

# The Perfect Slave - Part Two

By jaena1873

Published on Lush Stories on 20 May 2009

*Emi discovers exactly what the strangers are waiting for...*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/the-perfect-slave-part-two-1.aspx>

Two pairs of eyes turned to study Emi in unison. A man and a younger woman. The man was dressed casually, but his clothes were good quality and no doubt expensive. The woman was wearing a long, belted overcoat and high heels. Emi was reminded that she had very few clothes on, and reflexively moved to cover herself, before remembering Birch's orders. She forced her hands to remain by her sides. Emi had never been good at judging age, but she guessed the man to be in his late forties, the woman - no, that was wrong - the girl looked to be in her mid twenties, with all the natural confidence of youth and beauty. Manicured nails, healthy tan, waist length hair that was expertly cut and dyed subtle shades of blonde. There was contempt in her green eyes as she looked Emi up and down, and Emi could read her thoughts as if the girl's head was made of glass. She'd never get so old, so pathetic as to be standing nearly naked in front of two strangers. Life would grant her an exemption - how could it be otherwise? I was just like you, Emi thought. Way back when time was on my side. Then one day I woke up and realised I was fast approaching my mid thirties, and life had played a dirty trick on me after all. As it will to you. The girl and the man looked at each other, and Emi detected spiteful amusement in the girl's smile. Fuck you, she thought. I might have around ten years on you, but I bet I know a few tricks you don't, Blondie. She could sense Birch's presence like a solid wall at her back. Comforted by that, and stung by the girl's hostility, she squared her shoulders and strode across to stand in front of them, legs apart, hands on hips, tits thrust forward. It was not exactly a submissive pose, but Birch had asked for proud, and that's what he'd get. She was proud, and why the hell not? Birch had chosen her for his slave, and there was nothing wrong with his judgement. "Hi, I'm Emi. Birch's slave." "This is Mr. Smith, and his slave Kayleigh." Birch said. Despite the situation, Emi wanted to laugh. Mr Smith indeed! Could he not have been more original in choosing an alias? The desire to laugh hysterically faded suddenly. A growing anger took its place, and she felt like this because she was scared. And yes, she was humiliated, standing here like this in a room full of clothed people, but this was what Birch wanted, and to let him down was unthinkable. To disappoint him in any way would hurt her terribly, far worse than any punishment he could think of. She waited expectantly. This was as far as she'd been instructed. Obviously, the strangers were here for a purpose, and although she wanted to know what that purpose was, at the same time she would rather stay in ignorance.. Mr. Smith kept his eyes on Emi's exposed cunt. She longed to close her

legs, cover it with her hands, anything to escape the probing gaze that crawled over every crevice and contour, but she didn't dare move. Kayleigh seemed bored now, her eyes kept drifting to the TV. "Very good," Mr. Smith said finally, but he was talking to Birch, not her. "She is," Birch said, and Emi could hear the pride in his voice. "She's my perfect slave." Mr. Smith stood abruptly. He moved slowly round behind her, and Emi could feel his appraising stare as he inspected the back view. She kept her position, although her calf muscles were starting to ache now. He returned to stand in front of her. His right hand seized one of Emi's naked breasts and squeezed hard. Her first reaction was shock, and the desire to twist out of his grasp, but Birch was watching her closely, and Emi knew that how she behaved would reflect on him. She could smell Mr. Smith's aftershave, see the flecks of grey in his hair. He was taller than Emi, even with her heels on, probably 6'4", and Emi was very tall for a woman. He was very thin, too, but with a wiry strength that Emi could feel first hand as he crushed her left tit viciously with his vice like fingers. She held her breath, concentrating on dealing with the pain, trying not to fight it, but to relax into it and let it take her. Birch had moved round so that Emi could see him, never taking his eyes from hers. Mr. Smith let go of her, and nodded, apparently satisfied. Her heart was thudding against her ribs, and she drew a shaky breath. There was no time to relax and attempt to process what had just happened, because she felt those hard, vicious fingers digging in between her legs, probing her, searching for access to that most secret place. She didn't want him there. The idea disgusted her. She'd always thought of her cunt as exclusively belonging to Birch, and that no matter what other indignities he wished her to suffer, he'd surely never want anyone else to violate it because it was his. Clearly, she was wrong. Mr. Smith inserted two fingers, then three. He pressed his thumb against her pussy lips, and squeezed the delicate flesh brutally. Inside her, she could feel his nails rake against the slippery softness of her cunt. Deep in misery, she made a desperate plea with her eyes to Birch, but he said nothing, merely giving her a small warning shake of his head - Don't you dare move. After what seemed like an eternity, but was probably less than half a minute, Mr. Smith released her and turned to Birch. "Nice smooth cunt." He still hadn't spoken directly to Emi. He casually wiped his fingers clean on her thigh, and she felt less than human, a mere object. Mr. Smith clicked his fingers once in Kayleigh's direction, and the girl stood. Emi felt a hand on her arm. It was Birch, she knew his touch without needing to look. He stood close behind her, and she pressed herself against him, needing reassurance. "You're doing so well," he whispered close to her ear. "I know how hard this is for you. Keep going, my special one. Now get on your knees next to me." Emi did as he ordered, and watched as Kayleigh removed her long coat and stood completely naked except for her shoes. The lamp in the corner played its muted light over her large, natural breasts, tiny waist and smooth, tanned body. She was stunning, and she knew it. Emi battled feelings of inadequacy, wanting to look away but stubbornly refusing to admit defeat. Kayleigh's expression was one of pure triumph as she looked Emi straight in the eye, flaunting herself proudly. "Present yourself," Mr. Smith told her, obvious pride in his voice, and Kayleigh took a wide step to the right, exposing her delicate pink cunt for their inspection. Mr. Smith made a gesture towards Birch, and he stepped forward. Emi realised he was being invited to do a more personal examination, and she caught her breath as Birch closed his hand round one of Kayleigh's breasts,

taking her nipple in between his thumb and forefinger. He squeezed hard, and Emi thought she saw the girl flinch slightly, something she'd managed not to do. It was a strange thing to watch her owner touch another girl, even though in a way it was impersonal and non sexual, exactly the way Mr. Smith had touched her. At the moment, the scene had an unreal, almost mundane quality, but Emi knew that later, during the long, sleepless hours of the night, those images would return to her over and over, twisting and shredding her emotions. Did Birch want Kayleigh? Did he long to fuck that tight cunt? She would never mention this, or ask him. She was afraid to know the answer. She trusted Birch completely in all things - she had to, there was no way she could endure as she did otherwise - and their relationship was solid, free of the jealousy, fights and drama that plagued most vanilla couples. Being a slave taught you a lot about a very unselfish, unconditional kind of love, where the needs and happiness of the one you served came before anything else, even your own feelings. Some things took a lot of getting used to, that's all. Mr. Smith was watching closely, no doubt to make sure Kayleigh didn't do anything to embarrass him. Emi saw Birch's hand move down between the girl's legs, and cringed inwardly. She couldn't watch this bit. She studied the carpet instead, forcing herself to detach emotionally. It looked clean, but on closer inspection, she could see Birch hadn't bothered to vacuum it today in honour of his visitors. "Didn't shave her cunt very close, did she?" Birch said. Emi looked up. Mr Smith grabbed his slave and ran his fingers across the offending area. Birch glanced back at Emi, and winked. Mr. Smith straightened up, and his voice alone was like a whiplash. "How dare you do this to me!" He shook the hapless girl back and forth as he spoke. "Apologise to Birch and his slave. At least she knows how to keep her cunt smooth. Perhaps she should teach you how." Kayleigh had gone red, her head down, and Emi suddenly felt sorry for her. She said a silent prayer of thanks that she'd been extra careful to make sure her own cunt was totally hairless. It was too easy to miss bits if you rushed, which Kayleigh clearly had. "An excellent idea," Birch said. "Emi, if Mr. Smith agrees, take her to the bathroom and shave her cunt properly." Emi fervently hoped Mr. Smith would decline Birch's offer. She had never been remotely curious or turned on by the idea of exploring another woman's body, and the thought of having to touch Kayleigh's cunt upset her. Birch was well aware of this, and the evil smile she knew so well was back on his face. "Yes, why not? If you accidentally cut her doing it then it might teach her a lesson too." Mr. Smith shoved Kayleigh at her. "Go and start, we'll be up in a minute." Emi looked to Birch. He was the only one she took orders from. "Off you go," he said. Cringing inwardly, she led the way to the bathroom, totally at a loss for what to do next, horrified at having to touch another woman.. She'd never been in this situation before, and although Birch had warned her that it might happen, Emi had somehow thought it never would. "You don't want to do this, do you?" Kayleigh said. She seemed to have recovered completely from her shame in the living room as soon as she was out of sight of Mr. Smith. She started looking round the bathroom, investigating the contents of Birch's bathroom cabinet, picking up bottles at random and examining the contents. "Of course I don't want to do it." She snatched a bottle of shower gel out of Kayleigh's hands. "Don't mess with his stuff, he'll get mad." "Think I care? It's you he'll get mad at, not me," she said dismissively, as she admired her reflection in the mirror above the sink. "Are you usually this rude in someone else's house?" Kayleigh clearly didn't

think this was worthy of an answer. She handed Emi a can of shaving foam and a razor. "Best get on with it, hadn't you?" Kayleigh climbed in the bath with a languid grace Emi could only envy. She spread her legs wide, smiling as she picked up the shower attachment. She adjusted the spray, and played the water gently over her cunt, shutting her eyes in pleasure. Emi looked away. She found the whole thing disturbing. Kayleigh was so blatantly enjoying this, running her free hand over her body, lingering on her hardened nipples, then down to massage the shower water between her legs. After a few minutes of this, she got out, dried her legs, then sat on the edge of the bath, legs spread obscenely wide. Emi could see the droplets of water glistening on her pussy as she waited. Emi had hoped that Kayleigh would put the shaving foam on herself, but it seemed that she was waiting for Emi to do it. She took a deep breath, and knelt on the floor, trying not to look directly in front of her. She squeezed a large blob of foam onto her fingers, and trying to touch as little as possible, began to smear it on to Kayleigh's cunt. I can't believe I'm doing this, she thought. Kayleigh's hand suddenly clamped over Emi's wrist, making her jump. She pressed Emi's hand harder against her clit, rubbing herself against it, moaning a little as she did so. For such a slender girl, her grip was hard, and Emi couldn't pull her hand back. But did she actually want to? For all her distaste and discomfort, there was something erotic in the lewd and lascivious way Kayleigh pressed her cunt against Emi's captive fingers. Oh God, I'm actually enjoying this on some level, she thought as her fingers slid through the foam, feeling Kayleigh's clit, seeing and hearing her growing excitement. The sound of voices heading up the stairs snapped Emi back to reality. Birch and Mr. Smith! She'd been told to shave Kayleigh, not feel her up. She pulled her hand back hard, like she'd been burned, and this time Kayleigh didn't try to stop her, but sighed in frustration. Emi snatched the razor up from the side of the bath. She had no idea how to actually do this without cutting Kayleigh. She longed to give her the razor and tell her to do it herself, but that wasn't what she'd been ordered to do. "Keep still," she snapped. Birch and Mr. Smith stood in the doorway. "Not finished yet?" Birch was looking closely at Emi, a half smile curling one corner of his mouth, and Emi had the nasty feeling he knew exactly what had been going on. Keeping her hand steady, and acutely aware of her audience, she lightly stroked the razor down the edges of Kayleigh's cunt lips, having to touch her again to hold the delicate skin taut. When she'd finished, she sat back while Mr. Smith checked her handiwork to make sure his slave was indeed hairless. "Rinse that off," he told Kayleigh. "Then you may thank Birch's slave properly." Emi looked at Birch. "Lie on the floor and spread your legs," he told her. Emi did as she was told, outwardly calm. Inside, she was a heaving mass of fear and tension. It must have shown in the way she lay - limbs stiff as rigor mortis, hands clenched - because Birch came and knelt down by her head. "Relax. This is actually going to be very pleasant for you. Now, shut your eyes." Emi wanted him to hold her hand, to at least stay close by while she suffered whatever indignity he'd decided to inflict upon her, but she was afraid to ask him, unwilling to show weakness in front of the others. He seemed to anticipate it though, for he made himself more comfortable on the floor next to her, and rested his hand on her shoulder, squeezing it gently. He knew his touch calmed her, knew how important it was to her to have such reassurance, knew that the more encouragement he gave her, the more she would be able to endure for him. She lay waiting for what seemed an eternity,

hearing muted whispers between Mr. Smith and Kayleigh. She strained to hear what they were saying, but it was useless. She felt someone crawl between her splayed legs, and froze up, desperate to open her eyes. She felt hair tickling her thighs, then what could only be a tongue, tracing its slow way across her clit. "Open your eyes," Birch ordered. Emi stared down her body, to where Kayleigh was lapping at her cunt like a cat with a saucer of milk. She tightened up again, truly horrified, desperate to push her away. Oh no, no, no, no I don't want this...but oh fuck it feels good! Kayleigh's tongue moved expertly from her clit to long, slower strokes around her cunt lips, then back again to tease some more. Emi closed her eyes again, but this time in pleasure. She gave into it, luxuriating in the sheer wrongness of having a woman eat her pussy, wanting more, wishing that Kayleigh would suck and lick her tingling nipples too. She forgot Birch, she forgot everything, concentrating on staying in the moment of sheer lust, never wanting it to stop. The orgasm building in her was huge, and she shifted slightly, trying to pull back and put off the moment for as long as possible. Too late. She twitched and whimpered in the throes of absolute ecstasy as wave after wave of pleasure swept across her body to eventually die away. Slowly, Emi returned to unwelcome reality, dimly aware that Kayleigh had gone. She kept her eyes shut, not wanting to look at Birch or Mr. Smith, not after they'd seen her like that. Birch pinched her arm. "Up you get. Sort yourself out, then come downstairs." Emi sat up, aware of the wetness between her legs and on her inner thighs. She cleaned herself up, taking as much time as she dared. Her body was calm and satisfied, but her mind was not. She made her way reluctantly downstairs. The living room was empty, but she could hear sounds from the kitchen. Birch was alone in there, making them something to eat. He crossed the room when he saw her in the doorway, and put his arms around her. Part of Emi wanted to resist, but as always, she was unable to, and she leaned into him as closely as she could, drawing comfort from the solid warmth of his body as he rhythmically stroked her hair. "You did brilliantly today," he told her. "Well done, my special girl." Emi went to sit at the table while Birch dished up plates of steaming pasta. She was given hers first, but as always, she waited until he had sat down in front of his before asking, and being granted, permission to eat. "What did you think about what happened tonight?" he asked after they had eaten in silence for a while. "What was the worst thing?" "Having to shave Kayleigh. Mr. Smith touching me. It upset me." "Were you afraid I would let him fuck you?" "Yes." "You're my property, my prized possession. It would be my right to choose to let other men fuck you, but there's no way I'd ever let that happen. Touching you while I'm there is one thing, fucking is quite another. Call me selfish, but I don't like sharing my toys with anyone. So you don't have to worry about that." Birch's answer sparked a bubble of happiness in Emi. She'd been frightened to hear his answer, scared he'd tell her that yes, he'd let Mr. Smith or anyone else have her if the mood took him. If he'd said that, she was sure some of her love would have died, and she would have given him less of herself, because it would mean she wasn't really special to him at all. "You'll be meeting Kayleigh again soon, but on far less friendly terms," he went on. "I'm pitting you against her in a contest of pain and endurance. It will be terrible for you, and you will suffer more than you ever have done up to now. You will win for me." "What if I can't?" Birch stopped eating to stare at her, all affection gone from him now. "You must. If you lose, the consequences for you will be terrible." Emi's bubble of happiness

abruptly burst. How the fuck was she going to survive this and come out on top?