

The Training of Lucy, part 4

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Lucy's weekend with her new dom continues

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Lucy lost track of time. She had no idea how long she had been hogtied and blindfolded on Sean's bed. At last, she heard footsteps return. The hands appeared on her butt cheeks and caressed them gently. A finger wandered down to her pussy and felt along the slit to her clit and back to her wet cunt. It disappeared again for a moment, and reappeared directly on her asshole. She felt something slippery on her anus and she realized he was lubing her asshole. Before she could quite realize what that meant, the finger was replaced by something hard and smooth. She had just enough time to think, "oh my God," before she felt... Whatever it was... pushing into her ass, invading it. She cried out, "Aaaah! Oh, Sir, Please...!" "Now, Lucy. This is something you're going to need to get used to. Just relax." She moaned. She felt like she was being ripped apart. She tried to move away from the invasion, but her restraints kept her in place. She bit her lip and tried to relax... Tried to make her mind go somewhere else... Somewhere she wasn't being ass-fucked... "Ungh... Oh, Sir, please..." "There we are, Lucy, it's all the way in. Just relax." The hands reappeared on her inner thighs, caressing them. Lucy tried to relax, but it was difficult. Whatever was in her ass felt like it was as big as a tree trunk. The hands moved to her pussy and started to rub her slit. It took only a minute before how good the hand felt on her pussy started to override the feeling of the monster up her ass. Her moans of discomfort started to turn into moans of pleasure, as the hand started to probe inside her pussy lips, rubbing inside between her cunt and clit. Finally, the finger started to trace circles around her clit and she started to move her hips for a new reason. As she got hotter and hotter, the invader in her ass was partially pulled out and then rammed back in, less gently than before. Lucy cried out, but the finger rubbing her clit demanded her attention. She was torn between pleasure and pain, but the two were mixing, becoming one in her mind until it didn't matter which was which. The toy in her ass was withdrawn and shoved home again and this time her gasp was different - more pleasure than pain. She didn't say so, but her mind wanted him to do it harder. She imagined the thing was Sean's hard cock. And as it was pulled out and in again, she pushed towards it rather than away. And as it rammed home inside her, the pleasure exploded in her and she came hard, straining at her restraints, moaning and panting. The hand left her pussy and slowly withdrew the object from her asshole. The

hands released her hands and ankles from their restraints and eased her down onto the bed, laying on her stomach. She felt his weight on the bed next to her and she turned to him. She felt the goggles being pulled off of her eyes and she looked into Sean's face. He looked back, and then drew in and kissed her. She closed her eyes and returned his kiss, wrapping her arms around his back. "That was very good, Lucy. You're going to need to get accustomed to taking things up that sweet little ass of yours. I fully intend to use every bit of you." Lucy never let any of her previous lovers go "there" before. She had never been turned on by the idea and her prudish side thought it was... well, "icky" was the best word she could come up with. But she couldn't argue with the fact that she had just had a very large orgasm while being fucked up the ass. Perhaps because she was being fucked up the ass? No, she realized. The image in her mind as she came was Sean fucking her up the ass. She started to wonder if there was anything he could do to her that wouldn't make her come if she had an image in her mind of him enjoying himself doing it. In the end, she couldn't think of anything to say except simply, "Yes, Sir." He reached in and kissed her again. She closed her eyes and kissed him back. They held each other for a moment or two, and then Sean asked Lucy to come with him to his study. She hadn't gone in his study since his admonishment to her not to go in there without permission. Inside, there was a desk with a laptop computer on it. Against the wall was a bookshelf full of books. Some of them looked quite technical, but there was a collection of bound hardback classic editions, including several different editions of the complete works of Shakespeare. Next to that were hardback copies of all of the Harry Potter books. It was an eclectic collection, Lucy thought. On another wall was a strange vertical stand of sorts with a bunch of technical looking stuff in it. It looked to Lucy like it was a bunch of different devices all hooked together to make one system, but what it was she couldn't say. On another wall was a cabinet with doors that were shut. An emblem on the door caught Lucy's eye. It was in the shape of a shield, of a sort. Inside the shield was a simple arrow pointing upwards. Sean was working on the laptop while Lucy took in the room. He said, "Remember our conversation earlier about music on your phone? I am going to send you a gift certificate for, oh, say a dozen record albums to start with. You might even want to use some of it to buy some games for the phone, if you like. Lucy smiled when she heard that and replied, "Thank you, Sir. That sounds liked fun!" He got done and had Lucy go get her phone. He spent over an hour with her, teaching her how to use the phone beyond the basics, but also showed her tricks and shortcuts. She took in as much as she could. When she didn't understand, he explained more thoroughly. He showed her the music store, and even set her up with a streaming music service so she would get more music than just those songs she bought. After that, Lucy spent some time exploring the music store, while Sean went back to his laptop. After a few minutes of this, Lucy's attention began to wander and she found herself looking at the symbol on the cabinet again. Her curiosity got the better of her. "Sir, may I ask something?" Sean looked up from his laptop and gave Lucy his attention. "Of course. What is it?" "The symbol on this cabinet. What is it?" "Oh, that. Well, Lucy, you and I are, whether you know it or not, part of a community made of other dominants and submissives. Within that community, there are a set of symbols that identify us to each other. In fact, the symbol on your collar is related to the one on that cupboard. The arrow indicates a male, and the plus sign indicates a

female. The shield denotes a master, and the circle denotes an owned slave. The shield represents the protection that the master provides his slave, and the circle denotes the collar the slave wears." Lucy touched the medallion on her neck as he explained. She was labeled a slave. Anyone who saw her collar who knew its meaning would know she was a slave and was owned. For a moment, she felt humiliated, but as she thought about it, she realized that the symbol had meaning only to those who understood. It was a sort of secret code. She thought back to her trip to the mall. Did anyone who saw her know what her collar's medallion meant? She nodded. He turned back to his laptop and suddenly said, "Oh, I see the day is slipping away from us. Normally, it would be about time to start dinner, but this evening, I'd like to do something special. So, if you'd please head to the bedroom and get a suit out for me and put on one of your nice new outfits and we'll have a nice night on the town tonight." She was excited. Where were they going to go? She smiled and said, "yes, Sir!" She went to the bedroom and pulled out a suit from the couple he had in his closet. He had a wider selection of shirts and ties, and she went with a sky blue shirt and a deep red tie. She set those out on the bed and turned her attention to her new outfits. She had only a couple of long dresses, but one of them seemed perfect to her. The dress was green, though, so she put his red tie back and pulled out a green and blue patterned tie. She then went into the bathroom and started to get ready. As she did so, Sean came in and started to get changed. When he had his clothes on, he came into the bathroom just as Lucy was leaving to get dressed. She got dressed while Sean brushed his hair. When Sean came out of the bathroom, she was standing there in a vivid green hip-hugging strapless dress and her tall heels. He stopped in his tracks and just looked at her. "Wow, Lucy. You are stunning." She smiled broadly at his compliment. "Thank you, Sir. You look very handsome too." "Shall we go? I have dinner reservations for us at 7, so we have time for a drink first." He started down the hall and Lucy followed behind. He opened the front door for her, and shut it behind them and walked to the car. He walked over to the passenger side and opened it for her and shut the door for her. As he did so, she marveled at the seeming contradiction. She was his slave. His property. And yet, he chivalrously opened the car door for her. It was so... Astonishing... He drove to a nice French restaurant and parked. Again, he opened the car door for her. She began to take her place behind him, but he said, "no, Lucy, tonight you walk on my arm." he held his elbow out and she put her arm through it. She could hardly believe it. She was his slave, but he was treating her, at least right now, like more of a lady than any other man ever had. They went in the door (Sean opened it for her, of course), and Sean told the maître d'hôtel that they had a reservation, but were early. He said the table would be ready soon, but they could wait in the bar if they liked. They sat in the bar. Sean asked Lucy if she had a favorite beer or wine. She didn't like beer, but loved Pinot Noir and Pinot Grigio. Sean ordered a glass of Pinot Noir for Lucy and a shot of espresso for himself. Lucy raised an eyebrow at that, so Sean explained that he didn't really like alcohol much, but that espresso, done the way he liked it, was something he loved. She said she was surprised he didn't have his own machine. He replied that he had one once, but it was such a hassle to clean, that he got rid of it. Lucy filed that away in her mind. Somehow, she would have to learn how to do that for him... They talked more over their drinks, mostly about their childhoods, filling each other in on details. They realized that, though

they had talked a lot over the Internet, they had never really talked about their pasts much. Lucy was talking about her ballet lessons as a little girl when the waiter came to take them to their table. The waiter sat them down at their table and gave them both a menu. Lucy noted that her menu didn't have any prices on it. She had never been in such a fancy restaurant in her life. She didn't know what half of the things on the menu were. She was going to ask about some of them, but the waiter came and asked Sean if he had any questions. Sean simply replied by ordering for them both. Lucy was a little miffed about not even being asked. But as the waiter was walking away, Sean said, "I think you'll really like what I've selected for you." Part of Lucy's mind realized that this too was a lesson. He may have been treating her like a lady, but he still made all of her important choices. It was his choice to come here. He chose her drink for her and ordered her dinner. She had no say in this evening's events at all. Was this how it would be? She pondered that briefly. Was she ready to live a life with no choices? No control? Sean gazed at her while she mulled this over. She saw he was watching. She couldn't help feeling like he knew what she was thinking. He allowed her to finish pondering all of this while he nibbled on a piece of bread. The first course was soup for him and a Caesar salad made table-side for her. She marveled at the flair. It was delicious. The rest of the meal flew by, with both of them talking about everything and nothing. For dessert, they each had a soufflé. They finished and talked a little longer, enjoying the ambiance of the restaurant. Sean paid the bill and held her arm as they walked back to the car. He opened the car door for her, helped her in, and closed it before getting in the driver's seat and starting the drive home. Lucy couldn't remember enjoying herself more on a date ever. Wait. A date? Was that what this was? She pondered this too. She was training to be his slave. He was proposing to take everything from her and strip away from her all of her basic human rights. And yet, he just wined her and dined her like she was... A woman? "Sir, I had a wonderful time this evening. I don't think I've ever had a better time, even. But I don't understand. Why?" "Lucy, remember that everything I give you I give because it brings me pleasure. I didn't have to take you out tonight. I could just as easily tied you to the bed and whipped you raw. One night I just might do that, in fact. Because that would give me pleasure too. But tonight, I wanted this." Again, Lucy shuddered at hearing him so nonchalantly talk about something that sounded so painful. But she remembered what his hungry excited looks always did to her. She knew how horny she got no matter what he did to her. "Do you understand?" "Yes, Sir, I think so," she replied. They arrived home. Again, Sean escorted her from the car to the door. Once they were in, Sean told her to go to the bedroom and undress. He loosened his tie and sat down on the sofa to wait for her. She went into the bedroom and took off her dress and hung it back up in the wardrobe. She took off her bra and panties. She was about to take off her shoes, but paused. She remembered back to the night in the hotel room when he said he liked what high heels did to her legs. She decided to leave them on. She stood up in her heels and put her hands in position and began to walk to the living room. She tried to make her walk seductive and sensual, but it was awkward with her hands behind her back. Still she put on her sexiest Mona Lisa smile and walked. Sean heard her coming and his mouth dropped a bit. She loved that she could make him lose just a little bit of the control he always seemed to have over himself. He stood up and walked over to her. He embraced her and kissed her hard. She melted

under his touch, as she seemingly always did. He broke away and said, "My God, Lucy, what those heels do to your legs..." He kissed her again. She felt for his cock through his pants. It was rock hard, and she moaned when she found it. He took her over to the sofa, sat down and pushed her down to her knees in front of him. He didn't have to tell her what to do. She unzipped his pants and fished his hard cock out of his briefs and started sucking it greedily. She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and started stroking it fast. She wanted to see how fast she could make him come. He moaned and started to pant, "Oh yes, Lucy, suck it, oh my God..." He put his hands on her head, tangling her hair in his fingers, and she wrapped her tongue around the head of his cock and he tensed up and groaned and his cock exploded in her mouth. She greedily sucked down every drop of his seed, cleaning his cock with her tongue as he relaxed. He took her hand and brought her up to the sofa next to him and held her and kissed her forehead. "That was very good, Lucy." "Thank you, Sir." She smiled, pleased with herself. They sat like this for a few minutes. Then Sean yawned and said that it was time for bed. Lucy too felt tired. It had been a long day. They stood up and walked back to the bedroom. Sean took off his suit and Lucy hung it back up in the wardrobe for him. Then they went to bed, Sean on his back with two pillows, Lucy curled up by his side with her head on his chest. She couldn't think of a better way to end the day. She looked ahead to tomorrow. She wondered what would happen. Moreover, she wondered what would happen after that. She fell asleep trying to guess what Sean had in store for her.