

The Training of Lucy, part 3

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Lucy's first full day with her new dom begins

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Lucy woke up to Sean kissing her hard on the mouth. He was on top of her and before she could quite figure out what was going on, he thrust his hard, lubed cock inside her pussy to the hilt. She couldn't quite process things at first, but Sean started pumping his cock in and out of her pussy and spoke in a husky, intense voice. "Good morning, Lucy. Wake up and take my cock!" He gave a particularly hard thrust and she gasped. He reached behind her head and grabbed onto a hank of hair as he rode her. She looked up at his face and saw the intense look and greedy hunger in his eyes as he fucked her. Seeing him like that excited her, as did the relentless pounding in her cunt. Her own juices started to join the lube, making her even slicker. He pulled her hair and pawed at her breast with his other hand. She moaned and spread her thighs further apart, inviting him. He responded by pumping harder and faster. His animal voice, low and husky, spoke again. "Yes, you like getting woken up by my hard cock, don't you?" "Oh, yes, yes, oh God, please!" "Whose pussy am I fucking?" "Oh, Oh, Oh, it's your pussy, Sir! Oh yes, yours!" He grabbed her wrists roughly and held them down on each side of her head while he pumped her like a German machine. She could only turn her head from side to side and clench and unclench her fists. He suddenly lowered his head to her neck and bit hard and at the same time thrust his cock deep inside her pussy. The surprise and pain made her cry out but she could feel him tense up as he came inside her, his cock spurting and pulsing as it moved. Then she came as well, mixing her juices with his as he subsided. He let go of her wrists, put a hand behind her head, looked in her eyes, and spoke. "That was very good, Lucy. If you are to be mine, you must be prepared to serve at any time. You might be woken up in any number of ways, not all of them pleasant, and not all of them sexual. But the one thing it will never be is your choice." Again, she took in his words and pondered them, and retraced the events of what just happened in her mind. She was disoriented when she woke up to being suddenly taken like that but, when she regained her senses, she wasn't afraid or angry. She had to admit to herself that seeing him getting such pleasure, and knowing that she was the cause of it, was a huge turn-on for her. It was what drove her over the brink of her own orgasm. She always knew she had a submissive side but now it was becoming more and more clear to her that she derived her own pleasure more from serving him than anything else.

She realized that what made her come just now wasn't the pleasure from her own pussy, though it certainly was pleasurable, but seeing his pleasure at taking it. She had to wonder if she could have come if he hadn't. He continued, "Do you understand?" "Yes, Sir." He slid off of her, his cock falling out of her as he did so. She looked over to the clock by the bed. it was 7:04. "Well, it's time to start the day. Since it's Saturday, we nominally wouldn't have a morning routine, like we would on a weekday, but I'd like to simulate it this morning, so that you can have a reasonable expectation of how a weekday morning should be. Let's get started. Make the bed and join me in the shower." With that, he got out of bed and headed for the bathroom. She got up as well and began to arrange the bed. Her mother had taught her how to make a bed nicely and she had always stayed in the habit of making her bed every morning. This bed was larger than hers, but that didn't really make that much difference. She heard Sean at the sink brushing his teeth and gargling. The water running in the sink and the running water.... "Sir, before we shower, I, uh..." She couldn't think of a way to say that she needed to go to the toilet, and she couldn't quite believe she was asking permission to do so. She didn't finish the question but looked over at the toilet and then back at Sean. "Oh, of course, Lucy! Please don't hesitate." He stood at the sink and watched as she sat down on the toilet. She had never had an... audience? Still, she hadn't gone before going to bed last night and she realized she really had to go. That pushed her past whatever awkwardness she felt in that moment and she emptied her bladder while Sean looked on. When she was done, she gathered a bit more toilet paper than usual to mop up her pussy from the combination of their juices and the lube that Sean had started with. She then stood up, flushed, and moved to join Sean in the shower, taking off her collar and leaving it by the sink on her way. Once again, Sean had her bathe him like she had done the night before. He explained that he wasn't going to insist on this every time, but that he enjoyed it on special occasions. He had her do his back this time. As he rinsed and shampooed his hair, she soaped herself up. He offered to scrub her back for her, which she enjoyed. After he did, he held her from behind cupping her breasts. She smiled and closed her eyes and enjoyed the attention. He held her like this for only a moment before breaking away to finish rinsing off. They stepped out of the shower and dried off. Lucy put her collar back on and Sean wrapped a towel around his waist and headed to the sink to shave. While he did so, Lucy went to the other sink and brushed her teeth and washed her face. They both finished about the same time and Sean headed into the bedroom to get dressed. As Lucy didn't need to do that, Sean told her to head to the kitchen and make breakfast. "I don't have anything specific in mind for breakfast. I'd like to see what you come up with left to your own devices. Don't forget to make for you as well." She smiled at that and headed to the kitchen. When she got there, she remembered the apron hanging on the back of the pantry door and put it on. She opened the fridge and took stock of what was there. She saw eggs, some bacon, cheese and a half-empty jar of salsa. She opened the jar and sniffed at it. It smelled OK. She decided to make a sort of spanish omelette. She didn't use the stove making dinner last night, so she had to hunt a little bit for the pans, but she found a non-stick skillet in a cupboard and put it on the stove. As she went about her task, she felt confident and up-beat. She started humming her favorite song to herself as she worked. When she was done, she plated the omelette and looked up to see that Sean was there watching her work. She

hadn't noticed him approach and was startled for a second before she saw him smile. He moved towards the kitchen table and sat down. She placed the plate in front of him and took a step back, took off the apron and draped it over a chair, put her hands behind her back and smiled. Sean looked at the plate and said, "Wow, Lucy. This looks really, really good. He picked up his fork and took a bite. "Delicious! Well done!" Lucy beamed at his compliments and said, "Thank you, Sir." He took another bite, and while he was chewing, he took a long look at her standing there, happy. He turned thoughtful for a moment, then said, "What about your breakfast?" Lucy's smile diminished a little. "Mine, Sir?" "Well, yes, Lucy. You're a human being. You have to eat too. Go get a plate and sit down." As he said this, he took his knife and started to cut the omelette in half. She returned with a plate and fork and sat. He asked her for the plate and put the half of his omelette he hadn't yet started eating on it and gave it back to her. She smiled and said, "Thank you, Sir. But if that isn't enough for you..." "Oh, no, Lucy. Don't worry. This will be plenty. But please, don't neglect yourself in the future. I don't want you to starve trying to please me." She smiled and started to cut a bite off her food and said, "Yes, Sir." They finished their food and Sean stood up. Lucy stood after him and took the plates to the sink and started to tidy up the kitchen. While she was doing it, Sean asked her, "What was that song you were humming when I came in?" She kept working and answered, "Oh, just something I heard on the radio." "You know, you can load music on your phone. There's an online store built-in. Later on today, I'll spend a few minutes showing it to you and you can buy some music to listen to. Would you like that?" "Yes, Sir! That would be wonderful!" "We'll attend to that later. But this morning, I am going to take you shopping. As I said last night, I prefer you without any clothing, but the world doesn't work that way. You're going to need at least a few things for outside. When you're done, come back out to the living room and we'll get ready to go to the mall." She was just putting the last dirty dishes in the dishwasher as he said that. She washed her hands, checked the kitchen for anything out of place one last time, and then followed Sean out into the living room. He sat down in the same chair he was sitting in when she arrived and had her put her clothes back on - an exact mirror image, she realized, of the first 5 minutes she spent here when she had arrived, except that she now was wearing a velvet collar. She had only been naked for 18 hours, but she remarked at how different she already felt about it. The bra and tight shirt she had arrived in seemed tighter than she remembered. More constricting. One part of her mind was wishing that she could just take her clothes back off again, while the other part of her mind was shocked and a little appalled that she could think that. Sean opened the door and they headed out into the morning sun, around to the driveway and towards Sean's car. He drove a fairly nice Japanese four door sedan, not so expensive as to be ostentatious, but not a cheap car either. Sean lived in a suburban neighborhood, not too far from the local mall. He found a parking space and turned off the engine and hopped out. Lucy got out of the car and stood up. It was still fairly early - the mall was just opening for the day - but there were still people walking towards the mall entrance. She blushed a bit and put her hands behind her back, feeling quite self-conscious as she did so - and started to walk towards Sean, but he stopped her. "No, Lucy. You don't need to keep that posture out in public. You can keep your hands wherever you like them. Do please continue to walk a pace behind and slightly to the right, though." She smiled and

dropped her hands by her side. "Thank you, Sir," she said. They spent almost two hours buying what amounted to an entire new wardrobe for Lucy, albeit a fairly small one. They stopped first at an upscale ladies lingerie store and bought a half dozen pairs of panties, all thongs. She liked them, and he remarked that if she had to wear anything, less is more. A few bras of various sorts, including one that could be worn with strapless dresses were purchased. They also got her a bikini, skimpier than any she had ever dared to wear. Next, they went to a casual clothing store and Sean let her pick out several blouses she liked, along with several skirts, and a couple pairs of pants (he explained that he preferred her in skirts or dresses, but pants were going to be necessary on occasion for workouts or the like). Next, they went to a ladies shoe store and got a few pairs of shoes, including a nice pair of athletic shoes and a stunning pair of black, four inch heels. Lucy didn't keep track, but she realized at the end he must have spent hundreds of dollars on her. But why? She had clothes. Even if she were moving in tomorrow, wouldn't she just bring her own things? They stopped at the food court to get some lunch. As they sat, Lucy couldn't hold her tongue any more. She asked him why they seemed to be starting from scratch. "Lucy, this is going to be a new beginning for you. If you choose to take your place as my slave, then you will have nothing - besides yourself - that I have not supplied you. I realize that is asking a lot. That's why I have not asked it of you yet. But as we continue on our journey, you need to keep in mind what the destination is." She nodded and returned to nibbling at her lunch. As she did she tried to take an inventory of her life. Her apartment was full of generic furniture her ex-boyfriend helped her put together. Her wardrobe - well, there wasn't anything in it she would really miss. She wasn't really fashion conscious. She had only a few friends outside of work, and her family mostly lived far away. She asked, "Sir, what about my friends? And my family? What should I tell them?" "Well, I leave it up to you what you want to tell them. As long as you keep up with the tasks I assign you, and you keep me informed of your plans, you can have as little or as much social life as you like. You may visit your family too as often as you like, within reason." She was satisfied with that for the moment. They finished up lunch and took their bags back to the car. They headed back home and emptied the car into the living room. When the car was empty and the front door shut, Sean told Lucy to take her clothes off again. She did quickly this time, facing Sean as she did so. As before, she folded up her clothing and put it on the table by the door. When she was done, she stood up straight and put her hands back in position. Sean had her gather up all of the new clothes and together they found space in the master bedroom bureau and wardrobe for all of it. When that was done, he said, "Now, Lucy, I want to have a little fun with you," and put a smile on his face. Lucy saw a particularly wicked gleam in his eye as he said this. She bit her lip. He continued, "but you're not allowed to watch." He pulled a pair of swimmer's goggles out of his pocket. They looked like they were fairly comfortable to wear but these appeared to be painted completely black. He held them out to her and she took them in her hand. As she put them up to her eyes he said, "adjust them so they're not too tight. But they should be snug enough to not be easily dislodged." She did as she was told and her world went dark. She heard him move and reached out for him, but he wasn't there anymore. After a moment, she heard more footsteps and felt his hand on her arm, guiding her. She heard him say, "the bed is in front of you now. Get up on it on all fours." She felt out with her hands

and found it. She cautiously kneeled on the bed and crawled forward a little bit. She thought of what she must look like - naked, on all fours on a bed, ass in the air. Part of her mind was turned on by the image. Her prudish mind was mortified, but it was weaker now. This was certainly nothing Sean hadn't already seen and he had told her that he likes to see her nude body. Suddenly, a hand was on her ankle, moving it outwards, spreading her. She felt something wrap around it, like a leather cuff perhaps, she thought. The hand moved to her other ankle and moved it similarly and attached another cuff to it, but it didn't take her long to realize that the second cuff was somehow attached to the first and instantly realized it was a spreader bar. Next the hands appeared at her arm and snapped a cuff around her wrist. A moment later and the same thing happened on the other wrist. Next, the hand held on to the wrist and urged it to move back and down, rotating it so that it was by her knee. As she realized this was happening, she adjusted her position so that her head was laying sideways on the bed. Now her ass was really on display, she realized. Spread apart and sticking straight up. The hands moved back to her other wrist and moved it similarly down near the other. She felt someone climbing on the bed behind her and felt the hands working on her wrist cuffs. She quickly realized something was being attached to each. It didn't take her long to realize that the hands were chaining the cuffs on her wrists to the spreader bar, immobilizing her. The hands left her and whoever was on the bed with her climbed off. A few seconds went by and nothing happened. She was hogtied and blinded. Was she alone? She was suddenly worried. "Sir...?" she called out. "Silence!" he barked. She shuddered and bit her lip. Still, nothing happened for a few minutes. Finally, a hand reached over and raked its finger nails down Lucy's left ass cheek. The sudden contact made her gasp out loud. The hand disappeared as suddenly as it had arrived. She whimpered at being left alone again. She heard footsteps, but they began to recede and go down the hallway. Was he leaving her here tied up? How long would he be gone? Where did he go? Why? She wanted to call out to him, but he had admonished her to be quiet. She had no choice but to wait.