

Taken

Chapter 1 - It Must Have Been the Wine...

It was my first year as a college student. Everything was new - the roommate situation, being entirely on my own, and the classes were so much more intense than high school ever was. Everything was different. None of my friends were there, so I had to make new ones. Being a bit on the shy side, I didn't make them easily, and as such, I was mostly on my own. Back home, in high school, that would have been enough to set me apart, but here - it just made me one of a million other "numbers" that wandered from class to class.

Freshman year was that year where you had to take all kinds of classes that had nothing to do with what you were going to college for - all those "required" courses like, English composition, calculus, physics, and those "cultural" classes - introductory psychology and music appreciation. This particular set of classes had no real bearing on my chosen career path in computer science, least of all psychology and music, but oddly, those were the two classes that held me most interested.

Music appreciation though, was the one that I looked forward to the most. It met only twice a week, but I threw myself into the class with gusto. I really DID like music - and not like most guys who thought a discussion about music involved a comparison between Aerosmith and Van-Halen. For me, comparing Aerosmith to Beethoven was actually a more interesting conversation.

My interest wasn't lost on my professor either, and to be honest, I was probably even more attentive because she wasn't your average music professor... No... Professor McLoughlin was tall, stunning, redhead in her mid thirties. She was broad shouldered, and projected an air of confidence. She wasn't at all what you'd expect in a musician - no horn rimmed glasses or frumpy skirts. She dressed as if she were headed to a corner office somewhere. Tailored suits, sometimes with slacks and sometimes skirts, with high boots.

I'd take an active roll in all the class discussions - which to be honest, were never really very energetic. Most of the people there were only trying to cover

their required credits and found the entire thing dull and tedious. They did enough to get by, but that was it. Back in high school, they'd have made fun of me for being the "teacher's pet", but here, they were quite happy to let me answer all the questions and take all the limelight because it drew attention away from them which was, as far as they were concerned, a good thing.

At the end of the semester, just after exam time and our last class, Professor Ella McLaughlin caught me as class was ending and asked if I would stay. She complimented me on my performance in her class, and told me that she was hosting a get-together for her best students, and hoped that I would join them. She gave me a nicely printed invitation that had all the particulars. I told her that I'd be there, and thanked her very much for the honor of the invitation.

When I got back to my dorm room, I studied the card. Her address was a good distance from campus. I'd have to take the bus, and change twice. Luckily, her home was in the city, so there was a stop just two blocks away. Still - it would take the better part of two hours to get there. But it was worth it. Now that classes were over, it would be a nice way to start the two week spring vacation, and maybe meet some people as well. So when it came time, I put on a dress shirt, hopped the bus, and made my way there.

Her home wasn't at all what I'd imagined either. I'd known she lived in one of the nicer parts of town, but large brownstone town-home was one of the largest on the block. A massive stone stairway led to huge mahogany double-doors. I rang the bell and I could hear it echo through the building. After a minute, the door opened, and Ella McLaughlin opened the door.

"Ryan!", she spoke my name almost with a hint of surprise in her voice, then pulled the door all the way open to let me inside. "Please," she told me, "do come in."

The front hallway was enormous, with high ceilings and lots of vintage wood panels and a tin ceiling. I immediately wondered how she could afford such a place on a university salary, but it was something I'd never ask her about. She led me down the hall to a living room, and gestured me to the couch. I looked around, but it appeared I was the only person there. I glanced at my watch, but I wasn't at all early. I began to wonder if I'd come on the wrong date.

She followed me in as I sat in the corner of the couch, and she took the chair

next to it. "I'm so sorry," she started, "I had to move the date for the mixer up by a day - it was yesterday. I gave the message to your roommate, and he told me he'd let you know. I was disappointed that you hadn't come, but know I realize you must have never gotten the message."

I nodded.. I told her that it wasn't uncommon for messages to vanish, and apologized for surprising her with my unexpected visit. But she insisted it was no trouble, and told me to wait, which I did. She stepped away for a minute, and came back holding two glasses of a deep red wine. "Stay a while," she said, handing me one. "The least I can do is offer you a drink, and we can talk for a while. It must have taken you quite a while to get all the way out here, and it seems wrong just to send you back."

I took the glass of wine, and looked at it, hesitating. She sipped hers, and noticed my pause. "Is there something wrong? You don't like wine?"

I shook my head. "Actually," I told her, "I've never had it before.. I'm under twenty-one, so..." I let it trail off. She chuckled and took another sip, then smiled. "That's such a crock!" she said, the casual tone different from what I was used to hearing in class. "You're eighteen - they can draft you into the army and get you killed, and won't let you have a drink - that's ridiculous. As far as I'm concerned, you're in my home, it's my rules - enjoy it." She indicated my glass as she took another sip herself.

I sipped mine, and found it not at all what I'd expected. It was a little on the sweet side, and I found I liked it. As we drank, we talked about what I liked and didn't like about college, where I got my interest in music, and other academic topics. When our glasses were empty, she stood up and brought the bottle in, then refilled both glasses. But instead of sitting down in the same chair, she chose the spot on the sofa next to me. Maybe it was the wine, or maybe I just didn't connect the dots, but as we started talking again, I noticed that her hand was on my thigh. I didn't know how long exactly, it had been there, but when I noticed it, I became immediately nervous.

She sensed it, and smiled softly. "What's the matter, you don't find me attractive?"

I stammered... "No... it's not that at all... I mean... you're beautiful and..."

She grinned broadly as I stumbled about for the words. "You've never been in bed with an older woman?" she asked playfully, "or..." a pause, "or are you still a virgin?" Those last words came with a curious cock of her eyebrow.

"I... I should go..." I told her, as I started to get up - but she put a hand on my shoulder - it was firm but not aggressive. Maybe without the two glasses of wine, I'd have simply ducked under it, but by bottom found its way back onto the couch.

"Stay..." she told me. "You're smart, handsome, strong... all those things I like in a man. And you can't tell me that you're not interested - I could see the way you had your eyes on me during class," she paused and moved her head a little closer to mine, "and I can practically hear your heart beat from here."

The hand on my shoulder moved to the back of my neck and massaged it gently. "Trust me," she said, her voice soft and inviting. "You'll have the time of your life, and no strings attached - classes are over, and grades are in - you'll never have me as a professor again either, so there's nothing to hold you back."

I opened my mouth to say something, and nothing came out. This wasn't something I was used to. Girls never payed much attention to me, much less, hit on me so directly, or aggressively. This woman was old enough to be my mother, and she was more intimidating too - she was taller than me, broader than me and, quite possibly, stronger too. I'd heard all kinds of stories about "cougars" and how sex with an older woman was supposed to be something amazing.

Maybe it was the wine - I was using that excuse with myself a lot at this point - but I swallowed, looked at her, and nodded. She smiled back softly, and stood, taking my hand. She led me to her bedroom. It was huge and luxurious. A giant four-poster bed sat in the center, and the room was steeped in a Victorian elegance. Feminine, but not overly done - deep shades of red, black and a hint of orange accompanied by exotic woods and a large fireplace. She closed the door than lead me to the bed, where I sat down.

By this time, I was traveling sort of on auto-pilot. I moved where she lead, and let her guide me where she wanted. She leaned in and kissed me, softly, on the lips - I could feel her breathing, and the tip of her tongue brushed over my

bottom lip, giving me a chill. She smiled, and stood. "I'm going to put on something more... appropriate," she said softly, then ran her fingers over my shirt. "Why don't you take that off and make yourself more... available.." she said with a smirk, trailing a finger down to tug at the waistband of my pants. Then, she smiled again - that infectious, playful, yet dangerous grin she'd been using on me to such affect so far, turned, and crossed to the bathroom, closing the door behind her.

My heart was pounding - that was for certain. My fingers fumbled with the buttons on my shirt, and it took me a good minute to unbutton the thing. I took it off, and felt the cool air on my chest. What was I doing? I was about to take my clothes off and get into bed with a woman twice my age. And although I'd never answered her question, it was going to be my first time having sex. I took deep breaths, and told myself to calm down. Part of me was expecting a crowd of students to jump out from behind closed doors and laugh, but that didn't happen. I draped my shirt over a nearby chair, and took off my shoes and socks. Another deep breath, and I unbuttoned my pants, and took those off too, laying them over the shirt. I sat back down on the bed in just my boxers, nervous, and excited at the same time.

When the door opened, and she came back in, my mouth dropped open. From her smile, I could tell that she'd noticed my expression right away. I'd expected a negligee of some sort, but that's not what she came out in. Her red hair hung down over a leather corset that pushed her breasts up seductively. It had metal studs on it that gleamed in the light that came through the gaps in the curtains. Her panties too, were leather, and she wore no stockings or shoes.

I sat there, shocked and enthralled. I'd always found her impressive, but dressed like this, it accentuated her size. She was tall, elegant, and long legged. The confidence she showed in class she presented here, twofold. She was smiling as she walked up to the side of the bed standing over me. She reached down and took my head in two hands, running her fingers through my hair. "Do you like what you see?" she asked, her voice soft, and breathy.

I just nodded, as her hand went straight to my crotch. Her fingers brushed my cock under the boxers. I was hard already, but her hand brought me to full attention. I saw her grin. "I can see that you do." she continued. Then she pushed me down on the bed, pulling me towards the center. With me on my

back, she knelt over me. Her hands brushed over my chest, her nails flicked over my nipples and I let out a gasp. She just smiled, and leaned down, her breasts inches from my face. I took a deep breath and smelled her faint perfume mixed with the leather. It was intoxicating.

Then she spoke again, as her hands trailed over my shoulders and down my arms, her hands grasping my wrists. "Are you going to be a good boy for me?" she asked, her voice low and seductive. I didn't know exactly how to answer that - none of this is what I'd imagined my first time would be like. There was always that image of a girl in a prom dress and moonlight... yet here I was, laying on my back with a woman who obviously liked being in control. I just nodded, and when I did, she pulled my arms up from my sides and up over my head, still holding my wrists firmly. She bent at the waist to bring her face closer to mine and we kissed again - longer this time - and her tongue drove into my mouth with an aggression that almost overpowering. She asked me again, then, "Are you going to be a good boy? I want to hear you answer me Ryan."

I managed to stammer out a "yes", of sorts, and she smiled. "I want you to call me 'Ma'am', " she whispered, "Say, 'Yes Ma'am.' "

Ok... so things were getting a little weird. But at this point, with nothing on but boxers and a stunning red-head in heat kneeling on top of me, and holding my hands above my head, there really wasn't much arguing I was going to do. My cock was rock hard and at this point, I would have done just about anything for what she was about to give me in return, so I nodded, and whispered, "Yes Ma'am."

Her grin went from ear to ear, and one hand let go of my wrists. She reached to the spot between the top of the mattress and the headboard, and pulled something out. "Good boy," she told me, and began to wrap it around my wrist. It was a leather cuff that had a buckle, and D-rings at three points. I felt myself begin to shake a bit and pull away, but she closed her legs tightly at my side, and held firmly. Then she spoke softly, comfortingly, "Shhhhh Ryan... it's Ok. Just relax, and let things happen. As she held my cuffed wrist with one hand, she released the other and reached down to my cock with her free hand - slipping it under the waistband and taking hold of it. "You're so hard," she told me, we don't want to waste this, do we?" Then she let go, and her hands were back at my wrists. Before I knew what happened, the other cuff was

buckled on.

It was then that things began to blur. I didn't argue, didn't protest. I just let her do what she wanted. She put another set of cuffs on my ankles, and within a few minutes, I was spread eagle on the bed - the cuffs attached to chains that had also been discretely tucked between headboard, foot-board, and the mattress. She knelt over me again, and ground her hips over my cock. I let out another gasp and she rewarded me with another smile. "Close your eyes," she told me, and I complied. When I felt the blindfold go on, I knew there was no turning back. I felt helpless, frightened, and excited all at the same time. I felt her hands move all over me, and I heard a tearing sound as my boxers came off and I felt her lips brushed over my cock. I let out a gasp and a moan. She stopped, and I could feel her breath on my cock as she spoke, "Do you like that Ryan? Would you like me to suck your cock?"

Between deep breaths, and nodded and answered..."Yes..." Then felt her fingernails dig into the head of my cock - it hurt and I gasped, surprised.

"Yes WHAT?" she asked, that "teacher tone" finding its way into her voice. I realized right away what she wanted, and I gave it to her as quick as I could.

"Yes Ma'am."

"That's my good boy," she responded, and her fingernails came away as she rubbed my cock again. What little erection I'd lost from the jab of her nails, I quickly got back when her lips wrapped around it and she dove down, rewarded by loud moan, and my arms and legs pulled at the cuffs. I wanted to touch her - to do something, but all I could do was just lay there and let her call all the shots.

She stopped then, and spoke to me - Her warm breath on my now wet cock making it feel cool. "I promised you the time of your life, and you're so close..." she whispered. "You just have to do one more thing for me..."

I nodded, not knowing what she meant, and not caring. I was so overwhelmed by everything it was impossible to focus anymore. I felt her tongue lick my cock from the head up to my belly and over my chest until she was kneeling at my waist again. "Open your mouth for me Ryan," she whispered. I did, and I was expecting her to kiss me, but that wasn't what happened. She put

something in my mouth. It was hard, round, and tasted a bit bitter and stale. She pushed it all the way in, and I felt and smelled leather on my lips. She was gagging me. I whimpered and began to pull at the cuffs again, but her hands caressed my hair and she whispered again, "Don't fight it boy, " she told me, "just relax... let things happen..."

I coughed a bit, trying to get used to the thing in my mouth, and after a minute, calmed down and, breathed through my nose. "That's good." I heard her say, and felt her buckle the gag tightly behind my head. I moaned again as I felt her hand wrap once more around my cock, and her lips take me in. She went up and down a few times and I struggled to control myself. Again, she stopped, and I felt her move up my body again, and perch at my waist. She fiddled with something, and then her hand was on my cock again. She held it firmly, and then surrounded it with heat.

It took a moment before I realized exactly what was happening. I'd imagined what it would feel like to have my cock in a woman's pussy, but I wasn't ready for how warm it really was. Warm... and soft as velvet. She moved slowly until I was fully inside her. I could feel her squeezing down on my member, as if feeling the shape of it with her insides. Then she began to ride me.

I don't know how long it lasted, but it seemed like an eternity, and a second all at once. My outstretched limbs pulled wildly at the cuffs and chains all at once and I moaned loudly through the gag as I exploded. She felt it immediately, and I could feel her squeeze hard against me, grinding down and milking my cock for everything she could. I shuddered, and she moved up and down a few more times until I was too flaccid to stay inside her, and she climbed off.

I felt her move up then, fingernails trailing over my still sensitive cock, then up over my chest, circling my nipples. Then she brushed my hair again. "There, Ryan," she whispered, "did you like that?"

All I could do was nod my head and struggle to get enough air through my nose. "Good boy," she whispered again. "Now, there's just one more thing... don't be afraid, this won't hurt a bit..."

Those words worried me immediately. That was something a doctor would say to you just before he did something ridiculously painful. I started to panic and she responded only by holding my head to the side. I felt something cold

on my forearm, followed by a sharp pinprick. I cried out through the gag but all that made its way out was a garbled, gurgling sound. I felt myself getting weak... fuzzy... I could hear her whisper, "Shhhhh.... it's all right Ryan... don't worry... everything's going to be all right..."

Whatever she'd given me seemed to suck the energy right out of me. I tried to stay awake, but her hand was gently stroking my chest, and her fingertips were in my hair. I felt her kiss my forehead, and then sleep came.

Chapter 2 - Waking Up

I don't know for how long, really, I was out - but based on how I felt when I woke up, it was probably a pretty long time... I say that, because I had that same splitting headache you get when you've slept entirely too long. Usually, that "too long" a sleep comes with a complete lack of movement, and the result isn't at all comfortable.

Everything ached... not the least of which was my head. I would have laid there longer if it wasn't for the almost immediate sense of panic I got when I realized I didn't recognize my surroundings. My heart rate tripled, and the room spun. After a few moments, I started to calm down and realized that I must be somewhere in Professor McLaughlin's house - though somewhere I hadn't seen before.

As I turned my head to get a better look, I was immediately aware that something was going on... things didn't feel right. I closed my eyes for a few moments, and took some long deep breaths. It was a little hard because I had to breath through my nose, and my left nostril was a bit plugged. That triggered off an instant self-searching moment, and I remembered the gag - it was still in my mouth. That explained why my jaw was among the many aches.

I calmed myself down. Panic wasn't something that was going to help me right now - not in the least. I needed to take stock. One thing at a time. First thing on the list was my surroundings. I was laying on my side, and under me was smooth wooden planks. Not like a wood floor, but more like high quality decking. The same thing was on the walls - well - two of them. I blinked. No... all four walls were wood planks, but along two sides, there was something between me and the walls. Metal chain link fence went from floor to ceiling - A

ceiling made also, of the same wood. Light came from a single, dim, yellow colored bulb that gave an eerie look to everything. Beyond the fence I could make out the form of a door cut into the wooden wall, and a small glass window.

For a moment, I could have sworn I was in a sauna.

There was a door built into the fencing that made up my corner of the room, but it wasn't across from the other door. The room was designed such that someone could come in, and walk around the fencing on two sides. Inside the fence, there was plenty of room for me to lay end to end without touching either the wall, or the fence.

Ok... so now I knew where I was - well, not where exactly, but at least, but what I was in - clearly a cage, and clearly meant for locking someone up. That was abundantly clear because the gate had a heavy combination padlock holding it closed.

The next thing I needed to do, was to stand up. I needed to move the muscles that were aching, and get some of the kinks out. That proved somewhat harder than I'd anticipated, and triggered some rather odd sensations at the same time. My attempt to sit up resulted in an almost immediate drop back down. Clearly, I needed to extend my examination of my surroundings to include myself. I'd already come to the conclusion that I was still wearing the gag that the Professor had put on me. But there was a lot more going on than that. "Start from the top", I told myself, and focused. As the minutes had passed, it was becoming easier to do just that. The fog from the long (?) sleep was passing.

As I moved my head about, I could sense, though not feel, the collar that had been put around my neck. There was a heavy chain attached to it, and it lead upwards to a ring in a metal plate that was attached to the wall. Looking down, I could see that I was still naked - mostly. My arms were behind my back, held tightly by something that was wrapped completely around them. As I moved, I could feel, and hear, the leather creak. The sheath went from above my elbows all the way down to my wrists, leaving my fingertips free - though my wrists were held tightly together with both my palms facing in.

My fingers could feel the leather strap that went from my wrists between my

legs - and that's where things got a little odd (if in fact, things could have been considered more odd). Pulling on that strap moved something that had been pushed up into my ass. In fact, it was hard to move at all without that strap tugging on it somehow. It sent a shiver up through my entire body in a way I'd never felt before. It wasn't unpleasant - it took my breath away for a moment, and I felt my cock start to harden in response. That triggered the next unexpected sensation, which wasn't nearly as pleasant - in fact - it hurt.

The strap between my legs also went up to my penis, and was attached to something I couldn't really identify. There was a thin leather strap that went up under my balls. Three metal rings connected to each other by three other leather straps, made concentric circles up the length of my shaft, culminating in a "basket" of some kind that completely enclosed the head of my cock. The whole affair was connected by another strap that ran to a belt, tight about my waist. The pain was coming from the fact that those rings, and the basket, were not nearly big enough for my rapidly expanding erection.

Now... I'd think that if something were to hurt my penis, it would put a damper on my erection - but that's not at all what happened. In fact, the more I was aware of it, the harder it got. I could see the shaft pushing out from the spaces between the rings like play-doh trying to come out of a press. My cock head bulged against the stiff wires holding it, and the whole thing ached. I tried to move myself to release some of the pressure, but that made whatever it was in my ass move, and another shiver went through me.

I stopped focusing on it for a moment, and finished taking stock. My feet and legs were free, but there were leather cuffs around my ankles, locked on with small padlocks. They weren't the same cuffs that Professor McLaughlin had used when we were in her bed though - these were a bit wider, and had several rings for attaching things. They weren't attached to anything right now, but it was clear that they were intended for future use... and that thought made me nervous.

I closed my eyes and tried to think of something else - anything else - in an attempt to bring down my aching hard-on. For a moment, it worked... but the very realization that it was working only drew my attention back to my cock, and that cause me to harden up again. I groaned in frustration through the gag, and it sounded extremely loud. I realized that it was the first sound I'd made since waking up.

I really don't know how long it all went on - that vicious cycle of shivers, full body twitches, and my alternately aching cock and wandering mind. But eventually, it was interrupted by the sound of someone unlatching the door. I suppose it could have been anyone, but seeing Professor McLaughlin framed in the entrance to my "sauna cage" gave me a sudden excitement.

The last time I'd seen her, she'd been wearing a leather corset that accentuated her beautiful breasts. This time, she wore a suit of tight fitting leather. Every curve of her body was clearly defined, and my heart pounded. I had no idea what was next, but I was both terrified, and incredibly turned-on at the same time. Seeing her there, like that, her body so clearly defined, made my cock surge against the rings, and I moaned through the gag again despite myself. It resulted in a sly grin on her face, and she stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. She looked at me through the fence, and I looked up at her, my eyes pleading for relief.

Instead of coming inside the cage, she just stood there and watched me for a minute, maybe longer, maybe shorter - but it felt like an eternity before she finally spoke. "You look positively delightful like that."

It wasn't exactly what I expected to hear, but then, what would have been? At least it was something kind. Thinking about it at a distance, it could just as well have been something twisted from the lips of a female serial killer. But her voice was... honest. There was nothing malicious in it. I watched as her eyes moved over me, and down to my cock. I felt it twitch, and watched her grin grow wider. "And you're responding exactly as I'd hoped..."

I watched her as she watched me for a moment longer, and then she held up a small bottle of water. "I gave you a pretty good dose of Luminal, so I'm sure you're thirsty. If I come in and take that gag off, I expect you to stay quiet. If you behave, then maybe I'll answer some of the hundreds of questions that must be running through your head right now. Do we have an understanding?"

She was right... I was VERY thirsty, and I nodded quickly. The gag was making my jaw ache, and the truth was, I really had no intention of yelling or making noise - I mean - what would be the point? I was completely helpless with all the restraints she'd put on while I was unconscious, and I was certain that

kind of behavior wasn't going to open padlocks. She smiled, and moved to the cage door. I tried to watch her open the lock, but it was positioned so that I couldn't see what she was doing. But then, she was way too smart to let me see the combination. She swung the door open and stepped inside.

My eyes never left her as she knelt down. Her hand went immediately to my head, and her fingertips stroked my hair, like a soft gentle petting. I looked up and saw her eyes, clearly. I don't know if I realized it right then, but looking back on it, I know that was the moment that won me over - that was the moment where I became hers. Her hand wandered from my head to my chest, trickling over my nipples and I shook a little. She never stopped smiling.

Eventually, her hands went to the back of my head, and the gag finally came off. I flexed my jaw for a moment, and then her arms were behind me, lifting me, helping me sit up with my back to the wall. I shuddered several times as she repositioned me - the thing in my ass moving about and triggering waves of intense sensations that washed over me - each time making my cock throb, then push painfully against the rings holding it. Finally, the water bottle was at my lips, and I drank deeply from it while she held my head with one hand, and the bottle with the other.

When she decided I'd had enough, she capped the bottle and put it down. Again, she repositioned me - this time, with her sitting cross-legged on the floor, and me back on my side with my head in her lap. I was grateful that she didn't put the gag back in. Her hands wandered over me, my chest, nipples, and through my hair. When she spoke again, her voice was soft - warm.

"Are you afraid, Ryan?", she asked simply.

I wasn't sure if I should talk or not, so I just nodded my head.

Her fingertips went to my left nipple, and she squeezed the tip. It was firm, and it hurt a bit, but not too much - enough to get my attention - and I inhaled quickly. "If I ask you a question, and you're not gagged, I want to hear an answer," she told me - her voice still soft, but stern. "You say 'Yes Ma'am', or 'No Ma'am',".

I took a deep breath, and answered truthfully. It came out with a bit of a stutter. "Yes Ma'am."

She nodded, and spoke soothingly. "Yes... I know you are. How could you not?" One hand continued to stroke my side while the other went back into my hair. "But it'll be all right," she told me. "You'll see.". She paused a few moments, her petting beginning to both relax and intoxicate me, then continued. "I know you haven't dated much, " she said. "I asked around. Didn't you ever wish it wasn't YOU who had to make all the advances? Call all the shots? Have you ever wished you could be on the other side of things?"

I wasn't sure exactly what she meant, so I answered with a question, "Do you mean, Ma'am, do I wish I was a woman?"

She chuckled in response. "No Ryan... this isn't about gender identity - it's about gender roles. Typically, it's the man who has to take the first step and ask a woman on a date. Typically, it's the man who has to pay the check, make all the plans. The woman gets to have fun, and all she has to do is keep herself pretty, and her boyfriend smiling. Of course, that's being overly basic, but I think you know what I mean. So have you ever wished you weren't forced into the traditional role for a man?"

I swallowed. The truth was, that there was a lot of pressure being a guy, and fear of rejection was something that was always in the forefront whenever I DID manage to have enough guts to ask a girl out. I nodded then, "Yes Ma'am, I guess I have."

She nodded back. "I know. I have a sense of these things. It's why I decided to teach Music. Men who truly love the classics tend to embrace their more feminine side. It's not that I'm looking for sissy boys, or wimps," she continued, "I'm just looking for men that are comfortable taking second chair to me, rather than the other way 'round. Men who understand that making me happy means doing as they're told, not telling me what to do." She paused again, for effect, and then, "Men who understand that their role is to please me, and that means they endure whatever I decide to put them through with the simple understanding that their acceptance of any pain and suffering I might inflict is what pleases me."

Her fingernail went into my left nipple again. It was a firm jab at the tip, and I let out an involuntary gasp before getting control of myself. "Do you want to please me, Ryan?" she asked then. "If you knew that, right now, I would prefer

you be gagged, would you open your mouth willingly and accept it?"

I swallowed again, closed my eyes, and found myself operating as if on remote control. I nodded my head, and whispered the answer. "Yes Ma'am... ", and then I opened my mouth for her.

The fingertip at my nipple moved to my lips, tracing them. "That's a good boy, Ryan," she told me. "You're going to make a good slave." And then, a moment later, before the last word had truly sunk in, the gag was back in my mouth, and quickly locked in place.

"I'm going to go upstairs and fix something to eat. When I'm finished," she told me, "I'll come back down, and bring you some food. While you eat, I'll tell you a little more about what's going to happen to you."

She put my head gently back down on the wooden plank floor, and stood. As I watched, she stepped out of the cage area, and locked the gate shut. Then she walked to the outer door, looked down at me once more, then stepped out, closing it behind her. I heard the "click" as it locked shut, and I was alone again.

My mind flipped in a million different directions... what had I gotten myself into when I opened my mouth for her? It was an acceptance of terms, I knew that. I sort of understood what it meant. I was on the other side of things for the first time, and I liked it. No matter how much my arms and shoulders were aching, I realized that I wanted to be in the presence of Professor McLaughlin, but there was a price I was going to have to pay for it...

Chapter 3 - Another Step Deeper

Time is a really difficult thing to judge when have no clock, no window, and no frame of reference to judge it from. I had no idea how long I'd been unconscious before waking up in this - prison/cage/sauna room. I also had no idea how long it was from when Professor McLaughlin had left, until she returned again. It felt like a long time, but there was a lot to think about as I lay there on the floor.

My penis ached, and that sensation was more than strong enough to distract

me from the pain in my shoulders jaw. I wondered if I'd ever get free again. The Professor had used the word "slave"... that word alone was the exact antithesis of freedom. But people were going to start to wonder about me if I didn't find my way home after a few days. My roommate would wonder why I wasn't back after break, and my parents would surely start asking questions. Eventually, they'd find their way here - and then what?

That was only one of a million questions that worked their way through my brain. I wondered what was going to happen to me - she had used those words when she left. Clearly, there was a plan, but how much of it she was going to share with me - that was still unknown. I wasn't completely naive though - I knew about fetishes, the concepts of bondage and sadomasochism. I'd never experienced any of it, nor had I spent much time thinking about whether I wanted to. I also had absolutely no idea what Professor McLaughlin's "tastes" actually were. For all I knew, I'd spend the rest of my life being tortured with who-knew-what kinds of power tools in the "hostel-like" torture chamber that lay beyond the door.

No... no that wasn't her. Although - at this point - did I really know who SHE was? Obviously there was more to her than a music teacher. What was it she'd said that rang odd? She said that she decided to teach music "because" she was looking for a man. And she was teaching college freshmen, no less. It seemed like a lot of effort to go through in order to find one guy she wanted to take home. It didn't make a lot of sense. I remembered other conversations - I knew she'd been teaching at the college for more than a year. Was I the first guy she brought home? What had happened to the others? If I was the first, then what was it that set me apart from so many others? If I wasn't the first, was this a game that would last over the break, and then we'd go in opposite directions?

The more I thought about things, the stranger they seemed. The cage I was in was certainly not something that was thrown together in a weekend. It was very clear that a lot of thought and expense had gone into its construction. The wood I was laying on was perfectly smooth and carefully finished - there wasn't a splinter to be found. The fencing too, was installed with care. It made me wonder what, exactly, was beyond that door. When the thought came to me, I immediately began to wonder if I really wanted the answer to that question. When the Professor had come and gone, all I'd seen beyond the door

was darkness. Surely there was a light, but maybe she'd left it turned-off so that I couldn't see what was there... so what was she hiding?

As if my wandering thoughts weren't enough, every time they came to her, I was aware of my cock. Every time I became aware of my cock, it got harder. Every time it got harder, it pushed against the rings and ached. What was it about the situation I was in right now that made it impossible for me to even remotely control my erections? I groaned and shifted about. That only served to remind me of what was pushed inside my ass, and when it shifted it sent waves of sensations that only made me shift more. The whole thing was beginning to border on torture - especially since I had no idea how long she was going to let this go on. When the sound of the outer door unlatching finally dragged me from my cycle of thoughts, aches, and confusion, I was almost exhausted from it. She was framed in the doorway, in that leather outfit, and as nervous as I was it was still so sexy that my erection surged again. An uninvited moan escaped through the gag.

This time, she was carrying a heavy paper bag. The aroma of food came from it, and my stomach growled. I was certainly hungry, and I hoped she was fulfilling her promise of a meal. She stepped in through the cage door, put the bag down, and knelt beside me. She stroked my forehead, and ran a fingertip over my earlobe. When she spoke, her voice was kind and soothing, just as it was before.

"I'm sure you're hungry Ryan," she told me, "and there is food for you in that bag. Do you promise to behave, and do exactly as you're told?"

My head nodded emphatically, and I was rewarded with her fingers at the back of my neck, and a moment later, the gag was unlocked and out. I took long deep breaths through my mouth, then whispered, "Thank you Ma'am."

She smiled. "Good boy. Now, turn around."

I struggled with it, and she watched. Eventually, I managed to roll over so that I was laying on my right side instead of my left. Her arms reached around and unbuckled the strap at my chest. A moment later, I felt her fingers working at my arms, and I felt the leather sheath holding them together begin to loosen. As the pressure began to subside, I found myself sighing with relief. Finally, she finished with my wrists, and my arms were free. With one strong arm, she

pushed me upright, and as I shook from the sensations coming from inside my ass again, she pulled my wrists together in front of me, and connected the cuffs I was wearing together using a snap hook. Although there was no lock, I learned with just a few movements that I'd never be able to get my fingers anywhere near the release.

"There now... Does that feel better?"

I nodded... "Yes Ma'am... thank you."

She nodded in return, and continued. "Good. First things first. On your hands and knees, Ryan, facing me." She stood then, and took a few steps back.

With my arms in front of me now, it was much easier to move - and my legs were still free, so I managed to move into the crawling position fairly quickly. It felt strange - the weight of the chain hanging from the collar at my neck was evident, and it went up out of sight behind me. The weight of the metal thing on my cock was also evident, and my penis hung down, and stuck straight out. I looked up and Professor McLaughlin nodded approvingly.

She opened the bag, and removed a bucket. She placed it on the floor directly in front of my face. I half expected that she was going to put food in there, but she didn't. Instead, she moved back again. "Before supper, and before I give you anything more to drink, you should probably pee."

I looked up, then down - my eyes told the entire story. What came from my mouth was just a stammer - "but... but..." Was she serious? How did she expect me to pee? I shook my head while she just stood there and watched.

After a moment, she spoke again, but somewhat sternly. "It will work best," she told me, "if you crawl forward and position yourself just over the bucket. Then open your knees so that your penis drops inside the bucket. Then you can pee, and you won't make a mess."

I was very hesitant as I moved forward. She wasn't turning away either, and I felt my face becoming bright red. She was right though, I did have to pee. Now that she was talking about it, and I was thinking about it, the urge just got stronger. I looked down at the floor and shook my head. "Please Ma'am," I asked her, "Not like this... not with you looking."

She bent down then, and took hold of the chain that was attached to my collar. She pulled on it so that I had no choice but to look at her, and she held it firmly. Her voice was authoritative and louder now, "Do as you're told Ryan. No questions. This will be your only opportunity until tomorrow, and if I come back then to find you laying in a puddle of piss on this expensive wood floor, you'll find yourself cleaning it up with your tongue, is that clear?"

I stared back at her a moment, and saw in her eyes that this was no joke. The thought of having to lick up my own pee was revolting, and given the alternative, I began to do as she wanted. My face was stinging with heat now, and I positioned my now somewhat flaccid cock above the bucket. Luckily, she had let go of the chain, and I was able to keep my eyes off of her as I willed myself to do what needed to be done. I felt like a dog as I knelt there and struggled with my own shame. A few moments later though, I was finally able to clear my head enough, and I was rewarded with the sound of my piss hitting the wall of the bucket.

She was right though, and the position I was in ensured that everything went into the bucket and there was no mess. She waited there, watching me as I struggled with the activity until, finally, I was finished. I just stared at the floor and whispered, "I'm finished, Ma'am."

She nodded. "Good. Now pick up the bucket and put it over by the door. I'll get it on my way out."

I nodded my understanding, and lifted myself upright. With two hands, I picked up the bucket by the handle. I thought about standing, but the area was small enough that I could just relocate the bucket with only a few shuffles on my knees, so I did that. I struggled again with the sensations of the thing shifting inside my rectum as I moved. With the bucket where she wanted it, I turned back to her, still flushed. On the floor in front of her were two bowls, one had a rich looking stew in it, and the other water. The aroma wafted out, and my stomach growled again. I moved towards the bowls, and she stepped out of the way. When I reached forward to pick up the bowl of stew, I was shocked by the stinging sensation of her open hand firmly smacking my bare behind.

"Palms flat on the floor," she told me. "Don't you dare touch those bowls with

your hands!"

I looked at the food, and the floor. I was hungry, and if I didn't eat now, I was sure she would take it away. I also didn't want to make her angry, because I still wasn't sure exactly where I stood, and what she had in mind. I'd already pissed like an animal - like a dog. Now, I had to eat like one. My face felt so hot, I was almost afraid it was burning. I crawled a bit closer and put my face down towards the bowl of stew. It was at that point, when I took the first bite, that I lost control and began to cry. I tried not to make any noise as I ate, but I was sure she noticed. This was all getting to be too much. Was this what she had planned for me? Was she going to treat me like a dog for... for how long?

It took a while for me to work through everything... she'd cut the meat and other bits into a size big enough for me to get with my teeth, so I managed to finish without making too much of a mess. Though my face probably looked pretty messed up between the gravy and my silent emotional outburst. She picked up the empty bowls and put them back in the bag. I didn't move... just stayed right where I was, looking at the floor and trying to get myself back into some sense of order.

I saw her feet then - she'd come back to stand directly in front of me. Her hand was on the chain then, and my head was lifted up. She was looking down at me, and her face was one of calm compassion. There was a towel in her hand, and she leaned down, and gently cleaned my face with it. As she did, she spoke softly - almost in a whisper. "That's a good boy Ryan," she said. "I know that was hard for you, but you did well."

When she finished cleaning my face, she put the towel in the bag too, then came back and sat cross-legged on the floor. Her arms guided me again, so that I was again on my side, with my head on her lap. It was much easier this time - without my arms pinned behind me. The problem I had though, was I didn't know where to go with my hands, and they were still locked together. When she noticed my dilemma, she took hold of them by the clip, and positioned my arms so that they were on her lap as well, with wrists resting across her ankles.

"Now," she told me as she stroked my hair, "as a reward, you can ask me three questions, and I'll answer them as best I can, ok?"

That put me on the spot - I had a million questions, and now I had to figure out what three were most important. That was nearly impossible. I took several deep breaths, and felt her continue to stroke my head. Apparently, she wasn't in any hurry, so I took the time to think before I spoke. The first thing that came to mind was to ask why she was doing this - but then, would the answer be of any use to me other than to satisfy curiosity? No... so as much as I wanted to know that, it wasn't of enough value to waste a question on. After a minute or so, I finally managed to get my first question out. "Ma'am... please... how long are you going to keep me here?"

She looked down at me and smiled. Her answer was brief, and completely useless. "How long?", she said. "As long as I like," she finished.

For a brief moment, part of me wanted to throw a tantrum in frustration, and I know my body shook, and she could feel it. But I got control of myself, and tried to think of another question that she couldn't answer like that.

"Ma'am... is this how it's going to be from now on? Are you going to treat me like a dog and that's it?"

She shook her head this time. "No Ryan, not always, but sometimes. You're my slave boy, not my pet. That means you do as you're told and you're treated as I want. If that means that I treat you like a dog sometimes, then that's how it will be. Other times," she continued as her hand drifted from my head to my chest, moving down over my belly to then gently stroke my cock as it immediately sprang to attention. I groaned and shook as the ache of being restricted returned. "Other times you'll find things quite different. Behave, and you'll be rewarded. Disobey, and you'll be punished. That's all you have to remember Ryan... that's all you have to do."

I was finding it very hard to concentrate now... her fingers on my cock were making it as hard as it had ever been, and I could see in her face that she was enjoying the torment it was causing.

"By now you must realize, Ryan, that I'm the kind of woman who takes what she wants. You belong to me now, and you don't have any choice in that. You're a slave," she paused a moment, "You're property... MY property... Mine to do with as I like, for whatever reason I might have, and for however long I wish."

Her fingers went under my balls then, and I gasped. A moment later, I shook as she pulled on the strap that was attached to the thing in my butt. She grinned in response. "You like that Ryan, don't you..." She tugged again, and when she got a similar response, she chuckled out loud. "I'm guessing this is a new sensation for you, am I right?"

I nodded between deep breaths, my face red again. "Yes... yes Ma'am..." was about all I could muster at that moment.

Her hand went back to my cock then, and she whispered to me, "One more question Ryan... one left..."

It was all I could do not to scream in frustration. I looked up at her then, and all of the last hours collapsed into one single point. There wasn't anything in my mind anymore but one thing - and it came out without thinking - "Please... Please Ma'am... could you please let me cum?"

Would she view that as a question, or a request? It didn't mater. Only her answer mattered. My eyes looked up at her, and I almost cried again, "Please?"

She stopped stroking me then, and her hand went up to my forehead. "Do you think you deserve to, Ryan? "

I nodded my head quickly.... "Please... I've done everything you've asked... Please?" My tone was practically begging now, and my cock ached more than it had since I'd woken up like this.

She chuckled. "If I let you cum, Ryan, you'll need to clean it up yourself. Do you know what that means?"

My eyes went from her to the bag by the door, and back. She noticed, and grinned wider. "No Ryan... not with the towel."

My head spun... she was going to make me lick it up. As if to reinforce that hypothesis. Her hand went back to my cock, stroking it again as it fought the rings holding it back. Women did it all the time, I quickly rationalized... some even liked it... how bad could it be? Certainly not as bad as being left again like this. And once again, reason took second place and I nodded. "Yes Ma'am..."

yes... I understand."

She let go of me then, and moved out from under me. "Hands and knees boy," she told me in her instructional tone. I did as she told me, and she knelt beside me on one knee. One hand went around my cock, and the other was at my ass. I felt the strap holding that thing inside me move to one side. I felt her fingertips grab hold of it and wiggle it.

"Ask me again, Ryan... say, 'Mistress, please, may I cum,'"

The words came out without hesitation... "Mistress," I said, "Please... please let me cum."

The result was a smile from her, and I felt the lock at the base of my balls come off. But the rings were still in place, her hands still around them. Her other hand went back to my ass, and the thing inside me moved again. She wiggled it then, and tugged on it.

By this time I was panting. My vision was becoming blurred, and nothing else mattered anymore. Then I felt something absolutely indescribable. At almost the same time she pulled the rings from my cock, she also pulled the invader from my ass, and I felt myself explode. It was the first time I had an orgasm with nothing at all touching my cock, and on my hands and knees no less. I just knelt there and shook - my dangling, rigid cock spurting all over the floor.

When it was finally done, I just knelt there, panting. I felt a hand on my bare behind, rubbing it, and heard her whisper to me, "Now, Ryan, what do you say?"

I could barely speak, but managed it between breaths - "I... I... Thank you... Mistress."

She waited a few moments, then I heard her stand, and put things away in her bag. She didn't put the prison back on my cock, and she returned to remove the belt at my waist and the strap from between my legs. Then she was in front of me again.

"You know what you have to do now, Ryan. Keep your promise."

I moved back a bit, then leaned forward. Closing my eyes, I took a taste. It was salty, but not terribly unpleasant. The texture was odd, but I tried to ignore it, and just focus on something else. It didn't take too long and I'd finished. It was strange, but I actually felt proud of myself. Why I didn't know - maybe it was just because I'd accomplished something that was so unnatural to me. When I looked up at her - at my "mistress", she had a look of satisfaction on her face and I realized that, without knowing what was happening, I'd taken another step down the path she'd already chosen for me, and my face began to flush again.

She pointed up at the ceiling then, "Do you see that little black window Ryan?"

I looked at where she indicated, and for the first time, realized it was there.

"That's a camera Ryan. I can see you all the time. I can see everything you do." she reached down then, and released the clip between my wrists, freeing them as well. The only restraint that remained was the chain that held my collar to the wall. I looked at the cuffs still locked around my wrists and ankles, but she didn't remove them. At least I was free to move naturally though, and I realized that those cuffs might never come off. Somehow, it didn't bother me much at that moment.

She gathered up all she'd brought in with her as I sat up and watched - even the bucket with my pee in it. She locked the cage door, and moved to the wooden door that lead outside my cell. "Listen to me carefully Ryan," she said, her voice stern, but not aggressive. "Get some rest, and I'll return for you in the morning. From now on, my slave boy, you do NOT cum without my permission. Not ever. Is that understood?"

I swallowed hard, then nodded. "Yes Ma'am... I mean... Yes Mistress."

She nodded back approvingly. "Good boy. Don't disappoint me. Remember what I told you - if you disobey, you will be punished."

Then the door closed, clicked shut, and she was gone. A moment later, the small yellow light that illuminated my cell went out, and everything was black. Not just dark, but pitch black. It frightened me for a moment - I'd never been anywhere so completely dark - but it didn't last long. I moved into a corner of the cell and put my back to the wall. As much as I was locked in, everything

else was locked out, and I'd hear if the door opened - so it was somewhat comforting.

I felt as if some part of me had just slipped away... School and my dorm room felt as if it were miles distant, and although I knew it couldn't have been even one full day that I'd been locked up, that wasn't how it felt. I'd just done things that were completely outside of anything I'd ever considered. If you'd have asked me a week before if I'd get on all fours and be someone's dog, I'd have laughed and said you were nuts. But I'd done just that... even more so, I felt strangely comforted by the fact that I was ABLE to do it, and that Professor McLaughlin was pleased about it. What was happening to me? Was this who I really was, or was the situation changing me?

I don't know how long I sat there in the dark, but eventually, exhaustion overpowered my wandering thoughts, and I slept...