Dominique Ch. 02

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Inside the front door, Andrew put down my suitcase and picked up a remote control from a side table, pressing a series of buttons. "I'll give you the alarm codes later," he said, pointing the remote in different directions, pressing more buttons and bringing his home to life. "And I'll show you how to use this, too."
"Wow," I said softly, gazing in wonder as lights came up and soft music began playing.
"I'm glad you like it."
Tearing my eyes from the amazing home before me, I looked up at him. He seemed... I don't know... Relaxed? And yet, there was something else there. Anticipation maybe? The excitement in his eyes was intoxicating. He put down the remote and stepped close to me, taking my hands in his.
"I'll give you the guided tour, on one condition," he said softly.
"Yes, Sir?"
"Close your eyes and put your hands behind your back."
I swallowed. "Yes, S... Sir." I did as he asked, trembling almost uncontrollably as I closed my eyes. He stepped behind me and I felt his strong fingers lightly caressing my upper arms. Before he spoke, his breath on the side of my neck sent tingles down my spine. With his fingers he adjusted my hair, tucking the flow of it behind my ear, allowing him unobstructed access to the sensitive skin there. His warm lips made contact, barely brushing against me as he whispered, "I am going to handcuff you now. Let the feelings flow through you. Don't hold them back. You are allowed to be a little frightened, but always remember my promise to keep you safe." Then he kissed my ear softly.
"Y... Yes, Sir," I managed, shaking with the strangest mix of dread and pure blinding excitement. I actually had to remember to breathe! Sensing he had stepped back a little, I felt the cold steel close around my wrists and ratchet closed.

I just *had* to test them. I separated my fingers and pulled gently outwards. A surge of pleasure rolled up my thighs, through my groin and tingled across my stomach, raising gooseflesh on my skin. I was *not* going to be able to free myself. Behind my closed eyes, I felt his movement as he walked around me slowly. Now and again he would touch me. Not somewhere intimate. First he touched my hip, then my shoulder. Then he was in front of me. His fingers caressed down the line of my jaw. I was shaking and my knees felt weak!
"Open your eyes," he said. "Do not speak."

Gazing up at him, I nodded in understanding. He was close to me, and again his hands held my upper arms. His touch was light, yet firm enough to be reassuring.
I had never done anything like this in my life. Dreaming and fantasising about it didn't hold a candle to this. I had never been bound in any way. I had imagined it to be very exciting, but actually being handcuffed was beyond surreal. My body tingled all over and I wondered what might happen next.
I wasn't sure if events were moving too quickly, or whether he was taking his time with me. I knew nothing about his methods or how fast things might happen. I only knew general information on the lifestyle and while there was plenty I could hardly wait to experience, there was also a lot that made me nervous, even afraid. I mean, my parents had never even spanked me!
God, I suddenly wondered, *is he going to spank me?* He had a small smile playing on his lips as he stared into my eyes. Was he reading my mind? I was handcuffed and at his mercy! I tried to suppress a nervous giggle at my thoughts by thinking about being spanked. It worked!
"Come on," he said playfully. "Let me show you around."
I nodded and smiled up at him. He took my elbow in his hand, guiding me from room to room, and I was so impressed. I couldn't help wondering what something like this must cost. It was like a home out of a modern decorating magazine. Soaring angled ceilings and high windows would light the entranceway during the day, and the white walls would reflect light around the rooms brightly. But in the evening, the character would change to what it was now, exuding class and designer perfection. Fish tanks much taller than they were wide flanked a split-level sunken lounge room. A minimalist effect was provided by the sparse décor, including floor-mounted sculptures, and white leather lounges. Large black cushions appeared in places they might in a professional photo shoot.
"I tidied up a bit," he said, winking at me. All I could do was beam!
The high walls were neatly adorned with small paintings under cleverly concealed spotlights, and as Andrew and I swung through the house, little surprises awaited like recessed nooks with soft lighting and small abstract sculptures. I wondered if he had a hobby in works of art. I paused for a moment in the dining room, with an amazing rectangular inlaid table before me. Without thinking I screwed up my nose at a horrible thought.
He had been talking about the artist who created the tiled abstract inlay and I couldn't help thinking Andrew had to have been one of the richest men I'd ever dated. Even the richest I'd ever *met*. I felt a tinge of discomfort, wishing I could bring my fair share into the equation. I had very little in comparison, and never really needed a lot. I thought I should tell him I would never take advantage of him.
He had been watching me carefully the whole time, much to my chagrin. I bit my lip when I realised he must have seen me screw up my nose.
"What is on your mind, Dominique?" he asked, his smile fading.
"I... I, um..." *Oh my God*, I thought*. I can't lie now!* "I... I was just... Oh, I'm sorry, Sir. I'm trying to find words!"
"Take your time."
"I... I just was thinking all this must cost a fortune. I was just feeling a little intimidated and inadequate,

I guess. And um, I was also wanting to tell you I think your home is beautiful and I... oh, how do I say this! I'm sorry, Sir!"
"What is it?"
"I don't want you to ever think I'd want your money!" Fuck! That was hard! I hoped I wasn't in trouble already!
"Oh, Dominique. You are so delightful. Thank you for being forthright." He chuckled. "Please, give it no further thought. Enjoy being surrounded by beautiful things. I have no fear of you. You wouldn't *dream* of such a thing, I know that much about you already," he said, winking.
Suddenly images from some of my lurid dreams drifted across my mind and I flushed with confused pleasure. I wondered if I would have to tell him about them too. If my hands weren't cuffed together, I would have slapped my forehead. *Of course, you dummy. You are going to have to tell him everything!*
Remembering I might be in trouble, I asked, "Sir?"
"Dominique, in future, if you wish to ask a question, first ask if you may do so."
I was rocked from my train of thought and felt the heat rising in my cheeks. Nevertheless, I understood what he was asking. "Y... Yes, Sir. May I ask a question please, Sir?"
"Certainly. What would you like to know?"
"Well, I... I was just wondering a... are you going to spank me, Sir?"
"Have you been naughty, Dominique?"
"Oh! I don't know, Sir!"
"Well then, I would not spank you unless I told you that you had displeased me and I explained why. Then we would discuss a punishment and if we agree that a spanking was appropriate, it would proceed." He smiled a little before continuing. "Of course, on occasions I might simply want to spank you. You do have a lovely ass. Well, at least I think you do."
"Oh," I whispered. "Y... Yes, Sir. Um, thank you." *God*.
"And Dominique?"
"Yes, Sir?"
"In future, and until I decide otherwise, you will refer to yourself as 'this girl' or something similar, and not 'I', understood?"
"Yes, Sir. Um, th... this girl u... understands." I was *so* nervous. I just hoped I didn't make a mistake.
"Good."

Dominique continued to delight. It was clear she had taken my requirement for honesty to heart. I leaned down and kissed her forehead. Her shiny blue-black hair was smooth and lustrous against my lips. It shimmered when she moved and I thought it was one of her best features, along with her eyes. Dominique had lovely sky blue eyes. Hearing her breath shorten as I kissed her widened my smile. When I leaned back, I was pleased by her willingness to learn something new.

"Yes, Sir," she said, softly. "Um, this girl u... understands."
"Good."
I took her arm again and continued leading her through the house, showing her the kitchen, then my den, then upstairs to the master bedroom. It was apparent she was very impressed and commented excitedly on things that caught her eye. I deliberately avoided unveiling my 'study'. Rebecca had called it my 'study' and the name stuck. She said it was because of all the studying and practicing I did in there when we first discovered the lifestyle. When the time was right I would show Dominique. I would have to talk to her about Rebecca too. Later. For now, I showed her to her room.
"May this one ask a question Sir?" she asked as we paused in the hallway outside the door.
"Certainly."
She was blushing furiously now, and I was looking forward to what she was going to say. "Well, I... I was kind of hoping to sleep in bed with you, Sir. Is, um... Is this girl allowed to say that?"
"Yes, you are allowed to say that, Dominique. You may ask or say anything, as long as you express the question or statement honestly and with respect. I would have preferred you to say, 'This girl was kind of hoping... ' But yes, in essence your question was within the bounds of what you may ask."
"Um. Sorry, Sir. And th... thank you, Sir."
I smiled. "Relax, Dominique. This will be your room. You may keep changes of clothes and makeup here etcetera. You will be sleeping where I tell you to sleep." The disappointment on her face was obvious, but she brightened as I continued. "But I believe most nights you will be sleeping with me, if you earn the privilege." I winked at her. "And Dominique?"
"Yes, Sir?"
"I always want you to be honest with me. Always. It may feel awkward in the beginning, but our relationship depends on it. You should be candid and confess things without being grilled. It pleases me to hear the things you are thinking."
"This girl will try, Sir."
"You will succeed too, Dominique. Or your ass will be very red in the trying." I grinned at her and she trembled, smiling nervously. God, she was gorgeous.

Was it what he said, or the way he said it to me? Or maybe it was having a conversation with my wrists cuffed behind my back. Whatever it was, I was getting so wet it was ridiculous. I'd never been this turned on, ever! I felt light-headed and could feel my body swaying. When he talked about spanking me, I felt faint. I wanted to try it *now!*
"Are you all right, Dominique?" he asked.
"Y... Yes, Sir. Just..."
"Just what?"
"Um... Just, this girl is *so* horny, Sir. She's sorry. She doesn't know what's come over her!"

"Good," I said simply, smiling at her. She beamed at me, pleased with herself. "Dominique, I'm going to ask you the same question I asked you earlier."
"Yes Sir?" she asked, looking puzzled.
"Have you been naughty?" I chuckled.
"Ummm... *Oh, Sir*," she whined, a mischievous look leaping to her eyes. "Yes?"
"Why, Dominique?"
"Ummm... Well..." she began, blushing fiercely, "Well... Because I..."
"'This girl'..."
"Um, because... *this girl*... ummm... has enjoyed what has happened to her... and... um, her imagination is racing about what might happen in the future, Sir."
"Are you turned on, Dominique?"
"God yes, Sir."
"How can you tell?"
"My... I mean... This girl's p... pussy is wet... and this g... girl is so hot, Sir. It's so exciting t... talking like this with my hands bound, Sir."
"Very good, Dominique. I hope you won't be too disappointed if I remove them." Taking her into my arms, she melted against me as I reached behind her and removed the cuffs. She looked up at me and I kissed her lips gently, whispering, "Take a shower and come down to dinner. You'll find a change of clothes in the wardrobe. Wear nothing but what I have provided for you."
"Thank you, Sir." She rubbed her wrists as I turned and started to walk away.
"And Dominique?" I said, over my shoulder.
"Yes, Sir?"
"Do not masturbate, okay?"
"Um... N... No, Sir."

I stripped off and had a cold shower. I hadn't had one in years, and honestly, I doubt I would have even considered masturbating until Andrew told me I couldn't. The strangest desire to finger myself to a writhing cum washed over me as *soon* as he said I wasn't allowed. And if I couldn't cum, then I needed a cold shower, and fast! I quickly washed myself thoroughly and jumped shivering from the stall. I wrapped a plush towel around myself, and another atop my head and sat in front of the beautiful, glossy white vanity. On its top were some basic cosmetics and a hair dryer. Supplemented by what I had in my handbag, it was only a few minutes later that I looked at myself and hoped he liked what he saw. I stood and finished drying my body, then pulled back the wardrobe door and gasped.
There was nothing in there!

I looked down, and on the floor were a pair of black pumps, a black leather collar and a note. Pulling open the other door of the wardrobe, I found it empty as well. I crouched down to pick up the things, then sat back down at the vanity and read the note.

Dominique, this is your training collar. Do not put it on. Bring it downstairs with you. There is some jewellery in the drawer on your right. Pick out what you want. It is yours. Remember, to me you are beautiful. Walk tall.

Andrew

My nipples sprung to attention and I could feel the butterflies in my tummy. I hadn't been here an hour and already I was going to be naked in front of him! I looked at myself in the mirror and was greeted with a stupid grin and I giggled. I slipped on the pumps and stood up. Perfect fit, of course. How could he know? Picking up the collar, I inspected the small silver disk hanging from the front ring. '*Dominique*' was engraved across it in a beautiful flowing style. It felt strange holding it in my hands. He must have had such faith in me. I wondered when he had it made and I got a little choked up. I was amazed by the thinness and softness of the leather. I had to see what it looked like and held it up to my neck. Damn, I looked sexy. I opened the drawer and found a small jewellery box. When I placed it on the vanity and lifted the lid, my tear-filled eyes bugged out.

I delved into the half-full box, not knowing *what* to think. I felt like a pirate finding hidden treasure! Choosing a silver waist chain, I fastened the clasp with trembling fingers. *Wow!* There were rings and bracelets and some anklets and beautiful jewelled earrings. There were also some things I didn't even know what to do with. I picked up one piece that looked like a brooch. It was a silver star with slivers of green stone swirled through the metal. But from what I could see, there was no way to attach it. For a moment I pondered the pretty piece. Then it dawned on me.

It was nipple jewellery! Adjusting the spring on the back, I fitted it over my hard nipple and let go of the spring. *Whoa!* I thought, my mouth dropping open. "Mmmmmm!" I moaned aloud at the tightness. Gritting my teeth, I pulled my nipple further through it. *What the hell am I doing?* Maybe another day I could wear something like that, but not today. I took it off and replaced it, choosing instead some pretty dangling silver earrings and put them on.

I rushed into the bathroom to look in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. *Hmmmm...* I thought, quickly scanning myself up and down. Opening the bathroom cabinet, I smiled at his forethought. Shaking my head, I wondered how many 'firsts' I would end up having today.

A further fifteen minutes later, I again modelled in the full-length mirror. I blushed and a tingle of excitement rippled across my skin. I raced back out to the vanity and lifted the collar to my neck again.

God, I mustn't prove him wrong.

I shuddered and dropped my arms to my sides. I looked again at myself, naked and holding his collar loosely in my hand, wondering for the first time what the hell was I doing there. I looked at my face and watched the blush creep up my cheeks. My lips looked sexy and I ran my pink tongue over them. I giggled at myself and shook my hair. *I look like a slut!* I smiled and thought, *No, no! 'This girl' looks like a slut!* My eyes danced in my reflection as I hastily reassessed my situation. *This girl has met a*

man she is overpowered by. Well, not physically... yet. My smile in the mirror caught my eye. *And um, the whole thing, everything that's happened, is like a dream. She's doing things she never thought of doing and she can't stop. And she doesn't WANT to stop. She's horny and she likes the challenge of pleasing him... of knowing that maybe she CAN please him... of giving everything to him... of beaming with delight at his gorgeous fucking smile... of being his to do with as he pleases... of being his... of 'being'... just 'being'... just being ME!*

My heart was pounding and my skin prickled and tingled with excitement. There was a full blush in my cheeks and across my chest. My breath was short and my nipples were pointy and crinkled hard. My newly shaved pussy was warm, swollen and wet. The muscles in my body felt like they were humming with adrenalin. Looking down at my feet, I was amazed that the shoes fit so well. My reflection mocked me with a sly smile as I realised I was squeezing my thighs together without even thinking about it. *Naked, I came into this world*... I thought.

*"*This girl *wants* to be seen like this!" I gasped aloud. With barely a hint of hesitation, I turned on my heels, heading for the stairs before I could change my mind.

I was seated when I heard Dominique's heels clicking down the stairs. I stood as she slowly and gracefully entered, not unlike a model on a catwalk. My breath caught in my chest as she came closer, her shoulders back and breasts thrusting, her eyes boring into mine. When she was almost in front of me I gestured for her to stop, and I looked her body up and down, smiling. "Very nice, Dominique." I directed her to the large black cushion beside me on the floor. "Kneel."

"Thank you, S... Sir," she replied, doing as I asked.

"Eyes down, Dominique. Move your thighs a little apart. Your treasures are for my eyes. Do not be afraid to present them to me." I sat down at the table and swung my knees under it.

"Yes, Sir. Thank you for telling this girl, Sir," she said, her hands trembling.

Nodding, I returned to my meal. I had spent a fair bit of time on it today and I was sure that she would appreciate what I had in mind. But I liked making her wait. So, for the next few minutes no words passed between us, but I did wonder what she was thinking.

I hope he likes how I look... God, my pussy is so wet I think I might stain this comfy cushion... Surely he would have known I would... Mmmmm, dinner smells good... I'm so hungry... I wonder if he will feed me... What are we going to do after this? I hope I get to cum tonight... Should I say something? Just be quiet, he told me to relax... Just breathe, girl...

"Pinch your nipples for me, Dominique," I said with a mouthful.

She raised her hands to her breasts and did so without hesitation. "Th... Thank you, Sir," she whispered, gripping them tightly.
"Are you hungry, Dominique?"
"Mmmmm. Yes, Sir."
"Release them," I said, smiling down on her.
"Thank you, Sir." Even with her head down, I could see her grinning as she placed her hands on her thighs, palms down.
"You may look at me now," I said, and she did. "You mentioned before that you were afraid of making a mistake..."
She nodded. "Yes, Sir."
"And I told you I was a patient teacher." I couldn't help but smile. "But I am impatient to begin. So, while I feed you, I want you to listen. Okay?"
"Yes, Sir."
"Okay. When you know no better, you are not in trouble. When you do know better, you are. If I have told you something once before, then 'you know better', so I suggest you always tune in when I am speaking to you. When we talk, you may look wherever you wish unless I direct you to do otherwise. Okay?"
"I've got it. Thank you, Sir."
"Good girl. Whenever I choose to teach you something, grab a cushion and kneel before me, listening as you are right now." I glanced down her body and she blushed. "However, I would like you to turn your hands over, palms up, and I will tell you why."
"Yes, Sir," she said, immediately turning them over.
"*Open hands turned toward the one to whom you submit* harks back to a time long past and these days is basically symbolic. It symbolises the fact that your submission is voluntary and that you hide no weapons of self defence in your hands."
Dominique nodded, looking down at herself and checking her appearance. I adjusted myself in my Levi's when she did. Spearing another small piece of fish with my fork, I brought it down in front of her to regain her attention. She noticed and leaned forward, capturing the morsel in her open mouth, then closing her lips and drawing it off the fork. She sat back on her heels and chewed slowly while gazing intently up at me.
"Your posture is excellent. Always remain attentive when on your knees. Straight back, and be still. Beyond these requirements, you may kneel in a way that reflects your mood." God, my cock was starting to get quite hard in my pants. "In other words, you may arch your back or spread your legs more or less, depending on what is going through your mind, what thoughts, what feelings..." I smiled down on her as another wave of redness flushed her cheeks. Her eyes danced as she adjusted her posture, opening her legs a little further and drawing back her shoulders. "You are beautiful, Dominique."
"Th... Thank you, Sir," she whispered, opening her mouth to accept another forkful.
I spent the next ten minutes feeding her and watching her smile with the tastes. I reminded myself of

a conversation we had earlier today. I had been reassuring her that I knew what I was doing, and that I had experience in training an untrained submissive, though it was quite some time ago and I might be a bit rusty. Dominique was excited and frightened and inquisitive all at once, and asked if I could tell her in general terms how I might go about training her. At the time, I told her to be patient, and that 'training' was simply a formal way of 'getting to know one another'. As the end of the meal approached I spoke to her. "Dominique?"
She hurried to finish a mouthful. "Yes Sir?"
"I want to talk to you about myself, and then I want you to tell me about yourself, okay?"
"Yes. Okay, Sir." She looked intrigued as she watched my lips.
"In this life we speak about limits. Everyone has limits. Limits to what they would reasonably allow someone to have them do, or do to them. I want you to know certain things about me, and about the limits I have. Then I want you to think for a moment, and then tell me what sort of limits *you* might have." I dabbed the corners of her lips with a napkin as she listened. "Firstly I want you to understand something. I will never punish you without a very good reason, nor will I punish you while I am angry. To me, pain is a tool. I feel confident in my ability to control exactly how much pain I might give you and will never give you more than is necessary, nor more than you desire, depending on the circumstances. I may build in intensity or I may shock you with a paddle, but there will always be a good reason for my actions. I imagine I will always tell you why I am doing something. However, if I don't, then there will be a good reason for that too. You may rest assured that I will not abuse the trust you have placed in me. Also, it pleases me to see how much you can take and for you to test your own limits. I will always listen for you to say the word 'red', for if you do, I will stop whatever I am doing immediately. Do you understand?"
She nodded, her eyes shiny and wide. "Y... Yes, Sir."
"I may choose to tie you up so you can barely move, but you have my word I will never leave you that way longer than is necessary nor longer than you can take. Nor will I ever leave you alone while bound. The 'red' word applies here too. And yes it pleases me for you to endure as long as you can. I want you to know that I have enough experience in this life to remain in complete control, and I know exactly what I am doing. Do you understand me so far?"
"Yes, Sir," she said.
"I have no desire for near death experiences, Dominique, neither yours nor mine. I will never asphyxiate you nor engage in breath play beyond holding your neck. I will never make you bleed intentionally." She gasped. "Relax. Having a conversation like this is normal," I said, winking. "Also, I have hard limits on kids, animals and hard drugs. I reserve the right to push any of your soft limits, and you reserve the right to stop me pushing them."
"By using the 'red' word, Sir."
"That's right," I said, smiling back. "And there will be surprises, *lots* of surprises. Now think for a moment Dominique. Do you have any limits you would like to express?"
A thoughtful look crossed her face and I watched her for a moment, her distracting breasts rising and falling with her heavy breathing. With just one downward glance I could see how wet she was and

longed to stroke between her legs and see her respond. But I could wait. "May this girl speak, Sir?" she asked appropriately. I nodded and she took a deep breath. "Sir, this girl feels so new and not sure of herself. She thinks she has the same limits but she doesn't really know, Sir. But she *knows* she trusts you. She *feels* it, Sir. She wants to give everything to you. *Everything*, Sir. She wants to be taught by you and guided by you, t... to be the best submissive you can imagine, Sir. And she t... trusts you not to hurt her, Sir."
"You are adorable, Dominique." I grinned at her. "Are you still hungry?"
"Not for food, Sir," she said nervously.
"First things first, Dominique."
She blushed anew. "Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir."
"It's all right, Dominique. It is clear you are eager and horny," I said, glancing at her erect nipples. "And I like that. Within reason, you should be available to me at all times, but never clawing for attention. I can then promise you, you will get all the attention you can take." I winked at her and she bit her lip. "Now, hand me the collar."

I had forgotten about the soft leather collar. Picking it up from the floor by my side, I draped it across my hands and lifted it to the height of my downcast eyes, offering its smooth suppleness to him. He took it and I looked up at him expectantly, shaking and feeling like I was going to cry.
"Dominique," he said simply, "With this training collar we commence our journey." He wrapped the collar around my neck and buckled it. *God*, I thought. *I'm really doing this!* It felt so lovely against my skin I hoped I never had to take it off. My scalp prickled and even though I felt wonderful, I was so close to tears.
"Stand and let me look at you. Fingers entwined behind your head." Taking a deep breath, I climbed to my feet and did as he asked, standing tall and feeling my body trembling all over again. "Turn around, slowly," he asked, and I did so. "Lovely, Dominique," he said as I turned to face him once again.
Oh, my God! I almost said aloud. Averting my eyes from his crotch, I croaked, "Th... Thank you, Sir." His cock looked huge! I couldn't wait to see him in jeans!
Suddenly he stood up and said, "Come with me."
"Yes, Sir," I answered. I would have gone anywhere.

In my mind, I had planned to show her my 'study' the next day. I think it was a combination of the desire I felt for her and seeing her noticing my hard cock, that convinced me. I took her hand and led her to the back of the house. Stopping in front of the locked door, I withdrew the key from my pocket and inserted it, turning the lock.

Click, CLACK!
Wrapping my hand around the doorknob, I turned to Dominique. "In your fantasies, you may have imagined a room like this," I said. "Keep an open mind. Look around. Feel everything in this room as if you were blindfolded. Let me know if you recognise anything. Inside it is quite dark, so enter and stand still for a moment to allow your eyes to adjust."
"Y... Yes, Sir," she said, swallowing.
"All right then," I said, pushing open the door.
"Wow!"

I never expected the room to be so *enormous!* At first glance, the door might have been mistaken for a hall closet. But when he opened it and I peered inside, I couldn't see the end of it. "Wow!"
Stepping into the darkness, it took a few seconds for my eyes to focus. When they did, my breath caught in my chest. I smiled nervously and looked back at Andrew's silhouette in the doorway. "Go on," he said encouragingly.
I did as he bade me and began looking around the huge room. Just inside the door and on the left, was a lounge area that took up perhaps a quarter of the space. I walked along the length of the black sofa, trailing my fingers, feeling the fine leather. A black leather recliner held pride of place near the fireplace. The night was warm enough without it, but I had flashes of images of myself, kneeling before the flames in winter. Cushions were strewn everywhere. Glass coffee table. Suddenly Andrew was beside me, turning around the recliner and lowering himself into it.
"Slip off your shoes."
"Yes, Sir," I whispered.
After satisfying myself that I knew the lounge layout, I turned to the rest of the room. It had an intimidating air. I felt like I was floating as I walked across the spongy floor to the centre of the room. I pressed my hand against a large wooden ceiling to floor pole. It was a foot wide and had black steel rings hanging from it, placed randomly. I looked to him hopefully.
"Whipping post."
I shuddered and withdrew my hand, looking it up and down. Wow! A sweat-drenched image of myself writhing with my arms overhead, attached to the high ring, speared through my mind and I took a step back, catching my breath. Shaking the image from my head, I walked toward what looked like a large desk with straps emerging from its surface, and placed my hand upon it, feeling its leather surface.
"Training table."
I looked at it more closely. One could be strapped down in any manner of positions. I swallowed, feeling my pussy clench. Amazing. Tearing my eyes from it, I noticed a looming piece of furniture in one corner. Approaching it, I thought it looked like a medieval set of stocks. I placed my hand on them. "Are these stocks?" I squeezed out.
"Yes, stocks."

I gasped a little.
"Are you okay, Dominique?"
"Yes. Um, thank you, Sir."
And so it went on. Every item, every implement. From the large wood stained St Andrew's cross bolted to the wall, to the six different whips, three paddles and two crops arranged conveniently on the wall. He had a whole drawer full of vibrators and dildos. And another small drawer full of batteries. Giggling, I picked up some coiled lengths of rope and marvelled at their feel.
"Silk ropes."
I looked at him and he was smiling at me. He approached and I could feel my skin actually vibrating as he neared. My pussy clenched again and I felt my moisture trickling down the inside of one thigh. I really did want something, *anything*, to happen. I was *so* excited. He took my hand in his, leading me to what looked like a tangle of hanging leather straps. I reached out and touched it.
"Swing," he said, and I smiled, looking it over curiously. "Would you like to try it?"
"This girl would like to do anything you desire, Sir," I replied honestly.
He smiled back at me. "Good girl. Stay there."
"Y... Yes, Sir."

Retrieving a set of four leather cuffs from the toy box, I showed them to Dominique then went down on my haunches before her. I looked up into her eyes and said, "Hands behind your head, elbows out." Nodding her head slowly, she did so, intently watching me. I attached one cuff, then the other above each of her ankles. Happy they were secure and not too tight, I caressed her calves and behind her knees with my hands. I stood and looked into her eyes, taking her wrists one at a time and buckling the remaining cuffs around them.
I took each of her wrists and held them aloft, attaching her cuffs to the corresponding clip at the top of the swing. As she watched what I was doing, she helped by getting up on her tiptoes. Her skin was tight and her breathing was hard and becoming ragged.
I bent my knees slightly and put my arms around her hips, lifting her into the swing. Attaching the various straps to her thighs and upper arms, I tightened the buckles before standing before her. *In for a penny, in for a pound*, I thought to myself as I returned to the toy box. I picked up a pink ball gag, a three speed basic white vibrator, and a feather. Taking my favourite crop from the wall, I clipped it to my leather pants and walked back over to her. I placed the items in my hands at her feet.
I came up to her very closely, fingertips touching her hips. I looked her up and down and felt my self-control waiver. My arousal stirred mightily as I reached up and grazed my fingernails gently down her breasts. She gasped aloud and I leaned into her, kissing her lips through her moan. Our mouths opened and I tasted the sweetness of her. She shivered, returning my kiss, softly yet insistently sucking my tongue. *Mmmmm*, I thought. Leaning back a little, I watched her pout, then bite her bottom lip, eyes dancing. She was loving this!

"More?" I asked, tweaking her nipples gently.
Her mouth opened in a stifled moan and she blushed, nodding her head.
"Trust me?" I asked, reaching down to the floor.
"Y... Yes, Sir," she said, giggling nervously.
Her eyes went wide as I brought the ball gag up to her mouth, opening mine to demonstrate. Fitting it into her mouth and buckling it behind her head, she suddenly looked a little frightened, no doubt wondering *why* I would want her gagged. "Control, Dominique," I whispered. "You have nothing to fear. We will not be approaching your limits today. Give me control and relax." I smiled warmly at her and her eyes softened.
Until now she had been hanging reasonably comfortably in the swing. Leaning down, I wrapped my hands around her ankles and lifted them off the floor as I stood. She gasped as she hung in the air, completely unnerved and off balance. Rocking gently back and forth, swinging by the padded cuffs around her wrists, I went about clipping her ankle cuffs to the rings of the swing.
"Make a wish," I said, smiling and drawing her legs open. Watching her face was fun as I attached her ankles to the down straps. Leaving her hanging there, with her calves and her biceps around her ears was quite simply amazing to see. It was the look on her face that most interested me. She looked like she couldn't believe she was in this position, and yet, she looked like she would have preferred to be nowhere else.
I stood back and admired the form of her body in the swing. She wriggled and moaned adorably, her eyes smiling at me despite her discomfort. Scanning down her body, over her hard nipples and tight stomach, I settled on her pussy. *What a pretty pussy,* I thought. My gaze flicked up to her eyes before returning to her wet, open cunt. With the intoxicating scent of her in my nostrils, I leaned down and picked up the feather.

Ohhh, Godddd, raced through my mind as the feather caressed my inner thighs. Gasping and barely able to keep from squealing, I clenched my muscles, trying not to react. Up and down he went, chuckling as he directed the feather wherever he chose, touching me lightly all over and igniting my senses. Amazingly it didn't tickle in the least. In fact, it was divine! I found myself pushing at that damned feather as he gently swept it over my body, then drew it downward, brushing over my pussy. Groaning, I closed my eyes and dropped my head back, supported by a leather strap.
In moments I felt a buzzing vibrator brush over the lips of my pussy. *Oh, my God. I'm gonna cum!* I thought. Suddenly he withdrew it, leaving me whimpering behind the gag. *Noooo!!!* Then he did it again! I felt faint, perspiration breaking out on my skin. Over and over he touched me and withdrew. Over and over I built and subsided until I forgot who I was and where I was. Ecstasy without finality is delicious and terrible at the same time. From the mist in front of my half-open eyes came his voice. "Your pleasure is mine to give you. I *own* your orgasms. You do not *have* them unless I specifically allow it. Nod your head if you understand."

I nodded urgently. I would have invaded Poland if he'd let me cum. God, that vibrator was so close. Then it was gone. "Mmmm! Mmmm!"
Pop. Pop. Pop.
"*Mmmmmmm!"*
The sound rang in my ears.
Pop. Pop.
I writhed in abject terror, trying to rid myself of the bites of his crop on my inner thighs. Held fast, there was no escape.
Pop.
I never even thought of the 'red' word.
Pop. Pop. Pop.
It just wasn't that bad. It smarted, but it hurt for only for a moment.
Pop.
Do-able. I can do this.
Pop. Pop.
Pop.
"Mmmmm..."
Pop. Pop. Pop.
My head lolled back on my shoulders as he walked around me.
Pop.
Mmmmm, yes on my ass. "Mmmmm..."
Pop. Pop.
"Mmmmmmmm..."
Pop.
My whole body was beginning to shake.
Pop. Pop. Pop.
I felt a trickle of my juice run underneath me. This was so fucking good!
Pop. Pop. Pop. Pop.

I wiped my forearm across my brow and tossed the crop on the floor. Dominique's eyes were closed and she moaned softly, writhing in her bondage. My cock was erect and bent down the leg of my pants uncomfortably, throbbing indecently. Gazing down upon her, I discarded thoughts of denying myself. She looked too good. I rolled her erect nipples and she groaned in need. Her pussy was engorged and wet, sparkling in the half-light.
Unbuckling the ball gag, I threw it on the floor and kissed her passionately, my hands in her hair. Stepping back, I practically tore my pants from my lower body, groaning in relief as my cock leapt free. Dominique's eyes opened wide as I wrapped my fingers around it, fisting it to full hardness.

"Yes!" she hissed, struggling to move closer. "Please!"
"Beg me, Dominique!" I said through clenched teeth, holding her steady. "Beg me to fuck you!"
"Please, please! Fuck me, fuck me hard!" she gasped against my mouth as I kissed her again.
With a hand around her ass and bent knees, I worked the head of my cock into her. She was so tight I had to steady my prick with my fist so it didn't bend in the middle and do me an injury. Finally straightening my legs, I groaned as I pressed my pelvis against her, my cock fully sheathed in her slickly molten cunt. Gripping her ass tightly, I started rocking her back and forth, feeling every inch of my cock sliding in and out of her.
"Oh, God! Harder! Harder!" she gasped. Moving my hands to her hips, I held her away from me, and we both watched my soaked shaft slowly appear as I drew back my hips.
"Not yet," I sighed, sinking into her again.
"Oohhh..."
My hands held her tightly, drawing her pussy up and down the length of my cock, slowly gathering speed. I kissed her again. I could have kissed her forever. Dominique's head fell back, eyes closed and mouth open as she began to tremble in my hands. "Please! Please! I'm g... gonna cum!" she cried, her breath catching in her chest.
"Cum!" I groaned, thrusting into her again and again.
"Ohhhhh, yessss!!!" she moaned, shuddering uncontrollably. Harder and harder I fucked her, feeling my own orgasm building, ready to boil. She shook and whimpered and I reamed her so hard the beam above was creaking. Suddenly she stiffened and her pussy clamped. She was coming again!
"Oohhh, Goddd!!"
"OhhhhhHHHH!!! FUCK!! YES!!!" It was my own voice. My tingling balls contracted as they slapped against her dripping wet ass. My thighs shook and I gave in. I slammed deeply into Dominique one last time and exploded. My cock lurched and I released. "Ohhhh, sweet Jesus! Ohhh! Ohh!!!" Again and again my cock throbbed and pumped hot cum into Dominique's twitching and grasping pussy. I threw my head back and slammed into her again. I held myself there. Mouth open. Breathing hard. Panting.
Releasing the iron grip I had on her ass, I held her hips as I ground out my pleasure. I kissed her neck, enjoying the feeling of her tight slick hotness around me, and her smooth hips in my hands. I sighed and opened my eyes.
"What is it, pet?" I asked, reaching up to brush away the tears that ran down her cheeks.
"Oh, Sir... It's just... I've never..." she said haltingly, breathing hard. "It's never been like that... I never knew it could be like that."
I unbuckled her wrists and she rubbed them, sitting deeper in the swing. Taking her chin in my hand, I brought her eyes to mine. "We have only just begun," I whispered. "And you are not finished yet, Dominique."
"No, Sir?"
"No pet, it's clean-up time." I made no move to unstrap her thighs or unbuckle her ankles. I looked at her and grinned.

"Um, this girl doesn't understand, Sir. Don't you need to untie her so she can do as you ask?"
"Not yet."
"Oh Sir, please help her to know!"
She looked adorable, pleading for direction, the look on her face a cross between eagerness to please and fear that she hadn't noticed something obvious. She looked like she might cry. I teased her no more. "It is your duty to clean your body and mine after sex. You are also required to clean up any mess we have made."
She looked at me questioningly and I pointed at her pussy, awash with her juices and my sperm, steadily dripping to the floor below her. My pointed finger then scanned up her body to her mouth. Realisation dawned on her and she blushed hotly.
Her eyes went downwards at first but from her angle I doubted she could see anything. "Ohhh," she groaned, as she slid two fingers into her pussy. A moment later she was sucking them clean, then reaching down to do it again. Soft mewing sounds began to escape her mouth between sucks.
Quietly I moved around behind her, taking her by the shoulders and drawing her back in the swing. She adjusted her weight and I tipped her head back further, smiling down on her as I pressed my cock to her lips. With my hands supporting her shoulders, she opened her mouth and her fingers wrapped around my ass. I moaned softly as she cleaned me off. When I slid my half hard cock from her mouth, her sodden fingers immediately replaced it.
She was someplace else. I undid the straps and buckles binding her, letting her legs down. They flopped open like a rag doll and she continued her work oblivious. She was mumbling something to herself and raising her hips as she buried her fingers once again. My words broke her reverie only momentarily.
"Don't forget the floor, Dominique. I'll take a shower and return in a few minutes. You may cum, but only once. We have much to do."
"Mmmmmm... Yes, Sir."
The image of Dominique swaying gently back and forth in the swing, her fingers moving from her pussy to her mouth, was burned into my memory forever.