

Mistress Caroline part 3 - My Training Continues.

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My training continues under my new mistress.

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I was tired, and I slept well. The next morning I was awakened by Mistress Caroline, as she was unlocking the chain from my collar.

She looked me up and down, then said, "You look so nice J, very lovely."

She pressed her breasts against my chest and her cheek against mine and I felt her hand fondling my balls.

"Such a good boy." She put her hand behind my head and kissed me hard on the lips, which took me by surprise. As she did this, she squeezed my balls until I gasped from pain. She released me and said abruptly,

"Head for the bathroom J. Wash up, and be sure to shave. Then join me in the living room. Be quick about it. I don't like to be kept waiting. Today, we are going to take a trip."

"And may I ask where we are going?"

"You'll get your answers in due time." She said, as she took her strap off the hook beside the door and waved it menacingly.

She then smiled at me and said, "Good boy. Now, get to the bathroom, shower and shave. Be sure you do a good job. Be quick about it. When you're ready to go, come to me in the living room."

"Yes mistress. But what shall I wear?"

"Another question J? You'll wear just what you're wearing now. Your collar and your wrist and ankle straps."

"Yes mistress. Should I wear anything else mistress?"

"Damn it J! Do I have to use the strap on your ass? Do as you're told, and do it NOW!"

"Yes mistress." I headed for the bathroom immediately.

I had no idea where Mistress Caroline was planning to take me. Wherever it was, I was sure I would be paraded in all my nakedness before other people, and even the thought humiliated me. Even so, I felt I wanted to please her. I was surprised at myself for feeling that way, but obeying her was becoming a habit, and along with it came the desire to please. I removed my wrist and ankle straps and stepped into a hot shower. I couldn't remove the collar, because it was still locked around my neck with the little padlock, but I washed under it as thoroughly as possible. I dried myself off, put my wrist and ankle straps on again and headed for the living room, wondering what was going to happen next.

Whatever I imagined, I was completely unprepared for what I found, and for what happened next. In the middle of the room sat a wheel chair, and Mistress Caroline was standing beside it. I stopped abruptly.

Then Mistress Caroline said, well ordered actually, "Come over here and stand in front of this chair J."

"Yes mistress," I responded, and again I did as I was told.

As soon as I was standing in front of the wheel chair, Mistress Caroline produced a wide, black leather belt which she fastened snugly around my waist. Then she shackled my wrist straps to a 'D' ring at the front of the belt. "Sit down," she ordered.

"Yes mistress," I responded, puzzled.

Immediately, she fastened a seat belt across my lap and my wrists, strapping me firmly to the chair. She then ordered, "Open your mouth, slave." When I complied, a gag was inserted, which I immediately found out to be a penis gag, and was fastened tightly. A scarf was then wrapped around my lower face, completely covering my gagged mouth. Finally, my feet were shackled to the foot supports of the wheel chair and I was covered from neck to foot by a light blankets. I was completely helpless. I was dumbfounded, wondering what was now going to happen to me. There was no use panicking, I was strapped tightly to a chair sucking on a rubber cock. I had to resign myself to whatever fate that she had planned for me.

As soon as she was satisfied that I was completely covered, she wheeled me out of the room, down a corridor, and out the front door. I was petrified that someone would recognise me, but I needn't have worried. To everyone else I just looked like a normal person in a wheelchair, being wheeled down the road. I was completely covered, and thankfully no-one could tell that a rubber penis was inserted in my mouth.

Although slightly embarrassed, it felt good to feel the air against what was left uncovered on my face, after being stuck indoors. As she pushed me through the park, she proceeded to tell me about 'our relationship' as she called it. She told me that not all the women that I would meet were owners of slaves, some were submissives.

However, none of the women were slaves, and that I would see that none of them wore collars like mine. A few wore collars, but those appear more like jewelry than like slave collars, and they signify a state of voluntary submission. We refer to them as subs, not slaves. Like you, they do our bidding. Some of them aspire to be owners and will be some day. Others are quite content to be and to remain subs. What you must remember J, is that you are a slave. That means that you are subservient to every woman here, whether she be owner or sub. You need not consider yourself a slave to the subs, and you may address them less formally than you are required to address us. You may even become friendly with some of them. However, you must treat them with respect, because their status is above yours.

We headed towards the busy shopping mall. and I again suddenly started to feel very self conscious of my situation.

Eventually we reached a shop that advertised itself as a 'Grooming Salon', and Mistress Caroline promptly wheeled me inside. At first it seemed to be like any other ladies beauty salon. There were ladies having their hair washed and cut, as I was wheeled through the shop towards a desk situated at the rear in front of another door. Then I noticed a sign above it saying 'we specialise in slave grooming', and my stomach started to turn.

"Good morning Dawn." Mistress Caroline said.

The receptionist looked up. "Good morning Caroline," she replied. She stood up and gave Mistress Caroline a hug. "So nice to see you. What can we do for you today?"

"Well, I have a new slave here that I'm afraid needs some work.

"What did you have in mind?"

His hair needs cutting, I think it should be shaved. Also, his pubic hair could stand a little trimming and I don't like hairy armpits. I think they should be shaved."

The receptionist, obviously, Mistress Dawn, looked me over from head to toe. When she was finished, she looked at Mistress Caroline and said, "We certainly can do those things."

Then Mistress Caroline said, "and one other thing. I want you to put a nice steel cock and ball ring on him. Can you do that?"

I had a feeling I wanted to get the hell out of there. But where would I go, even if I could get away.

Mistress Dawn responded cheerfully, "We most certainly can" Then she asked, "Do you want to stay and watch, or will you return for him later?"

Mistress Caroline answered, "I think I'll stay." She slapped her strap lightly against her own leg and said, "To make sure there are no problems."

"You're quite welcome to stay, but, rest assured, we're quite able to deal with problem slaves," Mistress Dawn responded with a smile.

We entered through the door, and my covers were taken off. I was untied from the chair and lastly my penis gag was removed. Then a leash was attached to my collar and I was led off.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"J," Mistress Caroline told her.

"Come with me, slave J," she ordered me, pulling lightly on the leash.

"Yes ma'am," I replied resigning myself.

Mistress Caroline, following behind, patted me gently on the ass. I wondered what she was thinking. As we passed further through the door, I saw immediately that the equipment here was quite different from that in the front of the shop. It had a wash basin, similar to that in front, and shelves with bottles of lotions and creams, but it had no mirror behind the wash basin. At one side of the room it had a large shower stall which was equipped with metal rings in the wall and a horizontal metal bar hanging from the ceiling by a chain. Near the centre of the room was a padded table. It had a horizontal rail just above the floor that had metal rings attached to it. Also near the centre of the room was a strange looking device, that could be described as a stool with narrow, padded top rails. The seat formed a

wide, adjustable 'V' shape. It was mounted on a base that appeared to make it possible for the seat to be raised and lowered, swiveled, tilted, and pivoted in any and all directions.

In the room were two women who were both dressed in togas. They greeted the Mistresses by name. "Good morning, Mistress Dawn, Mistress Caroline."

"Good morning, Kelly, Beth," the Mistresses said in unison. Then Mistress Dawn said, "We have some work for you. This is slave J. He wants a complete shave and a cock and ball ring fitted."

It wasn't what I wanted, I thought. It's what Mistress Caroline wants. I have no choice in the matter, and what the hell is a 'cock and ball ring'?

Both the subs giggled, then answered, "We'll get started right away." Kelly took the leash from Mistress Dawn, and Mistress Caroline took a seat at the side of the room as Kelly led me to the table.

"Nice to meet you J. Is this your first grooming experience," she asked me in a pleasant voice."

"Yes ma'am," I replied.

"No need to call me 'Ma'am'," she said soothingly. "My name is Kelly, and I am a sub. You know what that is?"

"Yes. Mistress Caroline explained it to me," I replied.

"Good. Then just call me Kelly. Now, lie down on the table for me J. On your back, please."

I did as she asked me.

"Now, you'll lie very still for me, won't you? So I don't have to strap you down." As Kelly said this, she opened a drawer and brought out a straight razor, which she began to sharpen on a leather strop.

Eying the razor, I swallowed hard and said, "Oh, yes! I'll lie quite still!"

Kelly laid the razor on my belly and began gently unbuckling the wrist strap on my left arm. When this was done, she poured some fragrant lotion on her hands, and, lifting my arm, she spread it from my shoulder to the back of my hand. This done, she picked up the razor and began shaving my arm. The girl called Beth did the same on my right arm. "This isn't so bad, is it J?" Kelly asked in a soothing tone, as she expertly removed all traces of hair from my armpit.

"So far it's very pleasant," I said, smiling at her. In any case, I wasn't going to argue with a woman who had a straight razor against my skin.

When they were finished, they replaced my wrist and ankle straps. Then Kelly said, "Alright J now for the finishing touches. Please get up and come over to our special barber chair with me." I rolled off the table and she led me to the strange looking stool device just a few feet away.

"Sit down, please J," Kelly said with a sweet smile.

I sat as best I could on the narrow, padded, 'V'-shaped 'seat'. The padded rails were only about three inches wide, and only the backs of my thighs and a bit of my butt made contact with them. As soon as I was seated, Kelly and Beth strapped my thighs to the narrow rails and my ankles to the vertical bars on either side. Then they attached cords to my wrist straps and tied my hands straight down at my sides. Finally, Kelly raised a vertical bar on either side of me and wrapped a leather strap around my chest, my back, and the two vertical bars. I was now firmly bound in a sitting position with my lower legs bent straight down and my thighs spread wide apart. I couldn't move anything but my head. Beth stepped on a foot switch and my seat began to rise. It continued upward until my knees were at the level of her chest. She pressed another foot switch and I tilted backward until my back was at about a forty-five degree angle. Then, with the pressing of another switch, my legs were spread apart even wider than they had been. When I was positioned exactly as she wanted me, Beth lifted my balls and my cock and moved them from side to side.

She smiled at me and said, "Well, we'll get it all neat and tidy for you." She picked up her straight razor, applied some lubricating lotion, and pulled my balls to one side. Obviously, my crotch was not going to be spare the razor after all.

I closed my eyes and held my breath, dreading the contact of the razor.

Shula laughed. "No need to hold your breath J. We have lots of practice doing this, and we haven't cut off anybody's balls...yet." I heard both Mistress Caroline and Kelly laugh.

I began to breathe again, but I kept my eyes closed as Beth worked delicately all around my ass. She spread the cheeks of my ass and shaved carefully around my butt hole. As she worked, I heard the sound of the electric clippers again. Immediately I felt Kelly begin to remove the hair from my head. I breathed a deep sigh. When Kelly shut off the clippers, Beth asked her "would you help me here, please?"

"Certainly," Kelly replied and came around to where Beth was working. Obviously, she knew exactly

what Beth wanted, because, without anything else being said, Kelly grasped the skin of my scrotum and stretched it. Beth gently pulled the razor across the stretched skin. After each stroke of the razor, Kelly moved her fingers and stretched a different area for Beth to shave.

During this process I kept my eyes closed and again held my breath.

"All done shaving J." She said. She did not, however, lower my perch to the floor and release me. The next thing I knew, she was standing between my wide spread thighs tying a cord tightly around the base of my cock and under my balls.

"What are you doing now Kelly? I asked.

"Getting ready to put on your nice, shiny cock and ball ring," was the answer. "First I tie this cord so those balls can't crawl up into your abdomen and hide from me."

She held up a steel ring that appeared to be about an inch and a half in diameter. Next, she laid it over one of my balls and pulled some loose skin through, then she squeezed that ball and pressed it through the centre of the ring. I was surprised how easily and painlessly it slipped through. Now she made sure my one ball and as much of my scrotum as possible was through the ring, then she pressed my other ball toward the centre of the ring and began to squeeze it through. This hurt a bit, but was not excruciating. It quickly slid through. Finally, she tucked my soft cock under the top of the ring and pulled it through. When all my male parts were through the ring, she untied the cord and removed it. Then she spoke to Mistress Caroline, saying, "Would you like to check this out mistress?"

"I certainly would," she said. She stood up and, smiling broadly, stepped between my wide spread thighs. She stroked my smoothly shaved hairless crotch. She cupped my balls in her palm and lifted them to examine the ring that made them stand out so prominently. Then she squeezed my balls until I gasped and said, "Lovely, I can hardly wait to get this one home."

I wondered what she had in mind for when we got home.

"If you are satisfied, Mistress Caroline, we will get him completely cleaned up and you can be on your way," Kelly said.

As she spoke she raised me to an upright position, lowered the chair, and released my bindings. As soon as I stood up she grasped my cock and balls, and pulling gently said, playfully, "Come with me J." She led me to the shower.

As I stepped in, she and Beth untied the shoulder knots on their togas, letting them drop to the floor.

They both had amazing bodies. Kelly was slimmer and taller than Beth, but I preferred Beth's body, as she was to my liking, a little curvier. Beth's breasts were more fuller, although Kelly wasn't lacking in that department. They stepped nude into the shower with me and turned on the water. When it was adjusted to their satisfaction, Kelly said to me, "Grasp that bar over your head J."

As soon as I did so, she fastened my wrist straps to eyes at either end of the bar and said, "Now, spread your legs."

When I was positioned exactly as she wanted, she and Beth began to lather my body with scented soap and scrub me from head to foot. When I was completely clean, Kelly moved very close in front of me and began to softly stroke my cock and balls. My reaction was predictable. It took only a moment for my cock to swell and become rigid, projecting prominently in front of me. The steel ring accentuated the effect. With me in this condition, Kelly unshackled my wrists. As she did, she let her bare breasts brush lightly against my chest, and she whispered seductively in my ear, "Come back again soon J."

Then she snapped a leash on my collar and led me back to my mistress. "Here is your clean shaven slave mistress," she said.

"Thank you so much, my dear." Mistress Caroline replied as she led me out, now stripped of most of my hair, and with my cock still rigid.

Again I was returned to the wheelchair, covered over and the penis gag was shoved back inside my mouth. I was then wheeled through the shop and out the front door.

We hadn't gone far when she stopped at another shop, with blacked out windows. We entered and I saw that the merchandise being displayed inside was every kind of sex device one could imagine. On one side there were vibrators, dildos, floggers, canes, straps, chains, etc. Nothing was left to the imagination. The other side was devoted to leather goods. It had harnesses, thongs, leggings, vests, shoes, leashes, wrist and ankle restraints, and other things I couldn't identify.

My covers were again taken off, revealing my nakedness.

"May I help you mistress?" the female assistant asked, ignoring me completely.

"Yes, thank you," Mistress Caroline replied. "I have a new slave here and he needs some appropriate attire."

"What did you have in mind?"

A thong, of course,” she said, looking at my naked cock and balls.

“And this one surmises from the cock and ball ring he is wearing that you want him fitted with a nice leather harness?”

she made this last statement sound like a question. “Did you have anything else in mind? Perhaps a vest or leggings?”

Mistress laughed “Oh, no, the thong and the harness will do for now.”

With the sub’s help, Mistress Caroline quickly picked the things she wanted for me. The thong she selected was black, and the harness had a wide belt with ‘D’ rings at various points around it and a buckle that fastened in the back. Straps from the belt ran straight up over my shoulders, passing just outside my nipples, connected by a cross strap at the bottom of my breast bone, and crossing in the back. There was a ‘D’ ring at the point where the straps crossed. There was also a strap extending straight down from the centre of the belt that looped through the cock and ball ring. It was adjustable with a small buckle, so that my cock and balls could be pulled up to whatever degree of prominence Mistress Caroline felt was appropriate. When these items had been selected and I had tried them on to make sure they fitted exactly as she wanted, she said to the girl, “Thank you very much. Slave J will wear these.”

She paid for my new ‘clothes’ and we left the store.

The things I was now wearing were not what I had expected when Mistress Caroline said we were going to get me something to wear, but I was glad to have them on. At least I was no longer naked underneath my blankets.

We headed for the exit from the mall, and back towards home.

When we arrived there, I was wheeled through the front door and quickly unfastened.

“Come”, she ordered and proceeded to a room I had not been in before, and I followed her as I had been instructed. As I entered, I saw that there was a massage table, a padded bench almost as high as the table, a bed with brass head and foot rails, several chairs of various descriptions, and a large cabinet with both doors and drawers. Adjacent was a toilet and bathroom.

Mistress Caroline pointed to a straight-backed chair at one side of the room and said, “Take off your new clothes, then kneel facing that chair. I’ll be back shortly.”

“Yes mistress.” I removed the harness and thong, then knelt as instructed.

She entered the bathroom and closed the door. It was not long before she opened the door and returned. I was amazed to see that she was completely naked. Without explanation, she sat on the chair in front of me.

I was fascinated by the sight of her lovely breasts, and because her knees were slightly parted, her lovely shaved pussy. Its lips were very slightly parted and glistened with moisture. I sat very still, but I began to breathe more deeply.

“Look at my EYES J,” She said sternly but with a smile.

“Yes mistress.” I looked directly into her eyes, struggling to refrain from looking down at her gorgeous body.

“You have done well with the obedience phase of your training, so I believe I can trust you well enough to begin the next phase. This phase is called ‘servitude’. In this phase you will learn what is expected of you by way of service to me and to other mistresses here. You will also learn how to provide your services in a courteous manner. The services you will be expected to provide will be numerous and varied, some of which you will likely enjoy providing and some you will not. However, when you have been properly trained, you will provide all your services humbly, unhesitatingly, and without complaint.

“Yes mistress,” I said, only because I thought some response was required.

“Now J, your training is going to start with a service...or services...which you may possibly enjoy. Since watching you get shaved and scrubbed this morning made your mistress a bit horny, you are going to learn how to give her a massage. This will be a duty you will be called upon to perform frequently. For now, I will be giving you instructions how to proceed, but, ultimately I will expect you to carry out this duty exactly as you will come to know I prefer it to be done, and without instructions from me.

“Yes mistress,” I answered, not without enthusiasm. Perhaps this slavery business wasn’t going to be too bad, after all.

‘Get a large towel from the cabinet over there and spread it on the massage table.’”

“Yes mistress.”

When I had the towel in place, she walked over to the table. “Now, help me onto the table,” she instructed.

“Yes ma’am.” I held out my hand and she took it in hers as she climbed onto the table and positioned herself on her belly in such a way that she could rest her head on the padded circular ring that would allow her to breathe and to talk easily while her forehead was supported on the pad.

“Alright, my slave, start my massage by massaging my feet and my legs.”

“With pleasure mistress.” I lifted one leg slightly and grasped a foot in both my hands. I began to press the ball of her foot between my thumbs and my fingers in such a way that it caused her toes to spread, then I worked the pressure along her arch and instep to her ankle. I gently bent and flexed the ankle as I squeezed and worked my fingers over the top of her foot. This process I repeated several times before I switched to the other foot.

“Mmmm,” she moaned softly. “That feels delightful. Now, my legs.”

“Yes mistress.” I began to caress her leg from the ankle to the knee, first pressing gently but firmly on her calf, the squeezing and applying pressure with my thumbs. I alternated from one leg to the other. I flexed her knee and rested her foot against my body so that I could work on her calf with my fingers.

“Good boy J. Now let me feel those strong hands on my thighs and my butt.”

I wrapped the fingers of both hands around on thigh and began to squeeze and massage the muscles as I worked upward toward the cheeks of her ass. When the fingers on her inner thigh approached her pussy, I could feel the heat radiating from it. I resisted the temptation to part the lips slightly and feel the wetness I knew was there. I switched to the other side and repeated the process. When I reached her butt, I grasped one ass cheek in each hand and pushed and squeezed both cheeks simultaneously.

I was taken by surprise when she said softly, “Kiss my ass J.”

I paused momentarily. “Yes mistress.” I bent down and tenderly kissed each cheek of her ass.

“Come up to this end of the table,” she ordered in a gentle tone.

I walked up by her head and said, “Yes mistress?”

She turned slightly on one side and looked up at me. "Bend down and kiss me J," she said, then pursed her lips.

I bent down and pressed my lips softly against hers and felt her press harder against mine. We held the kiss for a moment, then she backed away. "Very good, my slave," she said. "Now, I want you to consider something."

"Yes ma'am?"

When I told you to kiss me just now, you didn't kiss me on my cheeks. You found my puckered lips and kissed them quite directly, did you not?"

"Yes mistress." I wasn't sure what she wanted me to consider about that.

"Well then, when I told you to kiss my ass, why did you kiss it on the cheeks? I'm sure you could have found some nice puckered lips there to kiss," she said with a wicked smile.

After a long pause, I replied in a low tone, "Yes ma'am."

"Well then, my slave, I ask you again...kiss my ass," she said, this time in a soft and seductive tone.

"Yes mistress."

As I took a deep breath and moved down the table, she placed her forehead again on the padded headrest and raised her butt slightly off the table. Knowing I had no choice but to do as she commanded, I grasped the cheeks of her butt and spread them apart with my thumbs. I bent down and pressed my lips firmly against it.

As before, she pressed against my lips. "Good boy," she said pleasantly. "Now, continue my massage. Work the muscles of my back quite firmly."

"Yes ma'am," I said, relieved. I began kneading her back from the top of her butt to her shoulders. As I worked slowly up and down her back, she moaned softly and I could feel her relaxing. It felt good to know I was giving her pleasure, and I was enjoying the feel of her naked body. Each time my hands and fingers worked down her back I included a little more of her ass cheeks before I started to work back upward again. It felt good to both of us.

After I had massaged her back for quite a while, she said, without raising her head, "Your hands feel wonderful J. Now, please work on my neck and shoulders."

I placed my fingers on the sides of her neck and my thumbs on the back of it, and I began to squeeze and press gently but firmly...squeezing and relaxing...squeezing and relaxing. She began to moan again. I worked outward toward her shoulders, lifting them and pressing them inward toward her spine. She was relaxing more and more as I worked. If she had not been moaning softly, I might have thought she had fallen asleep.

She said nothing for a long while as I continued the massage. Finally, she raised her head and said in a most tender voice, "That was great J. I know I will have you do that often. But now I want you to do other things. Help me off the table."

I helped her sit up, and I held her hand as she slid off the table and stood beside it. She smiled at me and walked to the brass bed across the room. She sat down on it and ordered me, "come kneel before me."

"Yes mistress."

After I was on my knees in front of her, she said, "Closer, my slave."

"Yes ma'am." I crawled close to her as she spread her knees.

"Would you like to suck my nipples, slave?"

"Yes ma'am." I leaned forward and took one nipple into my mouth.

As I began to suck, she grasped my shaved head in both hands and began to stroke it, to feel it with her palms and her fingers. As she did this, she pressed my face against her breast. I continued to suck her tit, rolling the nipple against the roof of my mouth with my tongue.

"Mmmmm J, that feels so very nice," she muttered as she kissed the top of my head.

"Keep sucking, my pet," she said, still holding my head gently between her palms. After a while she pulled my head back and said, "Now, the other side." As I began to suck the second nipple, I reached up and took the first one between my thumb and index finger. I rolled the first nipple softly between my fingers and sucked deeply on the second, tonguing it as I felt it swell. Mistress Caroline was breathing deeply and pressing my head against her breast. She began to moan as she had when I was massaging her, only, somehow, these moans sounded a little different. She reached down and found my cock and balls, which were still bundled together by the steel ring. She began to stroke my cock, and it responded quickly. When it was hard, she pushed my head away from her breast and

ordered, "On your back on the bed J."

Without bothering to reply, I did as I was told. My cock stood straight up with my balls bound at its base by the ring.

"Roll over on your side with your hands behind your back," she commanded. When I obeyed, she clipped the 'D' rings on my wrist straps together with a snap ring of some kind. "Now, roll onto your back again...palms down...hands under your butt."

"Yes mistress."

When I did as she told me, she clipped my ankles together in the same manner she had done with my wrists, then she tied my ankles to the foot rail of the bed. Restrained in this manner, I could not have rolled over if I had been ordered to. Again, my cock was pointed straight up.

"Now let me feel that hairless body of yours," she said with a leer. She ran her hands over my chest, my belly, caressing, feeling. She did the same with my legs. When she got to my feet, she ran her fingernails lightly up the soles. My legs jerked involuntarily and I began to laugh.

"Ah, your ticklish!" Mistress exclaimed, also laughing. She continued raking the soles of my feet with her nails, which caused me to jerk and squirm wildly and to laugh uncontrollably. She was laughing joyously. Obviously, she was having great fun causing me to thrash around and gasp with laughter, still with a hard cock. Finally, to my great relief, she stopped. While I was still trying to regain my breath, she crawled into the bed and straddled my legs. She immediately reached for my balls.

"Let's see how my cock and my balls feel without all that nasty hair," she said as she caressed and squeezed them.

"Oh, very nice...so smooth and soft. "Now, let's see how that hard cock feels inside my hot pussy." She crawled forward, held my cock firmly, directed it between her pussy lips, and lowered her body down on it.

"Aaahhh. That feels wonderful to me mistress," I whispered as I tilted my head back and tried to thrust upward and deeper into her.

"Mmmmm. Yes it does, slave. You should feel great appreciation for your mistress allowing you such pleasure."

She leaned forward and grasped both my nipples between her thumbs and middle fingers, pinching

them and digging her fingernails into them.

“And how does that feel, my horny slave?”

Without question, it was painful, and I gasped, sucked in a breath, and groaned, “Aaahhh,” but the pain only heightened my erotic excitement. “It feels great mistress,” I managed to gasp.

“It feels great, does it? Are you a pain slut J?” she asked, pinching and gouging my nipples some more.

“Aaahhh,” I moaned, closing my eyes and flexing my head backward.

Mistress Caroline began to raise and lower her hips in a slow rhythm, causing my rigid cock to slide smoothly in and out of her hot, wet pussy. All the while she continued pinching my nipples. For a long while she said nothing, continuing to fuck me slowly and listen to me moan. Then she released my nipples and bent forward until her soft breasts, with their hard nipples, were pressed against my chest. She did not let my cock escape from her glorious cunt.

She whispered in my ear as she continued to work her hips slowly, “I think you’re a pain slut. I think pain makes you hot and horny, and I think I’m going to use that to my great advantage as I continue to train you to serve me.”

“Ohh, yes mistress,” I said in my erotic ecstasy.

“Now J I’m going to let you cum. You would like to cum, wouldn’t you?”

“Ohh, god, yes mistress!”

She raised herself up, putting her hands on my shoulders, and began to fuck me faster and deeper.

“Cum inside me, my slave. I know you feel the cum rising from those neatly shaved balls of yours. Cum for your mistress, my horny slave. Cum inside my hot cunt. CUM J, CUM FOR ME!”

I was bucking up and down as much as I could, trying to drive my cock deeper into her. I was aware of nothing but the sensation of my cock driving in and out of her velvet sheath. Every muscle in my abdomen spasmed.

“AAAHHH,” I shouted as hot semen exploded from me. “AAAHHH.”

Finally, when I stopped cumming, she lifted her hips and slid off my spent cock. She crawled forward until her pussy was directly above my face. It was still open, and it was dripping a mixture of pussy juice and my cum. She brushed it with her hand, getting it wet, then she smeared it on my shaved head. She was laughing. "Good boy, my slave. Now, it is time to clean me up. Suck your cum out of me and lap up all the pussy juice." She lowered her wet pussy to my mouth.

As I opened my mouth to extend my tongue, I could taste the sweetness of our secretions. My tongue quickly contacted her hot, swollen clit and it caused her to stiffen and let out a soft moan. She pressed against my lips and I continued to lick that sensitive pleasure spot. I sucked it between my lips and caressed it with my tongue. As she arched her back and flexed her head backward, pushing her pussy against my mouth, she moaned softly, "Oh god...oh yes...oh god, make me cum!"

I sucked and tongued her clit faster. I could see her body tensing, her breathing coming faster and deeper, her tits quivering above my eyes. I knew her orgasm was about to explode. I sucked her clit between my teeth and bit it gently.

She screamed, "AAAHHH," and her pelvis jerked forward, ramming her throbbing pussy against my face.

"AAAHHH," she screamed again and a great flood of pussy juice and my own cum gushed over me.

She grabbed my ears and held my head as she experienced another orgasmic convulsion.

"AAAHHH. AAAHHH," she screamed. I thought I was going to either suffocate or drown.

Finally she began to relax and she released my head, allowing me to breathe.

"Oh god, that was incredible, J, good boy, my sweet slave, good boy."

She climbed off of me, bent down, and kissed my wet and sticky mouth. Then she removed the bindings from my feet, rolled me onto my side, and released my wrists. Next, she handed me a towel and said, smiling, "You're a mess, J. Clean yourself up."

"Yes mistress," I said. I sat up and wiped and dried my face, then I wiped the cum and pussy juice from my crotch.

While I was doing this she lay down on the bed beside me. When I was finished, she instructed, "Now, clean me up."

"Yes ma'am." I started toward her crotch with the towel.

"No, slave, not that way. With your tongue, as I told you earlier."

"Fine mistress." I lay on my belly, put my head between her legs, and began to lick up the remnants of our orgasms.

After I finished cleaning Mistress Caroline's pussy from our delightful session on the big brass bed, she seemed very pleased with me. She told me that, provided I remained as obedient as I had been that day, I would not have to sleep in the cage any more, at least not for the present. Although adding not unless she needed to refresh my obedience training lessons.

I was very pleased to hear this. Sleeping on the bed would be so much more comfortable than on the thin pad in that cage.

"Now J, it's time for you to get yourself cleaned up. There is work to be done, and your training must continue. Get into the bathroom and take a shower. I will be back for you in a little while."

"Yes mistress." I went directly to the bathroom, closing the door.

Immediately the door was opened behind me. "You will not close this door without my permission!" she scolded.

"Sorry mistress. I didn't know."

"Well, now you know!"

"Yes ma'am. May I close the door ma'am?"

"No, you may not! I have told you previously, so far as you are concerned, there is no privacy here. Do you understand that?"

"Yes mistress," I said.

"Now, get cleaned up. I'll be back for you."

"Yes mistress."

As she left the room, I availed myself of the toilet, then removed my ankle and wrist straps, I could still

not remove my collar, because it was secured by the little padlock, and turned on the shower. The warm water felt so soothing. I lathered my head with soap. It felt very strange to feel only bare scalp there. As I continued to lather the rest of my body, I began to think about all that had taken place since I first was ushered into the office of 'Ms. Caroline Smith', if that's what her name really is. Whatever her name is, I thought, she is now Mistress Caroline to me, at least until I can find some way to get out of this ridiculous situation I find myself in.

I thought about how much different I must look, with my body completely shaved, and with a collar locked around my neck and a steel ring around my cock and balls. As I was thinking about that, unconsciously, I held my cock in my hand and began to rub it. The warm lather felt so good, and it made me think about the exciting feeling of Mistress's velvet cunt sliding up and down on it. In spite of the fact that I'd had an orgasm just a little while ago, it began to get hard again. With warm water running over my body, and my slick, hard cock in my hand, I relaxed, stroking it and losing all consciousness of where I was and what I was doing, or supposed to be doing.

Suddenly, I heard Mistress's voice not three feet from me. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING?" she shouted. "ARE YOU PLAYING WITH MY COCK? YOU DON'T HAVE PERMISSION TO PLAY WITH THAT COCK! IT'S MINE, AND YOU DON'T PLAY WITH IT UNLESS I SAY YOU CAN!"

I was dumbstruck. I didn't know what to say or do. I let go of my hard prick and stood there staring at her. Water from the shower was cascading over me, and my cock, covered with soapy lather, was pointed straight at her. "I'm sorry mistress...I didn't know, mistress...I didn't realise what I was doing mistress...I...I..."

"I see you must be taught a lesson, slave. You will be punished for this. Perhaps then you will 'know' and you will 'realise' what you are doing."

"I'm sorry mistress," I said.

"I'm going to make sure you are sorry," Mistress Caroline declared.

"But mistress, it wasn't intentional...and I didn't realise I was doing something wrong. I won't do it again," I said, hoping she would relent about whatever punishment she had in mind.

"J, here punishment for any infraction is administered the first time the infraction occurs and each and every time thereafter. You will be told ahead of time what that punishment will be and when it will be administered. That way, you will have an opportunity to think about the punishment to come and the reason for it. You will be expected to present yourself for punishment at the appointed time and in the appropriate manner. On this occasion your punishment will be five strokes of the strap across your

butt. After you have finished cleaning up and getting yourself dried off and your wrist and ankle straps back on, you will come to me and tell me you are ready for your punishment. Is that clear? Do you understand?"

"Yes mistress, I understand," I said, looking down at the floor.

Without saying another word, she left the room.

I rinsed the soapy lather off my body and dried myself slowly, wanting to delay the inevitable as long as possible. Then I realised that, because the punishment was inevitable, delaying it just gave me more time to think about it. That was punishment in itself. Finally, I realised that, by telling me what the punishment would be then setting it for some time in the future, Mistress intended to make me fearful by giving me time to dwell on it. I hurried to finish what I was doing and quickly put my wrist and ankle straps on. Then I set out to find her and receive my punishment.

I found her in the kitchen. She was sitting at the table drinking coffee and talking to Mistress Amanda. They were laughing, and I wondered whether it was at my expense. The only thing I heard was Mistress Caroline saying, "...and we'll have to test him." Then they laughed again. I wondered what that meant.

I cleared my throat, and, when they looked at me, I said, "Here I am mistress."

"Yes J? You have something to say to me?" Mistress Caroline said.

I swallowed hard and replied, "Yes mistress. I'm ready for my punishment."

"Very good." She stood up. To Mistress Amanda she said, "Please excuse me. I must attend to the training of my slave." Then to me she said, pointing to her strap, which was hanging in its usual place by the door, "Bring my strap and come with me, my naughty boy."

Carrying the instrument of my punishment, I followed her back to my bedroom, I was now thinking of it as that. As soon as we entered the room she ordered me, "Kneel at the spanking bench and lie flat on top of it."

"Yes mistress," I said, still holding the strap. Attached to the legs at one end of the bench were two padded kneeling posts. They were just at the right height so that, when I knelt on them, I could bend forward and lie horizontally on top. Because of the position of the kneeling posts, my thighs were spread and the tops of them pressed firmly against the end of the bench. There was even a 'U'-shaped notch to accommodate my cock and balls, letting them hang freely. I assumed the position,

as instructed.

"Hand me my strap," Mistress commanded. When I had handed it to her, she caressed the cheeks of my ass with her hand. As she did so, she said, "Now J, extend your arms straight above your head and lie still. Count each stroke aloud so I can hear you, and thank me for each stroke as it is administered. It is, after all, being administered for your education and improvement, and you should appreciate it."

"Yes mistress."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes mistress."

With that, she drew her arm far back and swung the strap forcefully. WHAAACK.

"AAAHHH," I screamed. I rose straight up and grabbed my ass with both hands.

"Oh dear J, I see you will have to be restrained. Lie back down on the bench...NOW!"

"Yes mistress." I lay back down and again extended my arms.

Mistress went to the cupboard, opened a door, and got a long leather belt. She brought it to the spanking bench, and, passing it underneath, buckled it over my back just below my shoulders. "Now, we shall start again," she said. "Don't forget to count the strokes, my naughty slave. She drew her arm back and delivered another blow. WHAAAACK.

"AAAHHH," I screamed again and strained against the belt, followed by, "Two. Thank you mistress."

Again mistress caressed my ass as she said, "Dear, dear, dear, J. Don't you understand when I said 'we shall start again' that meant the count starts at 'one', not 'two'. Besides, I have yet to hear you count 'one', nor to thank me for that stroke. Now...we shall start again!"

Again she drew back...WHAAAACK.

"AAAHHH. One. Thank you mistress."

"Good boy J." WHAAAACK.

"AAAHHH. Two. Thank you mistress."

"There you go." WHAAAACK.

"AAAAHHHH. Three. Thank you mistress." My ass was on fire.

WHAAAACK.

"AAAAHHHH. Four. Thank you mistress."

"Good boy. Last one J." I felt the palm of her hand again caressing my ass. She was taunting me.
"Are you ready, my slave?"

"Yes mistress," I replied, wishing she would just get it over with.

Silence. Nothing. Waiting for the last blow was excruciating. Finally...after what seemed an interminable time...WHAAAACK.

"AAAAHHHHH. Five. Oh god, thank you mistress."

Then, playfully, she reached between my legs with the strap and tapped on my balls.

"That should help you to remember that all this is mine, and you must have my permission to play with it." Mercifully, before she released me from the bench, she rubbed cool, soothing, lotion on my flaming butt. After which she released me.

As I got up off the spanking bench, she immediately noticed, and I realised for the first time, that my cock was rigid as a pole. She laughed aloud.

"Mmmm, someone seems to like pain, don't they?" she said.

I felt myself going red, and managed a smile back at her.

"I'm sure you are tired and would like to get some sleep."

With that, she snapped on my leash. This time she did not attach it to my collar, but to my cock and ball ring. Smiling at the expression on my face, she said, "Come with me, slave. I'll tuck you in." Then she tugged on the leash and I followed her to my bed.

As soon as I lay down, Mistress Caroline locked the chain to my collar to the head frame of the bed. She bent down, kissed me tenderly, and said, "Good night J."

I wanted to ask why I needed to be chained to the bed, but I did not. At least, the chain was long enough that I could move around as I slept.

"Good night, Mistress," I replied as she turned out the light and left the room.