

Dominique Ch. 08

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I was suddenly struck with the gravity of the situation . I could lose everything here! Clasp my hands tightly behind my back to stop them shaking, I tried to slow my breathing while Andrew, Paul and Kate looked down on me. My Judge, jury and executioner. I felt very small. Would I ever master this game? Was I cut out for this? It wouldn't have taken much for me to burst into tears and flee. Forever . I couldn't believe I called Kate a bitch. I should have thanked her for slapping me. God, was this it? Was he finished with me? Studying my Master's face, I wished he were smiling. I was sure I could make him smile again. Shivering almost uncontrollably, I decided to fight, and fuck the consequences. I was not going to give up. I had come too far for that. If he wanted the truth, I'd give it, and let the cards fall where they may. After what seemed an eternity, he finally asked his question.

"Do you know what you have done?"

As soon as he asked it, I felt so ashamed. My cheeks burned and I would have given anything to be alone with him. The grass in front of me became blurry as my eyes filled. A single tear began its lonely trek down my cheek. "I... I have disappointed you."

"You have broken a number of rules, and your behaviour has been unacceptable." My shoulders were trembling and another tear dripped down my nose and I watched as it plummeted to the ground below. "But that isn't all, is it?" His voice was soft, scary... hypnotic.

"N... No," I whispered, my eyes filling and the grass in front of me becoming blurry.

"Speak up, and don't make me tell you again. Make your confession, Dominique. Now ."

Oh God. I cleared my throat. "Y... Yes, Sir." Master seemed too familiar. I didn't deserve to call him my Master .

A moment. I just needed a moment. Fuck it. Taking a deep breath, I collected my thoughts. I straightened myself and knelt up tall. Proudly. With my body as tight as a drum, I closed my eyes tightly to blink away my tears. They ran in streams down my cheeks, but I decided against wiping

them away. So what if I cried. I exhaled slowly and opened my eyes.

Watching Dominique on her knees stifling tears was difficult to bear. The trial of confessing before others would certainly test her. A sense of déjà vu came over me as I asked my question. It was very strange, but a memory of Rebecca speared into my mind. Sometimes I just need attention, I heard her saying. We were talking together after a punishment and her mascara had run, just like Dominique's. It's better this way, she had said. I'll learn. And she had. I almost smiled to myself, realising the message. Somewhere along the way Dominique had become sidetracked, and she needed to be reigned in. In a sense, Dean had been right. I had been too gentle with her. But not for the reasons he thought.

The desire to sweep her up into my arms flooded through me and abated in a split second. Why did I hold myself back sometimes? I knew it wasn't appropriate at that moment, but it wouldn't have been the first time if I had. I usually drew a frustrating blank when I started thinking about it. Rebecca would have been surprised. Indecisive would not have been how she described me. And yet here I was, thinking of her while Dominique relented and let the tears flow. Had I truly let go? While Dominique sobbed, I realised I had some confessing of my own to do. But I would afford us some privacy for that. In the meantime, I decided that if Dominique was going to make inroads into her vanilla ways of thinking, it was going to be today. And it wasn't going to be easy.

I knew what to do. And I recognised that this might be the last time I ever involved other people in our play. Dominique would not miss Paul. Not when I was done. I should have seen it. It was as plain as the nose on my face. Dean's cabin was too much for her. It was too random and too stressful. It hadn't opened doors, it had smashed them down with an axe. Her world had been warped and she probably wasn't sure what to make of it. Even bringing Paul in had been a mistake. Dominique was not Rebecca. And I did give a fuck. As she straightened up and steadied herself, I reached into my pocket, feeling for my handkerchief. Remembering the egg was wrapped in it, I thought, perfect. I was tempted to smile as I retrieved it and held the small cloth out for her.

"Thank you, Sir," I said, sniffing. "Thank you." Bringing the soft cloth to my face to wipe it, the scent of my pussy invaded my senses and I blushed, glancing up at Andrew. He smiled. He smiled! He was having a private moment with me, and for some reason it made sense. I relished it, carefully folding his handkerchief and drying my face with it. All was not lost! He still had faith! Kneeling up straight again and taking a deep breath, I balled the cloth in my fist and held it tightly. "Sir," I began, concentrating on his eyes. This was not how I envisaged my confession. "I have been guilty of a so many things."

"Go on, pet." He called me 'pet'!

"Yes, Sir. I um," I said, hesitating. It didn't sound right. Then it dawned on me. " This girl is guilty of d... disobeying you. You made it plain she was to submit to whom you chose. Th... This girl was rude and wilful and she is very sorry for that, Sir. Sh... She finds it difficult when others are involved, Sir. She felt confused and things happened so fast." I wiped another tear from my cheek. "I... She... She knows we have talked about it and she knows it is a limit you may push. But it is still very new to her and she felt cornered. H... Her jealousy took over, Sir."

"Explain what you mean, Dominique."

"Y... Yes, Sir. This girl is um, also guilty of allowing mischievous thoughts to become feelings, Sir. And she... she found her fantasies involving Paul occupying her idle time. She was looking forward to seeing him more than she should have been, Sir." I glanced at Kate and she looked daggers at me. "Th... This girl feels that jealousy clouded her judgment. Her jealousy of Kate made her lash out, S... Sir."

"I see," Andrew said, nodding thoughtfully.

"There is another thing, Sir. This girl is also guilty of not paying proper attention to your instructions regarding her collar. She is very sorry for not asking about it. She loves it so much and if she knew she could wear it whenever she wanted, she would not have taken it off. Well, not while at home, Sir." I wanted to smile but I stopped myself.

Andrew nodded again, scratching his chin. "Is there something else, Dominique? Something deeper?" he asked.

"Um," I hesitated, looking from face to face then down again. "Yes," I whispered.

"Go ahead."

"This girl feels... torn , Sir. Torn between her vanilla side and her submissive side. She has been assuming things, Sir. Assuming her place, and assuming what is important and what is not. Her mind has been active but she has not confessed the things she has been thinking. She assumed she knew what you would want or need to know. She has been filtering, Sir. Filtering thoughts and feelings, sharing only those she knew would please you." I looked up at him and he seemed almost pleased.

"You do it to keep me happy, don't you?"

"Making you happy is always this girl's intention, Sir," I replied softly. It was no excuse and he knew it.

"Happiness based on half truths and omissions is not real happiness though, is it?"

I looked down at my hands and fingered the handkerchief. "N... No, Sir. This girl doesn't know what else to say. She is sorry, Sir. She has been careless and displeasing and her focus has wavered. She knows she acted poorly and she knows she can do better. Please, Sir. She... She'll do anything!" I pleaded, looking up at him. "She'll accept anything! Please let her prove herself to you, Sir. She knows she should be punished. Please punish her, Sir. Make it all go away, please ..." My tears returned in a rush, and for a moment I felt cold and alone. Kate was right. I was a cry-baby.

"You are going to be taught a lesson."

Falling at his feet and kissing his shoes, I whispered, "Thank you, Sir. Thank you. Thank you." Joy and relief seemed to merge. I can do this. I WILL do this.

"I want you to trust me today. Let go . Understood?"

Gazing up at him, the look on his face was one I would never forget. His eyes bored into me with a determination that seethed. And the strangest thing was, I loved it. Without saying a word, he spoke to my centre. This is what you deserve. I nodded, whispering, "Yes. Anything."

His hand appeared before my eyes and I held it and he lifted me back to my knees. "Trust me to make decisions regarding your limits, Dominique. Accept my will. Find freedom in letting go. Let me decide what is right and what is wrong, and what is important and what is not. Confess without fear. The truth can only bring us together."

I dropped my gaze to the ground and nodded again. Taking another deep breath, I asked softly, "May this girl speak, Sir?"

"Only if she addresses me by my rightful name."

I glanced up again. Was that a smile? Biting my lip, I whispering, "Thank you, M... Master. I..." Paul and Kate seemed to fade into the background as I spoke. "I feel humbled, Master. Humbled that you care enough to help me become the submissive you desire, and the submissive I want to be. I don't know what I've done to deserve the chance to earn your forgiveness, but thank you for that chance." I swallowed, resolving to do anything for this man. Andrew. My Master. "I want nothing more than to please you. My heart, mind and body are yours. Master, I know I have let you down. And I'm sorry beyond my ability to describe. I'll do better, Master. I'm determined to make you proud of me again."

As I listened to Dominique's thoughtful words, I was touched by her simple honesty. She knew what was expected of her and she knew she should not have defied me. Even taking everything else into consideration, there would be a price to pay for that. Gazing down on her, I set my jaw. "Go to your room and strip. Get your collar. Do not put it on. You don't deserve it. Proceed to my study and kneel in the middle of the room facing away from the door. I do not want your face to be the first thing I see when I walk through that door. Place your collar on the floor behind you. I want it out of your sight." I threw the key to the ground in front of her. "Now, GO!" Picking it up and scrambling to her feet, she excused herself and hurried past us up to the house. When she was out of earshot, I turned to Paul. "I don't know what came over her."

"They all have their setbacks," Paul offered kindly.

"Yes, yes. I know you're right."

"Would you like us to leave?" he asked.

"No, I'd like you both to stay. I'm going to need your help with what I have in mind."

"Hmmm. Well, I'm sure Kate won't mind a change in plans. Her dominance needs work anyway," he added, chuckling. Kate pouted then giggled, and I couldn't help but smile. Paul was a good friend, and though he was humouring me, I could see the concern in his face. Hindsight was a wonderful thing.

"I tend to agree with you," I said, and we all laughed. "What about you Kate? Do you have anything you'd like to add to this conversation?" I asked.

"I would be pleased to play any part you would like me to play, Sirs," she replied eagerly. "But, may I just say something?"

"Go ahead."

"Well I um... I just think you are both very lucky, Sir. Dominique is adorable and you make a wonderful couple."

Paul concurred. "She's right, you know."

"Yeah, I know. And thanks. All right. I'll explain how I want this to pan out, and then we'll go on up. No rush. We'll let her sweat for a bit."

"Sounds like a plan, my friend," Paul said, giving me a wink.

"Okay. I want it to go like this..."

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God! I thought I was going to be sick. Quickly pulling off my clothes, I stood naked in front of the mirror. My mascara had run and I looked like a sad clown. As I breathed deeply, I held my hand in front of my eyes and my fingers shook like leaves in the breeze. Determined to make a good impression, I ran into the bathroom and washed my face.

His words echoed in my mind, haunting me. 'Is there something else, Dominique? Something deeper?'

When Andrew said that, I hesitated and I thought I knew why.

Sometimes I felt like two women. One of them completely accepted and relished her submission. She delighted in bringing pleasure to the one she loved. She had never felt as happy and as content as she did when she submitted. Everything made sense to her. She accepted the fact that very few people were like her. She was sexually secure. Satisfied. Balanced.

Then there was the other woman. She was hurt. Hurt by her own rejection of the norms of the society in which she was raised. She wondered why the man she loved didn't treat her like a princess. She thought she should be worshipped and spoilt. She was still in there. She was my vanilla conscience.

As I dried my face with the bath towel, I tried to convince her that what she didn't or couldn't understand was that she was being worshipped and spoilt. She had never been listened to as intently as Andrew listened to her. Her desires and her fears had never been given as much attention as Andrew gave them. She had never been treated as respectfully as Andrew treated her.

After running a comb through my hair, I ran over to the window. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw Kate pouring fresh drinks for them. Still, I wanted to be ready. Walking quickly over to the bedside table, I retrieved my collar. God, I was so nervous. I steeled myself. This is what he wants. This is what I deserve.

I headed for his study.

In time we finished our drinks and ambled up to the house. I'd given Dominique plenty of time, and the three of us knew our roles. Paul thought I was absolutely right, and Kate made the point that I shouldn't back off now, not when it was clear that Dominique was expecting something 'special'. I thanked them for their input as we pushed open the back door and soon stood at the threshold of my

study.

Kate murmured, "Wow." Paul admonished her, but it was okay. I had the urge to say the same thing. Only the low lamp next to the toy box on the side table had been turned on. It lit up the wall with the mounted playthings.

Dominique's skin flickered golden in the sixty or seventy candles she had hastily lit. Kneeling in the classic style with her back to us as ordered, she was naked and her skin glistened as she breathed. She was oiled from head to toe, black hair shimmering. The silver locket of her collar glinted from the floor behind her.

I surveyed the room for any other surprises. A bowl of dip and crackers sat on the coffee table, flanked by a jug of iced water and three glasses. I was pleased there weren't four. For a submissive in trouble she was working hard at putting things right.

"Dominique... do not speak..." It was so quiet I could hear her breathing. "Put your hands behind your head and lace your fingers together." She did so without hesitating. I motioned for Paul and Kate to move to the lounge area and observe. Moving in the opposite direction, I said, "Do not move Dominique. Do not look at me or anyone until I say you may."

Taking my crop from its mount, I clipped it to my belt and opened the toy box, retrieving a coil of silk rope. I walked up behind Dominique. "Arms straight up over your head, hands clasped together." She did so. I wound the silk rope up her wrists, binding them together with a nod to the shibari style Paul likes so much. I looked over to him and he nodded and smiled. Kate was watching intently. I turned back to Dominique and said, "Keep your hands straight up over your head." I leaned down and picked up her collar from the floor behind her.

Dangling it in front of her face, I hissed, "Do not speak." She nodded almost imperceptibly. "This is your collar. " I dropped it to the floor in front of her and continued. "It is a symbol Dominique." I unclipped my crop. "Thirteen months ago we began this journey together. The collar I placed around your neck signified the beginning of 'us'. You were to respect it by respecting me ." I punctuated each point with a slap of the crop against my calf. "The collar tells you that you are different ." Slap . "It tells you that you are mine ." Slap . "And it tells you that you are owned ." Slap .

Walking slowly around her, I said, "With the acceptance of my collar, you chose to place the gift of your submission in my hands." I stopped in front of her and admired the form of her body as she kept her head bowed, arms straight up and steady. "By your actions, you have placed your submission to me in jeopardy." I started walking around her again and I heard her exhale. "I will NOT..."

Pop! Outside of her left thigh. She flinched and gasped with the shock. It wasn't very hard.

"... tolerate your begrudging acceptance of my will. I will NOT..."

Pop! Top of her left buttock.

"... accept anything less than your unerring desire to please me. I will NOT..."

Pop! Top of right buttock.

"... accept your judgment on what you will or won't confess to me. I EXPECT..."

Pop! Right thigh.

"... you to let ME decide what is important to confess, and what is not." I stopped walking. "I WANT..."

Pop! Right thigh again! She gasped.

"... you to accept your place with me."

Pop! Right thigh again . Her arms shook.

"Honestly..." Pop! "Fully..." Pop! "Openly..." Pop!

Her arms swayed, her hands making small circles above her head. I walked in front of her and stopped, mustering my most menacing tone. It wasn't difficult. "You know very well what is expected of you. You may answer when I ask you a question. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Louder."

"Yes, Sir!"

"You have been slipping, haven't you Dominique?"

Her shoulders shuddered in another stifled sob. She cleared her throat, steadying her arms overhead. "Y... Yes Sir."

"And you have been thinking inappropriate thoughts, correct?"

"Yes Sir. My confession-"

"Shut up, Dominique. Even when you are being punished you can't do as you are told, can you?"

"N... No, Sir." Her voice came in a tremor. Her arms were visibly shaking with the effort required to keep them overhead.

"You have been coveting the attentions of Paul, haven't you Dominique?"

"Yes, Sir," she whispered.

"Louder."

"Yes, Sir!"

"You felt sick with jealousy, didn't you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And you wished you could have slapped Kate back, didn't you?"

"No!"

"No?"

"No, Sir."

"Why not?"

"Because I wanted to thank her."

"Put your arms down." She sighed with relief. "Kneel tall. Spread your legs." She did. "Pick up your collar in both hands." She did. "Hold it out from you with your elbows by your sides at ninety degree angles." She did so. "Up a little." I tapped her hands with the crop. "Don't drop it Dominique."

I walked away from her over to the side table. "Kate, come here." Kate stood up and padded sensuously over to me and knelt at my feet. She had removed her high heels.

"How may I be of service, Sir?" she asked softly, her voice carrying across the room.

"Take these clamps and put them on Dominique's nipples. Nice and tight."

"Yes Sir," she replied, smiling.

Kate crawled to Dominique and kneeled, leaning back on her heels. She was lower and looked up into her downcast face. She whispered something and I stopped her. "Do not speak privately to her, Kate."

"Sorry, Sir."

"Look into her eyes. Tell her what you think of her."

"You are a stupid, stupid slut Dominique," she whispered.

"I want to hear some fucking venom, Kate! Now speak to her like she was stealing your Dom or you'll be taking her place!"

As Kate seemed to remember why she was there, she pursed her lips and spat in Dominique's face. I almost said something, but Dominique didn't even flinch.

"You stupid little cunt. Do you really think you could satisfy not only Andrew, but Paul as well?" She slapped Dominique's right breast. "Maybe in your wildest fucking dreams, you stupid bitch." Kate opened the jaws of the nipple clamp and pinched Dominique's nipple to hardness. "Yes, that's right you dirty little slut, your hard nipples give you away, don't they? Oh, you poor thing. Do you miss being Miss Golden Girl? Do you miss being the girl holding all the aces?" Dominique gasped as the jaws closed and her nipple was caught between. "Yeah. Go on cry-baby. Cry for what you are leaving behind." Kate twisted the adjustment on the clamp and Dominique's jaw dropped, but she remained silent.

"Good girl, Kate. Now the other one." I was pleased. Kate was working beautifully, even if the spitting was ad-libbed. She leaned down and sucked the nugget of Dominique's other nipple into her mouth, then sat up and twisted it harshly.

"Yeah that's right," she teased. "Nice hard little nipples to bite and bruise. Mmmm." When she leaned down and bit at the available nipple, Dominique gasped.

"Apply the clamp, Kate."

"Yes, Sir," she said, pinching Dominique's nipple one more time before closing the jaws of the clamp around it.

"Ugh," Dominique protested softly.

"Shhh," said Kate, reaching up to caress her cheek. I waved her away before she had the chance.

When Andrew called Kate over, I reminded myself of my promise. 'This is what he wants. This is what I deserve.' I held on to the thought.

Kate leaned into me as she applied the first clamp. "I am loving this you know."

"Do not speak privately to her, Kate."

"Sorry, Sir."

"Look into her eyes. Tell her what you think of her."

"You are a stupid, stupid slut Dominique," she whispered. My pussy clenched. I was starting to feel hot.

Clamps on my nipples were one of my weaknesses. Even as a punishment, the lines readily blurred. I held my collar tightly in front of me and stared at my white knuckles. My nipples burned and I closed my eyes, remembering to breathe.

Without warning, Kate spat in my face, but I hardly even felt it. I was busy reminding myself of my promises. I would not complain. I would not hesitate. I can do it. I want it. I need it.

Andrew's voice penetrated my subspace. "Dominique..."

Remembering I was to be silent, I looked up at him noticing Kate was gone. "Dominique, I am going to teach you a lesson in humility now. Do you understand?"

"Y... Yes, Sir," I whispered.

He turned to our guests. "Paul, if you would come here please?" I dropped my gaze to the floor once more. My God. Paul. What must he think of me? I listened as his footsteps approached, but I didn't

dare look at him. Andrew spoke. "Paul, look down on my submissive, and tell me what you see."

The silence roared and my nipples ached. The warm timbre of Paul's voice soothed my ears, but not his words. "I see your submissive. I also see an attractive, sexy woman. And I see a good fuck." A good fuck? His words cut me to the core.

"You feel nothing more for Dominique, Paul?"

"No, that would not be true." It wouldn't? "She is your submissive, Andrew. I care for her because she is yours ."

"Thank you, Paul."

"You are welcome Andrew."

"Stay here."

"Sure."

"Look at me, Dominique." I looked up at my Master. "You understand Paul feels nothing for you."

"Y... Yes, Master."

"There is nothing there. He enjoys fucking you. He cares for you because you are mine. That is all. Can you understand that?"

"Yes, Master," I murmured, dropping my gaze to the ground. Damn my stupid fucking imagination.

"Suck his cock."

Oh my God , I thought, as I swallowed, moving forward on my knees, my collar held in my hands. I looked up at Andrew and he raised his eyebrow at me. I was clearly only able to use my mouth to free Paul from his jeans. My mind flooded with images of Gigi doing this very thing up Dean's cabin. How I had envied her... What must Kate think of me now...

With my nose I pushed aside the flap of material covering his zipper and with my tongue I prised up the catch and took it between my teeth. I drew it down slowly and carefully. I also used my teeth to undo the button at his waist.

"I can't believe how slow you are," Andrew chastised.

Breathing hard through my nose, I gripped one side of his jeans in my teeth then the other, dragging downward. On my third tug his half-hard cock popped free and swayed before my eyes. I was quite pleased with myself for being able to do it, and sighed in relief.

"I see you are looking forward to sucking Paul's cock, pet. Well, I can't have you enjoying it too much. Kate, come over here."

I heard Kate's footsteps approaching once more. Biting my bottom lip, I continued to eye off Paul's cock while Andrew spoke. God I was hardly even listening. Saliva filled my mouth and I licked my lips, inhaling the heady male scent. Looking up into Paul's light brown eyes, I couldn't help but smile.

"Kate, paddle Dominique until she has Paul's cock in her throat. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," she replied eagerly.

"I will nod each time you are to swing the paddle. Go and get the small one from the wall." Paul's beautiful cock twitched in front of me and I swallowed. "Stand there, Kate. That's right, like that. Now, swing the paddle back and forth." I felt the air movement over my ass as Kate practiced. "Yes, that will be fine for starters. Dominique, you may begin."

I was reaching my open mouth forward to catch the end of Paul's bobbing cock between my lips when my Master must have nodded to Kate.

CRACK! I was pushed suddenly forward into Paul's crotch.

"Ugh," I grunted, his cock bouncing off my cheek.

"Suck it!" Andrew demanded, his hand sliding into my hair and making a fist. He guided me to the smooth spongy head of Paul's cock and straightened my angle to plunge onto it. As I sucked hard I looked down the length of it and swallowed again. Paul's cock was very thick, and I could taste pre-cum already.

CRACK!

The paddle drove into my ass cheeks again and shoved me forward. I blinked and found myself half way down Paul's cock. I was trying to relax my throat and...

CRACK!

It's strange how I hardly even felt the first strike. It was more of a surprise than anything else. The second one was similar to a needle, only it was a thousand needles all over my ass. After that my ass just burned and throbbed. I tried to concentrate on the throbbing cock sliding back and forth in my mouth. Andrew's fist tightened, keeping me from impaling my face on Paul's cock. Kate swung the paddle again.

CRACK!

"Uuggghh!!!"

Sucking with all my strength, I was trying to push forward, choking and drawing back. Fighting my Master's strength.

CRACK!

He was drawing out the paddling and I whimpered in frustration.

CRACK!!

I had to do this now! I shoved myself forward and Andrew let go. Suddenly my throat was convulsing as Paul's cock embedded itself. "Hold her there," said Andrew as Paul's warm hands went around my head. "Three for taking so long..."

CRACK!

"Urrggllkk!"

CRACK!!

"Ughhh."

CRACK!!!

"Uugg."

"All right. That's enough," Andrew ordered. Using my hair, Paul slid from my mouth and his cock shone, proud and throbbing in front of me. I could hardly tear my eyes from it. Spit was hanging from

my chin and I felt dizzy. "Hand me your collar." Taking it from my hands, Andrew swung it on the end of his finger. "We shall see if you can earn this back."

Shuddering, I nodded .

I can do this.

With barely a whimper, Dominique had received a soft-to-medium-strength paddling I would have been proud to administer, and I doubted whether Kate could have swung the paddle with more vigour. Pointing to a corner of the room, I told Kate to kneel and wait then turned my attention back to Dominique. From the edge of my vision I saw her scurry to hang up the paddle and kneel in the dark.

"Look at Paul," I said to Dominique. "Look him in the eyes." She did so. "You're a jealous, cock sucking slut, Dominique. Tell him." Her mouth opened and for a moment nothing came out. She might have been catching her breath, but I needed to reinforce the message. "What's wrong? Giving up already?"

She swallowed and looked up at Paul. "Th... This girl is a jealous, cock sucking slut, Sir."

"I know Dominique," Paul said quietly, smiling down on her. "And how do you think I know?"

"Sh... She doesn't know, Sir," she said, sniffing.

"Because Andrew and I noticed you had an unhealthy interest in me. We have discussed it, Dominique."

Dominique's gaze dropped and I chided her. "I told you to look at Paul. Kneel up straight."

"I... I'm sorry, Master. I am a terrible sub," she said, her eyes filling with tears as she looked up into Paul's.

"I will decide if you are a terrible sub, Dominique," I said. "Do not try to elicit sympathy, it will double your punishment." She gasped and nodded. Didn't she know it had only just begun? "Tell her again, Paul. Make it plain."

"Dominique, I have no interest in you beyond Andrew's best interests. There is no way I could deny that I enjoy using you, but I do not spend time thinking about you. I honour Andrew, Dominique. We grew up together and we discovered this life together. No sub will ever change that. None. I have had no feelings or thoughts beyond these."

When Dominique pouted like she was going to cry again, I made my move, reaching out and snatching a handful of her hair. Dragging her over to the training table, I didn't say a word, and neither did she. Well, she whimpered and tried to take the pressure off her scalp, but I didn't really notice. "Kate, come here again," I said. "Strap her down to the table."

"Yes, Sir," she said, eyes sparkling again.

She set about her task. I put my arm around Paul's shoulder and steered him towards the water jug. The temperature in my study was heating up and it was thirsty work. "Thanks, my friend," I said.

"Don't mention it, Andrew."

I poured two tall glasses and passed him one. "Cheers," I said.

Kate was behind me and I was looking over my right shoulder back at her. She had swatted my ass as I climbed onto the low, soft-surfaced training table. The table itself was only about eighteen inches off the floor and the over-stuffed black leather felt good on my skin. Kate had dragged it toward the centre of the room under a light before diligently strapping down my forearms and calves. It had eight slots in its surface, through which eight sets of small leather straps and buckles emerged or retracted.

The pain in my nipples had ebbed to a dull ache I was trying to ignore. I was shamefully excited. Kate ran her fingertips and nails over my body, cooing in my ears as she strapped me down. She caressed my skin lightly in between tightening each strap. She seemed to like my calves. When both legs were securely strapped down, she smoothed over my ass with her soft warm palm, telling me I looked beautiful. Glad someone thought so, I closed my eyes and bathed in the sensations.

One plenty of occasions I had been here, on elbows and knees. But it was usually just Andrew and I. Kate had done a very good job strapping me down. She took particular delight in pushing my knees as widely apart as the slots would allow, before locking them in place under the table. I could move back and forth, but all other movement was severely limited.

"Slide this onto her cunt," said Andrew.

"Oooo, nice," Kate replied, winking at him. Seeing the egg changing hands made me groan and my head fell forward, my hair covering my face.

"You don't have to be gentle. She is very wet."

"Yes. Clearly, Sir," answered Kate. "Can I clean her up for you, Sir? I ah, I don't mind."

"Just insert the egg for now."

"Yes, Sir." She sounded disappointed.

I was looking over my shoulder at her and she winked at me then turned her gaze between my legs. Feeling the pucker of my asshole being teased, I shuddered. Her fingertips pressed against my lips and a single long nail parted them. It felt strange but my body started to blush. Looking at Kate's face only turned me on more. She was completely rapt in what she was doing, staring at my pussy.

Then she grinned as she pushed two fingers up inside me. Unable to stop myself, I gasped and ground back against them. Her fingers flexed inside me, sliding back and forth. "God she is so wet I can hardly believe it, Sir."

"You should be done by now, Kate."

"But this is much more fun, Sir. Don't you agree?"

Paul chuckled from across the room. I turned around the other way to look at him. He was sipping from his marguerita and watching us.

"It does look pretty good. She has a pretty cunt," Andrew offered, flicking his gaze at me.

Groaning again, I clenched as Kate's slim fingers slid smoothly around in my pussy. My face felt like it was aflame and I was getting very worked up. They were talking about me like I was meat. "She has a nice, tight wet cunt, Sir." I was starting to rock back and forth.

"That's enough, Kate."

"Oh, but Sir, I want to see her cum," she whined, sliding her fingers faster. Sparkles flew down my spine to my crotch, making me shake. If she didn't stop soon I was going to cum!

"I told you to stop that, Kate!" Andrew was bending over, holding Kate by the hair and speaking right into her face "You'll do as I tell you, when I tell you. Won't you?"

"Fuck! Owwww! Yes, I will! Yes!!"

"Just like Dominique, aren't you?"

"Y... Yes. I'm sorry."

I swung my gaze to Paul as he laughed loudly. His eyes met mine and he grinned. My Master dragged Kate over to the toy-box and told her not to move. He rummaged a moment and pulled out the cock gag, holding it up in front of her eyes. "For you, potty mouth!"

Andrew held Kate by the hair on the top of her head and forced her head back making her cry out. He roughly pushed the cock gag all the way into her mouth. She gurgled and the gag made a glick, glick sound as it was pushed into her throat. Her eyes blazed as Andrew buckled the strap behind her head. "Get rid of that dress before I rip it off you, potty mouth."

Kate's eyes bulged as she stood and walked over to Paul. He took the hem of her dress in his hands and drew it up and off her body. Kate stood in front of him, squeezing her breasts in her clenched fists and almost doubling over trying to rub her thighs together.

"Paul?" Andrew called. Paul put down his glass and came over to stand behind me next to Andrew. At that very moment a well-lubed butt plug started probing for my opening. I groaned and trembled with discomfort as it was pushed relentlessly into me. Gradually I adjusted to the fullness but not before it was cruelly twisted inside me. "Bring Kate over."

"Kate. Here. Now." She scrambled over on her knees. "Stand up and make her eat your cunt, possum."

She was just taking hold of my hair when I felt that damned egg-shaped thing getting pushed back up my pussy. Without a moments hesitation it was turned on low. Kate pulled my mouth into her musky wetness. She too was shaved and my face slid deliciously all over her smooth abdomen, my mouth dragged side to side across her clit. Even though I couldn't do anything, I wondered if she liked it and looked up at her.

"Nggggg..." she groaned, her eyes bugging out.

"Turn her head to me, Kate." Reluctantly she pulled me free of her, steering my head around by the hair. I looked at Andrew and he smiled at me. I heard a click and he chuckled as my pussy clamped hard around the insistent toy. Subconsciously moving back and forth in my bindings, I heard as he clicked it again, sipping his marguerita and drinking me in. As I groaned, Kate's hot pussy mashing into my face again cut off my voice. Her hands tightened in my hair and in moments she was fucking my face! My pussy came alive with vibrations as my Master pressed and released a turbo button on the clicker. It sent waves of shakes and shivers through my body only to rebound and head straight

back to my steaming, spasming cunt.

Just when I thought I might lose control I heard Andrew's voice. "Now, Paul."

A muffled thump hit my ass as Paul found his range with the paddle. In moments he had his rhythm. Oh, God. Yes. It wasn't nearly as hard as Kate had paddled me. It was completely different. The rhythmic thud, thud, thud of the paddle filled the air as the most delicious of feelings warmed me to the core. My tender of flesh trembled with explosions of pleasurable pain. I heard Andrew turn up the clicker and flashes of tiny lights scattered behind my closed eyelids.

I drifted away in a gut-wrenching climax. Kate's fists in my hair were so tight I almost felt safe. I wasn't going anywhere . I was where I wanted to be. I was being enjoyed, and enjoying every moment of it.

I was home.