

# Culture Shock Ch. 17

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*From online to real-life in 23 chapters.*

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Elaine was trying to concentrate on finishing her breakfast but it wasn't easy. It was Monday, she was ready for work with a half hour to spare, and was busy eating her toasted muesli while Kendra and Chelsea chatted about the guys they met the night before.

Elaine wasn't really listening. Thoughts were running through her mind. Thoughts of seeing Gary and of what he might do to her, or make her do. They were the same thoughts that had occurred to her when she'd woken up before her alarm that morning. Remembering what she'd almost done in those few minutes had only made her hotter.

A sleepy mischievous smile had played at the corners of her mouth when she'd woken and seen her clock. After short-circuiting the alarm, her left hand had insinuated its way between her legs and touched her steaming pussy. Realising how wet she was, she'd slid two fingers into herself before she'd known what was happening. Her other hand had brushed over her nipple. Finding it rigid with excitement, she'd suddenly wanted her nipple clamps.

Sitting up had snapped her out of it. Checking the clock again, she'd sighed. Shaking her head, she'd made for the shower. She had to get ready for work.

In equal parts, fear and excitement were rippling over her skin.

One moment she was smiling to herself, tingles of anticipation prickling her scalp and lubricating her aching pussy. The next moment she was staring into space, unconsciously biting her lip as bracing images danced darkly through her mind.

Elaine munched away, while Chelsea was standing at the kitchen bench making coffees for the three girls.

Chelsea had an interview for a waitress job and was dressed up, something unusual for eight in the morning. As she was pouring she glanced at Elaine and asked, "So? Did you speak to him?"

"Yes," Elaine replied, trying not to sound too excited. "I'm going to spend the weekend with him."

"Woohooo!" said Kendra.

"You're what?" Chelsea had frozen like a statue, mid sugar spooning.

Elaine looked up from her cereal having just taken a mouthful. She gulped it down and almost choked. "What? What's wrong?"

Kendra looked like she was wondering the same thing.

Chelsea's mouth was open in shock and her head was cocked to one side. For a split second Elaine thought she looked like a younger, blonder version of her mother. Chelsea shook her head and went back to what she was doing. Then she sighed and said, "You met this guy on the net. You saw him once in a coffee shop. And now you're spending the weekend miles from anywhere on his tin pot horse ranch. I hope you know what you're doing."

Elaine rolled her eyes. Now Chelsea even sounded like her mother. So she told her. "You sound like my mother. I'll be fine."

"What's his name?" Chelsea asked obliviously, handing out their second cups of coffee for the morning and joining the table.

Elaine hesitated for just a second, but thought it couldn't hurt. " 'Gary Duke' . From Allen Falls. I'll be getting his address and phone number and confirming they're legitimate. Don't worry."

Chelsea said, "I have a friend in gym class that comes from Allen Falls. I'll ask if she's heard of him."

Elaine was starting to feel defensive. "He's only been there a year or so."

"Abby's parents own the general store. I'm sure they'd have met him."

Elaine thought about it. "Okay. But I'll let him know."

“Hmmm... Yeah. That’s smart. Then if you get some weird-ass reaction, you’ll know he’s a psycho. That’s clever, Elaine.”

Elaine wasn’t sure if that was what she’d intended. She actually meant that she didn’t want Gary thinking anything strange was going on. But Chelsea’s comment made sense. It wasn’t a bad idea

“What are you talking about?” asked Kendra. She’d been yawning and staring into space. She didn’t usually eat breakfast.

Chelsea was dumbfounded. “Where have you been the last five minutes, girl? We’re talking about Elaine hooking up with this Gary Duke guy. She’s staying at his place this weekend.”

Elaine added, “And Chelsea thinks it’s a bad idea.”

“I didn’t say that,” Chelsea retorted. “I just said you shouldn’t rush into it. You only just met him.”

Kendra suddenly became animated, like she just woke up. “Well, I’ve slept with heaps of guys I hardly knew,” she said. “I mean, fuck. Knowing them just bores me most of the time.”

“Yeah,” said Chelsea. “But you’re a slut.”

“Fuck off, Chelsea. You’re no better. I saw you with those twins last night. I bet if they had the balls to ask, you would have left with them. They were hot.”

“Yeah, well they didn’t.” Chelsea blushed and Elaine thought it was interesting.

“Told you,” said Kendra, satisfied.

Elaine rolled her eyes and Chelsea shook her head before standing and walking over to the sink. She tipped out her half-finished coffee and headed out. “I gotta go. Wish me luck!”

“Good luck!” Elaine and Kendra said in unison.

From the hallway came the sound of the front door closing and locking. Elaine and Kendra looked at each other and smiled, sipping their coffee. Finally Kendra said, “You know, the best way to find out about a guy is to talk to his last girlfriend.”

“I would, but she ran off leaving him at the altar.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. I’m not sure if she’d appreciate me calling her.”

“Don’t you want to know why she ran off?”

“Gary already told me.”

“Yeah. ‘Gary’ told you. What if he lied? Guys lie as much as we do, you know. If not more.”

Elaine set her jaw. “Kendra, I have a really good sense of who Gary is, and I’m sure he wouldn’t lie about this stuff. There’s no reason to do it. If he did, he’d lose me. He’s expecting me to check up on him.”

“Then he won’t have a problem providing you with her number. If he has nothing to hide, then he’ll give it to you. Even if she did leave him at the altar.”

“I don’t know. What would I say to her? ‘Hi, this is Gary’s next prospective girlfriend. I was just wondering why you left him? Was there something about him I should know?’”

“Yes! That’s perfect!”

Elaine shook her head. “You’re crazy.”

“No. You’re crazy if you think meeting someone over the ‘net is like meeting someone randomly in a nightclub. At least at a nightclub it’s genuinely potluck . Jeez, Elaine. On the net some weird guy can target exactly the kind of girl he wants. There are chat rooms for everyone; single mothers, college girls, girls into particular bands. God knows what drives some people. Looks, skin colour, hair colour,

age, height, build, big tits, small tits. Think of it from the psycho's point of view. It would be fairly easy to find his target if he knew what he was looking for."

Elaine wasn't about to argue. She knew Kendra was right. "I'm not disagreeing, okay. I know it's dangerous out there. I'm taking all the reasonable precautions I can, but I'm not getting ahead of myself either. We haven't made any promises to each other. This is just a 'get to know you', type thing. That's all." She couldn't help but blush.

Kendra chuckled. "Yeah. I bet."

"It might go further. I don't know. But honestly, if it doesn't look like what it's supposed to look like, you know, in my head, then I'll be hightailing it out of there so fast it'll make his head spin."

"How?"

"Huh?"

"I mean, how would you get out of there? You don't have a car."

Elaine hadn't given it that much thought. "Look, I know what you are going to say, but if he's a nice guy he'll stick to his word. He told me he'd bring me home anytime I wanted. Apart from that, I'll find out the bus schedule and I'll get you guys to check up on me." Elaine hadn't shared The Code with Kendra the last time, so she explained it to her. "When you phone me, I'll call you Kenzie or something if I'm in trouble."

“Okay, that’s a good idea. Just remember it’ll take half an hour to get there.”

“Yeah,” said Elaine a little uncertainly. She really was going to be alone with him. “I know.”

“Allen Falls is miles from the next town so running away isn’t an option. The neighbours might be miles away too, so they won’t hear your screams.”

“Jeez, Kendra. You really know how to reassure someone.”

“Hey, it’s your funeral. You can do whatever you want.”

Elaine knew it was just a turn of phrase. Gary wasn’t a psycho. She knew it. Gary was a good-looking guy who happened to be kinky and was probably too honest for his own good. But he was smart. He engaged Elaine on a level that impressed her, but more importantly intrigued her. He made her question things. Not just about him, but about her too.

Maybe he was smarter than Elaine gave him credit. The thought was unnerving.

I have to find out if he’s fooling me.

A queasy feeling wrapped itself around her stomach as she caught the bus. At work she was pleased



it was busy. She threw herself into it and before she'd noticed the clock, it was time to head to college.

Afternoon melted into evening and her mood darkened with the weather. A storm was coming and the first raindrops chased Elaine up the apartment stairs. Closing the front door, her roommates greeted her, as did the sweet smell of basil in Chelsea's lamb stew. It made her tummy rumble.

In her room she donned an oversized sweater, saving her nice one for the weekend.

Ugh. The weekend.

Elaine thought if her roommates kept at her, they'd freak her out.

Gary would reassure her, and she couldn't wait to talk to him. He had a calming effect on her that she missed the longer she went without seeing him. Even twenty-four hours seemed too long.

Just thinking about him helped her feel better, even as the wind hit and distant thunder rolled across the floodplain. Elaine closed her sliding window, stilling her billowing drapes. If it was electrical, and went on all night, she wouldn't be able to talk to Gary at all. At least he'd be able to guess why. She was pretty sure he'd be having the same storm.

"Have you guys closed the windows?!" Elaine was standing at her open bedroom door, yelling down the hall.

“Yeah, yeah. No problem!” called out Kendra.

Over the television Elaine heard Chelsea ask, “What did she say?”

Kendra must have been absorbed in something as she muttered, “Storm... windows...”

“Aw, shit. Can you pause it?”

“Sure.”

Elaine heard Chelsea’s light feet padding in her direction.

She entered the hallway and rolled her eyes. “I told myself not to forget to close the window, and what did I do?”

“You forgot,” Elaine said, grinning as Chelsea walked past.

“Good job, Sherlock,” Chelsea said, poking out her tongue. “Are you okay?” she asked, pausing at the door.

“Yeah, just...” Elaine hesitated. “Never mind.”

“Okay,” said Chelsea, wiggling her ass as she disappeared into her room.

Elaine sighed and closed her door. She figured Chelsea hadn't spoken to her friend. She didn't mind. If Elaine didn't have to talk about the weekend, she wasn't going to bring it up.

More thunder sounded. Elaine was pretty sure it was still a long way off and felt she could at least finish a couple of assignments. During the day she'd spent every spare moment in the library, photocopying, taking notes and doing outlines for the papers that were due by the weekend, plus for the one due on Monday. She was glad she'd checked her schedule. She hoped to get the two small ones done tonight. She could also do her online responses if the storm settled. It was possible to get it all done if she worked steadily. It wouldn't be easy, but she was confident.

As nine o'clock approached, Elaine was satisfied. Her belly was full of delicious stew that Chelsea had been kind enough to allow her to enjoy while she worked. She wanted to surprise Gary by completing everything he'd asked of her but she couldn't quite do it. She decided to leave the question, “What does being submissive mean to you, “ until the next day. She'd finished her two assignments for school, and her online responses. She'd completed her journal, and she'd even gone to the site Gary had asked her to visit. The one with the list of 'humiliating things'. She'd copied and pasted the list into a Word document and filled it out as he'd asked, just like the D/s checklist.

What surprised her most were the similarities between the two. Just as Gary had described, at least a quarter of the things on the list Elaine didn't find humiliating at all. Like wearing a blindfold. Elaine didn't think that was 'humiliating'. Exciting, yes. But not humiliating. She didn't think she'd find it humiliating if Gary chose her clothes for her either. As long as they matched.

Hmmm, she wondered. What if they didn't?

The question about 'Leaving Instructions as to What to Do' made her feel funny. What if the instructions were stupid or she didn't agree with them? The same with 'Leaving the Bathroom Door Open'.

What if it was going to be like, noisy?

She blinked when she arrived at 'Orgasm Control'.

The next entry made her swallow. 'Orgasm Denial'.

I'm not going to be able to do this. Not if he makes me crazy.

It was on those two items that Elaine had spent the most time. Rating them from zero to five was quite bizarre. Zero was supposed to mean, 'I never want to do it', like a hard limit. And five was, 'I want it all the time'. Nowhere was the option of, 'I CAN'T do it'. She settled on four, which was, 'I want it regularly'.

She shook her head. 'Shave Body Hair', and 'Stand in a Corner', were easy fours. 'Suck a Dildo in a Car, so Others can See', was a three. Meaning: 'I usually like it on an irregular basis'. Same with 'Wear No Bra Under a See-Through Top' and 'Write on Body'. Her thoughts were making her hot. She shook her head and tried to concentrate. It was easier if her legs weren't crossed.

It was as though, up to a point, the more extreme the idea, the hotter Elaine became. Even just thinking about it, like, 'Be a Maid' or, 'Eat from Master's Hand'. Then it snapped and it was too much.

God, look at some of this stuff. 'Slap Your Face', 'Wear Diapers', 'Serve as a Toilet'.

By the time she'd finished, Elaine had a lot of zeros.

And she had a lot she wanted to talk to Gary about. Out of the blue she remembered she was supposed to take a look at some examples of 'contracts', so she started at Castlerealms and then Googled. She was reading through her fourth one when Gary messaged her.

"Hello, Elaine."

"Hi, Gary." She felt the heat in her cheeks almost immediately. She hoped her courage didn't desert her.

"I hear there's a storm coming. Are you on dial-up or on a cordless laptop?"

"I'm on dial up."

"Let me know if you have to go."

“I will. Thank you, Sir.”

What the hell was I thinking?

“Thank you for your homework. I particularly liked your journal today.”

“Why?” Elaine asked without thinking. “I mean, if it’s okay to ask.”

“Sure. It was incisive and thoughtful. I enjoy reading your thoughts.” A moment later he typed, “Hey, it’s me you’re talking to.”

“I... I’m sorry. It’s been a weird day.”

“Why don’t you tell me about it?”

“Thank you. I will.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Well, firstly, I’ve been horny all damn day and I can’t do anything about it.”

“Not a good sign.” He sent a wink.

“No.” Elaine giggled and sent a smile.

Just then Kendra poked her head around Elaine’s bedroom door and said, “Um, I’m just going out. I’ll see you later.” She looked like she wanted to ask something but was holding her tongue.

Elaine wasn’t in the mood to indulge her. Besides, Gary was waiting. “Okay,” she said, barely politely. “See you later.” Elaine turned back to the computer as Kendra closed her door. Ugh , she thought. I should chase her and find out what’s up. Sighing, she typed, “One moment please, Sir.”

“Sure,” Gary replied.

Elaine hopped up from her computer chair and headed for the lounge room. Kendra was just leaving and they almost ran into each other.

“Sorry!” said Elaine with surprise.

“Hehe. It’s okay. Going somewhere?” Kendra asked rhetorically.

“No, I just thought... Never mind.”

“Come on. Spit it out.”

“I... I just thought you wanted to ask me something.”

“Don’t be stupid,” Kendra said, clearly for Chelsea’s benefit. She took Elaine’s arm and led her to the front door. Elaine thought Kendra was really strong. “I just don’t want Miss Know-It-All to hear this,” she whispered.

“What is it?” Elaine asked, prising Kendra’s fingers from her arm.

“Sorry. I don’t know. I don’t even know why I want to talk to you about this.”

“What?” Elaine asked, almost exasperated.

“I think I might be pregnant.”

Elaine’s jaw dropped. For a moment she could hardly believe her ears. Kendra was pregnant? Surely she took precautions. “How?”



“I don’t know. I think the rubber must have broken or something.”

“Jesus, Kendra. How long has it been?”

“Six weeks on Thursday.”

“Shit.”

“Yeah. I’m going to see the doctor tomorrow. Can you come with me?”

“Sure.”

“Thanks. And don’t tell Chelsea. I’ll tell her after I know one way or the other.”

“Okay. Are you sure you want to go out tonight?”

“I NEED to go out. I’m going crazy every time I sit still.”

“Okay,” said Elaine, smiling softly. She could almost see Kendra pregnant. Strangely she thought she’d be a good mom.

“I’ll talk to you tomorrow. It’s at ten A.M. Chelsea will be at class.”

“All right.” Elaine thought she’d only miss one lecture. Maybe two.

“Thanks, Elaine,” Kendra said. For a split second Elaine thought Kendra looked really sad. It flashed over her face before being replaced with her usual smart-assed self.

“You’re welcome,” Elaine replied, taking Kendra’s hands in hers and squeezing them lightly. “Go on. Have fun. And make him sweat.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m going to fuck him six ways to Sunday.”

“I didn’t... Oh, never mind. Get out of here.”

Kendra winked and closed the door behind her.

Elaine shook her head and made for the lounge room. Chelsea was watching some cop show. “Do you want a coffee? I was just making one.”

“Sure. Thanks. Hey, what were you two talking about?”

Elaine was surprised by the question and wasn't sure how to answer. "It wasn't about you. Kendra just wanted to know if I was free in the morning."

"What for?"

"I'm not sure," Elaine lied.

She swallowed as she left the lounge room and entered the kitchen, intent on making coffees. She was glad Chelsea hadn't followed her. Elaine hated being drilled on things. She was a terrible liar.

Finally the coffee was ready and she waited until the advertisements were over before taking Chelsea's to her. Her plan was a good one and Chelsea barely grunted a thank you as Elaine put her coffee on the low table. Lightning lit the lounge room window. Hastily Elaine beat a path to her room as more thunder sounded. It was still miles away.

Gary's words hit her as she sat.

"This is a bit longer than 'one moment'."

Shit. How long have I been gone?

“I’m sorry, Gary. My roommate just told me some news that I couldn’t walk away from.”

After a few seconds he replied, “Then that’s understandable. Welcome back.”

“Thank you. I um, I should have returned before I made coffee though.”

“Yes. You probably should have. I’m going to allow it since you brought it up before I needed to point it out.”

“Sorry, Sir. I didn’t realise I’d taken so long.” She really hadn’t.

“It’s all right. I understand. And I understand that some stuff is ‘girl’s stuff’. I won’t pry.”

“It’s okay. Kendra just told me she thinks she might be pregnant.”

“Okay, and er, some stuff is life-changing stuff.”

“Yes. Gosh, I just thought of something.”

“I was tested on Friday and I received the results today. I’m clean. And I’ll have the doctor’s report for

you.”

How does he always do that?

“Um, do you want me to do a test too?”

“It’s probably not necessary.”

“I’ve never been with anyone, Sir. I swear it.”

“That’s what I mean. Are you on birth control?”

“Yes. I have been for years. It limits the bleeding.”

“Okay. I don’t want you to think I don’t trust you.”

“I’ll make an appointment tomorrow.”

“Good girl.”

“I’m whispering,” Elaine typed. “I understand too.”

“Thank you. So tell me what’s been going on. I mean before you spoke with your roommate.”

Elaine took a deep breath. “I’ve been having second thoughts today.”

A moment of silence passed.

Gary typed, “I’d say that was normal.”

“ Nods .” Elaine wasn’t sure how to proceed. “Ugh. My stupid roommates got me thinking, that’s all. I just need some reassurance.”

“And yet you are also horny.”

“And being reminded of it isn’t helping.” Elaine squirmed in her chair. “Can we please stick to one topic at a time? This isn’t easy.” She sent a blushing face.

“Yes. I apologise. How can I reassure you?”

Elaine threw subtlety out the window. “Well, two things.”

“Let’s do them one at a time.”

“Okay. Well, first you can tell me it’s okay if Chelsea asks a friend of hers from Allen Falls if she knows you. Or if her parents do.”

“ Chuckles .”

“ Whaaat ?”

BANG!

With a heavy knock, Chelsea burst through the doorway! She looked like she was about to pop!  
“Fuck!” she squealed. “I nearly forgot to tell you!”

“ What?????” pleaded Elaine, holding her thumping chest. She’d nearly had a heart attack. “Tell me what?”

“About that guy!”

From somewhere Elaine found the sense to type, ‘Be right back, ‘ to Gary. Then she minimised the conversation and turned back to Chelsea. “What about him?” she asked.

“Well, I asked Abby from gym class, she’s the one from Allen Falls.”

“Okay.” Elaine’s heart was thumping even louder. She could feel it in her ears.

“She remembered meeting him once and thought he was totally hot, but according to her, he hardly even looked at her. She thought he was a bit of a loner. That got me worried so I asked her to ask her Dad. She rang him straight away at the store in Allen Falls then handed me the phone.”

“You talked to her Dad? What did he say?”

“Yes! He says Gary Duke’s a great guy. Always stops to talk. He put up some new shelves for Abby’s Mom one time and they’ve even had him over to dinner. Apparently his horse ranch thing is doing really well and he’s ordered a whole heap of timber to build a third stable. He’s settled in the area and is on a committee with Abby’s Dad that reports to the local municipality. He said Gary was pretty torn up when he was left at the altar. It was a real surprise. Everyone feels for the guy.”

Elaine breathed hard. “So he gets the all clear?”

“Go get him tiger.”

Elaine grinned. And she almost burst into tears. “Thanks, Chelsea.”



“Don’t mention it. I’m going over to Abby’s to study. She’s a nice girl. And smart too. I’ll be back in a couple of hours. And give him my number if things don’t work out.” She winked and headed out.

Elaine was still shaking when she heard the front door close. Turning back to her computer, she saw that messenger was blinking. Gary had typed something while she was away. She clicked it to the front and read what it was.

He’d typed, “Yeah, I had this strange phone call this afternoon. Apparently some college girl was asking questions about me.” He’d sent a wink. Then he’d also typed, “ Waiting patiently .”

“I’m back,” Elaine said. “I’m sorry for the interruptions.”

“It’s okay. So did I check out?”

“She just rushed in to tell me. That’s why I was away.”

“And?”

“You did fine.”

“Good. First hurdle jumped. What was the other thing holding you back?”

Elaine blinked. "It seems silly now."

"Let me decide, okay?"

"Well... Okay. I was going to ask if I could talk to your ex-girlfriend."

"Hmmm. I don't think I still have her number. In fact, I'm pretty sure I don't. I heard she got married, but I don't even know her new last name. I was betrayed, Elaine. I've tried not to think about her."

Elaine felt a tear fall down her cheek. "I'm sorry. I knew it was a stupid idea."

"Well, no. It wasn't. I'll make a couple of calls. Maybe I could get her to ring you."

Elaine swallowed. "Do you have a pen? I'll give you my number."

"Okay, let's swap them now. You can write down my address while you're at it."

"Okay. I'll be right back again."

“ Nods .”

Elaine only took a moment to find a pen and her little address book. “Okay, I’m ready.” In moments they were done. Elaine stared at the paper. She wondered if Gary was doing the same. She looked back at the screen. He was typing.

“How are you feeling?”

“Kind of, I don’t know. Like I’m on a ride and I can’t get off. It’s exciting but also scary.”

“Tell me if you want to get off the ride.”

“I promise I will. But I don’t want to. I have to ride it to the end. I have to know.”

“Nods softly.”

Elaine grabbed a tissue. She was feeling so emotional. “Sir, I have some other questions. I’ve written them down.”

“Okay. Let’s work through them.”

“I remembered you saying, ‘once you cross over into real life, you can’t go back’. Someone else said something quite similar too. Could you explain what you meant?”

“I think I was being a bit dramatic. What I was getting at was once you have experienced D/s in real life, vanilla is decidedly plain.”

“But I haven’t done vanilla.”

“Hmmm. You know what? You’re right.”

“I am?”

“Well, yeah. I mean... God, I don’t know what I mean.”

“ Giggles .”

“They only made one of you, didn’t they?”

“ Smiles up at you .”

“Are you on your cushion ‘in your mind’?”

“ Nods and bites my lip .”

“You’re allowed. I bought you a beautiful big black one with red embroidery today. I hope you like it.”

“I’m sure I will.” Elaine touched her cheeks. They felt like they were on fire.

“What other questions did you have?”

“Well, I wanted to ask... Well not ask . Like, know something... Oh, I don’t know. I’ll just come out and say it.”

“That would probably be for the best.”

“Sometimes I feel guilty about all this. Like I shouldn’t be doing it. Like I’m playing with something I shouldn’t be playing with.”

“Interesting. What does the guilt feel like?”

“Feel like?”

“Yes. Is it the kind that would be alleviated by being punished? Maybe you just need a spanking.”

“Blushes!” Elaine felt her pussy warming up. She wondered if she was a little crazy. God, maybe Gary was right. “What do you mean?”

“Well, I don’t know. From what you’ve told me, you get turned on whenever you think of most mainstream aspects of the lifestyle. To be turned on by extreme things, relatively extreme, tells you that you are a little extreme yourself. This is not the kind of stuff you can share with your mother over tea.”

“Yes.”

“It turns you on and you feel like maybe there is something wrong with you.”

“Yes. Maybe it’s bad. Maybe I’m doing the wrong thing. Maybe I’m bad.”

“Hey, shhhh. Listen to me.”

“ Looks up at you .”

“Reaches out to your cheek and caresses it gently, staring deeply into your eyes and smiling softly.”

“Mmmms’ quietly and listens.”

“There is nothing inherently bad or evil about the lifestyle. You are free to come and go as you please. No one, including me, is going to coerce you or force you into anything. There is nothing wrong with choosing something a little different. I think I read somewhere that one in a hundred people are into the lifestyle full-time, that’s almost three million Americans. It just isn’t that weird any more.

“People choose the lifestyle for lots of different reasons. Some people are not well or have had troubled childhoods that they are not ‘over’. Some people like the pain. Some like the servitude. Some like the D/s. Some like a particular aspect; like bondage or rubber clothing. The point is, you choose what you want and don’t want, and how hard or soft you get it. I will need your help to tell me what is right for you. We’ll be talking about what is happening every step of the way. I’m not going to spring anything on you that you won’t like, or won’t expect. I’ll be giving you a safeword that you will only use when you must . It calls a halt to what I am doing or saying or anything. You can even use it in an argument, though I doubt you would argue with me.” He sent a smile.

“I was going to ask about safewords.”

“The use of your safeword means ‘it’s too much’, or ‘I can’t take this’. Its use is your responsibility. My responsibility is to make sure you don’t force yourself beyond a limit, simply to please me.”

“Does that happen often?”

“More often than you think. You are capable of more than you know. And my job is to help you to explore your boundaries. But in your zeal to please, you may find yourself saying something like, ‘harder, harder, ‘ when you can really take no more. I am experienced and I will recognise the signs, both physical and psychological. And while the Doctor was here I had him check the first aid kit and he replaced some supplies, ‘just in case’.”

“What might happen? You’re scaring me.”

“Well, you might fall off a horse.” Gary winked.

“Meanie.”

“I’m just making sure. There’s nothing to worry about.”

“And my safeword?”

“You want it now?”

“Yes, please.”

“Pineapple.”



“Pineapple?”

“I can’t think of a better one off the top of my head. You are unlikely to use it in conversation or inadvertently. Don’t you like it? Do you want something prettier?” He sent a face with its tongue poking out.

“ Giggles . No, I like it.”

“Good.” He sent a smile. “Elaine, if this is not for you, you will know it very quickly. It won’t take long for you to either love or hate what I do with you. I know I’m repeating myself, but I’ll take you home the moment you ask me to do it, I promise. I have no desire to force you into anything. The thought just doesn’t do it for me.”

“ Nods softly. Smiling up at you .”

“Any more questions?”

“Just one.”

“And that is?”

“What if it IS the kind of guilt that would be alleviated by a punishment?”

“I wondered whether you’d ask that. Firstly we’d have to agree that that was the case. In most circumstances I would suggest it. You would have to choose to agree or disagree.”

“What if I didn’t agree?”

“If it was my suggestion, then I would expect you to tell me why and, if you were truly convinced, then to convince me. I am able to see the merits of any solid argument. If I continue to disagree, I would need to convince you of the merits of a punishment. Again, you would have to be convinced, and agree to the punishment. I would never punish you without your explicit consent.”

“And then?” Elaine swallowed.

“If you agreed, we would then discuss what form the punishment would take. Again, we would agree on its form before undertaking the punishment itself. There must be a lot of communication. You must understand why and how and when you are to be punished. And you must agree to everything I suggest all along the way. I will answer your questions and guide you through things like that. We shall also see how easily you bruise and work around things like that. Also, I seriously doubt whether you will want to be tied up, so we’ll leave that for another time when you feel completely and utterly safe with me. You can always try to convince me though.” He sent a smile.

“Thank you.”

“My pleasure.”

“Mmmmmm.”

“What is it?”

“Whenever you say that I just... It just hits me.”

“Say what? ‘ My pleasure’ ?”

“Yes.” Elaine sent the blushing face.

“You give me a great deal of pleasure, little one.”

Elaine swallowed again, feeling her nipples harden as though under his gaze. “ Looks up at you from the floor. ” Her clit throbbed with the thought that she was alone. She checked the time. Chelsea would be back in an hour. She took a deep breath. “Sir, I need to play now .”

“ Chuckles . Poor baby.”

“I mean it. I mean... I’m sorry, I’m just shaking with need.”

“Do you want some time?”

“No. I want do it in front of you.”

“Elaine...”

“Please. I’m so horny. But I don’t want to be anywhere but here. With you. I need this, Sir. I need a taste. It’s driving me mad. Please? ”

“Go get your clamps and your vibe, that’s all.”

Elaine stared at the words. She wanted her dildo too. A shudder ran through her body. “Yes, Sir. I’ll be right back.”

When she got back to the computer, she’d locked the door, disrobed, and turned down the lights in record time. She was panting and naked. Her skin was feverish and she couldn’t even feel the chill in the air. Her nipples were already as hard as they would get. She could feel them throbbing in time with her heart. “I’m back,” she typed, adding another blushing face. Thunder rolled from far away. Elaine thought maybe the storm had missed them.

“Are you sure you want to do this? You are submitting to me for the period of this scene, Elaine. You understand and agree, right?”

“Yes. Yes, I do. Please, Sir. Please tell me what to do.”

“What kind of clamps do you have?”

“Um, the kind with the little adjustment disk.”

“I know them. Lightweight.”

“I’m just learning.” Elaine bit her lip.

“And I’m teasing. Pinch your nipples lightly first, then put them on.”

“Yes, Sir.” As Elaine went about attaching the wicked little things, she glanced at the screen. Gary was waiting for her to tell him she’d done it. When she had, she typed, “They’re on.”

“Keep your knees apart.”

Her legs shot open and cool air caressed her inner thighs, raising goose bumps. “Yes, Sir.”

“Don’t touch your pussy. Drag your nails gently up the inside of your thighs. Then caress back down with your palms and fingers. Up and down. Slowly. Close your eyes for a moment and feel the clamps on your nipples without touching them.”

Elaine did as Gary asked. It was delicious. The hot throbbing in her nipples grew and grew.

“Tighten the clamps up to just before the point where you can’t stand it. I mean, make them tight but not too tight, okay?”

“Yes, Sir.” Elaine gasped as she tightened the first one. She moaned and her head rolled back when she did the other. Her pussy ached intensely. Her clit was so hard it was actually sticking out a bit. She swallowed and looked back at the screen. Gary hadn’t typed anything. Perspiration was forming on her top lip. She could think of only one thing to say. “Please.”

“Please what, dirty girl?”

A shudder ran through her body. Her pussy contracted like it was reaching for something. The towel under her ass was struggling to absorb her juices already. “Please. The vibe. Please, Sir.”

“Why?”

“I need it. Pleeaaseeee ...”

“Why do you need it?”

“I don’t know. My body aches for this. My pussy throbs. My clit hurts.”

“Open your legs wider. You will be doing this in front of me in a few days.”

“God. Yes.”

“Don’t you want to wait?”

“I can’t!”

“It makes you hot, opening your legs before me, doesn’t it?”

“So hot.”

“Caress your pussy, one finger, not inside. Be gentle.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“This is making my cock hard.”

“ Godddd ...”

“Oh you like that idea? Well maybe you’ll like the idea that I haven’t masturbated since last Wednesday and I’m not going to. I’ve been half-hard for a couple of days now.”

“Please let me put my finger inside.”

“All right.” He sent a smile. “You beg so nicely.”

“Thank you, Sir.” And she did it. She was so hot. So hot and slick. Her pussy went crazy as soon as her finger entered, clamping down and convulsing around it. She had to hold still so she wouldn’t cum. Elaine typed one-handed. “Mmmmmm.”

“Smiles softly. I want you to use two fingers in your pussy and your vibe on high on your clitty. When I tell you, I want you to fuck yourself hard and hold your vibe on your clit. I want you to try not to cum and to count for me. And I want you to remember what number you got up to before you came, okay?”

“Y... Yes.”



Elaine picked up her toy and turned it to high.

I'm not going to last long , she thought.

"I'm ready," she typed, then slid her fingers into her pussy. Her hips jerked involuntarily and she watched the screen, her toy an inch from her clit, buzzing madly.

"Okay. Now!"

In seconds all hell broke loose. Elaine barely made it to five before she exploded. Her fingers pistoned in and out of her wet heat, juices spattering her thighs. She writhed in painful ecstasy, her vibe on her clit, trying to hold off the inevitable. The throbbing tightness of her nipples flowed into sensory overload and her eyes rolled back into her head. She could feel her body convulsing and she was sliding off the chair but she couldn't do anything. For a full thirty seconds her body was practically out of control.

From some tiny part of her mind that was still holding on, she wrenched her fingers from herself and grabbed the towel, pressing it over her pussy as her vibe ignited an even mightier orgasm. It engulfed her as though in flames and everything went black.

Elaine opened her eyes and blinked. She was looking at her ceiling. Shadows from her computer played across it. Her screen saver had begun. That meant she'd been 'inactive' for at least five minutes. She felt light-headed and her thighs were like jelly. The towel was sopping and cold between her legs. "Damn," she said aloud as she removed the clamps.

Back on her chair, she shook the mouse and the screensaver disappeared. Gary was still online. He'd left a message. "Let me know when you are okay. I hope you remembered the number you reached."

Elaine quickly pushed the towel under today's washing and slipped on her robe. She put away her toys and grabbed some socks as she was starting to feel the cold. "I'm back," she typed as she sat down. "And I'm exhausted. Sorry I took so long."

"I think you needed that more than I thought."

"I agree. But I'll be good for the rest of the week."

"Until you see me?"

"Yes."

"Promise me."

Elaine hesitated, then smiled. "I promise."

"Good girl. What number did you get to?"

"Five."

“Jeez. Five?”

“Blushes.”

“This is gonna be fun.”