what happened to me that day; I couldn't control myself; like I was drugged up or something; I was so hot from what Pussy had just done to me whilst I was restrained like that and saw you and wanted you in me; you could have been any man I just wanted fucked by a man in bondage and gave in to it; I hate that it happened and I just don't understand how it did."

"Ah, I thought it was well out of character for you but of course I was happy to help in your moment of need, and you clearly enjoyed it. Tell me, had you been eating Pussy's breakfast oats?"

"Yes, I had two large bowls that morning."

"Ha, brilliant! That stuff is doused in drugs, not a pure date rape drug but an even better one, doesn't cause the memory loss or headaches or anything but helps

make the person more willing to just let go and give things a try, lose your inhibitions; more susceptible to suggestion and horny as hell. We have had Pussy here on it morning and lunch for five weeks; left alone she would tie herself up and eat herself if it was possible; really helped her become the perfect slave. Her first day with me she was problematic and reluctant to commit to her slavery but once we had her eating that stuff she become the model slave, obedient, willing and needy. I never thought about getting you on it but if it's that good I may take the remainder home and get the wife on it; our marriage could do with her being a bit more like you were that day."

"Fucking evil bastard" was all Sophie could think to say which just made Adrian chortle.

"Anyway, we must move on, before you go down for your operations, we have one last task for you two; Karim would like to sample Sophie's mouth; and an old friend would like to sample yours Pussy."

As he said this the door opened and Osanodo led in another man; the right honorable Sir Michael Heslop!

Niscom removed my gag; I spat and I heaved and then, slightly calmed, said "there is no way I am taking that evil murdering bastards cock in my mouth, I will chew it off and spit it out!"

"No, I don't think so, you see whilst you are pleasuring Sir Michael and Sophie is looking after Karim I will be behind you both, either one of you fails to give the greatest of pleasure possible the other gets punished, severely; you fail to satisfy Sir Michael I start to work on Sophie; believe me it will not be pleasant; Sophie fails to satisfy Karim then your screams of agony will help motivate her. Going to play?"

I said nothing; he knew he had us beaten.

Heslop had heard my threat though and as it was going to be his dick I was biting off he wanted a better assurance from Niscom.

"Sir Michael, please, trust me, she will love your cock, I have trained her so well she will do you better than you have ever had before; just watch."

He turned to me and released my cuffs from each other and my collar from the bar and stepping across the room said "Pussy Obey, be my slave." As taught I crawled over to him and then kneeling I prostrated myself at his feet and said "Master, I am yours."

"Pussy, I am going to put you back beside Pleasure; I want you to take Sir Michaels cock in your mouth and satisfy him."

"Yes, Please Master" I replied before he locked me back in place. Sophie was staring at me in total disbelief but what she didn't realize was that I was doing this for her; any disobedience from me and it would be her they punish and no matter what I say or do; they are going to do what they want with us anyway.

Heslop come right up to me "Hi Jag, you fucking lesbian slag; I've been looking forward to this for some time; you very nearly ruined me you bitch; fucking stopped my fun you did; I will enjoy the rest of my life now knowing what is happening to you out in Saudi; a few years with the Prince and then a decade in the stalls servicing his soldiers, then his serving staff, then his farmers until you are beyond fucking and are fed to the pigs; very fitting." He was clapping his hands and clearly delighted with the situation as he took hold of my nipples and started torturing me.

As much as I hated him and wanted to hurt him Niscom was right and knew I wouldn't be able to help myself with all these drugs and training in me and I was soon eagerly eating his cock right down my throat and swallowing him. Somehow, I was a little bit happier within, knowing it wasn't just me being naturally submissive, wanting all this bondage pain and sex; but that I had been drugged up from the start. Even though I couldn't help myself it made me enjoy eating his cock even more. It must be a lot worse for poor Sophie, she didn't volunteer for any of this and doesn't even have the drugs in her to knock the edge off what she is doing.

As Heslop removed his cock he slapped me hard across my face making me cry out; and he said "Thank you, you fucking cock-sucking whore; I hope this helps you remember me every moment of the rest of your not too long life; I will certainly remember this and the life I have brought on you getting Adrian to target you for this aptly named forlorn police operation; you owe all this to me." He was laughing out loud as he and Osanodo made their exits.

15. Meet the Doc

Adrian locked our gags back on and fastened leads to our collars and released the collars from the brass bar that held us in place and had us stand. Sophie was still weak on her legs from the workout I had given her and stumbled a little.

"Come on slaves, time for your operations." He took his little black box and with the leads took us out and back into the main area where life was just continuing around us as though all was normal, weird but normal.

He led us right through the hall and through a door behind a curtain at the back of the main stage and through more doors and down four flights of steps into what I took to be the basement.

Through a set of double swing doors and into a well-lit and white room, obviously, the operating room given the equipment and operating tables in here.

"Hi Doc, couple of specials here for you as explained, the full works; need to be all fitted by two am and out of here wide awake for shipping; they can do the full testing tomorrow while they sail after your initial tests tonight."

"Thanks Boss, this will be a pleasure; I saw that one (nodding at me) pole dancing the other night and I guessed she was one of them; I've been looking forward to getting to play with her ever since."

"Yeah, enjoy yourself, you'll never see her again after tonight, or the other one; none of us will; where do you want them?"

"Just hang their leashes on those two hooks there and leave it to me."

"No can do, only I have got the keys to their collars and cuffs and I am keeping them until we ship them. How do you want them?"

"Okay, one at a time over here."

Sophie had her lead attached to a hanging hook and then I was taken over to the small fat ugly surgeon. Rather than the proper operating tables there were two weird purpose built metal racks; a steel flat shelf about three feet high and in

front of this a steel bar about six inches lower; and in front of this there were two steel rings set on top of steel bars protruding from the floor over two feet apart.

Adrian bent me backwards over the middle bar until the back of my neck entered into a thick steel half-collar flange set in the steel shelf and then a bracket was locked in place by Doc keeping me there. This had the effect of keeping my head up so that I was forced to look down over my own naked body. Then my ankles were lifted and my ankle cuffs locked onto the rings jutting up on the steel rods from the floor. My wrist cuffs were released but taken from behind me and locked to the steel shelf either side of my head and well apart.

Basically, I was locked in the position I would be in if this were a gynecologist's chair; but with my head held up and my chin down; and it was a damn site less comfortable with all my weight on my back just above my buttocks on the steel bar. He hadn't had to remove any of my collar or cuffs for this. He then put Sophie in the same position on the neighboring rack; just a couple of feet between us.

"Thanks Boss, I will give you a call when I am done."

"Thanks, you've got a few hours; enjoy yourself but no permanent marks okay?"

"No problem, even my surgical cuts will be hidden."

Adrian left us to our new torturer.

"Hi girls, pleasure to meet you both." He examined our collars "Pleasure and Pussy! What great names! Pussy obviously, you must come before pleasure so I will do you first. You are in safe hands, I am highly skilled and have done this operation quite a few times now. Even just last week to the celebrity bitch that got me struck off in the first place. Fucking Diva fashion model! She'll regret it now in her new home in China and won't be quite so arrogant when she is receiving her brain shocks and having to lick her new Mistress and suck her husband off whilst her clit' tingles with frustration! Fucking Bitch! Excellent Bosses Karim and Adrian arranging that bit of revenge for me, abducting her to order and making a tidy profit at the same time."

So Niscom the Adonis had been in on this the whole time and obviously prompted DCI Warner to recruit me and then Sophie, fucking Bastard. These fucking drugs I have been living on every day; for fucks sake; I cannot believe I am in this fucked

up position and actually getting excited at the prospect of what is happening to me. I really am seriously fucked up!

He stepped between us and started playing with both our pussys at the same time; rubbing and entering his fingers into us. "I like to do this before I get started, just to get us warmed up and in the mood. I don't need to do this of course but this job does have its fringe benefits. I am Doctor Phillips but you can call me, well, no don't actually call me anything; your gags are staying on anyway so you won't get the chance to call me anything, just murmur in gratitude when I shag you."

I don't know how Sophie was doing but I was actually getting turned on and squirming under his horrible touch in spite of myself but at least now I knew it was the drugs and not just me being a lusting slut.

He left us and collected some tool and plugged it in to a port mounted on the top steel shelf along from my head. He then felt around my head and holding my hair up he shaved a spot just behind and slightly above my right earlobe. It felt like the size and shape of a small coin. He then done the same behind my left ear and then once more high up right at the back of my head. He then moved onto Sophie and repeated the procedure.

"Don't worry my pretty little slaves, I will be putting you under for the actual operation; very technical and intricate, I cannot have you moving and spoiling my work."

He moved back around and played with our pussy's some more and gave us a thorough examination.

Doc left us momentarily and returned smiling with two large steel butt-plugs and worked them into us; fortunately, he had lubricated them and just as well given the size of them. He played with something in his pocket and the butt-plug come to life. This day just gets better and better!

He continued to ramble on, generally building himself up and putting us down whilst he played with us and explained in detail just how absolutely we would be controlled with these brain implants and how we would be like excited nymphomaniacs when our clit' devices were operated. I would have been crying

too if he hadn't also now supplemented the vibrating butt-plugs with vibrating dildo's and was bringing me to orgasm! He really did enjoy his work.

He explained he had these things in us to see which of got the most excited and in turn excited him the most. I won. Having ascertained this; it was me he was therefore going to shag first and then operate on before shagging and operating on Sophie.

He removed my inserts but seemed to turn Sophie's up higher the way she reacted. He then moved between my legs, unzipped himself and entered me. He wasn't a patch on the dildo.

He was just getting into the groove and starting to sweat on me when the double doors burst open and four men in black with black respirators on and 'Police' stamped across their chests and carrying and pointing automatic rifles burst in, spread wide and stopped "Police! Stop, stand back from the girls, Now!" One of them shouted. Instead Doc, still in me, grabbed a scalpel from the steel shelf by my head and held it to my throat "Get back, get back or I cut her."

The doors swung open again and DCI Warner walked in, what a beautiful site!

Doc worked his way out of and around me until he was stood behind and there he took another scalpel and held it to Sophie; she was still buzzing away bless her. "I'm telling you, get out or I cut them, I'm a surgeon and I know where to cut; I will kill them both now go on, Fuck off!"

DCI Warner spoke, just one word "Shoot" and simultaneously four bullets struck Doc in the chest and lifted him off his feet and out of my sight. I looked at Sophie as best I could and she appeared okay; but I was covered in blood, over my tit's, on my belly and all over my pussy and thighs.

DCI Warner rushed forward "She's been hit! Or cut! Quickly, get me some towel or bandages or something; quickly damn it!"

A roll of cotton bandage was handed to him and he started dabbing me down; wiping my tit's off "No cuts here, must be his blood." He continued down and was wiping my thighs and pussy when the guy next to him took off his respirator and said "This one is not right though, look at her, she's in agony, maybe he has operated all ready." I was wanting to cry out "It's the fucking vibrators you idiot"

but I was getting some very nice attention from the DCI and figured it would all work itself out; another orgasm wasn't going to kill her.

The other guys removed their respirators and it turned out the four men were in fact three men and a police woman. At least she had the sense about her to recognize the type of pain on Sophie's face and look between her legs "She's not injured, just the opposite; she's got vibrators stuffed in her; permission to remove them sir?"

The DCI stepped across to look for himself "Poor Sophie" then looking her in the face "Okay for her to get them out of you?" She must have somehow signaled because the DCI told her to proceed.

The police woman removed her gloves and got them out dropping them on the tiled floor where they vibrated across the floor "Jesus look at the size of that butt-plug, no wonder your eyes are bulging!" She told one of the guys that was with Doc, or at least his body, he must have been dead before he hit the floor; to search him for the controls and our keys. He found two control devices and passed them to her. She pressed something and the plug still in my butt come to life which the DCI felt as he continued to dab and examine my pussy. "Er, PS Calvert, another one here for you if you could be so kind."

She stepped over and removed it from me to much relief and then playing with the controls managed to silence them; commenting again in disbelief at the size of them.

The DCI was still cleaning my pussy when he eventually realized just what he was doing and stopped, and very embarrassed, said to me "Sorry Jan, just had to, well, you know, well, sorry; all seems okay down there; will soon have you off that thing."

He didn't soon have us off these things though; because not only could they not find the keys but the DCI had decided he wanted photos of the scene and just what was being done to us for Court before we are released and so we had to await the forensic officer.

They did though with the aid of one of Doc's tools manage to release our gags and give us water. They would put the gags back in for the photos.

He went on to explain that the operation down in Kent was a complete success; they had the ship, the ship's crew and twelve 'port side' gangsters in custody together with a 'shit load' of cocaine and thirty young naked and very distressed women. Upstairs they had Osanodo, Niscom and seven goons in cuffs and one goon and Trigger shot dead and Osanodo's accountant arrested and all of his books secured.

The CCTV was also being seized together with all the computers. The staff were being taken in as well for interview and all the 'guests' details taken as potential witnesses.

I explained about Heslop and his admissions but the DCI said he hadn't seen him on the premises. I explained what he had done to me and how he had gloated about what he had done previously and got away with. "Right, well let's get the bastard picked up pronto and his home turned over; PS Calvert, get on the blower, make it happen, now!"

The DCI's touch had been most welcome.

We finally got finished in the operating room; they had recovered our collar and cuff keys and the weird operating rack keys from Niscom and released us and removed our cuffs and collars. The DCI was taking them away as exhibits and for forensic testing. He also had my and Sophie's mouths, anus's and vagina's swabbed for DNA and under our finger nails and our prints taken for elimination. I asked him if I could have the cuffs and collar back as memento's when he was finished with them, I had worn them so long they felt a part of me and may aid with my recovery. Sophie made the same request which I found funny because she had only just worn them today. The DCI agreed as long as we made them available for the trial if required.

I was expecting to travel back in the clothes I had arrived in but the DCI had a couple of pairs of police overalls delivered for us. I think the entire police team had been through for a good look at us by now anyway so we may as well get dressed.

All the bad guys were processed and interviewed and then remanded in custody. I asked the DCI how he knew to come to the club and arrest Niscom and Osanodo and rescue me and Sophie but he was uncommitted in his response, "You never

were truly as alone as you thought; I have my own contacts, my own informants; I am not quite as stupid as Niscom believed; I had a good hunch from the outset what was going on; the only risk I took was with you and Sophie. I knew I could trust both of you and that you were up to the task, even in ignorance I could rely on you; I just hope neither of you have been damaged."

"No, I am fine; a little sore in places, I've lost a lot of weight but I probably look better for it. I am sure Sophie is fine too."

"No Jag, I don't mean physically, I mean emotionally, mentally damaged. You've been through a lot. What I saw on my visits had me wanting to cancel the whole deal; I put Sophie in there to keep an eye on things and she was appalled with what they were doing to you; it was only that I was determined to sort Osanodo and the police corruption I knew was taking place but couldn't prove that made me persevere with the operation and keep you in; I just hope we can fully recover you."

"Tomorrow you can start your statement, I want everything that has happened to you, everything in the safe house, every word and action. Then everything in the clubs and pubs and down in that operating room. Everything. I appreciate it will take a couple of days but then you are on paid leave for at least three months, Sophie too; she can help you through the recovery phase. You are going back to the Psychiatric hospital for as long as they want to keep you. I am sending Sophie there too for evaluation and treatment. In three months we will get you reassessed and if you are fit I will take you back; I have a vacancy for a Detective Inspector and on your first day back I am interviewing you for that post; and don't worry, the interview is a formality the job is yours and it comes with a team, your team from now on. Then I will interview Sophie for the post you are going to be vacating; sorry but she is making DS faster than you did and she's earned it believe me; you don't know yet how vital she was to this operation."

I got moved back into my flat and then on the Monday, having finished my statement, I moved into the hospital for my treatment. They had my pre-operation assessment to work from and it took them four weeks to satisfy themselves I wasn't damaged goods and release me. It took almost two full weeks for the effect of the drugs to wear off. When I walked out of hospital I felt like my old self; my full confidence and decisiveness back with me. It helped that Heslop

had been arrested and good evidence found in his home of child cruelty and linking him to the offences for which I first arrested him. They had also recovered his DNA from seaman samples found in my throat and charged him with rape as well as the original child abduction and sex offences; they couldn't prove the child murders. He was released on bail pending trial but the next day was found hanging in his garage. No, it wasn't me that hung him, he done it himself but I wish it had been me that ended his life.

16. Recovery, begging to slave

As I walked out Sophie was there waiting for me by her car. "Hi Pussy, going my way?" I walked over to her and handed her my bag "It's Jan, or if we are at work Ma'am, Boss or Jag depending on the circumstances; unless you plan on having me naked and restrained at your feet as your pet slave then do not call me Pussy, understand Constable Milner?"

She stared at me as though I had just slapped her in the face, but then a huge smile broke out on her face and she hugged me "Pussy it is then, good to have you back."

She broke off from me and added, to my shocked open mouth to what she had just implied; "Only joking Jan; I know the drugs have worn off now; and besides, when I get to call you Ma'am it will be as your Detective Sergeant unless I am being lied to; so, knock the Constable bit off."

"It will be a pleasure, Pleasure."

The banter continued as we drove home. We pulled up at my place and Sophie got out too; she explained that I was just collecting some clean clothes and coming with her back to her place. It's my first Friday out in the big wild world and she is taking me around her local pubs and then into town for a dance; I will be staying at her place over the weekend so she can keep an eye on me; DCI's orders. I had no issue with any of this; I had almost three months as yet untouched wages built up in my bank that needed spending so I just got back into her car "Come on then, pull over at a shopping center on the way and I will buy some new things."

I imagined us carrying on from where we had left off and I was well looking forward to it. I had bought a couple of scandalously short skirts, a couple of nice sexy tops and some new strappy high heel shoes and some real sexy G-Strings from Victoria's Secret. I already had stuff in my bag for messing about in the day-time I just needed the going out stuff.

I was suitably impressed with her place, a nice modern two bedroom apartment; I said all the right things, dumped my stuff in her spare room and took a shower. We were in her local pub in less than two hours of her picking me up and both of us looking hot.

We went from pub to pub, beer garden to beer garden with the odd tube ride thrown in and by ten were quite tipsy working our way around the west end. We were being incredibly friendly with each other but somehow stopping short of flirting, of taking the next step. Instead we were talking the case over and over until finally I had to put a stop to it and demanded no more work talk; let's party.

Well we did, and partied hard not getting back to her place until the early hours and very drunk. I awoke the next day naked in the spare bed, alone. I had a bad head but felt worse because I couldn't understand how after all that time together partying I had ended up sleeping alone.

Saturday was a beautiful day and after going out and grabbing breakfast Sophie asked what I wanted to do. I said as it was such a nice day why not start early instead of finishing late and have a pub lunch followed by a pub-crawl down the Thames and into the center for dinner before working our way back. She liked the sound of this and we got showered and dressed to go.

We had a fantastic time but the plan went wrong somewhere; we started early but still finished late and I awoke again alone on Sunday morning. It was obvious neither of us was willing to commit to the first step; and admitting to really being lesbian. This was going to be a problem I was going to have to solve, and quickly. I needed sex and I needed bondage.

Sophie dropped me off at home and we promised to do it again next weekend but she would stay over at mine. The rest of that day and all of the next was very lonely; I even missed my cat. I was that sad I even stripped off and handcuffed myself with my own police handcuffs but then couldn't do anything to myself and

just got even more frustrated until I released myself and friggered off on my bed. I ended up with a bottle of Scotch, a DVD, and a take-away pizza and waking up the next day still in front of the TV.

This would never do, I would have to think of something; and thanks to DCI Warner, I did.

My doorbell rang and there was the DCI with a bunch of flowers, a bottle of wine, a box of chocolates and a pilots' case in his hand. The gifts were nice, very thoughtful and appreciated; but it was the contents of the case that gave me the idea; mine and Sophie's collars and cuffs together with the keys.

He explained it was just a welfare visit; just making sure I was okay and would be back on schedule, after my enforced leave. I said everything was good, the hospital was finished with me and I was just 'chilling'.

He explained he had been to Sophie's but there was nobody home; as I was meeting with her at the weekend could I give her the collar and cuffs? I most certainly would!

It was just after four pm when I entered the salon. I had done some research and using my police networked 3g lap-top I had soon found Mistress Angie, Stacy's Mistress in the gold dress from the Crawley 'Shackles' club. I had my short skirt and heels on as well as my collar, but a thin black silk scarf tied over the collar.

I had tracked her to a beauty salon in Chelsea; her own business. She was behind the counter when I walked in.

"Hi Angie, remember me?"

She stared for only a second and then a huge smile broke out "Pussy! How lovely to see you; were you just passing or have you been following me or something?"

I laughed "No, you are that famous I soon found you; it is you I have come to see, to ask a favor."

"Oh, funny you should come here, I have been phoning your Master over the last couple of weeks and leaving messages but he has never phoned back; I figured that with you at his feet he wasn't really interested in me."

"Oh, he isn't my Master anymore, turns out he was involved in something nasty, importing work slaves and drugs and stuff; the police have taken him away. I am not sorry though; he was getting very nasty with me towards the end and mistreating me."

"Oh, that's a shame; well you're well rid if that's the case; now what's the favor, I'm intrigued?"

"Well," I explained "That's just the point, I am well rid of him, I don't miss him at all, but I do miss the bondage and sex. Whilst you were using that switch on me in the club you promised to take me to a private room and do lots of things to me. You never did; would you be willing to take me back there as your slave and see through your promise?"

If she was shocked she didn't show it "Pussy, I would love to have you as my slave, when can you move in? You can share with Stacy."

"Er, no, I don't mean to be your slave for good, just the one night; I am happy at the moment without any Master but if I ever change my mind you will be the first to know."

She stood there, as though pondering on a problem; and I just stood, awaiting her answer. She said "I see;" and walked around the counter and up to me, and took the silk scarf from around my collar. "Clasp your hands behind your back." I did, and turned to face her.

With her fingers, she brushed my hair back behind my shoulders and then cupped my face and looked into my eyes; then she kissed me, and as I responded her tongue licked mine. Oh, my God how I have missed this stuff!

She eventually pulled her lips away and still holding my face, my hands still behind my back, she said "I accept, but not tonight, Tuesday nights at that club are shit; but Wednesdays are fun. I need you to submit to me now as my slave so that I can give you instruction on what I expect of you; well, do you want to be my slave?"

I found this far more difficult than when Adrian had me unknowingly drugged up; I am quite a natural leader at work and in life in general and tend to want to be in control; mindless obedience isn't something that comes naturally to me. I therefore had to make the conscious decision to obey and humiliate myself and

there was a brief pause whilst I considered telling her where to go but I knew I was here for a reason and getting down on my knees and being forced to obey was that reason. I bit my lip, smiled, and got down on my knees, prostrated myself at her feet and said "Mistress, I am yours."

"Kneel up Pussy, and listen; you will be here at seven pm tomorrow; you can wear any shoes you choose, as long as they have high stiletto heels and are very feminine; you can wear clothes of your own choosing, but only one item, and it must end in a skirt and must finish closer to your pussy than your knee. You must wear your collar and cuffs; and bring the keys with you."

I looked up at her "No Mistress, I will not do that."

"What!" she cried incredulously, "What will you not do slave?"

"I will not bring the keys to my collar and cuffs."

"Oh? Really? And just why not, slave?"

"Because I am to be your slave for the one night only and do not want to risk you keeping me indefinitely; I have a job and other commitments you do not know about; you having the keys to my cuffs and collar could cost me all that; I am sorry Mistress."

"Oh, sorry are you, well sorry you will be too." She slammed her hand on a gold colored bell on her counter then addressed me again "Well okay slave, you will come here tomorrow as described but without your keys and that is my order; but you have been disobedient and for that you will obviously be punished."

"Yes Mistress."

The door behind the counter opened and Stacy come out, obviously responding to Angie ringing the bell.

Angie continued "Slave, greet Mistress Stacy."

I again found difficulty first in doing this humiliating task; and then in not laughing at the absurdity of the situation but I did as commanded and crawled around the counter and kissed Stacy's feet. "Pussy, little overdressed but looking good my pet."

"Right" Angie said, "Be back here at seven tomorrow as instructed."

"Yes Mistress" I answered as I stood and turned towards the door.

"Stop, just where do you think you are going slave?"

"Er, (I laughed, I couldn't help myself, it was like some poor dramatic play) we agreed I would return at seven, tomorrow?"

"No, we did not agree, I ordered; but I didn't say you could leave, I said you would be punished for your disobedience; now come here."

I was confused, but I complied and stepped back over to her. She took my loose black scarf and threaded it through the ring on my collar "Hands behind your back" and leading me by my own scarf she took me through the door behind the counter, through some curtains and into a wooden paneled room with a black leather bench in the center. She led me to one end and then pulling on the scarf she bent me over the bench until my chin touched the bench. "Hands" she ordered and I held them up to her and she fastened leather cuffs around my wrists and drew them tight to the other end of the bench.

My skirt was pulled up around my waist and my knickers removed. She spanked the hell out of me for the first two minutes but then with my bum hot and hurting she turned it into a slow, softer and far more sensual spanking forcing me to reach orgasm without even touching my pussy. She really is a highly skilled Dominatrix and just what I need.

Before she released me, she examined my collar, remarking on what a fantastic piece it was; slim and machined to the highest standard with the lock and connection almost unnoticeable; better than anything she had seen (well, it was made for a Prince); she questioned if I even had the key to it or if it had gone with my ex-Master but I assured her I had the keys. She remarked it was unlikely there was another key in the world would fit so to be careful with the ones I had.

Back at my flat I was singing out loud to myself, that is when I realized just how happy that little session of bondage had made me. I sat down with my Scotch and thought, and planned, and smiled.

The next day was a whirl, I was so happy in anticipation and when it finally come Mistress Angie did not let me down. My night at Shackles was the best ever; and Angie took me to a private room and the pleasures we shared were unbelievable.

To be totally sober and free from any drug but forced to walk and crawl naked in a public club; to be restrained and molested by strangers; and then finally punished and then made to come and come and come and to give equal if not greater pleasure to my Mistress; oh, my legs still quiver as I think about that night. It was a total release from life, responsibility, and concern. It was all about pain and pleasure and the two combining until they both become one. Then she took me back to her house and gave me to Stacy for the rest of the night; without her Chastity belt. If I had suffocated on her pussy I would have died happy.

Back at my flat on Thursday I was a different person, as though I had found myself for the first time. I still had my collar and cuffs on and nothing else and I was still living the dream as I danced around the flat to the Abba 'Mama Mia' movie soundtrack on my DVD player. It was ready for phase two and that was for Sophie tomorrow.

17. The Pleasure of Pussy

Sophie arrived just before noon, we had agreed to spend the afternoon having lunch in town, doing some shopping and maybe having a drink before I cooked her a meal and we wandered out for a late evening drink in my local borough.

Lunch went well and we were enjoying our shopping trip and generally having a giggle. She was buying herself some sexy lingerie and she questioned me on what I wore in bed; I said "anything or nothing, vest and pants, PJ's, an old T-Shirt, nothing special." Well she gave me crap and asked what I had for 'that special visitor, that guy I wanted to turn on' and how a girl with my looks should always dress to make the most of it whilst I still have it. I thought about it and kind of agreed and had a look at the nightwear selection and I found an electric blue almost see-through baby-doll nighty with matching G-String; and a sheer black lace full length nighty that left the entire sides of the body uncovered, the back totally bare, and the rest of it pretty much see-through. She giggled and said she couldn't imagine me wearing anything like those but if I would promise to wear them as a dare, one tonight and the other tomorrow night; then she would pay for them; kind of like a bet that I wouldn't. I liked how this was progressing, I agreed to the bet.

We finished our shopping and were having a drink in Camden when I started laying my bait. I got her onto our case and how we had been rescued by the DCI; and then onto my therapy treatment and analysis at the Psychiatric hospital and how they had agreed to basically lie to get me back to work.

She asked what I meant and I explained "Well, as you know I had to go there for a week before the police operation so that they could build up a model of my mental picture, so that they had something to work to with their therapy treatment; well they couldn't achieve it. They had to sign off on me to say I was fit to return, that I wasn't a basket case waiting to happen but there was one element they couldn't crack. But the chances of that one element coming back to haunt me were so slim they finally agreed just to sign off on me providing it remained a secret. However, they said I must confide in just one person I could trust so that if their fears become a reality somebody would spot it and intervene and rescue me. That is the only reason I am telling you this now."

Again, she bit, she asked me "But Jan, I don't understand, what couldn't they fix with you, what is the problem; I was told by the DCI you had a full bill of health?"

"Believe it or not, and I don't blame you either way because I have struggled to believe this; but I am still hypnotized. That bastard Niscom had a Psychiatric hypnotist attend the safe house two or three times a week, one or two hours at a time and talk with me. He was meant to be helping me cope with what I was going through. Obviously, I was also under those drugs making me more perceptible to his skills but basically, he has hypnotized me to obey as a sex slave. He has imprinted a control system on my mind and code words to activate me. Apparently, he is known in their world at the hospital; he was a pioneer in the world of Psychiatric hypnotism but his methods were found too dangerous and he was moved out.

"They believe he has been successful with me and the hypnosis is ingrained deep within my mind. They tried to work out the code words to see if they could somehow counter or block their effect on me but couldn't; and now believe that even if they knew the code they wouldn't be able to do anything; but the likelihood of anybody else ever saying the precise phrase is so remote we can discount it."

She asked the perfect question without me really prompting me "Have they no idea what kind of code words he would have used?"

"Yes, they studied videos of his previous work at the hospital; the code comes in two parts, a 'trigger' to make you sit up and listen, block out all that is going on around and listen for the command which when spoken would make you responsive to the ingrained hypnosis. In all his cases, he only ever used two word 'triggers', the patients' first name and 'obey'; followed by the command which is always between two and five words and generally related to the reaction the hypnosis will cause. So, with me they know it was either 'Jan Obey, Jag Obey, or Pussy Obey; but they cannot work out the second, command part."

Really excited, and spilling her drink Sophie almost shouted out "I know it, I really think I know it; Niscom done it to you in front of me, in front of Heslop, He said "Pussy Obey, be my" and I slapped her "Stop!" People at the nearby tables stopped and stared. I whispered to her "If you are right, you will have me kneeling at your feet in here acting like your slave; please, do not say it, do not say it here, do not embarrass and humiliate me in here; try it when we get home but not here; please, I beg you." I knew she was smart enough to piece that together, that I was giving her the made up code on a plate from what Niscom had said.

"Oh Jan, I am so sorry, I didn't think; but I am sure I am right, we must tell the hospital; we must get you sorted."

"If only, but no, they have said they cannot do anything; at first it seemed very important to them to crack the code but the more they worked on it the more they thought about it they reached the conclusion it was irrelevant; they could not reverse it."

We had a couple more drinks and giggled about what she could do to me with this 'hypno-code' if it worked; I just said "Yeah, in your dreams, just you try." Hoping, of course, that she would.

We got back to my place and we ate and then lounged in front of the TV with our wine for an hour and then popped out to the local bars for more dinks. However, we were still back before midnight and she dared me to try my nighties on, the baby-doll tonight as it was late, she wanted to save the 'special' one for tomorrow when we could be home maybe a little sooner and I would have to wear it longer.

I went to my bedroom and tried it on and looked in the mirror, yes, I like it; as Adonis had said, I would eat myself if I could! I took it off and put my dressing gown on and returned to Sophie with two glasses of red wine; the look of disappointment on her face as I walked in was priceless; I knew for sure then that she wanted me.

"Jan, the bet, lose the gown and let me see." She said.

"Sophie, I've tried it on as you asked, and you were right, it looks great on me thank you."

"No, that wasn't the bet, the dare, I have to see you in it or you pay for it, the bet is off."

"Yeah that's fine, I didn't want you to pay anyway; I feel I should buy you something the way you have been so nice to me throughout this whole ordeal. Anyway, that thing is so sexy, so revealing, makes me look and feel so incredibly feminine there is absolutely no way you are ever seeing me in it."

"You bet, I could order you, as my slave."

"Yeah, really? Not only do we not know you have the right hypno-code but you wouldn't anyway; between the two of us I am the stronger character here, the dominant; you are the more naturally submissive and so even if it did work and you knew it would, you still wouldn't use it because you wouldn't want the responsibility of having me as a slave and not knowing what to do with me."

"Jan, you are asking for trouble, don't wind me up on this. Anyway, if I did use the code is that it for life or is there another code to get you out of the hypnosis?"

"No, apparently, it is lost through sleep. So, whether hypnotized first thing in the morning or last thing at night it is of no relevance; deep sleep allows the brain to release from the hypnoses."

"Good, in that case I will see you in your baby-doll; Pussy obey, be my slave."

Yes! I thought she would never get there! At last! I immediately fall to my knees and prostrate myself at her feet as though hypnotized into slave mode "Mistress, I am yours."

"Pussy, go and put your baby-doll nighty on then come back and dance for me."

Fortunately, she was quite drunk or I don't think she would have had it in her to give me this order.

"Yes Mistress."

I danced in front of her, all around the lounge in the most revealing excuse for nightwear possible; my ass on full display and my tit's bouncing away. Sophie was laughing and clapping throughout. "Pussy, enough, stop; massage my feet."

I knelt at her feet giving her a foot massage as she sipped her wine. "Pussy, what am I going to do with you?"

"Mistress? Whatever Mistress likes Mistress."

"What restraints do you have here Pussy, any rope, or chains, or cuffs or anything?"

"Mistress, I have three pairs of police issue cuffs, two rigid 'Kwik-Cuffs' and one chain-link prisoner transport cuffs; plus, our collars and cuffs that Niscom had on us that the DCI brought back the other day. I have a ball of strong string but no rope or chain."

"You have our collars back? With the keys? Bring me yours Pussy, and the hand-cuffs."

I retrieved my collar from my bedroom and took it back, with the key and handed both to her along with the hand-cuffs. She had me kneel whilst she fitted the collar to my throat. Even in my drunken state I felt a shiver down my spine as it was locked on. She was giggling out loud again. She went into the spare bedroom and returned with just a long PJ top on, obviously, her nighty. She turned the main lights off and dimmed the lamp before sitting down on the foot stool and laying back and ordering me "Pussy, cuff your hands behind your back, then kneel between my legs and make me come." I did; her pussy is just so beautiful, beats the hell out of a late-night Kebab!

After this, oh and she come, and gloriously; she bent over the dining table and having released my cuffs ordered me to cuff her and spank her. From there we really got down to business and finally, I woke up in the same bed as her; my bed.

She had her 'Adonis issue' cuffs on and was tied spread-eagle to the bedframe with the string and was naked; I was totally unrestrained but still had my Pussy collar on. I just laid there and looked at her naked body; she really is perfect, beautiful; and her shaven pussy, wow!

She came to and slowly it dawned on her that she was naked and tied to my bed. She obviously had been very drunk last night because she now looked extremely vulnerable and shocked at her predicament. I smiled at her and said "Morning Sophie, sleep well?"

"Jan, what did we do last night? Why am I tied up like this?"

"Well, I don't really remember how the night finished, but you worked out my hypno-code and made me your slave; made me spank you and lick you and stuff; locked this collar on me and we woke up like this; so, I have to assume you wanted tied up like this."

"Oh shit; some of that comes back, I must have been so drunk! But Jan, I am so sorry, I have taken advantage of you like I am a lesbian or something and made you do stuff Adonis made you do. Oh Fuck, what can I say but sorry, I was drunk? Er, can you release me now?"

"Don't worry about it, at least your personal hygiene isn't too bad! I will think about untying you as I have breakfast. You must have asked, sorry, ordered to be tied like this, enjoy!"

She must have been thinking about this as she watched my naked butt walk out the room, she pleaded "Jan, sorry, please untie me, I need to pee."

"Close your legs, if you can" I laughed.

"Jan, please!"

"Sorry."

"Pussy obey, be my slave."

I knelt at her side and prostrated myself, "Mistress, I am yours."

"Pussy, untie me."

I did and she found the keys and removed her cuffs and dressed; but she kept me naked and still had me make breakfast.

Over the course of the next three weeks this continued and developed; with her making me her slave on a whim. She had worked out that she could take me out on the town with her; she just had to order me not to let others know that I was a slave and to call her Sophie if anyone could hear.

We had our arguments, as anybody does in a relationship; and our discussions about lesbianism and our relationship in the workplace; with her promising never to reduce me to slave at work or in front of any colleagues; but she still wouldn't accept, and neither would I, that we were lesbian; we were just playing a game and taking advantage of my slave state until the right men came around.

To balance the books of the game Sophie even agreed to 'play hypnotized' if I said "Pleasure obey, be my slave" before she used my code; and I certainly took full advantage of this.

However, the truth of the situation hit me in the face during one particularly heavy argument when we were both quite drunk. She was laying it on quite heavy and I was giving some strong stuff back; it was getting nasty and I stupidly said "Instead of facing up to it why not do what you normally do, just use the hypno-code and order me to obey, that normally wins you the argument." (It does, at least six times she has told me to obey and I have immediately submitted to her and stopped the argument).

She hit me with the truth "Because you aren't fucking hypnotized, you never have been."

"What do you mean? You know what happened to me, you know you can make me your slave."

"No, you want to be my slave, you want a lesbian relationship with me but you are scared to admit that you are a full-on lesbian, you want to ask me out on a normal date, none of this hypnosis shit but you are too scared, as I am. You were never hypnotized; that person you described never existed. I know, I have seen the films, listened to the audio."

"I knew something wasn't right at the safe house, with Niscom; I told the DCI and he agreed, he already had his suspicions and we put surveillance gear in. One of the guys thought you saw him at the upstairs window whilst you were in the yard doing your sit-ups but he couldn't be sure so we carried on; we didn't have a choice. We can't use the surveillance tapes because the DCI went against the rules putting it in; he needed a Superintendents authority but didn't know who he could trust."

"It was this that saved us; they saw me being taken and could hear Trigger laughing about what they were going to make you do to me at the club; that's how they found us and rescued us. You were never hypnotized you just engineered it all to give me an excuse to use you, and I took it. The fucking shame is that I love you; I never thought I would ever fancy any woman but I truly do love you and there is nothing I can do about it. You didn't need all this hypno' shit, you just had to ask me out on a date and I would have been so happy. But I too was scared to step up and ask you so I played along. Enough, just enough of this shit."

She was right, every bit of it. I stood up, hugged her, kissed her, and holding her hand, took her to bed. No bondage this time, just loving sex and it was unbelievable. We both poured all of our pent-up feelings into that session; no holds barred all out lust, love and sex.

I woke up late with a smile on my face and my collar locked on. Sophie was shaking me awake and I was in heaven, smiling and holding out my arms to her; it was then she pointed out I had my collar on "Just because you are not hypnotized doesn't mean you are not my slave; now get your naked ass out of bed and make me a real breakfast; if you impress me I will let you wear something, maybe some cuffs."

As our weeks of enforced recovery leave continued our relationship blossomed; and our arguments were a thing of the past. As part of our preparation for return to work the DCI tasked us with clearing out the safe house; he couldn't have a police house full of bondage gear. He told us to take the lot down to the scrap yard. I said we could sell it and put the money into the police fund or a charity and he forbid this; saying no police force could be caught selling or trading bondage gear; we would be a laughing stock.

That meant that Sophie and I benefited with quite a bit of gear, well, shame to waste it. As well as a load of butt-plugs, dildo's, strap-ons, straps, cuffs and harnesses and other things; we got my favorites, the two yokes and the Sybian's, yes plural, there were two of them and this gave me an idea.

Sophie returned from the shops to find me sitting naked in the lounge. The two Sybians were sitting in the center facing each other just twelve inches apart. The yokes were on the floor by them with some straps and locks. I had a cord dangling from the ceiling light with the yoke release tool tied to it three foot from the floor. The two Sybians were plugged into a multi-socket plugged into a timer socket. I hadn't bothered setting the time; but just set it so that once the socket was switched on there would be a ten-minute delay before it operated.

Once Sophie had finished laughing at the sight and made a few comments about me getting carried away with this stuff I explained what we were going to do; we were going to find which of us was the dominant and which the submissive for the whole of the next week. Sophie was well up for it and stripped.

Having switched on the timer-socket we frog-tied ourselves, mounted the Sybians and fastened our thigh straps to the Sybians. We then locked ourselves in the yokes, leaning forward and helping each other close the cuffs. The release tool hung between and just above our heads; either of us could reach it but only to release the other and not ourselves.

Obviously, whoever was released first would be able to do whatever she wished with the other; and by that time she would already be in quite a state or she wouldn't have released the other in the first place. We agreed that promises made whilst on the Sybian would count for nothing; So, if I said say "Release me first and I promise I will immediately switch it off and release you" then once released I could just ignore this promise and continue to play with her.

The Sybians kicked into life; I had set them just above the medium setting to give us a longer, slightly slower build up and more time to deliberate.

We were stuck, I was totally reliant on her to release me, and she me. I was determined after all I had been through that I was not weakened, that I had my full strength of character back and there was no way this little young girl was

getting the better of me. Unfortunately, Sophie equally wanted to prove to herself and to me that she had the strongest will.

We just smiled and laughed at each other through the first of the orgasms; then the banter came; then the negotiations. Sophie asked how long they would run, I had set it for four hours; she cried out at this and called me a "Fucking stupid Twat; you got us into this now fucking get us out of it, release me, now!"

Of course, I just grinned and told her I was just starting to enjoy myself, not to release me any time soon; I was lying of course; my poor pussy was on melt-down!

We were both in what was now a painful ecstasy and still neither prepared to give in; or both scared to give in. The sweat was pouring off us; Sophie's eyeballs kept rolling back and her body was rocking. There was no escape; my pussy almost glued to the dildo-pad.

What have I done? What the fuck was I thinking about putting us in this stupid position? I am not giving in; Sophie will have to release me; she just has to! Oh fuck; I cannot even imagine how this is going to end.