Sexual Awakenings II: The Mistress -- Chapter 1

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A sexually inexperienced young male loses control of his life under guidance of a mysterious woman

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CHAPTER 1: Loss of Control!

As I look back, upon this journey of self discovery I found myself upon. I never imagined the route it would take me, and the sexual appetite that would be explored, hidden inside my body and waiting for that one person to unleash it upon whoever it decided.

My life was never easy, as I was born to parents who discarded me as a baby. Raised around homes belonging to people whom I could not look upon as those who cared deeply enough, or to understand the emotional connections and feelings I longingly desired and required in my life.

Through this battle of hardship, I aspired to make something of my life. Unaware of the challenges ahead, as wheels were set in motion from afar of one single person who would alter my life, unraveling the layers upon my youth and innocence to discover the hidden core of emotional turmoil that begged to be let free.

I was attending college at this time, and currently about to take a six-week break for the summer holidays. It was just before this happened though and with little money in my pocket, I come across an advert in the local newspaper. An offer, albeit strange in its description, and mysterious in its tone that protected the hidden truth behind the words on display. The advert itself requested, certain features of the individuals it sought.

Wanted: I am searching for one Male and one Female. Between the ages of 16 - 21. Must be sexually inexperienced - Virginity preferred. Payment guaranteed to those selected. To inquire. Contact...

I'll admit, the curiosity of it all inspired me to contact them. I fitted the description, maybe too perfectly. Male - check. 17 - check. Virgin - sadly, check - I had never had much experience around girls, with the shyness always overtaking my hopes and desires to find a soul mate on this journey we call life.

Payment guaranteed was probably the biggest influence upon my reply.

I had contacted the number and was informed that a questionnaire would be dispatched, which I must fill in and return, along with a photograph of myself. Within a couple of days, I received the letter in the post, the return address was a PO Box. Some of the questions featured upon the sheet, I discovered were incredibly personal, amongst the basic ingredients of information about myself. It contained sexual queries like:

Have you ever had sexual intercourse.
Have you ever had a blowjob.
Have you ever licked out a girl's pussy.
What is your favorite position.
Describe your perfect fantasy.
What do you think of sex toys/bondage.
How many times do you masturbate?
Describe how you masturbate.
Length/Girth of your penis.

I answered them all truthfully. A lot came from the assured belief that I would never be chosen for such a strange request. But, to my surprise, I received a phone call within a few days, informing me that I had been selected to go and speak to the proprietor of the advert, regarding the situation. A vehicle would be outside the next day at noon to take me to my destination, which must remain unknown. I was informed to pack any personal belongings I had, as the period of time I would be gone would be up to six weeks at most.

That next day, with the anxiety kicking in about what I was doing and the unknown of where I would be taken. A large, black limousine arrived outside. The driver asked if I was James Simpson and I informed him that I was, with some identity to prove it. I climbed into the back and we set off on our journey. The limo was extravagant, with drinks and enough space to sit almost half a dozen people in the back. The windows were shaded with thick black tints that offered obscurity to the outside world from within. The ride was long and eventually I found our travel altering upon a gravelled surface, before the limo pulled to a halt. The driver stepped around, opened the door as I exited and found myself in an unknown part of the country.

As I stood looking around at the estate on which I found myself. Acres of land, privately owned and a huge mansion, the size of a castle it seemed that was elegant and beautiful in its craftmanshaip. An array of flowers and arrangements filled the air and the scenery with beautiful colors and smells of countryside. A butler welcomed me inside the home and invited me into a room, where I was provided with drinks and asked to wait.

What seemed like an hour or more had passed and I had remained alone all this time, with drinks my only company. The door eventually opened and an elegant and extremely beautiful young woman entered. She crossed the room towards me, in a flowing dress that showed the curves upon every inch of her frame. Her skin, soft and smooth. Her make-up only blossomed her features to a deeper level of beauty captured about her. A piece of paper clutched in her hand.

"Forgive my lateness. I was dealing with another client before yourself," she informed me. We shook hands, as she smiled upon me. "I am Katarina and this is my home. Hopefully it will also be yours for the next six weeks of your stay."

"It's a pleasure to meet you!" I informed her.

"Let's get started shall we? I invited you here, after receiving the information you filled in on the questionnaire. You are the only male entrant who piqued my interest. I am sure you have many questions to ask, but those will not be needed. I shall make this as quick as possible. I have an offer for you. The offer is that you remain upon these premises for the next six weeks. In return, you will shall be awarded a sum of twenty thousand pounds!" She informed me.

The amount made my eyes spring open. The amount had been more than I had originally expected and the huge amount itself had made me be blind to the reasoning as to why it was such a large sum.

"You can leave here right now, with nothing, or remain. But if you remain. You shall do as I please. You will obey my every command and request. No matter what your feelings are towards them. You shall obey me without questioning of my reasons. If you disobey anything, or my requests. You shall be removed from here and without any reward being granted. Do you accept these terms?" She quickly proposed to me.

The amount of money and the strangeness to the request itself beggared belief as to why she was doing this, but with little awareness of what I was setting myself up for and the money being a huge factor, I made a decision upon the spot.

"I accept!" I informed her.

She smiled and handed me across the paper she held. I looked upon it to find a contract written out, seemingly simple and understanding in that everything I do for the next six weeks shall be decided upon by Katarina. No free will, no questioning back upon her in any terms. I signed the document and returned it to her.

"I am pleased you decided to stay with me. I believe it will be beneficial to all parties," she said. "Now, from this moment on, you shall obey every command I give you. You shall not question me or my motivations, or anything I speak and request of you. You will also only call me by the name, Mistress, from now on!" She informed me, as I nodded in acceptance.

"Yes Mistress!" I replied.

"Good. You are now in my possession and I shall do with you as I please. First, I wish to take full vision upon that which I own. You will strip down before me!" She said, in a strict manner.

I stood, shy and embarrassed at her request, but also under the understanding and acceptance that I could not deny her or else would leave with nothing. I slowly began to undress, removing my shirt, trousers and remained to stand in just my underwear of boxer shorts. A slight brush spread across my face, as I stood almost naked in front of her, a girl for the first time in my entire life. She looked upon me, almost inspecting my body.

"All clothing must be removed!" She ordered.

I looked down, as my fingers moved to the sides of my boxers and pulled them down. They dropped to the floor, as I stood there, in all my naked glory for her to admire. Although anxious and a little shaky at what was happening, the cool air and standing naked also had the desired affect of an aroused state of mind.

Katarina, aka Mistress now stepped forward. Her eyes peered intensely upon my naked body, every inch of me. She worked her way around me, from front to back and returned to front. Standing, naked for her own viewing pleasure.

"You have both the look and smell of innocence. Perfectly chosen, if I do say so myself. I am pleased that you spoke the truth about your virginity, as that was an essential quality I was looking for in my chosen clients. I can sense the shyness of your position right now, but you should not be fearful of your naked body!" She informed me.

She stood several feet in front of me, staring at my chest and down to my cock which was just beginning to stir below.

"Do you find me attractive?" She asked.

"Yes, Mistress!" I replied, looking upon her.

She did have a beauty about her. The soft skin of her body, smooth legs and shapely figure. She looked like she could have any man she wanted and yet in some strange, maybe twisted dimensional way, she was looking upon me as a target of her sexual desires, I guessed.

"Good, while you are here. You will be known as Adam and nothing more," she instructed me, as I nodded in acceptance of her words. "I can see that this situation has left you aroused, looking upon me as you stand naked before your Mistress!" She said.

My cock was growing harder with each given moment and as much as I wanted to hide it behind my hands, I held back and stayed silent and still.

"Forgive me Mistress!" I said, softly towards her.

She smiled, a soft wicked expression of sexual control over me.

"Do not be ashamed of admiring my beauty Adam" she informed me. "Are you, sexually aroused right now looking upon me?" She asked, knowing full well the answer, but seemingly making me say those words offered her assurance of my obedience towards her.

"Yes!" I replied.

"Then you please your Mistress, Adam. Now, I wish to enjoy the pleasure that you experience. You will masturbate for me!" she blurted out.

I stood looking upon her, a little state of shock at her words.

"Do not be afraid Adam, it is quite natural. I want to see you enjoy your own sexual emotions. I want you to jerk your cock off in front of me and pleasure yourself!" She informed me again.

I realized this was the point of no return. Either I refused and walked away, or I gave in to not only the sexual build up that was flowing through my body and feelings that I actually wanted to jerk myself off right now, but to the obedience of my Mistress watching me masturbate in front of her. Something I had never done before.

I reached down and slowly wrapped my fingers around the shaft of my cock. It had already grown hard, thick and several inches longer. I then began to stroke myself off, slowly sliding my hand back and forth, over and over as I kept my grip firmly around the length of my shaft and stroked myself off in front of her.

"Look upon me as you jerk yourself off, Adam. I want you to see me as your sexual desire whom you wish to please. My beauty. Imagine me naked before you, fucking me in positions of all kinds. My hands, gripped upon your cock and stroking it for you. My lips locked around the firm shaft, licking and sucking your cock inside of my warm wet mouth!" She spoke to me, adding to the sexual energy which was flowing through my body.

I stroked my cock harder in my grasp, the length was expanding a few inches more from just her words. I stared upon her, my mind imagining all kinds of sexual experiences of fucking her and having her pleasing me in return. My cock was bulging within my fingers, as I stroked it...

"Faster... jerk your cock faster for me, Adam!" she said to me.

And I did as she asked, my grip tightened even more, and I jerked harder and faster. The head of my cock was swollen, bulging in color of the blood being pumped into it. My breathing grew heavier, deeper with each thrust of my cock between my fingers. I groaned in sexual pleasure as I could feel myself building up to a climax.

"Are you close?" She asked.

"Yes....!" I spoke, just barely able to muster anything from the heavy breathes and groans erupting from my own lips.

"Good... now... STOP!!" she said, with a strict and demanding manner to her words.

I froze still, my cock still bulging in my hand.

She looked upon me, smiling. "Good boy, Adam. Now, I wish for you to allow it to return back to it's normality. You will not touch yourself, or masturbate until I state you can or allow you to. Do you understand?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"I am sure you are desperate to finish what we started and we shall. But not at this time. For now, you shall be taken to your room where you shall remain for the moment. But let me warn you, cameras are positioned around the house and inside of your room. You must not continue this procedure of sexual journey until I command you to. Leave your clothes here. A meal shall commence this evening, and a suit has been placed in your room, which I wish you to wear," she informed me.

She tinkled a small bell, as Geoffrey, the butler arrived inside. She nodded to him. "Now, leave and

go to your room and await my call upon you this evening. And remember, Adam. You must obey the rules at all times, or else you will be escorted from this house and leave with nothing!" She reminded me.

I nodded, as I stepped across, still naked and my cock still a little hard as it slowly began to become limp from the frustration of not being allowed to finish off what I wanted desperately to do. He took me upstairs, and showed me to a room as I entered inside.

"The list of the rules you must obey are placed upon the bed. Please follow them. You will be watched at all times," he informed me, as he closed the door and left me alone.

I stepped across, a smart suit placed upon the bed for me to wear and a wardrobe full of clothing that seemed to perfectly fit my size. I looked around the room, filled with beautiful and sexually orientated photographs of parts of the female body, but tasteful in not showing too much but enough flesh to arouse upon viewing them.

I stepped to the bed and discovered the pristine and protected paper, covered in a sleeve to keep clean. I sat down and looked upon the rules and only began to then understand what I had found myself in. I was now her slave, her obedient lap dog for her to do with as she pleased and I could not say anything, or deny her any pleasure of her demands or else I would be forced to leave.

I found myself... alone and yet, in a strange moment of clarity, sexually attracted to her and her ways and control over me... My first step upon this journey of not only self discovery, but sexual awakenings of myself and those around me.