



Story of Carissa

PETER WINTERS

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Disclaimer

The names of characters in this book, unless they are historically known figures, are changed in order to maintain their anonymity, or in some instances, are fictitious. Certain incidents and locations depicted are true. Other events, incidents, businesses, or places, are either the product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner to reflect the development of the characters. Any similarity or resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Warning: There is strong sexual and graphic content describing a very controversial lifestyle and language used in some of the chapters, which may offend some people. However, when, how and where they were used it was not offensive or demeaning to the consensual adults involved at that particular time and phase of their lives.

Author's note

Story of Carissa

The story of Carissa is about her journey, lifelong desire to be dominated by her lover, the one she would pick as her Master. Self-discovery of feelings, desires, and needs, sometimes on the edge of the darker sides in a Master and slave relationship dynamic. Her submission to her Master and subsequent failure of their intense relationship on both sides of the Atlantic. A tragic love story, erotic and kinky fictional account based upon real events. Warning: mature language, describing sexual acts between two consensual adults.

Living up to the cliché “The truth is stranger than fiction” is very appropriate way to describe the Story of Carissa.



I. Dark Prince

Carissa compartmentalizes her life. Every relationship of hers was placed in a banker's box, piled up on each other in a closet. She wanted a change. Her husband and boyfriends after him always cheated on her. Finally, she had enough and moved out to a quaint English cottage located near her city of work but away from the hustle and bustle. It was a nice change. However, it was lonely, and she felt neglected and very unfulfilled.

Ever since she could remember, she was fascinated and fantasized about what it would feel like to be owned as a slave. Not just a servant, but somebody who was a sex slave and used hard without mercy by her owner and master. She was too afraid to make her fantasies and desires known to her partners. Now that she lived alone, she started to read books such as *The Story of O*, *Venus in Furs*, *Controlling Christine*, and *The House of Gord*, among others. While reading these books, she masturbated until she climaxed. She searched the internet about BDSM, submission, and slavery. In 2000, the internet was not as filtered or regulated as it is today. By chance, she came across the Dark Prince site. She read what the creator posted on the site, and she got hooked by his words. It spoke to her. She felt hypnotized by his words and desires. It was done with class, very clearly stated, was romantic, yet also alluring, even if those words described something dangerous, intimidating, scary, yet so desired by her.

The creator was looking for a very submissive female who would move in with him and be his slave. He sounded fascinating and obviously was an educated person with a very wide variety of interests that included history and the arts. In fact, he painted with oils, did photography, travelled, wrote poems, and did so much more that she could relate to. She could relate to him and his needs. He was nine years older than her. He had a European background, was divorced, and had no children. What she liked about this Dark Prince, apart from his intellect, was his style of dominance. He came across as an assertive yet caring and loving person who could be trusted. The Dark Prince was a genuine person who was not afraid to share what was in his soul, heart, and mind. She fantasized about being his slave and what it would be like. She started to masturbate while reading his words almost every night. The Dark Prince kept the website updated. She noticed that it said that the site would be up until he found someone who suited his needs. In the early summer of 2001, on the site's homepage, a notice was posted that it would be off until further notice.

Carissa felt heartbroken as she planned to write to her dark prince. In fact, she was afraid that she was too late. Her procrastinating nature and over-analyzing backfired. She wished it could have been her that this unknown prince selected her as his submissive. Providence must have heard her. A month later, to her relief, his site was operating again, with the notice

removed. It meant that he was still looking for his submissive. She finally wrote an email on December 4th but did not send it. She waited a couple days until December 19, 2001, to press the send button.

She started a journal that began “When did this really begin? I could say it began on December 19, 2001, when I first contacted László, or maybe on December 4, 2001 when I started my first letter to him, or maybe even earlier. Maybe years earlier. Maybe my entire life so far has been in preparation for this.” She continued “The purpose of this journal is to record my feelings, my experiences, my hopes, my fears. I will write how I feel, whatever comes into my head. Right now I am wondering what he is doing.”

László, also known as the Dark Prince, replied to Carissa right away. The British divorcée, 39 years old was very interested in establishing the type of relationship he wanted. She had no children and very little baggage, which was a good thing. He wanted to know everything she would share and wrote more about himself and his wants.

László’s words touched deeply inside her psyche. Carissa could not shake those images as she imagined them and got more and more excited, only to relieve her built-up desires and wants with masturbation over and over again. She had to know László. László was glad Carissa understood her role and wanted to know him, with all her sensory and receptive organs, to see him, the sound of his voice, the texture of his skin, the odour of his skin, his taste, and feel him deeply inside her as he penetrated her vulva, her mouth, and her mind. She was ready to submit to experience his dominance, kindness, meanness, and even his rage. To follow his demands to give pleasure and to feel alive in her mundane life.

Carissa was, however, in England, and László was in Arizona. They had to bridge the distance. She had worked for a large company, and she had already used up her holidays for the year. Furthermore, she felt more comfortable submitting to him in her own home. László then suggested that if she was serious, she had to send him a ticket to fly over and pick him up at the airport, and he could spend perhaps ten days with her. László had used up his holidays too, but he could get time off since his Canadian passport was about to expire. He would tell his supervisor he had to renew it in person in Canada, and it would take up to ten days. He could get ten days off without pay; that was not a problem. But he would not fly over on a whim; he had been burned before by applicants. As the saying goes, “the proof was in the pudding!” British Airways had a direct flight between Phoenix and Gatwick; if she sent the ticket, he would go. He would use his EU passport, which he needed to use when leaving or entering the USA. If he left on a Thursday, he would get there on Friday. They could spend two weekends that way together if she took him to the airport on the following Monday.

II. Visiting Carissa in the UK

Carissa understood what he meant, and it made sense to her. By paying for the ticket, he would know that she was on par and believable. She made the arrangements for the ticket, but the days changed slightly due to seat unavailability, and he got the time off. He would arrive in the UK on the 6th of January in the morning and return to the USA on the 16th of January. László, in the meantime, sent off his passport to Ottawa to have it renewed. By the time he returned, his passport would be back too. László flew off to see Carissa on January 5, 2002, with British Airways. His checked luggage contained some of his favourite BDSM toys, including a riding crop, a black leather bullwhip, and butterfly nipple clamps.

Carissa was for real. A lovely, intelligent woman, somewhat nervous but ready to submit to all her kinky or otherwise desires with her body, mind, and soul. She waited for him at Gatwick airport. It was easy to recognize her. The photos sent were spot on, and she had a huge smile. Her blue eyes were sparkling, her face blushing, and her blonde hair was soft with a pleasant fragrance. She looked good, a feast for László's eyes in her clothing at the airport, and even more so without them in her home. Dripping with desire, she was Viagra for the soul. It certainly made László excited, and he looked forward to spending every second he could feeling her from the inside and exploring every square inch of her delicate, delicious-tasting, silky smooth, firm body without an ounce of fat.

Carissa was worth his travel time, and László felt like he had never before. Carissa was a combination of the best traits and qualities of his former relationship, which ended due to circumstances out of his control. He named Carissa his BBC, which stood for Beautiful British Cunt. She loved her nickname.



For Carissa, László was her Lord, Prince, and Master, to obey, worship, and cherish everything about him. Carissa knew how to please; she was willing, even if she was inexperienced in submission and kink, and she craved to experience it all. She had read many erotic works about BDSM and the master-slave relationship. She was not a novice when it came to sex; she knew how to move her hips, grind herself into László, and engulf him deeply all the way. She knew how to please him orally, her delicate and moist lips and tongue exploring every inch of his body from the tip of his head to his toes. Her refined hands, with supple, gentle fingertips, knew how to soothe and caress with just the right amount of pressure to obtain the precious drops of nectar she feverishly lusted to taste, feel, and swallow that made her feel fulfilled and happy.

Knowing that her master enjoyed erupting inside of her, feeling his tension build-up and his sudden release, those milliseconds of nirvana he felt, she could feel his spasm when he would come and savour the scent and taste of his warm cum. Providing with her hands, aromatherapy massage with lavender oil to relax, invigorate, and stress-reduce his tired muscles, pacify him as well and let his emotions drift to a different dimension, a universe of their own, filled with the sparkling magnificence of her submission and boundless pleasures that only she provided. Carissa was mesmerized, in a trance travelling into realms of different dimensions of passion had sought since her early teenage years.

For Carissa, his words on the website spoke to her and now László was with her in reality, within her physically and emotionally. She fell in love with László for all the right reasons. Yet, she was also slightly apprehensive not just about her ability to please in the long run, she would as with László nothing seemed taboo, forbidden or illicit as long as he demanded it from her, but the distance.

Carissa knew, just as László had, that this relationship either took off and lasted, maybe even for a lifetime, or it would crash, falling from those highs that both had experienced to an unbearable low abyss where the pressure would crush them due to the actual distance of two continents between them. Neither of them was financially so well off that they could visit each other bi-weekly.

She had a great job. Carissa was a well-experienced program analyst, smart, and well-educated. She was willing to move and find a suitable position if it came down to that. But she had never been to the USA or Arizona. Carissa certainly had some issues with moving. She had to see it in person before making up her mind. She was very fair-skinned; the sun would do a lot of damage to her skin. Developing skin cancer was not something she wanted, and she was also a bit concerned about Valley Fever, a nasty fungus infection that was rampant in Maricopa County, where Phoenix was located. If László moved to the UK, he would have an EU passport and could apply for

residency and a work permit. László didn't like the damp weather or driving on the wrong side of the road, and what would he do?

However, like anything else, one could get used to the first two and find some suitable employment in time, all depending on the circumstances. Of course, there were other possibilities and compromises.

As far as Carissa was concerned, Arizona was the wild west of the late 1800s, uncivilized, hot, and desolate. She had lived in the Midlands, not as cosmopolitan as London but far from bleak, full of history and culture, and there were so many interesting things to do. She lived in a charming small brick cottage all by herself. It was rented, but that gave her privacy, especially behind closed doors. László had his own house. She knew that he was divorced and that he lived with his ex, which was a sign of sanity. If his ex could live with him, he was not an axe murderer or a dangerous psycho. It was clear to Carissa that László had his soft, caring, even loving side, not just the controlling, demanding, stern side; he was well balanced.

László and Carissa, had discussed many things in their emails, and in the few phone calls they had made, but now it was in person. Watching the other's facial expressions and reactions to ideas and improvised proposals was much more meaningful and interesting. Indeed it was priceless, to use that cliché.

For László it was easy to see Carissa's reactions, her face showed her feelings while he was more difficult to decipher for her. Of course, this was even more intensive during their BDSM playtime. To see her tied up naked to the four corner bedposts, legs and arms spread far apart, blindfolded and ball gagged, with such physical restraints, her sense of helplessness and anxiety level amplified. The unknown was very enticing to Carissa emotionally and physically. Would it be pleasurable or painful?

Carissa, by no means, was a pain Slut, but surprisingly, she could tolerate mild to medium levels of pain. That made her even more wet and juicy with the lubrication that emerged from her tiny and delicate butterfly-wing-shaped inner lips. Her scent permeated, infusing into the electrifying atmosphere; she could feel her skin's pores when László's finger touched her, probing deeply, like shocks of electricity, making her twitch and spasm uncontrollably. The sharp sting of an ice cube touching her erect nipples one minute or the warm lips of her master's lips kissing gently or sucking with force and biting. The bite of the butterfly's nipple clamps on her erect nipples or is placed upon her inner pink lips. It was a feast for his eyes.

Carissa felt his leather whip's braided texture as he pulled it along her stretched-out torso, teasing her between her breasts and slowly moving down toward her spread vulva. The end of the whip was covered in leather, which he inserted and used as a dildo, while an ice cube sent shock impulses through her nerve endings to her brain cortex as it touched her erect clitoral area. It built up her pleasure in waves one after another, now drenched with her juices, shimmering, sparkling on her lips, and dripping slowly down to

the white bed sheet. Removing her gag, Carissa would moan, letting out loud sighs of delight and begging for more to be used as he saw fit. László would untie her legs, bend them toward her arms to cuff her wrists to her ankles, giving him more access to burying his hard penis into her soaked and wanting vagina, fucking her slowly and asking her if this was what she wanted, then withdrawing and cropping her arse cheeks.

Entering her again only to pull out and place himself over her body with his penis in her wanting lips while he proceeded to lick her out in the classic 69 position, suckling one by one her beautiful pink butterfly wings as he thrust himself deeper and deeper into her throat, finally exploding as he pulled back toward her delicate lips and filled her mouth with his cum. Carissa's delicious treat and reward that she had craved so much. Such play and endless variations of similar scenes were what Carissa faced in the evenings.

She loved these sessions, and she would lose herself in the "subspace" more and more and build her attachment to her master, bonding slowly but surely. She always made sure to thank her master. After such sessions, she tongue-bathed his body, licking him clean, passionately kissing his feet, suckling his toes, then gently rubbed and massaged his body with lavender oil with her tender and loving hands and supple fingers.

Carissa had to go to work in the morning, was out the door by 7:15 a.m., and would return in the afternoon by 4:30 p.m. László slept in, shaved, took a shower with a hand unit (stand-showers were not as common in older houses), made himself something to eat, then could wander around the town or watch TV. He looked through her photo albums and the places she had travelled. When she returned, they usually went out to grab some local fish and chips, or she made something quick, including homemade pizza. They drank some French red wines and his favourite Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos, which was available in the larger wine store in the city where she worked.

Carissa showed him around, including the art gallery. She enjoyed the arts; again, something that they had in common was important. Being his pet, his slave was not just about sexual stimulation but enjoying common interests out of the scene.

She loved to drive and was very good at driving her two-seat, five-speed manual British Racing Green sports car. She loved history and travel. Carissa had an almost identical musical interest, and she was interested in photography. Carissa made one terrific, stylish, and sexy model nude, or otherwise, for his photography passion. László loved that she was not fake or just said something to make herself look good; Carissa was truly genuine. Both of them could imagine living with each other, day in and day out. Only if somehow they could truly get together.

On Saturday, they took the train to London. It was faster and without any of the hassles of parking. It was January, yet it wasn't unpleasant. Yes, it rained on and off a bit, but the temperature was mild, around 10 degrees Celsius; it wasn't the cold or freezing that he was used to in Toronto. She wore a nice black dress that was just above her knees, black thigh-high stockings, and was pantiless for László to access her anytime. They walked hand in hand along the Victoria Embankment, stopping now and then for photos, stopping for lunch at a typical English pub, and sampling British ale.

They had more and more conversations about their expectations of the relationship, how it had evolved, and how they truly felt about their mutual gratification. It wasn't just the sexual lust; they felt very comfortable together, with him dominating and using her for his visual and emotional needs, humiliating her in a controlled manner that she enjoyed, and taking her into areas that she had dreamed about or, once in a while dared to read about. She wanted and needed to be subordinated; her passion was controlled, rechanneled, and moulded to fit László's needs. Desired punishment for not following orders for failing to please, but not in an extreme way. She enjoyed being cropped and even whipped gently, but not to the extent it would break her delicate and supple skin, nor where she was black and blue with huge welts. Handcuffs and restraints made her feel very vulnerable, as well as being gagged and blindfolded, but it was a turn-on as long as she trusted László. She could not do it without trusting him.

She loved to dress sexy, with corsets and lingerie and high stiletto heels, but enjoyed being nude just as much with her collar around her neck. She loved the feeling of leather but wasn't crazy about latex or rubber. She loved their puppy play, her being used as an object, a table for her master, László, to eat his meals on, and even as a vase for flowers or a candlestick holder.

Carissa loved László's fingers inside her, pressing her G-spot while she wrapped herself around him, pressing her erect nipples into him, deeply kissing László. She had an insurmountable desire for him that surprised and fascinated Carissa as well as László. He got deep into her psyche, and László enjoyed every second of it profoundly.

Time flew by, and it was time for László to return to Phoenix. Carissa was flying over on February 13th and would stay until the 29th. In the meantime, László's Canadian passport arrived from Ottawa.

III. Coming to Arizona

In the blink of an eye, it was time to go and pick up Carissa. László drove out to Sky Harbor International Airport after work, and as he parked the Saturn, her British Airways Boeing 777-300 plane landed right on schedule at 4:30 p.m. He had his digital camera with him and took photos of the aircraft as it taxied.

László then proceeded to the international passenger waiting area. Carissa emerged, looked slightly tired but still elegant, beaming her sultriness in a brown jacket and tan t-shirt, showing off her long legs in her dark brown coloured jeans, and her distinctive sexy gait in her brown suede high heels, as she pulled her large suitcase.

László had a bouquet of red roses waiting for her inside. February 14th, Valentine's Day, was the following day, and Carissa wanted to be with her master. Carissa appreciated his little touches; he made her feel so wonderful as a woman. Being his slave was a privilege, but her connotations aside, it was her choice. In her master's presence, she sizzled and melted like butter in a hot pan.

Carissa was in a different universe. The universe of infinite forbidden dark pleasures sparkled like diamonds in their brilliance. She could not wait to get out of her clothes as soon as the door closed behind them, be naked at this feet and say her oath.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish."

For Carissa, these were not empty words; for her, it was her absolute belief etched deeply into her psyche, a bond, an invisible, unbreakable chain that linked her to László. László was the sun, the planet that Carissa rotated around, exposed to his flares of delight enriching her with boundless exhilarating and intense energy to please or his occasional wrath, which always affected her mood.

László told her it was time to freshen up, and they both jumped into the shower together. After the shower and refreshed, she jumped on the bed spreading her sexy legs as wide as she could, yearning, to give an invitation to her master, to be used and hopefully for her to taste his flavour and his aroma.

László did not hesitate too much, as he was in the same need to taste her addictive juices. László jumped on the bed and positioned himself over her body, his lips kissing, tasting, and sucking on her butterfly-shaped lips between her legs, while Carissa's luscious lips wrapped around his erection, engulfing him in her mouth. Her hands massaged his scrotum gently, and she firmly stroked his shaft. It didn't take long for either of them to feel each other's spasms as they climaxed, both letting off satisfied moans and sighs. It

had been just about a month since they had been together as one, which was, in both of their minds, long overdue.

László took out Carissa for dinner for a bit more tasty meat of a different kind at the nearby Texas Roadhouse that had just opened very close to his house at 75th Avenue and McDowell Road. The steaks were good, but the atmosphere was very rowdy, and neither liked the noise. He made a note never to go there to eat.

After dinner, they returned home. To enjoy a more quiet but nevertheless exciting time. Carissa liked his huge bedroom and his comfortable bed. She felt tired from the trip but tranquil, her mind fulfilled. After giving László a first-class deep massage with lavender oils, he let her enjoy herself with one of her favourite fetishes, sucking and licking on his toes, which she was so ardent about. He loved seeing her in her trance, taking photos and short videos as she adored his feet. Her tender and loving actions always led to his arousal and erection, which she lovingly and with deep passion took care of with her lips and hands, resulting in a treat for her, his ejaculating into her mouth as she savoured every droplet slowly, swallowing his cum. A perfect way to fall asleep.

To wake next to László with his full erection, pressing his shaft deep into her as she spread her legs and synced her hip movements to his thrusts, cuming in deeply, was heavenly.

“I love you, baby. I love the way you fuck me!” She moaned passionately during waves of orgasms that shook her body, delirious with a feeling out of this world. In her passion, she forgot to address him properly, which László ignored. Carissa was a good lover and was in love with her master. It was easy for her to have an orgasm with her master but a lot more difficult when alone masturbating.

“Happy Valentine’s! My Carissa, my sexy BBC, here is your favourite treat.”

László whispered into her ear as he pulled out, and she reached for his crimson penis head, dripping with their combined juices from her adoring lips. She loved licking and cleaning off his penis after each fuck. It was Thursday, and for László, it was time to go to work, unfortunately. He had a quick shave and shower, and he was off. Carissa fell back to sleep and was exhausted, and the time change did not help.

László called Carissa just after his lunch break to see how she was doing and allowed her to call her parents to assure them that she had made it to Phoenix and was alright. She appreciated his goodwill. Her parents lived in a smaller town, a good hour north by car from her charming little house. She didn’t want them to worry about her being in Arizona. There was plenty of food in the fridge for her to eat, and even a coffee maker László had bought for her stay, as she liked to drink coffee. She had a chance to look around the

house, and she loved the decorations and his paintings. She took a nice long bubble bath, shaved clean, and used lots of moisturizers to keep her skin supple. She used a bit of Amazone perfume in a few strategic places to give her an alluring fragrance mixed with her natural scent. Carissa loved the scent of Amazone, a perfume by Hermes, that László had given her in January. The Hermes Amazone was an enchanting mixture of jasmine, narcissus, galbanum, daffodil, cassis buds, peach, and mandarin, giving off a floral aroma that was highly appealing and made heads turn everywhere she went. She loved her master's worldliness, thoughtfulness, and attention to detail. She read the erotic novel "Story of O," and she identified with the woman who wrote it, so she must have felt good.

As the time got closer for her master to return, she wanted to be ready. She put on Revlon Red lipstick, did her nails with the same colour, put on her black leather collar that had a short stainless steel chain attached, and put on her black thigh-high silk stockings, but otherwise, she was nude. She sat with much anticipation on a French-style dining room chair decorated with burgundy material with antique gold rampant lions, similar to what was on her master's coat of arms. Soon her master would pull into the driveway in his Saturn. She heard the car park; the lock cylinder turned, and she saw the door open. László stepped over his threshold, turned to close the door, and the lock shut. Just as he turned his back for a second, she stepped forward to the hallway, got down to the floor in her position of submission, and bowed down facing her master.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish." with intensity and devotion, she said her oath quietly.

László smiled, although she could not see it as her forehead touched the wooden flooring. He waited for a good minute silently for more tension and impact.

"Get into the inspection position!"

László stepped behind her. She promptly obliged by placing her legs apart while standing and bending forward to display her round cheeks and vulva for visual inspection for any traces of hair. She was in a very sexually aroused state of excitement, as her inner labia were shimmering from wetness. She had such a nice fragrance, the scent that László loved when her own scent was intermixed with Hermes Amazone perfume. It was intoxicating, and seeing her vulnerable, excited, and pleasing gave László an instant erection. He just unzipped his pants and slid between her well-lubricated lips into her longing and oozing tunnel of delight. Now that their bodies were one, she moved in sync with him as he pushed deeper and ground into her flesh with all his might. Just as he was to cum he withdrew quickly,

"Turn around, on your knees slave!"

As she did, she also dropped to her knees to engulf him, for her treat and being richly rewarded, as he grabbed her head, moving along with his thrusts. What a homecoming, he thought to himself. Carissa was not just a good slave, but a brilliant one. This welcoming scene was repeated every day when László returned from work while Carissa was with him.

“This is for you my sexy Carissa!”

László reached inside a manila folder and pulled a Valentine’s card that he had made himself for her. She opened her card and smiled from ear to ear, which would have lit up the darkest room.

“Thank you, my master; what a beautiful card! Your slaves love your thoughtfulness.”

“BBC, change into your clothes; we are going out for dinner; after all, it is Valentine’s Day. Let’s celebrate!”

It was not an overly fancy place, just the Olive Garden at a nearby plaza. After dinner, they drove to the nearest gas station to tank up the Saturn, and then he parked the Saturn inside his double garage.

“Get undressed; put your collar on! We will talk as I have a small surprise for tomorrow!”

She obeyed him. Carissa clearly understood that once inside the house, she was to be naked with her collar on, unless told to wear something else. To be on her hands and knees or sitting back on her heels, with her arms to her sides.

“I will take you to work with me tomorrow. You will see where I work and what I do. It’s my short day; we’ll be there until 3:00 p.m.,” then László continued “Show me what clothes you have so I can pick something for you to wear that I like!”

The selection was limited, as she knew she would be nude all the time with him in the house, she hadn’t packed much.

Their evening was filled with play and photography. A bit of bondage play that included some ice cubes, his metal Graves vaginal speculum, peacock feathers, and a large six-inch-long cookie covered in hard green icing shaped like a saguaro cactus.

Carissa enjoyed being an object or a pet. This time, she was his peacock. He had a dozen-foot-long peacock feathers that were multipurpose, from decoration to teasing his slave while tied up or in restraints and blindfolded. He grabbed a half-dozen or so and taped the ends together while forming a fan shape, then taped them with tan masking tape between her beautifully shaped round cheeks. When she was on her hands and knees from the front, she resembled a peacock. She made a high-pitched mewling sound imitating a peacock, and her master took photos of her and strutted around as one to entertain him. He then removed her feathers, and as a finale, she laid back on his bed, legs wide apart, and started to masturbate with the hard cookie resembling a saguaro cactus that was a perfect edible dildo

option. With the tip inside her vagina, one of the arms stimulated her clitoris. All, while her master kept taking photos of her.

The evening ended with a gloriously long tongue and lip action on his erect cock. Carissa's pacifier erupted like a volcano, shooting out rich and creamy lava between her adoring lips. She made sure not to waste even the tiniest dribble, stroking with her hands and massaging gently the scrotum in a circular motion and squeezing. To pump out all she could until no more would flow, she started to massage her master's body with the refreshing and invigorating lavender oil until he fell asleep.

László was used to waking up early, as he started work at 7:00 a.m., and around 5 a.m., he rolled toward Carissa. She looked peaceful, hardly covered by the bed sheet exposing her perky breasts. She had the type of nipples and areola that László loved. He started to lick and suckle on them gently at first, alternating between the left and right ones, which made Carissa smile as his activity had woken her. Then he started to bite on them with increasing force, which got Carissa all excited.

She started moaning louder and reached for him to get him stiff. She threw off the bed sheet, exposing herself for him to penetrate her, while he kept nibbling at her nipples. He entered her, then withdrew himself and turned her over. He told her to raise her hips, and he re-entered her. Burrowing himself all the way while he grabbed her hips, Carissa matched his rhythm, grinding her shapely cheeks into his body. He kept up his thrusting motion for several minutes, then withdrew and inserted several of his right-hand fingers. Slowly he worked on her opening, pulling them out, soaking them with her juices, and pressing back in deeper, slowly stretching her wider, and eventually sliding in his fist as she was becoming more and more delirious, moaning louder and letting out some shrill sounds of ecstasy now and then. He could feel her entire body contracting violently and spasming from the inside out. Carissa kept on moving her hips and pelvis faster on his hand, totally in another dimension of pain and pleasure that intermingled, then screamed with pleasure.

"Master, this cunt is your slave; use your cunt, Master; fist your cunt, fist your cunt." until she collapsed, totally exhausted, breathed heavily, quivering, and soaked in her sweat. Her juices flowed from her as László withdrew his hand. He turned her over, knelt over her, and put a pillow under her head to raise it.

"Open your mouth slave!"

As she parted her lips, he pumped his firm penis that was ready to explode. He ejaculated lots of his cum into her waiting mouth and on her face. She grabbed his shaft and proceeded to lick and cleanse off every droplet. Then with her fingertips, to pick up the cum that had landed on her face, smearing her fingertips and licking them off slowly. A good way to start off

their day. He let her catch her breath for a minute or two.

“Thank you, Master, for such a delightful morning.” She spoke softly, full of affection in her tone.

She then washed herself in the tub, while he brushed his teeth and shaved his face. He let his slave shave off any freshly grown pubic hair from around his penis and his scrotum to keep him nice and smooth. Carissa loved the shaved look on her master; she hated to choke on pubic hair just as much as László. While Carissa was with him, it was her regular duty to perform such delicate procedures. She loved to do it, especially because her master trusted her, making her feel special. The procedure went without any nicks, and now László took a quick shower while she brushed her teeth and did her makeup. They both dressed; she made tea for her master and coffee for herself. It was 6:40 a.m., and time to go to his office.

László, as they drove, explained a few things to Carissa for her to keep in mind, so everything jived in case of questions. Carissa was his girlfriend, and they had known each other for some time and had met in Europe years ago. Do not mention his website or the M/s aspect of their relationship. There were photos of her on his office desk, and some of the postcards she had sent him were pinned to one of the partitions of his office cubicle. She would be introduced to Linda, his department manager. Carissa could sit in a visitor's chair by his desk in his cubicle. They would go out for a quick lunch nearby, and there was free coffee in the office.

László parked his car under the sunshade, walked Carissa to the side entrance, used his magnetic ID card to swipe, and opened the door. On the second floor was his cubicle in the building. Carissa was introduced to Linda and some of the department's staff, including his former supervisor, the buyer. Who now was ranked below László and had been the purchasing agent for some time.

Carissa was shown where the free coffee and washroom were located, and he proceeded to his cubicle. It was fairly large, and he offered the visitor's chair in front of his desk to Carissa. He hung up his leather jacket that he had worn. Early in the morning, it was cool in February, even in Phoenix. Carissa looked around and noticed several of the postcards from her and some others too. She also saw two framed photos of her, and that made her feel wanted. Carissa loved that László was very gentlemanly with her, especially in public. While she was a possession to him, he behaved as if she were truly his girlfriend, with romance and kindness that made her feel more than just a sex object to him. She understood her role in M/s and knew her place, yet László was more than just a master to obey unconditionally; maybe that was why she could.

She felt that her submission was cherished by him and that he loved her in an unconventional way. No matter what he did to her pleasure or pain

she endured it willingly. Carissa was drawn closer to him just like a moth was attracted to the source of light, an open flame that could burn and destroy her. Regardless of the consequences, she trusted him absolutely.

She wanted him more and more as the minutes passed by. She wanted to marry him and be his pleasure slave forever. Only the actual distance that was between them could prevent this, but that could be solved.

The day went by, and he had his first 10-minute break in the morning. He had an Earl Grey tea, and she drank some of the free coffee. Later, at lunchtime, they drove to a nearby restaurant for a quick burger, and he had a break for another 10 minutes, then at 3 p.m., it was time to leave. Linda had come over and wanted to know how she liked Arizona, just before they left. Carissa indicated it was very different from England; as long as it wasn't too warm, it was fine with her. She was reminded that it could get extremely hot in the summertime, for her this was a good time to visit.

László drove home, and she got undressed. They cooked together while she was completely naked; the only thing she had on was her black leather collar around her neck. They prepared a spicy Hungarian dish called lecsó, made with onions, garlic, tomatoes, and different types of peppers (green, yellow, and red bell peppers), bananas, and jalapeno for a hot taste, with some bits of smoked bacon served over cooked rice. László had made this once in England and she wanted to learn how to make it. Carissa liked that László could cook, while she could cook simpler foods, but he had introduced her to a different cuisine. She liked the spice and flavours of Hungarian recipes compared to bland English foods.

She loved orally servicing her master from under the table while he ate his dinner. When he was done eating, it was her turn to eat. Sometimes she ate from the table just like he did with utensils, or sometimes she ate from a bowl or from the floor on her hands and knees, not allowed to use any utensils like a puppy would. She loved being humiliated to please her master. Sometimes he copped her to swallow on command or even mounted her from the rear while she tried to eat like a puppy. Those sessions were just out of the world for Carissa; she loved being his bitch in heat! Carissa loved being his object to rest his feet on as she pretended to be a footrest as he watched TV or a movie; down on her hands and knees as a table to put a tray of food upon her back for him to eat from; she spread out on the top of the dining room table, her vulva covered with some sweet delicacy to be eaten out; some delicious wine or liquor poured between her lips for her master to slurp and lick out. She loved the gratification she felt by providing her master with visual stimulation down to his cortex. She loved to see him smile. And to know that she was the source of his delight.

This evening, he allowed her to eat from the table with utensils; when she was done, they washed it down with Weihenstephaner Hefe Weissbier,

one of László's favourite Bavarian beers. After dinner, she cleaned up in the kitchen. László took off his clothing to give her access to him as he sat down on the couch to watch the news and later popped in a DVD.

She sat on the floor between his legs, caressing him. She sucked, licked, and experienced his penis cycling between soft and rock-hard erections. He later reclined, and she buried her face, engulfing him in her mouth. She loved caressing him for hours without ever tiring. She just loved to suck, to get every precious droplet of his cum; she could never get enough; she was addicted; this was her drug. László had a limit on how many times he could ejaculate in a day; he was not exactly in his 20s anymore.

László retired to his bed, and she massaged him while he fell asleep. She fell asleep with her head between his legs and her black leather collar on. She was not allowed to remove it without his permission, as he was sleeping and Carissa didn't want to wake up. When László woke up around 6 in the morning and was surprised to see her that way, she was out like a light. He gently moved her to a more comfortable position and let her rest for another hour. At 7 a.m., László woke her up by spreading her legs and entering her slowly, as she was still dry. Feeling her waking up as he moved within her, she quickly started to move her hips, and her juices began to make his penetration smoother.

"Oh Master, fuck your cunt! She is yours twenty four seven, anywhere, any place..." she whimpered quietly.

He moved faster and deeper; this time he came inside her and kept on thrusting until he felt himself go limp. He pulled out, and she automatically reached out with her mouth toward him to cleanse and lick him dry. As he got up from bed, she inserted several fingertips to catch his dripping cum mixed with her own juices and licked off her fingertips.

László brushed his teeth, shaved, and showered, and when he stepped out, she dried him off gently. He then removed her collar, and she stepped in the shower herself. After her shower, she did her routine of brushing her teeth, drying her hair, putting some skin cream on her body, doing her makeup, etc.

"Bring the UV protector from the counter!" He pointed to the tube and continued, "We're off to Tucson! Get dressed and after breakfast, we will be leaving!"

She made eggs sunny side up and toast for both of them, tea for her master, and coffee for herself. László allowed her to eat with him at the table at the same time as he did. When done, he got up and looked for his Nikon film camera and several rolls of film while she did the dishes. He also picked up his digital camera too. The day would be filled with some photography outdoors. It would be a nice sunshine-filled day, like most days are in Arizona.

IV. Tucson

At 9 a.m., they left for Tucson. They arrived at the Pima Air & Space Museum around 10:30 a.m., about an hour and a half drive, going slightly above the speed limit. Carissa enjoyed the drive, as they had a good conversation about their relationship.

László mentioned that he was thrilled that she was with him. He hoped she would not fizzle out. He was not interested in a 9 1/2-week relationship, like in the movie. She felt the same way. He was concerned about the distance and realized that one of them would have to move, and whoever might have issues finding suitable employment. Either way, one of them would have to continue to work and basically be the sole bread earner initially or even for a longer time. Carissa told him it made more sense for her to move, but she wasn't sure about the heat, the culture, or, she would say, the lack of it from her perspective. Indeed, Phoenix had an abundance of the first and lacked the second. László shared the same outlook. Of course, Carissa knew the fluke reason why he had ended up in Phoenix, and it was not by his choice. László only liked two things about Phoenix: his house and the dry heat. She thought to herself "I'm not sure if I could live in Phoenix, but maybe if we move to Canada, that would work."

Carissa had never been in a museum like Pima before; so many aircraft were on display outdoors, and she was amazed that László could identify so many of them. There were even a couple of British aircraft on display, and she liked that. She posed for some photos and took a couple of László photos too. They ate a small lunch at the cafeteria and bought a few souvenirs at the gift store. Carissa bought a model aircraft for her nephew; she had a married brother. At 3 p.m., they left the museum grounds.

László wanted to explore Saguaro National Park, just northwest of Tucson, which is home to the largest cacti: the giant saguaro. The saguaro was associated worldwide with the American West. Carissa had never seen one up close, and he wanted to take photos of her by these majestic plants, her naked soft beauty silhouetted against the spiky spines of these enormous cacti. The park was desolate, with no visitors around, and provided lots of privacy for her to pose without anything on but a smile. Another trait that László loved about Carissa. She was very imaginative without any inhibition.

Carissa truly understood his visual needs and the impact they had on László. Upon their return to his house, László downloaded the digital images from his camera to check them out. Carissa took a bath to cleanse off any dust and shaved herself to be as smooth as she could be, using plenty of skin moisturizer all over her delicate, seductive, just about perfect body. She never thought of herself as being sultry or so hot and attractive, but with her master, she felt like Aphrodite, the goddess of love, beauty, and sexuality.



Dinner consisted of baked salmon with almond slivers smothered with butter and chives, shrimp in a garlic and butter sauce, and a bit of jalapeno for extra flavour over steamed rice. Once again, prepare together. She had to learn just how her master liked his food prepared, and it was a good way for her to practice her culinary skills. Carissa liked salmon, but in England, it was extremely expensive when compared to the cost of buying salmon fillets in Phoenix. László indicated that she would prepare the dining room table for two, meaning she would eat at the same time as her master. After eating László turned toward Carissa.

“Clear off the table and get on it with your legs spread wide on your back! We will have some dessert!”

She hurriedly did as commanded. She noticed that her master had a bottle of Tokaji Aszú 4 Puttonyos in his hands, so this was for dessert. She laid on her back on the table, with legs spread wide apart, exposing and spreading her swollen lips apart, anticipating the dripping of the sweet wine,

drop by drop. He started to dribble the wine over her and lick it off. The sweet wine was intermixed with her own nectar, sending signals of pleasure throughout her thousands of nerve receptacles when his lips and tongue slid over her and licked between her cunt lips. Ecstasy, rapture, and uncontrolled contractions in her insides took hold, wave after wave, driving her into a wild frenzy. Her receptive cortex was short-circuited; she knew that her favourite treat was about to come later, that which she craved, almost tasting and feeling the texture of her tongue already on his penis.

Carissa was right about her treat. Time stood still for Carissa; she was in a universe of their own; she didn't know how long László continued licking out the wine. Suddenly she heard his voice, and her ears perked up, bringing her back to reality quickly.

"Stay in this position, slave! Don't move!"

"Yes Master."

He went to the bedroom, undressed, and returned with a pair of leather wrist restraints.

"Your right arm!"

As she extended her arm, he put the restraint on her wrists and attached her wrists, bending her arms backward. The clasp made a metallic click as he locked it into the steel O-rings of her collar, to the right side, limiting her hand movements.

"Your left now!"

He repeated the procedure and clasped it to the left O-ring. He stood over her face pulled her head over the table edge, and proceeded to drip a few drops of wine on his erection; the wine started to flow slowly down to his scrotum.

"Lick off the wine from each of my testicles and suck them gently, my sweet slave!" as he dripped more wine, drop by drop. He dripped some wine on his shiny crimson head around the corona, and inserted it between her wanting lips to taste, teasing her slowly driving her insane with desire. Withdrawing it and repeating, she was moaning.

"Beg bitch, for your Master's cum!"

"Master, your bitch, your cunt, begs for your cum, sir! Please allow this cunt to taste and swallow your precious cum, sir! Master, your bitch loves your cum." Carissa started off softly but got interrupted.

"Louder bitch, I can't hear you cunt!"

"Master, your bitch, your cunt, begs for your cum, sir! Please allow this cunt to taste and swallow your precious cum, sir! Master, your bitch loves your cum! Please allow your slave to have her dessert, sir! Take pity on this worthless cunt, sir."

Her volume increased with fervour, and while she begged, he started to stroke his shaft.

"Open wide, cunt!"

She opened with anticipation as she ejaculated into her widely parted

lips. As she swallowed every drop, he inserted his head for her to click and cleanse off any cum remaining to suck his urethra clean. Then he withdrew himself, turned around and placed his legs so that her head was now between his thighs.

“Rim my anus, slave!”

She started to kiss and lick his rosebud, slowly penetrating it with her tongue tip. This was a first for her, like so many other things with László. She felt humiliated, which she enjoyed. Soon, his erection returned, and he turned toward her spread legs, pulled her closer, placed her legs upon his shoulders, and rammed into her drenched, dripping, slippery tunnel of love as she passionately moaned and murmured her oath over and over again. While cuming, her body contracted uncontrollably inside her brain, feeling like she was in another universe. László loved how orgasmic Carissa was, how deeply she emerged herself to pleasures of the dark side, by far the best he had ever met. After their passionate communion, László had some more fun in his mind.

“Now we’ll walk to the tub, and you will be my fountain once you’re inside!” he told Carissa.

As they walked, he unlatched her hands from her collar and removed her restraints as well as her collar. She sat on the white marble edge that was slightly raised behind the back of the tub, spreading herself, exposing her urethra, readily turning into a living fountain, waiting for master’s command to release her stream from her parted lips.

“Now!” His command echoed, and her golden fluids jetted out.

“Stop!” She forced herself to stop peeing.

“Bend back more and aim higher until you’re done!”

She raised her legs, pushing her pelvis upward, as she tried to recline as much as she could and let out her final stream while her master took photos of her. It was time to hose herself off with his golden shower.

“In the tub, bitch, on your knees and face me, bitch, mouth open!”

She kneeled in some of her own urine, which trickled slowly toward the drain, with her mouth open. He aimed into her open mouth. She tried to swallow the fluids, but most flowed in a cascading stream down one of her sexy breasts with her nipples erect. He moved his aim down to those nipples as she was rubbing his golden stream onto her skin. When he was down to a few droplets,

“Clean the head!”

She automatically reached for his cock with both of her hands and licked his head. Cleansing it with her loving tongue and lips, until every minuscule of golden fluids was sucked dry and her master was satisfied, all while he continued taking photos.

“Clean yourself!” He placed the digital Nikon camera down on the double vanity, and he stepped into the separate shower stall for a quick one. It was time for more play and photography.

He placed her collar on and attached a four-foot-long fine steel chain leash.

“Puppy time, bitch, you will crawl on your hands and knees as I walk you around; you can only bark! Understood?”

“Woof.”

She yelled quickly with a high-pitched tone, like a small dog.

“I can’t hear you bitch! Louder like a real dog!”

“Woof!”

This time, she barked much deeper and louder.

“Damn it bitch, where is my crop? Fetch it and bring it into your mouth!”

Carissa looked around; the crop was lying on the seat of his French bergere chair, which matched the rich silk curtain fabric in his bedroom. She crawled there, picked it up with her mouth, and crawled back on her hands and knees like the good bitch she was. She stopped in front of him and looked up at her master.

“Thank you bitch!”

He took it out of her mouth. Picked up her leash.

“Let’s go for a walk, you lead. We will go out to the living room, make two circles, and come back! Understood?”

“Woof!”

She barked, indicating that she did!

He smacked her on her arse cheeks with the crop. She felt the sizzle of the impact, leaving a small rosy imprint on her beautiful, soft flesh.

“Move it, bitch!”

As she started to crawl and lead, he kept on smacking her round sexy arse.

“Bark bitch louder! Every time you feel the sting of the crop, you bark twice as loud!”

And he let her have another one. All one could hear was barking and the stinging snap of the crop. It took me a good ten minutes to return. Both of her cheeks were nicely rosy and hot. He stopped by his computer table, picked up a one- and three-quarter-inch-diameter flesh-coloured silicone ball, and placed his crop on the black computer chair. He let go of the leash and threw the ball.

“Fetch, bitch!”

Carissa crawled and returned with the ball on her hands and knees, dragging her leash around, and stopped in front of him. He reached for the ball and took it from her mouth. He now threw it further down the hallway toward the living room.

“Bark while your fetching, loud, so I can hear it!”



Off she went, barking all the way until she grabbed the ball with her mouth. In the meantime, he went to pick up his camera and started snapping photos of his puppy as she obediently crawled back to him. She stopped, and he took the ball from her mouth.

“Do as dogs do, start sniffing my crotch and lick it, bitch!”

She nuzzled up to him, imitating as a dog would, burrowing her face into his crotch, as now he was erect, and she started to lick his balls and the shaft of his penis.

“Good little bitch, you’re a good little bitch!” he encouraged her.

“Would you like to lick your Master’s cock?”

“Woof...Woof...Woof!”

She barked rapidly from her excitement.

“I can’t hear you my little bitch!”

“Woof, woof, woof!”

She now barked, howling as loud as she could, almost foaming at the mouth as she was in a total zeal of yearning for his piece of meat to taste.

“Start licking my left foot. Starting at my toes, you can work yourself up, but slowly! When you get up to this high”

He pointed toward his upper thighs,

“You stop and start on my right foot! Understood?”

“Woof!”

She started to lick his feet with feverous passion, inching up slowly on his shin and knee as she reached higher on his thigh. She could feel his erect cock touching her hair, and she could smell the scent that she loved so much. She then switched over to his right foot.

“Stop!”

She froze, he pulled out his computer chair turned the seat toward her sat down, spreading his legs, and moved so that his scrotum was off the edge of the seat.

“Get closer to get your treat; you can only use your mouth, but slowly!”
Teasing her drove her into a deeper frenzy.

She licked around his bulging balls, slobbering and working her tongue along the shaft, inching slowly to his head. He pulled his foreskin all the way back, freeing his corona, to let her lick the frenulum, one of the most sensitive parts of her Master’s penis. She flicked it with the tip of her tongue, then returned to licking and sucking the corona, taking as much as she could into her mouth. Carissa wanted to touch his shaft with her hands, moving her hands up and down, to milk him, but it was forbidden, intensifying her longing to taste him as he climaxed, her well-earned reward for being his obedient bitch.

László, of course, knew this and let her work for it for as long as he could stand without ejaculating. He was filming her with a short burst of video lasting 20 seconds with his digital camera. For those times when they would be apart, to relive those memories and to masturbate while he watched the clips and talked with her on the phone.

“Use your hands!”

Her prayers were answered, and she grabbed his shaft, covered in her saliva, and started to stroke her hands back and forth on his shaft.

“Use more pressure and faster!”

Carissa increased her pressure and speed, now he started moan and groan.

“Massage my balls with your left hand and open wide!”

Just as she opened and stuck the tip of her tongue out to receive, he spurted out several salvos into her wanton wide-open lips, some of his cum dripping down to her breasts. She scooped it up with her fingertips and licked every dribble she could, she smiled with great satisfaction, then gently whispered,

“Thank you Master.”

It was getting late, and for Sunday, he wanted to go with her for a scenic drive. He left her collar on to sleep with, to remind Carissa that she was his slave even while sleeping. Before he stretched out on the bed, he got some moisturizing aloe jelly and applied plenty on her red buttocks, to soothe her minor skin irritations tenderly and asked,

“Do you feel better now, my sweet slave?”

“Yes, my loving Master, she does.”

She smiled and murmured softly. László then stretched out for his much welcomed massage.

“When you are done, you can suckle on my toes; just make sure you get some sleep too!” Soon he was out like a light.

Carissa stopped and returned to her secondary passion, sucking and licking on her toes. She was in her own universe of pleasure and passed out. He woke up in the middle of the night and noticed Carissa was sleeping deeply by his feet across the bed. He moved her into her adjacent position beside him, placing her head on a pillow. She just kept on sleeping without being aware of her new position. He kissed her gently on her nipples.

He let her sleep in longer on Sunday morning. “She must be exhausted,” he thought to himself. And he continued, “so far she has been very obedient, her training is going well”. He looked at his watch; it was 7:18 in the morning. Then, at her uncovered breasts, heaving up and down slightly as she breathed, he went from limp to fully erect in a nanosecond.

He placed himself between her legs and spread them. He lifted her hips up on his pillow, elevated her slightly, moved her legs on his shoulders, and mounted her between her beautiful lips. That woke her up and she smiled.

“Good morning my sexy Master.”

She whispered gently and continued with her oath with devotion, slightly louder,

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.”

“Good morning to you, my sweet, loving BBC!”

He replied as he was thrusting with more force, as she had become more moist.

“You are going to learn how to control your orgasms! You will not cum until I tell you to! If you do it before I allow it, you will be punished. Ten hard

crops on each of your beautiful cheeks and then on your cunt lips! After each stroke, you will thank me and ask me to strike you harder! Is that clear?"

"Yes, my Master."

She spoke in a faint and trembling voice, as she knew this could hurt, but continued,

"Your slave will not cum until she is told to do so. She will be cropped on her arse and cunt. She will thank her Master after each stroke and will ask her Master to strike harder."

"Good girl!"

He kept on thrusting, as he was getting close to a climax, he pulled out from her warm and wet vagina.

"Take it in your mouth, bitch!"

Quickly, she removed her legs from his shoulders, lounged toward his erection to take it into her mouth, and grasped his member with her hands, stroking it with passion, to get all his cum into her mouth.

"Cleanse it!"

She slowly pulled out his still-erect penis and gently licked around his head and along the shaft, then gently kissed it all over. And let go.

"Start masturbating until you are ready to cum, and ask for permission! Are we clear?"

"Yes, my Master."

She replied while she leaned her back against the wall by the head of the bed. Drawing up her knees a bit and spreading her legs to ensure that her master could see her clearly, while she began to touch her lips and rub her clitoral area. Her lips were swollen and she felt the heat, her oozing lubrication as she touched her clit, sending waves of pleasure. She loved to masturbate, and she did as told, twice a day. Once in the morning, after she said her oath loudly in her position, And once at night, while they were apart,

She also went without any thongs (knickers) when she wore pants to work. Once in a while, she had to insert a small, four-inch-long dildo and keep it inside her all day. That resulted in several orgasms and phone calls from the washroom to her master, of course, making sure that she was alone in the lady's room. Being at work with a dildo in her was an agony, but a pleasurable one too, at the same time.

"Master, may your slave cum?"

Her voice trembled with her impending orgasms.

"No you may not! Start inserting your fingers deep!" He snapped at her and continued, "You are too eager!"

She let go of her clit and slipped two fingers inside of her soaked vagina. Feeling her wetness, she moved her fingers in and out.

"Use those fingers, work that cunt faster! Is that clear?"

"Yes, Master."

She replied now with an even more trembling voice. She inserted three fingers now and moved at a slightly faster pace. She started to breathe more

rapidly and had to think of a punishment to delay her tsunami. As she moaned, the scents of her sweat, her sex, and her perfume filled up the room with a pleasant aroma.

“Master, may your slave cum?”

Carissa could hardly say the words as she was so excited and was getting even wetter if that was possible at all.

“No you may not!”

László paused for about 10 seconds “Stop!” he commanded her “get in the face down arse up position and remain on the bed!”

She withdrew her fingers immediately and stopped her eruption just in time. She looked puzzled, but got into the position as ordered. László grabbed his crop. She took a good swing and hit her cheeks. She lurched slightly forward as she felt the sharp sting behind her.

“Thank you, Master, please strike this slave harder.” she whimpered.

As he took another good swing and hit her cheeks, she thanked him again. After five swings, he stopped. She was puzzled, but kept quiet. But soon she noticed that her master had now grabbed his leather bull whip. She bit her lips and winced. This could hurt!

He stepped up onto the bed, laid the whip’s long thong near her neck, and dragged it slowly along her spine, sending shivers all through her body, all the way down to her crack and between her swollen lips, several times.

Then he mounted her, ramming his erection deeply into her soft wetness all the way. He took hold of her hips, moved them forward almost to the point that he would come out, and ramped her hips back over all the way. Carissa now moved in unison with her master. Moaning and just about screaming, her burning arse cheeks touched his pelvis, and her insides felt his erection. Her pleasure and torment were intermixed, a couple of tears rolled down her face.

“Master, may your slave cum?” she cried out.

As she was ready to cum, permission or not, she was not capable of withholding any longer.

“Yes, my bitch!”

Her body responded with a tsunami of contractions, and her tears of ecstasy rolled down her flushed cheeks. As she moaned and gasped for air, she just collapsed. She was spent, but somehow she found enough energy to whisper almost incoherently.

“Thank you, Master.”

“You are most welcome, my sweet Carissa!” he replied, almost as exhausted. “Let’s have a shower together and have breakfast!”

It took both of them a minute or two to recover enough to walk over to the shower stall, she with trembling legs. They stood embraced under the stream of lukewarm water, and she hugged him lovingly as he gently started

to soap up her back and gently continued all over her body, washing their sweat and scent off. She lathered him up too, and she washed him gently. Except one part, as she was only allowed to use her mouth on his penis. She took his semi-erect penis lovingly into her lips. She cleaned it with her adoring tongue.

When done, she stepped out, reached for his towel, and dried him off first, then herself. While he brushed his teeth, she did the same shortly after and asked for permission to speak. Carissa was not allowed to express her opinions unless given permission in his presence. Which was granted.

She talked about how she felt throughout all that had just happened. Her life had changed drastically since they met in January. She was loving every minute of it, and this was just what she had wanted all through her life. She hoped that this was how she would spend the rest of her life with László. She knows that there are a lot more lessons to come and learn. She was very eager to learn and to please. László embraced and reassured her, that he was very happy with her, and that he loved her.

“Now for the rest of the day, we can make it free time. This means you are still my slave; I expect total obedience, but you can talk normally; you do not have to call me ‘Sir or Master’ unless you wish. But never call me ‘Master’ in the presence of someone. Are we clear BBC?”

“Yes, Master; oops, I meant to say, yes, László.”

She corrected herself with a large smile and gave him a warm hug, pressing her naked body into his, with her nipples erect and hard. She was wet between her legs once again. She gave him a deep kiss, caressing his tongue lovingly with hers. While he gripped her still crimson behind and slipped several fingers from both of his hands into her slippery and oozing opening between her lips, stretching it wider, then pinching her clitoral area between his right thumb and index finger, She just about jumped as he kept the pressure on and started to massage her clitoral area as she felt her spasm emerging and radiating from her pelvic area.

“I love you, László, so much, you have no idea!” she softly whispered into his ear, as she kept taking short and fast excited breaths. He let go of Carissa and pressed his drenched fingers into her mouth to suck and lick off. “Let’s get dressed, put a skirt on, and eat something. Otherwise we are going to be here all day!” he directed but paused for a second “Bend over let me see your cheeks!”

Carissa bent over immediately. He went and picked up the bottle of aloe vera, spread a generous amount on her rosy cheeks, and rubbed it gently and passionately into her skin. The cold, smoothing gel felt good on her warm skin. She appreciated that László, her master, while he was firm with her, and she had had a tough time figuring out what his next step would be in and out of playtime, kept her at the edge but cared about her well-being and was very proud of her.

After breakfast, they drove to Payson, located in the Tonto National Forest, a very scenic drive along the North Beeline Highway, to take photos other than desert scenery. Carissa was impressed by the changing scenery, but the temperature change was to her liking too. Along the way, they stopped here and there to take photos along the way, not just of the scenery but of her. She loved the Century plant (*Agave americana*), which had a very long-stemmed flower that could reach over 20 feet high and bloomed only once at the end of its long life. When they reached Payson, they ate at a small local restaurant. On their way back, they took a side trip toward Four Peaks Mountain. László took some more photos with the Four Peaks in the background. It was a nice day trip that emphasized that it was not just a sexual fling, which indicated the possibility of a long-term relationship that both of them wanted.



V. Enjoying the darker side

Once back in László's house, the dynamics changed; he was the Master again, and she was his slave. Carissa had her collar on and nothing else. She was ordered to make dinner but set the table for one. There were two pieces of salmon leftover, and she baked them in the oven with a bit of butter, all wrapped in aluminium foil. She made steamed rice and sliced up a lemon. She decorated only his plate and served him. She also poured mineral water into his glass. While he ate, she took her customary place under the table, pleasuring her master with her lips on his penis while he ate.

She loved sucking on him as he stopped momentarily from eating while he jetted his warm cum between those soft and supple lips of hers. She was intensely content with her role to provide sexual and other pleasure. That was her sole reason to be with her master. She always felt horrible, like a failure, when she could not get him to ejaculate and be able to have his cum in or on her body. When they were apart, phone sex was an inferior substitute, but still, it was better than not hearing his voice at all. She was able to imagine being with him, but not seeing, touching, smelling, and tasting her master was the worst torture. It was more painful than any physical pain he could ever give her. She was addicted to him, and she needed him. Now that her master was in her life, without him, she felt devastated and empty, like a zombie without a purpose. Therefore, she was willing to endure just about any pain, humiliation, or even to lose her dignity.

"Slave, that was a good dinner. I hope you enjoyed your reward!" he paused. "Get your bowl so I can give you dinner!"

Carissa crawled out from under the table on her hands and knees, picked up her bowl with her teeth, and crawled back to his table. He reached for the small but richly decorated glass bowl. With his fork, he pushed two small chunks of the fish and some leftover rice into it. Then he stood up, walked back to the kitchen, and placed it on the floor where it had previously sat. He also took another same-sized bowl and poured the leftover mineral water from the bottle into it.

"Bitch, come and get your dinner!" snapped his behest at Carissa.

"Eat, bitch!"

Carissa started to eat like the good bitch she was, using her tongue, teeth, and lips. He stood over her, watching and enjoying her obedience. It took her about five minutes to lick the bowl clean, and she drank from the other. When done, she remained in her position with her head down, facing the cold ochre ceramic tiles.

"Bitch, get up, and gather all that has to be washed. Wash them, and join me by the couch! Is that understood?"

“Yes, Master, and thank you, Master, for dinner! Master, may your slave use the toilet?”

“OK, proceed to the bathroom!”

Carissa crawled off by herself and returned in the same fashion after several minutes. László sometimes denied her the right to go right away to ensure that she always remembered that she urinated and defecated only when told to do so. Her body, mind, and soul belonged to him. She also knew that she had absolutely no privacy, not during these functions or in the insertion or removal of her tampons. However, László was rarely interested, unless he wanted her to be his fountain while urinating. He was not into scat, diapers, or enema play. He liked being rimmed once in a while and used it as a tool of humiliation and as a sign of unconditional submission.

Carissa, when done in the kitchen, got on her hands and knees and crawled over to her master, sat between his legs facing him, gently placed her face over his left thigh, and looked at him with longing eyes. He looked at her, gently stroked her head, and played with her golden locks while he watched the evening news. She had already had her treat. She had to wait to let her desire intensify, build her craving, and wait until he was recovered and ready.

“I know what you want, sweetie, but your master needs time to recover. You already had your treat in the morning, and just before you ate,” He kept on playing with her soft hair and continued,

“Suck and lick on my toes instead! I know how much you like that.” “Thank you, Master,” she said in an excited voice, and she proceeded to lick and suck on his toes.

László relaxed with her soothing tongue and lips, reclined on the couch, and quickly fell asleep. He awoke close to midnight, and Carissa was still giving him a tongue bath on his feet from his toes all the way to his heels. He got up, and looked at her and said,

“Walk with me, and do your massage, I’m exhausted” walked to his bed and laid on it face down. She followed him; she stopped in the bathroom to cleanse her hands and to pick up the scented oil she used on her master.

Just before six in the morning, László woke up. Carissa was sleeping beside him with her collar on. As he turned to her and embraced her naked body, feeling her supple skin, he became erect and wanted her. She felt his embrace, and that woke her up. She smiled and spread her legs to receive him, but she was dry, and he could really feel her from the inside out. She began to move her hips faster and faster as she became moist. László almost didn’t have to move, as her body was sliding, dancing with passion on and off his erectness. She began to moan softly, and her breathing increased rapidly with each movement of her hips.

“Master, may your slave cum?” her voice trembled softly.

“Yes, my sweet slave, my loving cunt, you may!”

He felt her body trembling, and could feel himself cuming, just as he approved her request. He had to go to work, and he had no time to play; he just wanted to satisfy his hunger and make her feel alive. He pulled out quickly as Carissa felt his movement instantly lift her head off her pillow and reached forward to engulf him, cleanse him with her lips, and enjoy his taste intermixed with her own. László enjoyed her attentiveness for several minutes, then got up and headed toward the bathroom to get ready to work.

“You may lick yourself clean, and while I shower, make my tea!” and continued, “You can do it upright; I do not want to be late!”

“Yes, my Master!”

She happily replied, as Carissa inserted several of her fingers deeply into herself to catch every droplet, and proceeded to lick her fingers clean. She then got up, ran into the bathroom, quickly washed her hands and teeth, and bolted toward the kitchen. To make her master’s tea, she brought over from England Twinings blackcurrant with vanilla flavours.

László dressed and walked to the dining room. Carissa was sitting on her heels, her thighs parted by the foot of his chair, with the tea waiting on his table. As soon as she saw him, she smiled at him and bowed her head to the carpeted floor.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.” she spoke softly but with conviction.

“Good girl! When I leave, take a nice long bubble bath and relax. Eat whatever you want at the counter. Work on your diary. I want to see you catch up. You have neglected it lately, for which I am to blame. I will call you throughout the day. You will not answer the phone until you hear my voice on the answering machine. If it is not me, just let the machine record. Understood?”

“Yes, my loving Master! Your slave understands and wishes to thank you for your love and kindness, my Master.” she replied with a soft tone that resonated with her true feelings for him.

László drank his tea. He turned toward Carissa, kissed her forehead, put on his black leather jacket, and exited through the garage door. He sat in the Saturn, pressed the garage door remote control, and drove off to work as the garage door closed after him.

His work day went by quickly. He called Carissa several times, the first time while she was in the tub. He told her to masturbate for him as he listened to see if she asked for permission to climax; she did, and he was proud of her. She was an excellent learner.

When László arrived home, Carissa waited for him as before. Nude, apart from her collar and the attached leash, in her position, said her oath, then stood up for inspection. For some, this was humiliating to display her sex so openly for him to check for cleanliness and to ensure there was not

even one tiny hair on her smooth body but for her, it was a joy. Showing her master just how ready she was to please him, she was wet with desire. When he spread her lips, inserting one or several fingers deeply, he pulled them out to take a whiff of her scent and to lick his fingers if satisfied. She loved it. Especially when he just entered her hard while she was bent over or told her to drop to her knees to please him orally.

She remembered just how hard he had cropped her once back in the UK on her labia and on her arse cheeks when he noticed two tiny hair follicles that she had missed while shaving. The pain was bearable but her disappointment and shame in not pleasing him was worse.

László was satisfied, and he unbuckled his belt, unzipped the fly, and let his pants slide down to the floor. He freed his erect penis and rammed it all the way, feeling her well-lubricated vagina walls yield to his penetration. He grabbed her hips with both of her hands and moved them, matching his thrust. Then he let go of them and cupped her breasts, pinching her nipples, squeezing them hard, and pulling them out! She let off muffled shrieks, as the pain shot through her nipples, but soon started to moan louder, her muscles tensed up.

“Master may your slave cum?” she begged with craze.

“No! Bitch you, cum, when I allow you! Your orgasms are mine; you do it to please me, not yourself.”

And he squeezed her nipples even harder to remind her, just who was in control, to do what he wanted with her. She was just a vehicle for his pleasure. The sharp pain, for a few seconds, had its effect, but he knew she would start begging soon. He withdrew, his cock soaked from her wetness.

“Fetch my crop quick!”

She dropped immediately to her hands and knees and crawled as fast as she could to the bedroom to pick him up and return with his crop between her teeth. He took it from her mouth.

“Lay on the floor with your back facing me. Spread your legs wide, raise your hips, and support them with your hands and arms! I will teach you self-control, bitch!”

She obeyed immediately, showing her dripping and swollen blood-filled vulva lips. He took the crop and gently teasingly slapped her clitoris several times, stinging her and asking her with a smirk on his face.

“Does my bitch want to cum? Look at me when you reply!”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum,” she replied in panic, fixating her blue eyes on his now villainously sparkling eyes. He increased the force a bit and slapped her several times, then increased it even further. While looking straight into her eyes, she started to fill up with tears. After ten slaps he stopped and asked again

“Does my bitch wants to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum,” she replied with a trembling, very soft voice, her clit stinging and hurting very sharply.

László continued, but now with just teasing slaps as he watched her eyes, and then suddenly gave her a hard one and stopped. She screamed from her pain. He smiled at her and with a gentle voice asked her once again,

“Does my bitch wants to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum.” she was crying and tried to stifle her sobbing.

“Stand up, bend over, and spread your legs!”

She obeyed without any hesitation, bending over and showing her swollen, hot, dripping lips. He dropped his crop, entered her between her burning lips, grabbed her hips, and started to ram her hard. He kept it up for several minutes, then asked her again.

“Does my bitch want to cum?”

“Master, only when you wish her to cum,” sobbingly she replied.

“Good, my little bitch! Cum now! Show me that you can obey!” as he exploded deeply inside her, and she started to shake violently and almost collapsed as she came in waves.

“Good girl! Remember, you are mine, you belong to me, and you cum when I tell you to!”

He said this with great satisfaction as he pulled her up to a standing position, embraced her, and tenderly massaged her breasts.

“Yes, my Master! You own her body, her mind, and her soul; she only exists to please you. She loves you, Master.”

László then turned her around and gently kissed her tears away as he tasted her saltiness. Now she embraced him and pushed her body into his as much as she could. Her erect and hard nipples were into his chest; they held each other for a minute or two. His semi-erect penis was dripping from their juices.

“Cleanse me!”

She dropped immediately to her knees and licked him clean, which made him feel erect again. She licked and licked, mesmerized by his scent and their taste. She could feel her own juices slowly emerging and trickling slowly down to her thighs. He noticed it too, as he loved to watch her loving lips and tongue lick his corona for any traces of cumin and her juices. He pulled away his stiffness.

“Clean yourself up and lick up any droplets from the floor!”

She slid her fingers down to catch her fluid dribblets and then licked them off. When done, she placed her fingers inside to catch their juices and cleaned herself. Then she got down on her knees again and bent forward to lick up any droplets from the floor.

László picked up his pants and underwear, threw both into the laundry basket, and continued,

“Tomorrow you can do the laundry!”

“Yes, my Master.”

“Get dressed; we are going out to buy groceries! Until we get back, it is your free time!”

“Yes, my Master,” she replied, and she ran to the bedroom to get dressed, but she did not remove her collar; only he could. While she was dressing, László prepared a quick list. When she returned, he removed her collar and placed it on the counter. Then they left.

Carissa enjoyed shopping with László; the stores were so much different, with more abundance, a larger variety, and being much less expensive than back home. However, she didn’t like that one who had to drive everywhere. Even to buy European-style bread, which they both preferred and liked, one had to drive thirty minutes in town for a bakery that had decent bread. While shopping, they talked about her day and her upcoming days alone at home until the 21st, when László would take an unpaid day off to spend an extra day with her. There was a lot on the agenda to discuss, including what László would be doing in May for two weeks to be with her, aspects of the M/s procedures, formalities, and future plans.

A Master-slave relationship could be very formal and restrictive. However, no two relationships were exactly alike, and it was up to László to define what he wanted. Carissa had to yield and accept his rules. László was relatively easygoing within the accepted formalities; for example, he did not care about her third-person usage in her e-mail or other correspondence. He rarely enforced during their everyday in-scene living, apart from the fact she was not allowed to talk. However, she was given plenty of free time, to speak openly without restrictions. He had yet to ask her to sign a contract in which everything was spelled out, as he wanted to mould the contract around her rather than have her yield 100 percent to something that was etched in stone.

He relied on her intelligence, self-motivation, and ability to learn. Carissa had done a lot of research on M/s and was familiar with its customs and protocol. She could accept them but preferred his type; it was more warm, caring, and not as harsh, but she also knew that she would have to sign a contract that spelled out everything, including her punishments. Carissa loved his consideration toward her, and that was why she tried so hard to please and yield to his ways.

She knew that he could be a lot more restrictive, humiliating, stern, colder, and cruel with her, enjoying her discomfort and pain. She didn’t want a sadist tyrant; she loved the way he was. A perfect mix of darker traits with the exceptional ones, those that she loved—not out of duress or being afraid of his punishments; only out of her need for him. She would have yielded to him even without being in an M/s; she felt very comfortable with him in her own skin, naked and exposed—perhaps the key to any lasting relationship: feeling comfortable with the other.

When they returned, her free time was over. She undressed, and László put her collar back on. Dinner was cold cuts with several types of cheese and a fruit salad made from oranges, grapefruit, pears, and mango with a bit of Grand Mariner for extra flavour. As she prepared the food, she was told to set the table for two. After dinner, László wanted to see her diary that she had worked on his computer during the day. It took him about thirty minutes to read all the events from the day she had arrived. He was satisfied and gave her free time to talk about the contract, which spelled out everything and other things she had wanted to discuss.

The M/s contract was not enforceable by law; it was just a symbol. Just a list of formalities, what was allowed and how, restrictions, and consequences of failing to adhere to them. She was aware that he had one, that it was her free choice to be his slave, and that she could leave at any time. She loved him, and the relationship that they had developed was evolving. Carissa felt she could remember them, and to date, she has not failed to do so. Her oath made it clear to her that she was his property, and her submission was an acceptance of that fact. Her concern was not the contract but the distance and how to overcome it. She loved him and his home; the weather was fine right now; as for the scenery, it wasn't her choice but liveable; and as for culture, what she had seen and observed so far was dreadful.

She would have to see more when it was warmer. The earliest she could return was in September, when she was entitled to more vacation, as she had booked some of her vacation time for his May-June visit. The other concern of hers was whether, even if she was 100 percent certain right now, she would be able to get a visa to enter the USA. He would have to marry her and sponsor her. This was getting complicated, but if there was a will, there was also a way.

László wanted to relax for the evening and give Carissa a break too. He turned toward her.

"Sweetie, make a bubble bath for both of us, then you can shave me, and perhaps we can watch a video."

"Yes, my Master." She smiled; she loved it when they took a bath together; she loved washing and relaxing him to pamper him.

László sat in the wide oval-shaped tub, which was very comfortable for two, opposite the faucet and drain. Carissa stepped in and made herself comfortable sitting between his legs. As she reclined toward him, he took off her collar and placed it on the slightly elevated shelf behind him. She nuzzled up to him, resting her head on his upper chest, while he cupped her breasts, pulled her snugly to him, and embraced her, playing with her erect nipples. She turned, kissed his right upper arm close to his shoulder, and let out some sighs. She could feel him getting erect as he pressed against her lower back.

Both remained in that position without much movement, enjoying

their closeness and the soothing, warm water. He wished that the tub was like the Jacuzzi that he'd had in his former house, which gave rejuvenating hydro massages.

After about a good 15 minutes, he caressed tenderly her breasts as he moved ever so slowly down her pelvis until he reached her slightly swollen outer lips, ending by her clitoral hood. He massaged them gently as she let out soft sighs and moans. He then inserted a couple of his left fingers between her inner lips, slowly penetrating her and probing with his fingers, while with his right hand, he continued to gently massage her clitoral area.

Carissa's breathing started to pick up as he kissed the back of her neck and nibbled on her earlobes, gently sticking in his tongue, exploring and probing. She was getting close to having an orgasm, but he kept on and whispered into her ear.

"Does my sweet slave want to cum?"

"Master, only when you wish her to cum." She replied in an excited and trembling voice.

He whispered gently into her ear, "Good girl! I love the way you learn so quickly. As a reward, you may cum, my sweet Carissa!" kept on moving his fingers back and forth, and played with her clit.

She arched her back slightly as her round, firm cheeks moved closer to his erection, as he felt her body tense up and release any built-up tension in a continuous spasm. She moaned loudly, throughout out and a few tears fell from her emotions, slipping out gently and rolling down intermixing with the sweat on her face.

"Master, Thank you! I love you, my Master!" she cried out loudly.

"I love you too, my sweet BBC!" he whispered into her ear.

She smiled at him, and he knew his words reassured her. He paused for a couple of seconds and continued, "You are the slave I have always wanted! Do not let us down, Carissa! Now pass me the sponge, and let me wash you, my dearest possession. Kneel with your back toward me!"

She did, and he put a squirt of apple-scented liquid soap on his large natural sponge and tenderly scrubbed, like one with a small baby, from her shoulder down on her back to her beautiful cheeks, which had a few small marks from his previous cropping. He kissed each of her cheeks. He reached between her buttocks and washed her tenderly around her anus and perineum, and continued down both of her thighs.

"Stand up!"

As she did, he gently washed her on the back of her legs, lifting her ankles one by one, and washed her heels and insteps.

"Turn around!"

Her swollen vulva was now at his eye level. Which impacted his penis. He continued as nothing happened, and kept washing her on the her front moving up to her pelvis, one leg at a time. "Now kneel facing me!" she did

quickly. László continued to gently scrub her, applying soap liberally. He washed her pubic area and moved up slowly to her flat stomach and to her breasts, and as he washed them one at a time, he stopped to plant a couple of long kisses on her nipples.

Carissa was dripping, and it wasn't just from the bathwater; it was released from the sponge. She felt cherished and loved, like she had never been before she met László. She realized that by yielding to him in everything, without hesitation or questioning the reasons why she should, she had received so much more in return from him. She enjoyed being moulded by him like clay in the hands of an artisan; her psyche and her consciousness took form. She trusted him implicitly.

Now it was her turn to wash her master; even though she was in her free time and had her collar removed, she was still his property: his slave. Carissa remembered that and never wanted to challenge his authority. She always spoke to László with respect, in a soft tone, never raising her voice in anger or frustration. Sometimes she was a bit flustered, as at the time things didn't always make sense for her. But she bit her tongue, and when she had free time to ask if it was necessary at all, as by that time, it had made sense, she asked proactively versus in a negative way. She knew her master didn't like drama or someone who had a tongue that was a bit long for her own good!

"Sir, please lift up your left leg!"

She asked him with admiration and gentleness in her voice. She only called him by his name in public when others were around. Even in her free time, she rarely did. She remembered to start off with Sir or Master to show her respect. She lathered up the sponge and gently scrubbed his left leg, starting with his toes. As she washed them individually, she gently kissed each of them, then continued to his instep to his heel and ankle, his shin, knees, and the thigh that was above the water. She then switched over to his right leg, meticulously repeating the same procedure tenderly and lovingly.

"Sir, if you please sit up on the ledge behind you or stand up in front of me!"

She didn't dare to ask him to kneel in front of her, even if she was on her knees. He stood up, his semi-aroused penis, and stared her in the face.

"You can wash me better this way; just let me know when to turn around." paused for a second or two. "I love the way you wash me, slave! You make me happier with every minute that passes."

"Thank you, my sweet loving Master! My feelings are the same as yours, sir. Every minute or hour we spend together makes me realize just how much you mean to me and how much I want someone like you in my life! Being owned by you makes me wet and fills me with an aching desire to be touched by you and to be used unconditionally as you wish, my sweet Master. Ahh, I wish time would just freeze and we could just go on uninterrupted."

She spoke as she washed his pelvis region and around his penis and scrotum gently with the sponge. Carissa then gently reached for his penis, and with her hands, she gently pulled back his foreskin all the way to clean his head, holding the shaft firmly with her left. She slowly circled her tongue and licked around Corona and at his frenulum, which changed his arousal, and he was firm, just the way she loved it. He reached for her head, and with both of his hands, he pulled her mouth over it. She opened wider to accept his throbbing muscle and could feel it bounce off the back of her throat. He started to slowly rock back and forth while holding her head steady. She dropped the sponge into the water and, with her right-hand massage, gently squeezed his scrotum, while keeping her left hand on his penis, not only to stabilize it but to stroke it for added stimulation. She only longed for his eruption, never being able to satisfy her fixation and hunger for his taste. As he started to breathe faster, she increased the speed of her massage on his scrotum as well as on his shaft. He pushed her head back slightly, only letting the tip of his corona touch her lips. She parted her mouth wider, flickered his frenulum with her tongue as he exploded, and kept on milking him with her left hand for every drip she could possibly extract. She kept on sucking and licking as he groaned contentedly and tenderly played with her hair.

“Thank you, slave that was excellent!” Her master murmured softly as he pulled her head closer and, at the same time, pushed his still-erect member back into her throat. She embraced him by wrapping her arms around his buttocks and squeezed herself as close as possible, as she could not reply. He then withdrew himself all the way pulled her up and embraced her and kissed her on her forehead.

“You’re most welcome, my Master! You deserve everything that your slave can provide. I love you and have never loved anyone like the way I love you!”

She finally had a chance to speak. And continued with tenderness reverberating in her voice, “I only wish to please you, and make you feel happy!”

“You do BBC! You do, but remember we do have a long way to go, and you may have some doubts and reservations once in a while. I am here to help you overcome those, but I cannot do it for you. Only you can. And you must, if you believe in us! I cannot fail you; only you can fail yourself.”

He paused for a second while letting her go, turned around, and sat back in the water with his back to her.

“Now continue washing my back, But, first run some more hot water in the tub.”

She leaned toward the faucet and let in more hot water, then she kneeled and picked up the sponge and the liquid soap, lathered him up, and lovingly sponged him with warm water. When done, she embraced him, pulling his back securely to her breasts. He could feel her erect nipples as she

hugged him. He kissed her hands lovingly and leaned back, enjoying their intimacy. After some time, he stood up and let her wash his buttocks, and when done, he reached for the shaving cream and razor and gave them to Carissa. She lathered up around his groin and scrotum and proceeded to shave him bare with the utmost care. When done, she washed off any shaving foam and kissed each of his testicles and the tip of his head adoringly. He stepped out and stood on a towel as she jumped out herself and started to pat him gently with a towel, drying him. His comfort was always a top priority for her, regardless of her free time. She dried herself and followed him into the bedroom.

László placed an erotic DVD into his computer that they both could watch from bed, laid face down, and made himself ready to receive from Carissa her impeccable soothing and revitalizing massage that she performed with such loving dedication. She joined him and worked on his torso, rubbing him down with the scented lavender oil. She massaged the nourishing oil deeply into his skin. Applying extra portions to his freshly shaved areas to alleviate any razor burns. She got excited from the dialogue in the movie as she occasionally glanced at the screen, but knew that László was gone. She was satisfied by giving him pleasure as her fingers worked miracles on his tired muscles, with random but frequent kisses all over his body. He then turned over and placed several pillows under his head to watch Carissa work on his chest, arms, pelvic area, and legs. He got a bit of a rise watching her and listening, with an occasional glance at the monitor to check on the action. He indicated to her to continue with her massage, as she noticed a change in her longing eyes and saw the visible fullness of her lips that had started to shimmer. He drifted off into a dream. He dreamt that he was pampered by his beautiful slave.



VI. Las Vegas here we come

Tuesday came and went to work and home too. When he returned home, after the customary inspection, he had a surprise for Carissa. Friday was his day off, and he had taken an additional day off, Thursday, so that they could go for a bit of sightseeing with the destination of Las Vegas, and on the way back they would stop by the Grand Canyon. Carissa liked that very much; she loved to travel and had been to many places, from Iceland to Morocco. He had already made reservations at the Luxor in Las Vegas for two nights. That would give them ample time to see the main strip and to observe all the glitter that Las Vegas was famous for. Las Vegas was in transition; many of the older hotels and famous entertainment places had been torn down already, but a few still existed to give the strip the charm and character that was now lacking.

Thursday morning, László woke up early, just before five in the morning. Carissa was sleeping deeply and peacefully on her back, with her head resting gently on a pillow. He got up and got two sets of butterfly clamps and the $\frac{3}{4}$ " diameter black silk rope that he liked to use on Carissa. It was soft and didn't leave any burn marks on her skin. He raised her arms above her head, gently tied them together just tight enough that she could not separate them, and laid them down on her pillow. He then lifted her hips up and placed his pillow under her cheeks to elevate her a bit. He kneeled between her spread legs, placed one set of clamps on her inner lips, and entered her. His action woke her up. She was used to getting surprised by him, especially in the early morning.

On this morning it was different. She felt the bite of the clamps on her lips as he impaled her with his stiffness, which made her moist quickly. Her hands tied, she wondered to herself, "What else would he do to her?" She wrapped her legs around him, drawing him deeper into herself and matching his thrusts with her hips, and began to whisper her daily oath to her master.

"Master, this is worthless..." She paused as he placed the other set of butterfly clamps on her nipples while riding her, which had the same amount of sharp bite that she had experienced on her inner lips. She now continued from the beginning with a slightly higher pitch.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish."

László yanked on the chain upward and pulled her nipples outward, enhancing the bite. She let out a couple faint shrieks. She felt the jolt of electricity in her nipples that lit up her insides, which were already electrified from his throbbing thrusts within her. The amplitude of the waves blurred her vision. Her breathing increased as his thrusts and her pelvis trashed together as one with her master. She heard his voice, a bit distorted as if he had spoken to her from another dimension.

"Who is your Master, bitch?"

“You are, my Master! You’re my Master!” she screamed in a delirious voice, as she was hallucinating, over again and again “You’re my Master...”

“My worthless cunt may cum!” as he yanked the chain attached to her nipples harder, and he exploded inside. He felt her body go into spasms uncontrollably from inside, rhythmically quivering as waves travelled through her nervous system, her back arching, her low moans almost inaudible. Her hot juices mixed with his own were seeping around his shaft, her body drenched from sweat, as he bent over and deeply kissed her parted lips, feeling her tongue with his, drowning out the whispers that she had incoherently mumbled that had sounded like her oath.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave, her body, her mind, her soul...” He hugged her as he felt her heart racing, like his own, and pulled her closer and felt the cold texture of the clamps on her nipples that pressed into his chest.

“BBC, you are my slave and my love! I love you BBC!” he whispered into her ear.

He wasn’t sure that she understood what he just did, as she had transcended into subspace, a nirvana of ecstasy. She moved her bound hands over his head onto his neck, hugging him, with her legs still wrapped around his back. Moving her hips now and then, holding him deeply inside her, her body, mind, and soul melting, fusing into László’s. Her tongue slowly caressed his in a dance of their own. He let go of hugging her and reached with his arms for the rope, letting it loose as it slid off her wrists onto the bed. She, now with her arms freed, reached down to his buttocks and grabbed his cheeks, trying to push him deeper within her body as they rocked as one, slower and slower. His body was as slippery and moist as hers, covered with sweat. The air was thick with their scent, the scent of sex and of his slave permeating every molecule, intoxicating them further. He was now soft and shrinking inside her, and he slid out, soaked and dripping. She let go of her embrace pulled her tongue out from their locked lips and whimpered with a smile, “Master, please allow your slave to taste and cleanse you.”

He moved up so she could bend forward to suckle on him as she held him so tenderly. Her lips wrapped around him, engulfing his penis totally. While she cleansed him, he removed the clips from her breasts, as well as reaching between her legs, and removed them from her sore and well-used inner lips.

“That was one stupendous fuck, sweetie!” while he gently stroked her soaked hair and continued, “Let’s shower together and after, the bed sheets and pillowcases will need to be changed!”

“Master, my sweet Master, thank you for telling your slave that you love her. That made her feel so special! She was overwhelmed with such rich emotions and feelings of utopia. Please never change your ways!” as she spoke, she got down to her hands and knees and started to kiss his feet when she stopped speaking.

“Get up, sweetie, and use your legs; we have a long drive in front of us!” and walked toward the bathroom.

After their refreshing shower and other bathroom-related tasks, she changed the bed sheet and pillowcases, got dressed, and made Twinings blackcurrant and vanilla tea for him and coffee for herself.

By 7 a.m., they were on their way to Las Vegas. László picked the more direct route, Highway 93, which wound through the desert landscape; it was certainly different for Carissa, and they crossed to Nevada at the Hoover Dam at that time; now it bypasses it entirely and goes into Las Vegas. A good four-and-a-half-hour drive going within the posted speed limit or just slightly over. Three hours was usual for László, as he loved to drive, pedal to the metal, on the desolate highway with long straight runs. His Valentine worked extremely well with no interference of any kind. It would detect any radar traps over a mile, giving him ample time to slow down. They reached the city proper by 10:30 a.m., and got to the hotel by 11 a.m. They had a nice buffet lunch at the Luxor. They checked in and proceeded to their room on the tenth floor, to their Pyramid Deluxe room, located in the pyramid and not in the adjacent tower. It was a nice room decorated in an Egyptian theme: the bathroom had a huge walk-in shower for several people, but no tub.

László decided that it was time to explore the city’s hotel strip. They jumped on the elevated shuttle train that went by the Luxor and rode it all the way to the Excalibur Hotel, located at West Tropicana and South Las Vegas Boulevards. Then they walked across the bridge to the New York, New York, complex. László wanted to get on the roller coaster that he loved riding, and while she was slightly hesitant, Carissa had a blast. They rode it three times, it was so much fun.

After catching their breath, they walked hand-in-hand, their fingers entwined, and caressed each other’s palms past Caesar’s Palace to see the pirate ship at Treasure Island and take some photos. They crossed to the other side to see the Venetians and the gondolas. Who needed to go to Venice or Paris? Only in one city could you see the scaled-down version of St. Mark’s Campanile (tower), canals, and even the Eiffel Tower. It was a worldwide tour in a matter of hours! The American version only: the real ones were a lot more interesting! The tour was quite long, and it made them hungry. It was time for a one-of-a-kind buffet experience at Harrah’s Fresh Market Square, where you could eat first-class food. Another first and great experience for Carissa. After eating, they played in the casino and gambled on the dollar slot machines, each having \$20 to play with. While László lost all his, she got lucky and won, doubling her cache; consequently, they broke even. It was a romantic hand-in-hand walk back, stopping at several places for photos and to buy a few small reminders of their stay, such as a t-shirt or sweatshirt with the Las Vegas imprint. They both had an excellent time, bonding with

each other. Carissa loved these relaxed times just as much as the intense play times. She felt whole and complete being his slave, not only as a sexual pleasure object but as someone László enjoyed being with, period. There was no greater satisfaction than that, she often thought to herself.

They got back near 9 p.m., to their room at the Luxor. It was time to get back to the reality of their relationship, which started off by taking a quick shower together. After drying with the soft towels, Carissa knelt before László as he put her slave collar around her neck. She was gagged with a black silicone bit gag; her nipples received the butterfly clamps; and he tied her hands behind her back with the black silk rope. He took some images of her and told her to bend over the bed while standing and to spread her legs wide apart. He had his black leather bullwhip, the one he loved to use as much as his crop. She was given ten slashes on her arse cheeks and high on her thighs, progressing harder, and her pain intensified after the third lash, leaving fine strips of reddish swellings. He then used the handle as a dildo between her glistening and excitedly swollen lips and stroked her slowly while he inserted a medium-sized pink butt plug. Now all three holes of hers had something in them.

“Bitch, don’t you dare cum; if you do by accident, I will whip your cheeks raw, and you will have to sit for an extended time in the car and on your flight back to England on Monday evening!”

He spoke with a cold tone and continued, “I’ve asked you to bring your drivers to license with you from England, and you left it at home! That was not too smart, now was it?”

She made some sounds that were impossible to comprehend, but he took it as a “yes!”

He had found out about the license as they were walking back to the hotel. László had mentioned that he would like to take photos of the scenery while she was driving. She informed him that this could not happen as her license was back in England! László was not pleased by that at all. However, he could only be upset with her for a couple of seconds; it was not a significant mistake, but she had to be punished. Punishing Carissa for him was not a winning situation, he cared for her, maybe even more than he was willing to admit, even to himself.

“Now get up and kneel at the corner by the window, facing the wall!” She got up from the bed, got down on her knees, and crawled over. She got up from the bed, got down on her knees, and crawled over. He looked for his whip and stood behind her.

“Bend forward, space your legs wider, keep your chin about a foot above the carpet, and stay in that position until I tell you to stop!”

As he spoke, he inserted the handle of the whip into her wet cunt, several inches deep. Then he gave a good tug on the nipple clamps, that sent shock waves throughout her breasts. László got back to the bed, pulled off the

covers, laid on top, turned on the TV, and looked for what type of adult movies were available on the pay-per-view channel. He found one that he liked and started to watch it.

She felt humiliated and angry at herself; she had failed her master's request, and her punishment was justified. Her cheeks and her upper thighs were burning, and her lower back started to ache from the position she was in. Although she was getting uncomfortable, she was getting excited too. Her butt plugs and the whip inside her and his previous strokes with the handle almost got her off; she had to fight herself very hard not to cum. Her juice was slowly trickling down the handle outside of her body. She also had to go to the bathroom as her bladder was full, and all she could do was hold it in. Although only about 30 minutes had passed by, for her, it felt like several hours. She hoped that her master would take mercy on her soon.

László put the movie on pause after 30 minutes and walked over to her. He took out the handle but left the plug in.

"Straighten your back vertically!" he commanded. As she did he removed the gag.

"Bitch, did you learn your lesson?"

"Yes, my Master." she replied gratefully and added, "Sir may your slave go use the bathroom to pee?"

"Wait a minute!" as he undid the black rope holding her wrists together, removed her collar, then the nipple clamps, and continued "Crawl now! And get into the shower!"

She scurried off in a hurry on her hands and knees and got in the shower stall, as he followed her into the bathroom.

"Raise your right leg and bark like a dog as you piss on my command!"

"Piss!"

"Woof, woof, woof..." she barked as her stream of urine hit the shower's tile floor.

Seeing her relieve herself, suddenly he had an urge too. He quickly aimed his penis toward her vagina and started to piss, his golden stream soaking her and intermixed with hers that flowed on the tile while she continued barking.

"Cleanse me bitch!" as she stopped peeing.

She quickly turned her head, slurped a few drops down, and took his penis into her mouth to lick it clean, slowly. When done, he pulled out the butt plug, dropped it on the shower floor, then turned on the shower head, set it to lukewarm, and washed her off and the butt plug too.

"Dry yourself, and join me in the bed, by walking!"

"Yes, sir!" she smiled, as she figured maybe he would allow her to have her favourite treat!

He was sitting upright with his back against the headboard, with his knees raised slightly and spread, when she appeared. She noticed his erection and instinctively knew what she would be doing. She slowly climbed between

his legs and, before touching him, stopped and, with a smile, asked, "Would my Master enjoy being pleased orally or use her other holes?"

"Use your hands and mouth!" he replied and started to watch the movie that featured girls-on-girls action, while she expertly milked the essence that she had craved ever since they arrived. It wasn't long before he started to groan as he exploded his load between her lips, and she spit some of it back to the top of his throbbing corona and licked it off again, slowly with passion. Carissa knew that he loved the visual aspects almost as much as the physical sides of cuming in her mouth.

"Get your oil and rub me down; I'm tired. Tomorrow we can relax a bit!"

"Yes, my Master." As she instantly jumped off the bed and darted toward her small handbag that held her makeup, wallet, and the small bottle of lavender oil.

"I'm giving you free time until the morning, Carissa." He paused as she had a surprised look on her face. He gently caressed her face.

"I hope you learned your lesson, BBC, I do not like to punish you, but be assured that I will, if you let me down my sweet slave!"

"My sweet Master, I am terribly sorry for disappointing you with my action. I do not have my license with me. When I drive in the UK, we do not have to. And I thought I put it in my valet just before I left. But I'm afraid I was wrong!" Her voice was warm and caring as a few drops of oil dripped onto her palms and she started to work his neck and shoulder areas.

"Carissa, you just have to be more careful; perhaps make a 'list of things to-do', and you can check them off one by one." He pointed to the screen with a slightly excited tone.

"Look, sweetie, she almost looks like you, all though she has bigger tits! It would be fun to have her with us! Have you ever been with a woman or in a threesome?"

"No, never, my Master, but if you would like me to find another female to please you, I will see if I can find someone suitable by the time you visit me in May!"

She paused and looked at him in the eyes and asked, "Master, do you want me to search for one?" and smiled shyly.

"Sure, why not? I would enjoy seeing her go down on you while you suck on me! Yeah, it would be fun doing other things too." He had a devilish smile as he suddenly envisioned the infinite scenarios in his mind. Furthermore, it was a good test to see if she was jealous and only wanted to please him with every wish he had.

She noticed his smile and gave his once again erect member a big wet kiss right on the tip, tickling his urethra opening with her tongue that sent a shiver throughout his body, and she whispered in an excited tone, "Will do, sir! It would be fun for both of us!" and poured a couple more droplets of oil onto her palms and continued massaging his body, moving slowly down

toward his pelvic region and then down on each of his legs. She was in no hurry and worked on his legs meticulously, rubbing deeply into his muscles, especially after the several-mile-long walk they had had earlier. He then rolled over, and she worked on his back slowly up to his neck. Then she kissed him softly on the back of his neck. László rolled over, stood up, and looked at Carissa. She was on her knees on the bed and looked at him very puzzled, then gave him a worried look and spoke softly.

“Is something wrong, Sir?”

“No nothing sweetie, lay on your stomach!” She obeyed him without any question; even in her free time, she didn’t like to question his motives, as it showed disrespect toward her master.

László got on the bed and reached for the oil bottle that rested near her body. He opened it and dripped a few drops into his left palm. He closed the bottle, rubbed his palms together, and started to rub her cheeks, which showed his whip marks, slowly and tenderly. She moaned with appreciation. He opened the bottle and let a few drops fall directly on her beautiful firm shapely buttocks.

“Spread your legs a bit wider!”

Carissa did; he massaged the oil into her and continued down on her upper thighs. He fingered her rosebud that had been opened up earlier, circling it with one of his lubricated fingers, teasing her, and moved it into her perineum area between her anus and vagina, rubbed her slightly, and moved down to her labia majora, which had started to swell, and a few droplets of lubrication shone like little round diamonds as they seeped out from the rim of her opening. He inserted two of his fingers deeply and playfully, she twitched, raised her hips slightly and let them fall back to the bed sheet.

“Please, Master, fuck me! Please fuck your slave... please fuck your worthless cunt,” she whimpered in her excitement.

“Raise your hips and keep your face down!” He commanded as he entered her well-lubricated opening, which was warm and silky. His movements were mimicked instantly by her hips, as she grabbed them firmly. He pumped her hard as she reached back with her hands to cup and massage his balls to make his ejaculation easier by applying additional stimulus.

“Master, I love you! I love the way you fuck me! Master, I love you! Master, I love you!” She kept on repeating in a barely audible tone between her groans. Carissa was getting more and more animated as she was taken by him and felt closer to him with each penetrating deep shove and being one with him, melting into him.

“Cum for me, Carissa! My sweet slave, cum for me!”

Her body tensed for a millisecond, and waves of convulsions radiated throughout her body. She let out a scream of ecstasy, muffled by the pillows, as she fell over the edge into passion’s abyss. As her body quivered, László managed to cum himself deeply into her. Both of their bodies glistened from

the oil and the sweat as he collapsed on her, pushing her down flat on the sheet. Both of them were breathing rapidly; he was still in her, but he could feel his erection subsiding and sliding out of her, saturated and dripping from the tunnel of love. He rolled off to her right side quickly, and she somehow found the energy to roll, bend over herself, and grasp his now almost flaccid penis to suck off all their fluids and cleanse it. László was very quickly overcome by sheer exhaustion and fell asleep. She collapsed over his groin after cleansing him. Both slept deeply until the morning.

László woke up to her kisses by the base of his almost fully erect penis, then she continued sucking gently on each of his balls and kissed each dozens of times. She didn't notice that he was now awake; he just closed his eyes, enjoyed her fervour, and dozed off.

When he came, Carissa was in the bathroom, and he could hear her taking a shower. He glanced at his watch; it was 9:15 a.m., and he jumped out of bed and joined Carissa in the shower. It didn't take them too long to have breakfast at the buffet downstairs.

She was not used to the all-you-can-eat buffets, with their great selections and amazing value. Having a big breakfast meant that lunch was not required, and they could freely roam all day on the strip. The sunshine-filled day went by fast. László took several photos of Carissa and of him. They asked other tourists to snap images of them together; it was a fun-filled day while they talked about their desires and realities.

In the evening, they ate again at the Luxor as it had been a long walk from Harrah's Fresh Market Square. László just wanted to relax for the evening, so he had to settle for a nice long shower instead of a warm bath. But he had Carissa give him her wonderfully soothing massage.

On Saturday morning, László woke up with one of the best ways to be awake: with Carissa's lips and hands wrapped around his penis. It didn't take him long to emerge from her expert tongue and supple handiwork. This is a great way to start off a very busy day. As soon as Carissa was done, he smiled at her, and before she could even say her oath, he started to speak.

"That was immensely pleasurable, sweetie. It's already 7:30 let's get cracking! It will be a long day; we'll visit the Grand Canyon on our way back to Phoenix. Now let's take a quick shower, eat a hearty breakfast, and off we go!"

"You're most welcome, my Master; you know how much pleasure I get from pleasuring you! I look forward to seeing one of the great wonders on earth! Will we be stopping too or just driving by it?"

"Carissa, I'm planning to stop! You will see breathtaking scenery! We will drive toward St. George, in Utah. Then we'll turn east to Kanab, take Highway 89 to Page, Arizona, and take Route 64 west to the Grand Canyon Village on the southern rim. After that, we'll drive toward Flagstaff and back

to Phoenix on I-17. This will take us all day. We should be back by around nine or ten in the evening! So are you ready my sweet slave?"

"Master, your obedient slave is always ready, sir! Her body, her mind, her soul, along with everything she owns belongs to you, you may do with them as you wish."

László and Carissa checked out of the hotel at 9 a.m. Headed to the free parking lot. Carissa was surprised that the parking was free. Soon they were on I-15, going north-east toward St. George. There, they turned off from I-15 toward Zion National Park. Carissa was struck by the unbelievable beautiful scenery...

László pulled off from the road by an interesting rock formation that was about a good quarter mile away from it, took some photos, and then told Carissa to get undressed and get on top of one of the rocks that looked like a tabletop. She laid on her back with her knees drawn up slightly and wide apart. Suddenly, a family seemed to appear out of nowhere, and László stopped about ten yards from them while taking photos. The guy must have been curious to see such a beautiful woman naked. His blubbery walrus-sized wife, with overflowing flabby skin that filled up the front passenger seat of his minivan, was rolling her eyes as he was gawking at Carissa and László with envy, while their two equally obese procreations were pointing and screeching like two sick vultures.

"Look pa! She is naked! Look, she is naked!"

Carissa and László had a good chuckle thanks to them as they drove toward the Grand Canyon's southern rim.

It was around two in the afternoon when they got to the park and lookout point. They grabbed a burger and a Pepsi at a restaurant or gift shop nearby. After wolfing it down, they took a long walk and took images of the canyon and astonishing scenery. It was a beautiful sunny day with a light breeze and temperatures in the high 60s, just perfect. After spending two hours by the southern rim, they started heading south toward Flagstaff. As they were getting closer to Humphreys Peak, they took some scenic side roads after tanking up with gasoline, as gas stations were far and few. There was some snow around, which surprised Carissa. Snow in Arizona!?

Her stay in Arizona and travels had been pleasurable, with so many surprises! They pulled off the beaten path and stopped in a secluded place. She got undressed, and he took more photos of her in the snow while she lay naked. This time without any gawkers.

After some fun in the snow, they continued going toward Flagstaff, stopping short at a local restaurant that offered rattlesnakes as a specialty for dinner. László and Carissa were very curious about just how that might taste. The snake meat was fried; it was a bit chewy and had a similar taste to chicken. After dinner, they continued, and around nine in the evening, they made it to Flagstaff and soon to I-17 south to Phoenix, and another two hours

later they arrived back home. László parked the Saturn inside the garage, beside his-ex's Saturn station wagon. Both of them were quite tired, and they had a quick shower together and crashed into bed. Carissa gave László her customary evening massage.

Sunday, February 24th, was the last day that they could spend together. Although László woke up as early as he was used to due to his work schedule, he let Carissa sleep in. He just rolled snugly next to her body and embraced her for a while, then shifted his head just above her lap, resting his head close to her valley of delight, and dozed off. He woke up to Carissa's soft hands gently caressing his cheeks. He moved his head down to her vulva lips. Gently started to kiss her clitoral hood, separating her lips with his tongue, darting inside her opening that began to ooze with lubrication. Carissa had a nice taste, a bit salty yet sweet with a hint of mocha. He loved the aromatic flavour as much as her healthy, delightful scent with a pleasant, musky, fabulous aroma. He switched his tongue and lips to her now-erect clitoral area, pleasuring and tormenting her at the same time. She started to make soft moaning noises, that grew in intensity as he flickered his tongue tip and sucked on her clit with his lips.

"Cum for your Master!" he stopped for a second, as he felt that she was fighting herself of her impending orgasms.

"Yes, my Master," her voice trembled from her excitement, as her insides filled with rapid convulsions of passion. As she grasped his head and pushed it onto her, her insides melted into his lips. László now was rock hard and pulled his head off from her drenched lips, turned her over, and as she pushed her knees up and under herself, he penetrated her, feeling her slippery warmth engulf him. He kept on thrusting like there was no tomorrow, driving her into another wave of rapture, into an animalistic stupor, as he gripped her hips and exploded within her.

Their bodies radiated from the heat as they glistened from the sweat that tried to cool them from overheating. The room filled up with the heavy permeating scent of sex, pheromones that drove unconsciously both of their basic instincts to the wild delirium state that blurred their vision and made them feel so alive yet so interdependent on each other! Their relationship and their sex were as addictive as heroin or cocaine. As László slipped out of her and he rolled over on his back beside her, she spun to his crotch to lick and suck, cleansing him eagerly to taste their cocktail of passion.

Ever since they had met in the UK and she had tasted him, she needed her daily nectar whenever they were together; without it, she felt unfulfilled, discontented, bordering on being lifeless. After cleansing, and being re-energized almost magically from their fluids, she got into her position on the top of the bed and continued in a contented glowing voice.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave, her body, her mind, her

soul, along with everything she owns belongs to you, you may do with them as you wish!"

"And you are my slave, my bitch, my cunt! I want you for my lifetime!" He replied to her in a warm voice, gently caressing her blonde locks as he continued. "This is our last whole day for some time, my sweetie; we shall make the best of it! Now get up and let's have a shower together after I shave!"

He sprung up and moved to the bathroom, first emptying his bladder, while Carissa waited by his foot and licked him clean after his last stream, tasting a couple of droplets of his golden fluids.

"Master, may your slave use the toilet?"

"Yes!"

He stepped aside to brush his teeth and shave, while Carissa did her business. He then stepped into the shower, and Carissa, after washing her teeth, joined him. She hugged him hard, her nipples hard and erect, two syringes, trying to pierce his heart to inject all her love into his.

"Master, I want to be your slave for the rest of my life! I love you so much!" She whispered into his ear as she stood on her toes for a closer look and gently kissed his left earlobe. He squeezed her tighter to feel her heart race, and her blood flowing in her veins

"BBC, I love you too, but remember that our relationship is not based upon our love; in fact, you do not have to love me at all. As my slave, you have to obey and please me, deriving your own pleasure from the fact that you have pleased me and your sorrow for not. Sure, if we have an affinity for each other, it makes your submission easier. The way I treat you has nothing to do with how you feel about me, love me or hate me."

He paused for a minute as he reached down toward her shapely arse between her cheeks and placed a couple of fingers inside her, pressing on her g-spot.

"You are my property, and I treat all my property with care and use them for my needs and pleasure. If you displease me, you displease yourself even more, as you fail yourself. I cannot fail you; only you can! Never forget that! When I say I love you, I mean I love you as the person you are. My slave, who is my cunt, my bitch, my lover, my companion, my BBC, and my sexy Carissa. While these names are interchangeable, it doesn't change your status. You are not my girlfriend or my wife; regardless of how you are introduced to outsiders, you are my slave, firstly, secondly, thirdly, and so on. That will never change; even if you and I get married in the future, you will always be my slave. The slave I love yes, my sexy cunt and my lover most definitely is still my possession, to do with what I please. You have to accept this, no matter how hard it may be in your humiliation or pain, and if you cannot, then leave. Your chains are invisible, but they are real nonetheless."

He paused again, now deeply looking into her eyes and continued

“What do you say to that bitch?” while he pulled out his two fingers and squeezed her clit hard and held on firmly.

“Ouch!” she cried out in a painful wince as if a bolt of lightning hit her body. Her voice whimpered from the pain, but she did not attempt to free herself from his strong grip. She began repeating her oath.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish” and paused to emphasize her feelings “Your slave, by her own free will, will be your slave as long as you want her. She understands her role and solely exists to please you, my dearest Master!”

He then let go of her clit and lifted her up higher, with his arms reaching her erect nipples, and started to kiss her left one, then her right, and moved back to the left one and bit her tit, hard, as she winced again out loud.

“Ouch!” and moaned painfully. But he just kept on biting and sucking on her erect nipples, possessing her, as now she wrapped her legs around his waist and impaled herself on his erect cock, aiding the penetration with her right hand, sliding into her swollen hot and wet opening drenched from within while the warm, soothing water sprayed their adjoined bodies in the shower.

“Master, bite, draw blood if you wish, fuck your slave! Your cunt! Your bitch, whatever she is to you, just fuck her, my loving Master, she is all yours!” she shouted aloud with an obsession and in her ecstasy. He pressed her against the shower wall and kept on ramming and pounding her cunt without mercy. The rougher he was, the more she loved it, she cried out, “Master, she is your cunt, please fuck your cunt... she is all yours!” and kept on repeating, “She is all yours...” endlessly, in a fading voice, even after he exploded in her and put her down. She just leaned against the wall, in a complete trance, then fell on her knees and kissed, licked, and sucked his corona, tasting and cleansing while she held him in her hands.

Suddenly László had a very strong desire to urinate, and he let his stream go as she was cleansing him. She was surprised for a second as she felt his warm stream, gripping his semi-erect penis harder to guide his stream into her open mouth, swallowing as much as she could. He held her head with both hands firmly. He was in a wild frenzy just as much as she was. When his stream ended, she kept on cleansing without missing a beat.

“What a great bitch! I will miss you extremely! I can’t wait to see you in the UK!” he told himself. The shower play soon ended as the hot water heater tank ran out of hot water, which was a good thing; otherwise, they would have spent all day in there. He stepped out of the shower, and Carissa dried him off with a towel as he then put on his white Ralph Lauren thick and luxurious bathrobe.

“Dry yourself, do your makeup, and crawl out to the kitchen with your

collar in your mouth while I make breakfast for us!" he left towards the kitchen.

László turned on the coffee brewer for her and made his favourite tea for himself. I fried some bacon and made eggs sunny-side up. He set the table for two, which surprised her when she crawled out on her hands and knees, with the collar hanging from her mouth. He attached the collar to her neck and sent her back to fetch the leash. While she did, he placed the food on the table. He poured some orange juice too. He planned to spoil her in the morning, but after that, he would enjoy her obedience all day.

Carissa appeared with the leash in her mouth, part of it hanging out on both sides. He attached the leash to the front central ring.

"Sit by the table and eat! When we are done, you will do the dishes. Then we'll go outside. You can rest a bit on the foldable sun lounger, enjoying the nice weather, while I look after my roses. They need my attention too."

"Thank you, Master! You are full of surprises for your slave."

After eating, he got out his watering can, filled it up with water, added a few drops of liquid fertilizer, and went to his porch that was outside behind the living room and adjacent to his bedroom, where he had several large ten-gallon pots of roses that he had grown.

The soil was terrible in the garden; it was not suitable for gardening except for cacti. He usually watered them once a week on Sunday mornings, but twice a week in the dry summertime, to keep them from wilting. The porch was open on the sides, letting in plenty of light and sunshine but lots of shade during the hot mid-day sun. He loved roses and had several bushes: one was a creamy apricot, another was another was a blonde hybrid tea rose named Marilyn Monroe, another was white and named Ice Cream, and one was a crimson hybrid tea named Papa Meilland. While he watered his roses and collected dead leaves, his two-legged flower appeared and laid down on the sun lounger in the shade, spreading her legs and revealing her petals for him to be mesmerized.

She looked good, and he went into the bedroom to get his camera to capture the moment. She spread her pink lips wide apart for him, and in between them, she was red hot with desire. After taking images, he stepped inside, put the camera down on the night table, and turned toward her.

"Get on the bed, bitch, in the same position! You look so edible!"

She jumped up quickly and entered through the screen door, sliding it back to the closed position, as she noticed that his erection peeked through his bathrobe, a wonderful sight for her eyes. She lay on the bed with her knees drawn up and her legs spread, and she opened up her inner lips, showing her now shimmering, steaming opening that was so inviting. He dropped his bathrobe on the carpet, jumped on the bed, lifted her legs up to straddle his shoulders, plunged deeply into her hot moistness, and started to jackhammer her malleable pit of delight. She rocked her body with the same

intensity. He reached for her nipples, pinching and pulling them outward, then propped her wide, open mouth with his tongue as hers danced and caressed his deeply. Their breathing sped up swiftly, her arms caressed his back, and she wrapped her legs around his neck to pull him into her body deeper, trying to melt into his. He tore his mouth away from hers and grunted into her right ear. "Bitch, don't you dare cum, unless I command it! Is that understood slave?"

Then he thrust his tongue tip into her earlobe, licking and kissing it, driving her crazier into the zone of passion in which she lost all of her consciousness; she was his quivering cunt to love, fuck, use, abuse, and play with; it didn't matter to her only that she was his possession.

"Yes, Master, your cunt will only cum when commanded by her Master!" Her frail voice resonated as she was out of this world, in another universe, talking in a trance, interrupted by moans and cries of ecstasy and heavy breathing. Sweat started to pour from both of them, intermixed with their sexual scent, driving both even wilder, reaching unparalleled heights as he was pounding her relentlessly. It took him a long time to cum, as he had been drained twice earlier in the morning. Finally, he exploded in her, like a volcano erupting within her.

"Cum my bitch, my lovely cunt for your Master, let me feel your body!" he howled as he came.

"Ahh, ahh..." she screamed as her body became a living tsunami, with waves of contraction after another as she continued to scream avidly.

"I love being fucked by you, Master; ahhh, I love the way you fuck me." unable to think in the third person, just letting her feelings burst out, and just about passing out from her bliss, trembling, quivering, even unable to talk, gasping for air with rapid little breaths. He pushed her legs to the side of him, withdrew himself, and kneeled over her, showing her his dripping and still-erect throbbing cock, and shoved it into her wide, open lips for her to taste and lick. She savoured their flavour as she licked him clean slowly, enjoying every small dribble and the texture of his firmness along the corona, pushed her tongue tip into his urethra opening, and licked and sucked on his frenulum. She was in no hurry to let him go. Both of them were exhausted; it was a good way to cool down the afterglow.

László caught his breath a bit and then withdrew his still semi-erect penis. "Turn over, face down, in the arse up position, slave!" his command thundered over her, as she got into position. He then drew his thumb and fingers together on his right hand, inserted the tips slowly into her dripping opening, and slowly started to slide them in deeper within her soggy tunnel that he had just hammered and exploded within. As the girth of his hand increased and he opened her up slowly, she began to moan once again, and she picked up the pace of her breathing. He slowly pushed forward and withdrew back a small bit, then pushed deeper. After several minutes, he was pulling backward. He changed his fingers into a very tight fist and pushed

forward, feeling her warm tightness as her slippery walls enveloped him completely. Carissa was moaning loudly, murmuring something incoherently that sounded like “Ahhh, my Master...” and started to tremble and grind her hips faster onto his soaked hand from their intermixed juices. Every nerve in her body was on fire as she gripped the sheet with her nails, almost tearing it apart like the claws of a lion digging deep into her prey. She let out a loud scream as her body spasmed uncontrollably as she transcended into an abyss of ecstasy, floating in a weightless void. He felt his fist being gripped by her innards and felt every tremor that radiated from deep within her. She collapsed onto the soaked sheet, almost lifeless, twitching now and then.

László pulled his fist and turned Carissa onto her back to help her breathe. He staggered to the bathroom to wash his hands. Then I managed to get back into bed and collapse beside Carissa. They were both totally spent and needed some time to recoup their energy.

It was just before noon when both of them came to their senses. He took her collar off and ordered her to take a shower while he replaced the sheets on the bed. He threw them in the laundry along with their other soiled clothes. Then he jumped in the shower and joined Carissa. She was happy to see her master, quickly soaped him up, and washed him tenderly. After their shower, they returned to the fresh bed to rest a bit as both dozed off satisfied, for a few minutes. When László came, Carissa was already up, packing her suitcase and just leaving out the clothes for the next day’s trip back to England. When she noticed that he had woken, she threw herself down on the carpet facing him and started her oath.

“Get up, sweetie, my sexy, beautiful slave!” he smiled at her and continued, “I am so sorry to see you go back, Carissa! I will miss you a lot! But it will be May soon, and I’ll be there!”

“Master, your slave, your BBC will miss you deeply.” She paused, smiled, and continued, “Yes, my Master, you will be with her soon. But we still have another half-day together. Would you like her to make your lunch?”

“No, I am not hungry, but if you are, just eat. I will make a special dinner for us. Actually, it will take some time, and I will start right away. You can relax and do whatever you like; take some well-earned free time!”

“Thank you, Sir!”

He then got dressed in comfortable jeans and a polo and walked out to the kitchen. Carissa followed him completely nude, curious as to what he would be cooking. In the kitchen, from the fridge, he took out a nice portion of a frozen pork tenderloin that they had bought earlier in the week, along with several slices of bacon. The meat required some time to thaw. He also got the shiitake mushrooms, butter, and garlic. He washed the mushrooms, and the largest ones he sliced into several pieces while keeping the small ones intact. Then he used a couple of cloves of garlic and diced them up. He put a slab of butter in with the garlic and mushrooms in a sauté pan, put a lid on it, and

let them warm to the ambient temperature on the stove. Carissa was close to him but out of the way, as she watched him, she loved to watch him do anything. László was done until the meat thawed out sufficiently so he could prepare it, and that would take maybe two more hours. He went to the bedroom to grab his digital camera and took several more images of Carissa by the fireplace and in the living room. He mentioned to her his upcoming workday. His plan was to take her in with him and leave an hour earlier to drive her out to the airport directly from the office. This would allow them to spend the maximum amount of time together. He had already told Linda during the past week that Carissa's being with him hadn't interfered with his work; therefore, it was approved.

Linda liked László, not just because he was very efficient in his job with the let's get the job done attitude without any bullshit, but because he was direct by calling a spade a spade. Linda also shared his sense of humour, and she despised the original buyer just as much as László had. If it had been up to Linda, the buyer would have been fired for ineptness and for being lackadaisical. Unfortunately, because they were stupid and lazy, it was not possible; they were not employed in the private sector.

Carissa enjoyed their talks when she was given the opportunity, and she made good use of the few hours they had left. She absorbed everything, like a sponge, that he told her, every detail and every insight that gave her a better understanding of László. She never pushed him or questioned why she was smarter than that to invade his privacy, nor was she disrespectful; she accepted everything on a need-to-know basis if something concerned her. László was very honest with her, and it was very obvious and refreshing for her that whatever he told her, he could back it up; there were no doubts. She walked around, taking a good look and an in-depth examination of his paintings, several of which she loved very much. She found them peaceful and relaxing, and they told her more about her master's interests, such as the history of the history of the old castle ruins and even the flowers.

Carissa told him just how much she regretted that she hadn't replied to him earlier, waiting nine months, so much time that was wasted! By now, they could have been living together full-time if she had not procrastinated!

László agreed with her assessment; she had made a mistake, but he was hoping that she would not make that mistake again. Time flew and the meat thawed out sufficiently and László, accompanied by his nude slave, returned to the kitchen. He prepared the meat by seasoning it with salt, freshly ground black pepper, rosemary, and fresh garlic. The meat was then wrapped in bacon, finally wrapped in aluminium foil, and placed in the oven. It would take about two hours to roast it, tender on the inside and well done on the outside, in its own juice, aided by the bacon. He then prepared a Hungarian-style cucumber salad and put it back in the fridge to marinate. While the meat roasted, he laid down on the living room sofa and allowed

Carissa to pleasure him with her tongue and lips on his feet. Just as the meat was about done, he got up, made rice with the rice cooker, and let Carissa set the table for two. However, it wasn't just an ordinary dinner for her. While he ate, she was under the table orally pleasuring him until he came, and she had her dessert first and her main course after it, sitting on the chair and eating from the table. After dinner, while she cleaned up and did the dishes, he watched the local news and forecast. The weather forecast for Monday was sunny, with temperatures in the low seventies a perfect day for travel. The rest of the evening went by, with some additional photos of her, a bit of bondage, and she fetched the ball and played puppy. He received his last massage from her until they would meet again in England.

He woke early in the morning to have plenty of time to enjoy her raw sex, then it was time for a shave or shower, the morning routine, getting dressed, taking her luggage out to the Saturn, and leaving for work. At lunchtime, they went out to eat, and soon it was time to take her to the airport. Neither of them was happy saying goodbye to each other, even if it was just for two long and miserable months. They embraced tightly and kissed each other deeply, their tongues caressing and dancing for a long time, and she disappeared beyond the departure gate. László hung around to take a few photos of her British Airways Boeing 777-300 plane as it took off.



VII. László's second UK visit

There was an excellent corset maker in the UK. László got one of their catalogues in the mail and picked two corsets for Carissa to obtain: a silky, stunning white one and an even slicker black one. She also placed an ad in the UK, started to look for a secondary female for added entertainment, and sent potential candidates' profiles and images to László via email. The females who applied were physically not appealing to László; even as a beta bitch, there wasn't sufficient time to find one whom he would consider. Time flew by quickly, and it was time to fly off to the UK. On Tuesday, May 7th in the evening László boarded a British Airways Boeing 777-300 for his direct flight to London Gatwick.

At Gatwick on May 8th, at 2 p.m., local time, Carissa was waiting for him at arrival wearing a black raincoat with nothing underneath, only black silk thigh-high stockings and black stilettos. Just as he ordered her to do.



He saw her immediately as he passed through the sliding doors and emerged from Customs and Passport. She looked a bit nervous, but her face lit up with a huge, mesmerizing smile as soon as she saw him! She walked hastily toward him to meet him halfway, waiting for him to get closer. Her eyes sparkled, her voice slightly quivered from excitement, as she greeted her love and Master.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave, her body, her mind, her soul, along with everything she owns belongs to you, you may do with them as you wish!”

He put his hand luggage down on the floor, reached for her raincoat opened it slightly as he embraced her body underneath, and slid a couple of his fingers from behind into her warm, succulent lips that engulfed them into her sex. She pulled him closer, her nipples hard, and pierced like daggers through his black leather jacket, he felt her embrace as she fused herself into his body. The Hermes Amazone perfume intermingled with Carissa’s natural scent was enthralling him into a stupor-like state and the waiting pleasure to come.

After a long embrace, they let each other go and proceeded to a multi-level parking lot while they chit-chatted about his long flight. Upon reaching her British racing green Ford Puma, he commanded her to pose for him with the raincoat open, revealing her enticing, sexy, gorgeous body to him and a few male passers-by who could not believe their own eyes turning green from envy, while he took photos of his slave.

Once inside the Puma, he reached for her lips, and as their tongues did the fandango, László gently caressed her nude body, feeling the silkiness of her skin. From her breasts, his hand headed further down to between her legs. While Carissa’s hand unzipped him, he reached into his pants, feeling his throbbing erection. When he stopped kissing Carissa, her head instantly dove toward his hardness, engulfing it with her luscious lips as she kept on stroking his shaft. It didn’t take long for him to explode between her lips, gulping down every drop, and then she licked the head clean of any dribblets. She let out several satisfied sighs in the process. Carissa was now very happy, tasting her master once again after weeks of absence. After their airport interlude, it was time to drive back to her house, a good two-and-a-half-hour drive, or more depending on just how many diversions they would succumb to.

Carissa was an excellent driver, making quick and precise shift changes with the five-speed close ratio gearbox. It was a ride for Carissa that she would never forget. Her raincoat partially open exposed her naked breasts to drivers of lorries and buses sitting much higher as they zipped by them, and with her master’s right hand deeply between her legs, his fingers inside her stimulating her g-spot, and her lips drenched, he encouraged her to climax while driving.

László truly enjoyed this, as she was very excited and extremely wet,

and she could not let go completely as she had to drive. She had to fight herself and hold back from having a total climax. While she tried her hardest, he could feel her slight trembling and contractions several times during their drive. However, once they stopped at her driveway, she erupted into a frenzy, with her body quivering like a large bowl of Jell-O as she gasped for air and moaned incoherently, “Ohhhh, m-my M-Maaaaster, that was incredible!”

Carissa could not get out of the driver’s seat for several minutes, as she was so spent. László enjoyed every second of those minutes. Carissa was under his total control, as she obeyed him and that pleased him and her intensely, psychologically.

Once inside her home, László took his luggage upstairs to the bedroom, while Carissa made some tea for him in the kitchen. László then went to the bathroom to refresh himself a bit. The flight was long from Phoenix, and he hadn’t slept much. While he was a bit tired, he was glad to be with Carissa once again. He was looking forward to the time they would spend together, as they had a pretty ambitious plan for his stay in England that included a lot of travelling. BBC had to go to work on Thursday as well as Friday; he would use this time to rest a bit and to paint her some paintings with acrylics that they had talked about while she was in Phoenix a few weeks earlier.

Carissa presented tea to her master, along with some sweet biscuits. László made himself comfortable in the small living room and sipped his Twinings blackcurrant and vanilla tea slowly.

“Master, may your slave use the bathroom?”

“Yes!” he replied.

Carissa went upstairs to the bathroom to refresh herself. She got on the floor in front of László, in her submit-oath position, and there she remained silently. László took some photos of Carissa in her position and then asked her, “Did you miss me, BBC? Show me how much!”

“Oh, Master, your BBC missed you so much! Let her show you!” Her voice was warm, pleasing, and resonated with her deep feelings for her Lord and Master.

Carissa looked amazing. Her creamy soft white skin, her perfectly shaped body, with her shaved slightly swollen and dripping vulva, honey blonde hair, and sexy red lips, she was every man’s dream, well, ones with a pulse anyhow. No Viagra was required as László felt his pants suddenly a bit tight in the crotch area.

László was by now more than ready for some sexual relief. As she crawled in front of him, her hands reached for his belt, unbuckled it, unzipped his pants, pulled them down, and without hesitation, she eagerly took his erection into her waiting and longing mouth. Carissa loved how he smelled, the texture, and her reward that she hadn’t tasted and had longed for every day for weeks. After pleasing him orally, she kept on kissing his penis, licked it, and massaged it with both of her hands for László to recover

his firmness so he could penetrate her dripping sex as well. Their re-introduction lasted for quite a while, both wanting and enjoying each other's desires. László glanced at his watch and stopped. It was 5:30 p.m. He wanted to go out to the art supply store for the materials he needed for painting.

To his surprise, Carissa had already taken care of that and had bought all the required tubes of paint, canvas boards, and brushes for him. She asked for permission to get them and quickly showed the supplies to him. They looked adequate. László decided then to continue with their sexually intense session until they both collapsed, totally exhausted and spent.

By 7 p.m., László was quite hungry; he had satisfied his hunger for her, but now he required nourishment in the form of food. He decided to have some take-away, as take-out food was called in the UK, and he wanted fish and chips.

There was a small restaurant specializing in fish and chips located nearby. After Carissa dressed, they walked there, ordered two servings, and walked back. They ate the fish and chips that were traditionally wrapped in newsprint in the kitchen. She put a bit of vinegar and ketchup on her chips, but he ate them plain. It was excellent. László was getting tired but didn't want to go to bed right away, especially on a full stomach. He decided to watch TV in the living room, while Carissa got undressed and joined him by snuggling next to him. He felt good that she was within his reach. László dozed off while watching TV, and Carissa was in a bind. "Should she wake him up or not?"

She decided to wake him up; she was getting tired too, and she had to wake up early in the morning. They went upstairs, he got undressed, and she got her lavender-scented rubbing oil and gave him a wonderful massage that he loved so much. After that, László was out like a light.

László woke late in the morning, due to the eight hour time difference, and Carissa was gone already. There was a nice greeting card on her pillow next to him. He opened it and read it.

"My dearest Master, I didn't want to wake you. I said my oath, did my morning routine, dressed, and set the kitchen table for you. You will find some cold cuts and fresh bread in the fridge. There is your favourite teabag waiting in a cup for you; all you have to do is boil water. Feel free to call me at work on my cell number, which you have. I can't wait to get home to you, my dearest Master! I left an extra door key in the living room, in case you wish to go out while I'm at work. Your loving slave, BBC." She loved ending her private letters and cards with her nickname, BBC.

László glanced at his watch by the night table, it was 9:45 a.m. He got up proceeded to the washroom, brushed his teeth, shaved and took a nice relaxing bath that refreshed him. Once dry, he got dressed and went downstairs to the main floor to the kitchen to have breakfast. After eating, he checked some of the digital images that he had taken of Carissa yesterday

and looked at the paints and brushes that Carissa had purchased. He noticed that he would need a couple of more colours, and made a list of the items he required, including canvas boards. At noon when Carissa had her lunch break, he called her up. She was very happy to hear her Master's voice. She mentioned that she would be back by four, and she hoped that he would eat something, as there was plenty of food in the fridge and even some Bavarian beer that he liked. László mentioned to her that he had read the card and found it very sweet of her, and was looking forward to her return.

László took Carissa's advice, ate more cold cuts and some French Brie cheese, and opened a bottle of Weihenstephaner Kristall Weissbier. After eating, he sat in front of the TV and watched the news and some game shows. A few minutes after four, her green Puma pulled into the gravel driveway. He turned off the TV, quickly grasped his list of needed supplies and the front door key, and put on his beautifully tailored Italian black lambskin leather jacket that his previous slave Julia had got him many years ago as a Christmas present.

As Carissa was getting out of her car, he opened the door, and spoke to her. "Get back into the car, BBC; we have to buy a few more things at the artist supply store," and while speaking, he locked the front door. He then sat in the car and kissed Carissa on her enticing soft Revlon Red lips, then buckled himself in, and she drove off.

Carissa's home was in the suburbs, and the art store was about a five-minute ride away. On the way, he asked about a camera store where he could drop off his 35mm film for development and prints. Carissa mentioned that there was a film printing kiosk nearby; he could walk there tomorrow during the day. He wondered if they would print the images on the roll. She smiled and replied, "Sir, one way to find out!" and continued "But are you sure you want them printed here?"

"Of course, I do, I want to see how you look, and I'll get two sets, one for you my sweet slave!"

"Thank you, sir! Your slave is very curious too, as she wants to make you happy. Luckily, she never used that shop before, they cannot connect her with the photos" she smiled sheepishly.

"Don't worry, BBC, I will use my name and pay cash. I hope they do not print a set-off for themselves. Once, I worked at a camera store in Toronto, and you should have seen some of the negatives after processing that had come in! The operator, who was a dike, always shared some of the kinkier images! Once in a while, the film was lost too." László snickered and continued, "But what could the customers say? I want the negatives back where I'm fucking another guy up the arse or giving him a blow job."

Carissa pulled into the small parking lot near the art supply store, and both got out and went inside. They looked around, and László picked out the paints he needed, then turned toward her and asked,

“What size would you like your paintings? I’ve usually painted 18x24 inches; will that work for you, or do you want something smaller or bigger? The canvas and the paint are relatively inexpensive, but I can see that decent frames here are expensive too.”

“I never thought about it, to tell you the truth,” she paused for a couple moments, “maybe something smaller than 18x24. That’s a bit big, how about something smaller, can you paint on 11x14?”

“11x14 will be the size then! Let’s pick a bundle of three to start. I will have plenty of time to paint while you are working.”

She paid for the supplies and carried them back to the car. On their way back to her home, they stopped at the grocery store. He got a small bouquet of red roses for Carissa. While she got some red round tomatoes, a small container of Crimini mushrooms, different types of green and yellow peppers, and, surprisingly, Hungarian-style smoked sausage that was available, She bought a pair. She wanted to make ‘Lecsó’ for dinner, which she had loved ever since she was introduced to it in January by László when he had cooked the dish for themselves. Carissa liked that László could cook, and she loved watching him cook and learning from him how to prepare foods that he liked.

Upon their return home, she quickly got undressed, put her collar on, got into her submission position, said her oath, and waited patiently for her master to order her to perform the tasks that he had in mind. László truly enjoyed the power exchange between them. She was a dedicated subject and an excellent learner. She truly enjoyed her submission and his dominance over her; it was very natural for both.

He ordered her to prepare their dinner and sat back to watch as she made lecsó with the added ingredients of sliced mushrooms and sliced smoked sausage. In about an hour, their dinner was ready, and while she cooked, they chatted about the weekend and her free days. She served dinner, and she was invited to sit down to eat with him rather than sucking on him from under the table while he ate. It was something they had talked about a lot, as she enjoyed sucking on him while he ate and eating after he finished; she derived real satisfaction from this. László drank another bottle of Weißenstephaner Kristall Weissbier with his dinner. As for his dessert, she was sitting next to him, but not for long. He got up, took out the can of whipped cream from the fridge, and turned toward her.

“Make room on the table and lay back with your legs open, toward me!”

She obliged without any hesitation as he placed a chair in front of her spread legs, sat down, spayed some of the whipped cream on her now moist lips, and started to lick it off slowly. Her scent and taste were intermixed with the cream as she placed her legs on his shoulders, straddling him, and

started to moan at first quietly but louder and louder as he continued. He sprayed more and more of the cold cream between her red, hot lips and licked the cream out of her vulva and around her clit.

“Master, may your slave, your bitch, and your cunt be allowed to cum?” as she begged several times with a trembling, excited voice.

László just kept on licking, stimulating her clitoral area, and replenishing the cream between her drenched lips as Carissa struggled not to let herself over to the impending pleasure.

“OK, bitch cum!”

Her body started to tremble almost immediately, as she was able to let herself go and enjoy the contractions that hit her, and she moaned loudly.

“Master, thank you!”

László then stood up, unbuckled his belt, opened his zipper to free his erection, and mounted her, with a slow and deep penetration at first, feeling her engulf him and the contractions fading away. He kept on thrusting harder and faster, until he was about to cum himself. He then quickly withdrew as Carissa leaned her head over to receive the head and his eruption between her parted lips. She grabbed his shaft with her hands and pumped every droplet that he was capable of delivering. Now she had her dessert too, and that contented smile on her face, that special smile for her Master’s eyes only. It took some time for both of them to recuperate from such a delicious dinner.

She did the dishes and cleaned up herself too, while László started to do a sketch on one of the canvas boards of the roses in a vase in the living room. He would do the painting while she was at work, after dropping the roll of film off for development. She returned from the kitchen and looked at him drawing the outlines, and she enjoyed watching him. Carissa loved looking at László whenever she was allowed, and she loved that he was so multifaceted.

For her, he was perfect. He was cultured, intelligent, dominating yet caring, strict but not mean or cruel, kinky but not insane. She felt safe being with László and trusted him implicitly. She was also totally in love with him, even if he wasn’t on the same level as she would have liked, but she knew that he loved her. She was his toy, a cherished one at that. For now, that was more than enough. Later that evening, they shared a nice, warm, and relaxing bubble bath together. They had fun with the hand-held shower unit while washing each other and rinsing off shampoo. She shaved any growth of hair off of his scrotum and pubic area, as well as of herself, to remain hairless on her entire body. She washed him, then dried him off, and he returned the favour.

He then laid down in bed to receive his evening massage session from Carissa’s loving hands, which turned both of them on. They ended up having sex in several different positions, until both just collapsed and fell to sleep.

László woke early in the morning to Carissa's nibbling on his erect shaft, kissing and licking the head at the frenulum. "What a great way to wake up," he thought to himself. She noticed that he woke, but kept on pleasuring him and started to stroke him to milk his juice out for her to swallow. But László suddenly turned over, spread her legs, and rammed his stiffness into her dripping vulva.

His hand cupped her other breast and teased the nipple into erectness, then, with his mouth, sucked on them and bit them with mild intensity. Carissa moved her hips in unison with his thrusts and, with her hands, massaged his smoothly shaved scrotum. She felt his eruption, not just from the inside, but as his body spasmed, as well as his testicles, with her hands cupped around them. He then quickly withdrew from her, for Carissa to lick off their intermixed juices and suck out any droplets as she wrapped her hand around it and milked him dry. He then rolled over beside her as Carissa inserted several fingers into her dripping hole to capture the ooze on her fingers and lick them clean several times. She did not cum, but in her mind, she was well compensated by her master's fucking her and by his cum. She had a satisfied glow on her face. She then took up her submission position in their bed facing him, said her oath, and remained silent, but was very pleased in her position to hear his commands.

"Bitch that was excellent! Get up and clean yourself up; don't be late from work!" He paused for a few seconds and continued, "For tonight, I have some fun ideas for us! Now go get ready; I'll rest a bit more, and I'll call you later."

"Yes my Master!"

Carissa got off the bed and left toward the washroom. László fell asleep real quick. Around 8 a.m., he woke; Carissa was gone by then. After a quick shave and a bath to clean himself, László got dressed. He made tea for himself that was already laid out on the kitchen table and had brie and cold cuts. He turned on the TV, switched to the BBC for the world news, and began to work on the painting for Carissa. He painted till noon, then he stopped. The paint needed to dry a bit before he could continue, and now it was a good time to take a walk and drop off the roll of 35mm film.

László put on his black leather jacket and left. He walked around the neighbourhood. He looked at the different styles of architecture and noticed a few houses that he liked and could actually live in. Although he was not keen on moving to Britain, He didn't like the wet climate or driving on the wrong side of the road. He walked past the kiosk and continued exploring for a while before turning around, walking back to the kiosk, and dropping off the film. He asked for two sets of prints. The clerk asked about his accent and where he was from. László said it from Arizona. They had a pleasant little chat. She told him the prints would be ready by four in the afternoon. Splendid, he'll be back at four to pick them up.

At 4 p.m., he returned to pick up the prints. The clerk had a huge smile on her face but said nothing. Obviously, she had seen the photos. Maybe he should have asked her to join them?

As he was walking back, Carissa was on her way home and saw him. She stopped quickly by him, rolled her window down, and asked,

“Hey handsome, want a ride?”

“Only if I can fuck you, Miss!” László replied with a devious smile.

“Anytime, anywhere, Sir! Just jump in,” she laughed.

László got inside the car, and they quickly embraced. His tongue met hers while his hand slipped between her legs, feeling her moist lips, and he found her g-spot quickly. Her black mini-skirt barely covered her tight, high black stockings; she had no pants on. After a long, passionate kiss, before they steamed up the windows, they drove back to the house.

Back at the house, he quickly unzipped his pants, pushed her over the side of the couch, lifted her skirt up a bit, spread her legs for better access, and entered her dripping pussycat. Grabbing her hips and rocking her to the same rhythm as he was moving, It didn’t take long before Carissa was begging to cum, and this time he just let her cum right away. As her body was trembling from the force of her climax, he climaxed and kept on fucking his slave until his erection subsided. He then pulled out his cock from her dripping vulva; she turned around immediately before even he could command her, got down on her knees, and started to lick it, cleansing it with her tongue and lips, savouring every tiny driblet. László just smiled and thought to himself, “I trained this bitch well!” Indeed, he did. When she was done, she looked up at him and said,

“Master, thank you; please just stay as you are!”

She jumped up and immediately started to get undressed; all she kept on were her stockings. She ran upstairs and returned with her collar around her neck and the fine stainless steel link leash attached to it. She got down on the floor, began saying her oath, and remained in her position with her head bowed down and her nose touching the carpet.

László picked up the leash and pulled her as she started to crawl on her hands and knees toward the banister on the stairs.

“Stand up!”

She did, and he grabbed her wrists, picked up the handcuffs that were sitting on a small table by the couch, and cuffed her wrists to the handrail.

“Don’t move! I want to take some photos of you!”

He then picked up his Nikon film camera and took several images of her while she smiled. He then uncuffed her and took off her collar.

“Get dressed; we are going to the gallery now!”

“What would you like me to wear, sir?”

“Jeans, a t-shirt, and a light jacket will do. We are just going casual.”

Actually, this was the plan after she had returned from work, but their infatuation with each other delayed it slightly. The gallery was open until 8 p.m., she changed very quickly, and they drove off. It was about a twenty-minute drive; along the way, they drove by an old, small church with a graveyard. László liked the atmosphere of the church and made some mental notes for himself. The gallery visit was quite good; they joked and laughed during their visit. He took a couple of photos. By the time they returned, it was dark, and as they drove by the church and the graveyard, he turned to Carissa.

“BBC, have you ever been fucked in graveyard?”

“No Sir, I have not!” She put on her emergency blinkers and pulled off the road quickly, just in case he had something in mind, and turned toward László with a sly smile.

“Sir, have you? What do you have in mind?”

“Not yet!” he snickered and continued, “This would be an ideal place at night; we should explore this place in the daylight next week! But not right now; let’s head back home, BBC! I’m quite hungry!”

“Sir, I always have a deep hunger for you, my Master!”

“BBC I meant real food. I love the way you taste, but I also need nourishment of a different kind than you have in mind! So let’s get going!”

Back at the house, he ordered her to serve up some cold cuts and the last bottle of Weihestephaner and told her to eat with him at the table. After a quick dinner, he told her to get undressed, put on her collar, adjust her make-up, and now they would have some fun. Leading into the garden, there was a tall wrought-iron gate and fence. He told Carissa to put on her black raincoat and follow him out to the gate. At first, she stood behind the gate with her coat on, but with nothing underneath apart from her collar and the fine steel leash. He took some images, then told her to remove the coat, and now she was exposed to the cool evening breeze that made her nipples perky. He took additional images, and finally, he handcuffed her to the gate and took more images. She looked so sexy, and he wanted to capture this moment for eternity. Then he started to walk away, leaving her naked and cuffed to the gate; that surprised her a bit.

“Sir, are you going to leave me here?” She asked with some concern in her voice.

“Maybe!” He replied with a very serious voice, although he was just kidding, and continued, “I bet your neighbours would love that!”

“Yes, Sir, a couple would!” She replied, but now with a more concerned voice, and started to beg, “Sir, please take your possession in; she doesn’t want to remain here all night. She will be very tired tomorrow to drive you to Wales, sir!”

László turned around and walked back to her, saying with a surprised voice, “Oh, I forgot about that! Just because of that, I better let you in” and

uncuffed her from the gate. Then he kissed her on the lips and took her leash to lead her back to the house.

He continued, "Don't worry, my sweet slave; I was just kidding. I would never do that to you! By the way, you looked wonderful!"

They stepped inside the house; he led her to the couch, sat down, and unzipped his pants.

"Remove my pants and underwear, with your teeth only!"

She struggled a little but succeeded. After she did, he sat down with a strong erection, staring Carissa in the face.

"On your knees, bitch, and start sucking while I look at the prints that I picked up this afternoon."

She got down in front of him and took his erection in her mouth; her tongue danced all over his head and frenulum, which sent tingling shocks of pleasure throughout his body. It felt so good. BBC was such a talent when it came to oral sex. She loved pleasuring him this way, and it gave her intense satisfaction every time she could. She gently massaged his sack with one hand and, with the other, slowly stroked his shaft, often taking him out of her mouth and kissing and licking his shaft all the way down to his testicles, then slowly took each of them into her mouth, sucking on them while stroking his shaft with her hands. Then she moved slowly back up to the frenulum and engulfed his hard penis again. László was getting turned on more and more as he looked at the photos he had taken of Carissa upon his arrival, and with her pleasuring him, he was ready to explode into her mouth.

"Open wide bitch! I want to cum into your mouth now!" and globs of cum squirted onto her tongue. She extended her tongue out to show him his cum on her tongue for a few seconds, then swallowed his load.

"Good girl!" he patted her gently on her head. "Clean it off completely until I tell you to stop!"

Carissa continued licking, kissing, and sucking obediently on his member, who now wasn't as firm but was still far from flaccid. With her manipulation, he would remain semi-erect for a long time. When he finished with the prints, he put them beside him and let himself relax on Carissa's loving lips and hands for a while. He glanced at his watch. It was 10:45 p.m., and it was time to take a quick bath for both of them.

"Stop, sweetie, let's have a bath and go to bed. Tomorrow, we will have a very busy day! But take a look at these photos, and what do you think?"

Carissa looked at him, rolling her eyes, asking herself, "Must I?" but obeyed as she understood that she would be doing all the driving; maybe it was a good thing after all that she had stopped.

It was a late night. After their quick bath, she gave him the usual massage, then she started to suck on his toes as he drifted off but awoke as she was still sucking on his toes. She was in delirium. He tied Carissa's

hands behind her back in the face-down, arched-up position and mounted her from the rear. Fucking her hard until she begged to let her cum, but he refused this time. He then withdrew from her dripping lips and inserted a medium-sized vibrating dildo that he had lubed with Vaseline into her rosebud. He moved in front of her, grabbed her head, and lifted it onto his now fully erect cock so she could take him into her mouth. While he slowly moved the vibrator in and out of her rosebud. She could not talk with him with her mouth full. She let herself go and had a long, spastic orgasm. She was making gurgling sounds as he ejaculated deeply in her throat. He then untied her arms, pulled out his still-erect cock, and moved to mount her again. Her vulva was soaked and it was like fucking warm Jell-O, but now she could moan louder.

“Yes, yes, harder. Master, please fuck your bitch harder! Ah, harder! Ah, Master, this feels so good! May I cum again, Master? Please let your slave cum?”

“Cum bitch cum!”

Even without his permission, she would not have been able to stop her body from convulsing again. Her rapture was in waves, and she collapsed on her stomach onto the bed, totally spent. László slipped out in the process, but the vibrator was still in her rectum, going strong. László turned off the switch, pulled it out, and placed it on some tissue paper on the floor. That would have to be cleaned in the morning. Carissa was out like a light.



VIII. Fun in Wales and in Envill at the graveyard

László woke up first in the morning; his watch on the night table indicated 5:55 a.m., Carissa was lying very close next to him, still sleeping. However, it was time to wake up. Their Saturday would be long. A tour of several castles in Wales and near her parent's home meant that they were to be on the road by 7 a.m. The weather forecast was good too, sunny with a light breeze, perfect for touring. No time for any morning delight! He woke her up and told her to skip her morning slave routine and just get ready quickly. He then went to the bathroom to get ready. Carissa followed him shortly. After a quick breakfast, they left for Wales right on time.

Carissa drove north on M6 until the M56 junction, where they turned west until A55 and followed A55 all the way to the town of Conwy, the location of Conwy Castle in Wales. It was a magnificent castle that was completed in 1287. They took several photos of each other inside the castle and explored the medieval walled town with 21 semi-circular towers. They had a nice lunch at the Castle Tea Gardens, walked around a bit more, and then started heading back to England, toward her parent's home.

Carissa wanted to introduce László to her parents, as they had heard of him and were aware that she had visited him in Arizona earlier in the year. László was her "boyfriend," and they had met while he was on a business trip a year before as an "IT consultant" at her place of work. Of course, this was a lie, but it sounded believable, as she had worked for a large company and dealt with many consultants.

László was well received by her parents, and she had a pleasant conversation with them. They only stayed for about an hour, as there was a small castle nearby, and Carissa wanted to show it to him before they returned to her home, a good 90 minutes from there. They drove as close as they could to the castle that was on a small hill, then they proceeded on foot. László took photos of the castle as well as of the very scenic panorama of the countryside.

On the way back, they also stopped at Nottingham, the home of the fictional Robin Hood outlaw, and explored Nottingham Castle quickly. They took more photos and had dinner at The Castle Pub. László ate a medium-done steak, washed down with some local ale, and Carissa had chicken with a glass of white wine. The food was quite good. By the time they started to drive back to her home, it was getting dark. It was just after ten in the evening when they got home.

Nice and dark, a perfect time to go see the old Envill church and the graveyard for some fun photos. He grabbed the leash, the collar, and the handcuffs, and Carissa drove to the old church. She parked the Puma in the church parking lot, as far as she could from the road. Both of them got out

and walked around to ensure their privacy. No one was around, and they returned to the car. She got undressed completely and barefoot. He put her collar, leash, and handcuffs on and told her to pose by the church's side entrance that could not be seen from the road. He then took several photos of her by the ancient and gothic-looking door. The church had a Norman nave (circa AD 1100) and a transitional chancel (built by Roger de Birmingham, AD 1272-1307), and even after extensive restorations in 1749 and 1871, the distinguishing features remained.

Carissa looked stunning, which gave him a real hard-on, which needed immediate attention from her lips. She got down on her knees while handcuffed and gave him a glorious blowjob, which she maybe even enjoyed more than László. She didn't have a chance all day to taste him, and she had a deep desire and hunger for his cum. After this, he uncuffed her. She put on her t-shirt and her shoes and started to drive back, while he played with her g-spot and her swollen and oozing lips.

By now, it was well after midnight, but as soon as they got inside her home, he told her to bend over, spread her legs a bit, and mount her as she held onto the back of a chair with her hands. Carissa was very slippery and obviously very turned on, and soon she started to beg to let her have an orgasm. László didn't object, and she came in waves. She cleansed him off with her tongue and retired to bed shortly after that. It had been a long day.

When they woke, László mentioned to Carissa that he wanted to go back to the church before they headed off to Warwick Castle later on that day, to explore the site better and to see other possibilities for them.

In his fertile mind, many possible scenarios were gelling. Carissa was curious about what he had in mind, and when he mentioned some chains, she got really turned on by the images he described. Which, of course, turned László on too, and they spent a good hour satisfying both of their desires.

He tied her up with a black velvet rope to the bed posts, used nipple clamps and peacock feathers to drive her insane with desire, then tied her wrists to her ankles, and while on her back, he ravaged her swollen and drenched vulva with his stiffness. Her loud moans and cries of passion were intermixed with the loud squeaking of the bed, as he was thrusting with all his might as deep as he could. She begged to cum, and after several repeated requests, he let her in as waves of ecstasy washed over her, taking her over the edge into passion's abyss.

After a quick bath together and a light breakfast, they stormed off to Enville. On the way, they stopped at the hardware store that was open on Sunday, and Carissa bought twelve feet of medium-weight stainless steel chain that he had picked out, two padlocks that fit into the chain links, and a torch, as flashlights were called in England. After looking around and taking some additional photos of the gravestones, they headed off to Warwick

Castle, which was relatively nearby, for another castle tour. László's interest in castles and history was another attribute that Carissa loved about her master. He had many layers of interest, never boring, which kept her fascination continuous.

Warwick Castle was in excellent shape, considering it dated back to William the Conqueror's time. The castle itself had been expanded with additional curtain walls, towers and buildings by several kings including King Richard III in the 1480s, his contributions were The Bear and Clarence Towers.

László and Carissa enjoyed exploring all that was available to the public in the Great Hall, filled with armour, and climbing up to the top of several towers, taking several images in the process. They also explored the nearby Castle Park and the Mill Garden, where several peacocks were roaming freely and crying out with their eerie cries. While they could have spent all day at Warwick, they had several other castles to explore in mind for Sunday.

The others were Hopton Castle, Clun Castle, and Stokesay Castle. The first two were only ruins, but it was interesting to explore and imagine just how they must have looked before. Stokesay Castle was in much better condition with someone living in the castle. Between their journeys from one to another, they stopped for a quick bite to eat at one of the small local village pubs. László, including Carissa, loved these old and historic pubs much better than the more modern restaurant chains. The atmosphere was not only better in these small pubs, but so were the food and the service. With all this going on, their day passed by very quickly, but the day would still be much longer.

Carissa pulled into her driveway 8:00 p.m. They freshened up, and she made dinner. Salmon with herbs and butter baked in the oven and rice. László opened a bottle of Tokaji Aszú, and both had a glass of this fine dessert wine. They relaxed and talked about the castles they had visited and the ones he had in mind to visit in the coming days.

Around 11:30 p.m., László told Carissa to fix her makeup while he put in a new roll of 36-exposure colour film into his Nikon. She had some thick candle sticks sitting on the fireplace mantle; he grabbed one as well as some matches. They left for their midnight adventure to the graveyard, now that both were familiar with the layout.

Carissa drove into the parking lot with the lights off and parked the Puma as close as she could to the graveyard. László got out first with the flashlight to check and ensure that no one else was around. It was now midnight. There was a gentle breeze with a few clouds; otherwise, it was quite clear. Several stars were visible, and the moon was in its new phase, with only about one percent of the crescent faintly visible. László returned to

the car and told Carissa to get undressed completely. She obeyed and stepped out of the puma, totally naked and barefoot. He put her collar and handcuffs on, attached the chain leash to the collar, then wrapped the chain that they had bought earlier around her body, put the padlocks into his pocket, placed the candle in her hands, and led Carissa by the leash to a large Celtic-type stone cross that was the headstone on one of the graves.

László used the chain around her body to chain her to the cross and placed the locks on it. She could not escape, even if she had wanted to! Not that she wanted to. He lit the candle and started to take photos of her. He used up the roll quickly, as he had taken images from several angles. He then put in a roll of black-and-white film and continued to shoot. After about a half hour, he filled the black and white roll too. He then smothered the flame quickly. Now there was only starlight. An owl was making those scary hooting calls nearby. The atmosphere was very gothic among those several hundred-year-old gravestones. Spooky, scary, but at the same time wildly romantic, and it was time to do something that he had always wanted to do. He approached Carissa, opened the padlocks, uncuffed her hands, and told her to put the candlestick down on the grave and to get down on her hands and knees and crawl.

He took her leash and started to walk toward one of the graves with an elevated slab, known as a false tomb. It was from the 1700s and kind of resembled a stone bed. Carissa crawled onto the slab. He told her to lay down on it in the missionary position, pull her knees up, and spread herself nice and wide. Her soft, white, warm skin on the top of the cold granite slab had a nice contrast. She would have given a dead man an erection. László's penis was throbbing as he pulled it out of his pants, freed his erection, and entered her soaked, warm vulva. While it was quick, it was a glorious fuck! He didn't want her to get a cold or pneumonia from lying on the cold stone for long, nor to skin his own knees on the hard slab. It was time to return to her house and have a nice, warm bath. On the drive back, they had a good laugh about their wild and kinky adventure. Once back, they had a quick warm bath, László had his massage, and both fell asleep exhausted but very fulfilled.

On Monday and Tuesday, Carissa had to go to work, but for the rest of the week, she was free. László used the time to continue with his paintings. The first one, which he started a couple days prior, was finished. His second will be the ruins of Clun Castle. Carissa loved both of them and was very happy; nobody had ever painted her any paintings; she thought it was a very romantic gesture of her master. She loved being his slave more and more as the days passed by.

It was Wednesday, May 15, finally. They had another ambitious plan to drive to Wales to see another castle near the English border. Castle at Llangollen, the Dinas Brân Castle. The castle ruin was on top of a hill that

dominated the landscape. It was built sometime in the early 1230s. In 1277, during Edward I's initial foray into Wales, the Earl of Lincoln, Henry de Lacy, besieged the castle. The Welsh Lord of Dinas Bran was forced to submit to the invading army, which promptly set the site afire, completely destroying it. Since that time, it has remained a ruin.

The plan included Carissa posing naked for photography with her collar and handcuffs, role-acting as a prisoner. It was a long climb from the parking lot. The weather was cooperating, ideal for such a trek, and they went early enough that hopefully they would be alone for the photography. Carissa wasn't bothered to be seen in the nude by others; she was very confident about her body and looks in general, but neither of them wanted any bystanders to take photos of her or enjoy their play. Of course, they were not alone; a guy was there with a small point-and-shoot film camera, snapping at the ruins. Several others joined him for the next two hours. Finally, they all left, and Carissa got undressed, and László was able to get a few artistic photos done. Although an older guy showed up in the middle of the photo session, he looked astonished. He didn't have a camera, which was a good thing. Carissa loved posing for László, but for him only! Carissa got dressed and they left the castle hill.

Their next destination was the Whittington Castle ruins. Whittington Castle was built on the border of Wales and England, present-day northern Shropshire, England. The castle dates back to the early 1100s. Originally a motte-and-bailey castle, this was replaced in the 13th century by one with buildings around a courtyard whose exterior wall was the curtain wall of the inner bailey. They looked around the castle ruins, took some photos, and by then were very hungry. They had a late lunch or early dinner at the White Lion pub, next to the castle. The food was good, and it was time to drive to Carissa's home. To have some additional fun that they enjoyed and hungered for behind closed doors.

For Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, their plans were to drive to London, stay at a very nice bed and breakfast place in a posh area, and explore. Carissa had made the reservation while László was still in Phoenix after consulting with him on the phone. Hotels in downtown London were dreadfully expensive and while a B&B wasn't exactly inexpensive, it was about half the cost for two nights.

During their many conversations and emails, the subject of moving to live together, was always on their minds. A plan was hatched, and during László's stay in England, they went over some of the details. And, while in London, they wanted to visit Canada House, run by the Canadian Government, for information regarding Carissa's potential move. It was clear to both that Phoenix was not for her. There were only three possibilities; László to move to England; Carissa and László to move to Canada; or to break up.

On Thursday, around 8 a.m., in the morning, with Carissa at the wheel, they left for London. Around 10:30 a.m., they arrived at their B&B, located in Kensington. The location was great, but parking was not the easiest to find, although the B&B indicated on their website that it was not only free but easy to get to (the charges included parking), and they had sufficient parking for guests, which was not the case at all. Eventually, after talking with the owners, they offered Carissa a spot.

Their room was on the third floor, which had a queen-size bed and an en-suite bathroom, which were the requirements for them. Soon after their check-in, they left for the Tube that was nearby; again, it was one of the musts to be near an underground stop to visit Canada House. Here they picked up some information and found out that a U.K. citizen could move to Canada and receive landed immigrant status. This was welcomed news for them. However, the law would soon be changing. She had to put in her papers before the July 1st deadline.

László suggested to Carissa not to procrastinate. She had a tendency for this and to put in her application way before the deadline, because if she missed out on it, there would not be many choices and, more than likely, end up in a breakup. The application fee was quite stiff: over £1000. Carissa promised she would, but now she wanted to concentrate on their time together.

After Canada House, they walked down to the Tower Bridge and had a pleasant and quick lunch, washed down by several pints of British ale on tap, at The Draft House Tower Bridge. Then it was time to tour the Tower of London. It was their first time visiting inside the tower, and they loved every minute. László enjoyed the Royal Armouries the most; he shot a roll of film there. Carissa took several photos of László at the London Tower, with the Tower Bridge and other landmarks in the background, with his 35mm Nikon. She was actually good behind the lens. He also had his digital Nikon camera, although it was mostly used for the “fun action” photos that they preferred to keep private.

After their Tower tour, they headed off to explore the Piccadilly Circus area before heading back toward the B&B by taking the Tube and getting off at High Street Kensington, which was only 6 minutes away from the B&B. By this time they were hungry, and they ended up at Il Portico, an Italian Restaurant on Kensington High Street, that was only a few hundred yards from their B&B.

The food was rather average, nothing to shout about. After dinner, they walked around the neighbourhood for a bit and then returned to their room. It was time to relax. They had had a nice bath together and tested out the bed during sex, which at this time was very vanilla but nevertheless enjoyed by both. After sex, she gave him her loving massage and asked permission to suck on his toes, one of Carissa’s main fetishes that she loved.

Friday morning started with another good romp in their queen-sized bed, which both enjoyed. Carissa loved being fucked hard first thing in the morning. It gave her a nice glow all day. After their clean-up, they joined others for breakfast in the kitchen/eating area of the B&B. Coffee or tea with eggs sunny side up, English muffins, jam, and some fresh fruit.

Their plans for the day were to visit historic places, which included the Temple Church, built by the Knights Templar in the 12th century, then off to see the Cutty Sark in Greenwich by the Naval College Gardens, and the Imperial War Museum. In the evening, they would have dinner at the only restaurant that served Hungarian cooking.

All were reached either by the Tube or by the Docklands Light Railway, which were efficient and quick. László enjoyed the Temple Church and loved the architectural features of the church. The nave of the church was constructed on a round design based on the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. The nave was 55 feet in diameter and was surrounded by the first-ever free-standing dark Purbeck marble columns. He took lots of photos of the effigy tombs and of the grotesque heads that were originally painted in colours that decorated the walls. They also walked around the grounds and the neighbourhood, all of which had fascinating architecture that László loved, and Carissa had become more and more interested in it.

László loved to explore large ocean-going sailing ships, despite his dislike of sailing ships from his early childhood. One of the most famous clippers was the Curry Sark. He wanted to see the ship since it was on display in Greenwich, south-east London. After their visit, they had a quick lunch of fish and chips in a nearby pub.

The Imperial War Museum (IWM) was very interesting to László, but a bit of a letdown too. He was hoping to see more tanks and aircraft on display. He was told that for tanks, it was the Bovington Tank Museum, and for aircraft, the IWM Duxford was the place that they should visit. Unfortunately, that was not in their plans, nor did they have time for it; perhaps next time.

After the IWM, they headed back to their B&B to freshen up and change for dinner. But there was still plenty of time left after they got off at Knightsbridge station. From there, they walked to Harrods to see what the fuss was about this famous store. Apart from the hype and overpriced items, it was nothing special that any other high-class department store in North America or anywhere else could not offer. They walked back to the B&B, hand-in-hand, close to each other, like two lovers would. Carissa enjoyed these moments, as she was in love with László, her master.

For their dinner, Carissa had made a reservation at the Gay Hussar a few a few weeks ago. The “gay” in the name meant happy, not sexual orientation. She put on a nice black dress, wore black thigh-high silk stockings, black stilettos, and, of course, no bra or any underwear. They took

a bus to the restaurant, which was a blast being on the deck. He snapped a few photos on the way. The Gay Hussars was more of an English-style pub except for a few Hungarian plates and ceramics on the wall.

The menu had Hungarian dishes on it, but nothing was outstanding. Since László was a lot more experienced with his own ethnic food, he ordered the dinner. For starters, he ordered the Szegedi halászlé, or fish soup, from Szeged. The soup was served relatively quickly in a typical Hungarian-style soup container for two. He was serving the soup into their individual bowls when he noticed that the fish looked like salmon.

He called the maître d' over and asked for clarification, about sea fish being in the soup. The soup was to be made from freshwater fish that included perch, carp, or catfish, but never from Salmon! The maître d' mentioned that László was perhaps wrong. László informed him that he was born in Hungary, and knew better than he did the maître d' and to better call the chef over, as this was not Szegedi halászlé, but some kind of English hodgepodge.

The chef, the owner of the restaurant, came over to the table and asked László how he could be of any help. László mentioned that salmon had no place in this soup. The chef was in agreement; yes, László was indeed correct. And I asked if Laszlo was and if he spoke Hungarian. László replied in Hungarian. The chef was Hungarian too, and he continued in Hungarian,

“Here people do not know the difference, and the real fish ingredients are not readily available, and since the soup was quite expensive, using the more expensive salmon which was available, was used instead. However, they could have the soup at no charge, and he even would give them two glasses of Tokaji Aszú to compensate them for their disappointment.”

László thanked him for his courtesy and asked for hot paprika to make the soup more flavourful, as it lacked the spicy kick the soup should have had. The chef smiled and had his strongest hot paprika sent over. Now that more or less the soup at least tasted authentic, although, with the wrong fish, they ate it.

Next on their dinner selection was “túrós tészta,” small about ½” square pasta with pressed cottage cheese served with small fried bacon squares and sour cream. This was fairly authentic, but not as good as László could make it. They washed it down with the free Tokaji Aszú and bought two more glasses of the #3 version. For dessert, they had chestnut purée with whipped cream. The food wasn't bad, but the soup fiasco made it disappointing and expensive overall. László would only give the restaurant three stars out of five.

Carissa was very proud of László. Her master would not take any BS from others and would stand up on principles if something was not done correctly, especially when they paid good money for it. Unlike most people, including herself, who would just accept subpar service, and leave it at that. Just an additional mannerism is that why she needed László in her life.

To get back to the B&B, they took a taxi. László had always wanted to make out in a London Taxi. And they had lots of fun in the back seat including some photos he took on their way back. That continued with lots of oral action from Carissa, once back in their bed.

On Saturday morning, after their breakfast, they checked out of the B&B. I did a bit of shopping as László bought some erotic books at a nearby bookseller that were on sale but not available in Phoenix. Although he found some on Amazon, but at higher prices, once back.

They took another bus ride, walked around for a while at Trafalgar Square, then returned to pick up the car, and Carissa drove home. On the way, they stopped for a late lunch at Hudson's Sandwich Bar in Birmingham.

Once back, Carissa shed her clothes and was back in active slave mode once again. She made a light dinner, while László continued with his painting while she prepared the food. After dinner, they watched a DVD about Dracula that was more or less based on historical facts versus Bram Stoker's gothic horror classic. Then they retired for a warm bath and for her to massage him with the lavender oil, which turned both of them on, but László was more tired than Carissa, so she just happily drained him dry with her mouth.

Sunday morning was another one of those great slave play sessions and fuckfests they loved to have. She was tied up with ropes and chains in different positions and was ravished by her master. After that, they had a nice bath and breakfast. Later on, they also attended a local munch with others interested in dominance/submission and BDSM in general at a club in the main city closest to them. It was an eye-opening experience for Carissa, and she realized just how lucky she was to find László. Those people, as she put it, "were not only ugly, but hadn't turned her on at all!" László concluded too, well they were not in the same class as they were.

On their way back, they stopped at the Envill church again with some more photos with Carissa starring in them. They returned soon after that and went for a nice walk to a large local park near her home. László bought some more roses at the local flower shop for Carissa, which served a dual purpose: a romantic gesture, and also as a subject for his next painting. She had to go to work on Monday through Wednesday, but she was able to take the rest of the week off to be with her master. László, during her work days, kept himself busy with painting and took some walks to explore the neighbourhood while she was away at work.

Finally, Carissa was able to stay home for the rest of his stay in England, which by now was only a couple of days. Both wished that he could have stayed longer, but he had to be back at work. Now they tried to squeeze in as many fun activities as they could each day.

On Thursday, after a long morning session, they eventually found their way out of the bedroom. After a quick clean-up in the bathroom and a fast breakfast, they went out to explore the countryside. Around Bridgeport, Midlands, they found a nice patch of secluded woods. Here, they stopped for some fun photography. Carissa was semi-nude; she wore his black leather coat to cover herself while driving, her black leather slave collar, a very short miniskirt, black thigh-high stockings, and black stilettos.

Her radiant, sexy smile with her Revlon red lips, not to mention her outfit, made her very desirable. The images reflected her enthusiasm for pleasing her master, not just by posing with her legs spread but by performing as commanded. She rode the gearstick 'til she was in delirium and begged to have an orgasm, and after sucking on his erection, received her reward for being an obedient slave.

After more posing, as he had regained his erection, he took her as she bent over the trunk of her car. Another intense and glorious fuck later, they sat in the car to catch their breath. Carissa was given free time, and they spoke about the actions she would have to take shortly.

The plan was decided upon. She would get her Canadian papers, liquidate her assets in England, and move to Toronto, Canada. She would rent a small but comfortable apartment, and look for a job. With her analyst and consulting experience, she could get a position. She had an excellent skill set, education and experience. In the meantime, László would sell his house and assets, pay out his-ex's share and move back to Toronto.

László would be able to get a similar position or, better yet, do something else, such as photography, that he had always wanted to do. This way, both would be satisfied and on common ground. She hated Arizona; it was too warm, desolate, and lacked any culture. He would be back in his more or less hometown, with the woman he wanted to be with in a kind of relationship that they both loved and enjoyed. From their time together, they realized that, in so many important ways, they shared each other's wants and desires. László would have preferred a slightly warmer climate; she could not emigrate to the USA on her own accord. He would have to marry Carissa and sponsor her on his green card. He already sponsored his former wife, and Carissa may not be eligible. Even if she did, it could drag out for several years. Not counting the amount of paperwork, and added expense he didn't want to get married to anyone again.

She had to move to be with him. Canada was the best option, but she had to take major steps to show her commitment. Maybe after her move, he could marry her, not due to immigration necessity; never say never if such a passionate and true love exists with her. To seal their agreement, Carissa gave him the best blowjob he had in a car, showing an explicit desire to please him and make him happy, which made her servitude so worthwhile for her.

When back in her house, she received more training, and on her computer, he made a guide for her, illustrated with digital images he had taken. A Slave Manual of sorts, which he would amend as necessary once back in Phoenix with additional images. They also made plans for her return to Phoenix in late August or early September for two to three weeks, to spend together on his birthday, and to finalize her move, as by then she would get some kind of confirmation from the Canadian Government about her application. He also finished the paintings that he had made for her, and they decided to buy a couple of frames on Friday so she could hang them up on her wall. Although they would need a protective varnish coat when they dried completely, in about six months or so.

Friday came way too quickly. This was László's last whole day in England. The weather was typical, cool with a slight rain now and then. After a hearty session of morning fun and the usual clean-up and breakfast made lovingly by Carissa, they decided to go for another drive. This time to the Longtown Castle ruins and hoped that the weather gods would be with them. The castle ruin was only about an hour's drive from her home. The castle once was a powerful, thick-walled round keep, dating from around 1200, characteristic of the Welsh Borders, on a large earthen mound within a stone-walled bailey. It is set in the beautiful Olchon Valley, with magnificent views of the Black Mountains. It was easy to find. More importantly, the drizzle stopped soon after they had left her home and only continued once they were done with the visit and were walking back to her Puma.

Next, it was time to find some temporary frames for the paintings. There was no point in buying expensive frames, as she would be moving hopefully to Canada within a year or sooner. However, even inexpensive wooden frames were quite pricey, so László decided that she should only buy two for now, although he had painted four paintings for Carissa. One landscape with the Clun castle ruins and three others with flowers. One of them was a red rose he bought for Carissa to symbolize his passion and as a romantic gesture. She loved when he was romantic with her. The others could be framed later on in Canada.

Back at the house, László framed the two paintings and took photos of Carissa with them. That was followed by a delightful afternoon session for the senses that included obedience training and enjoying more of Carissa until early evening in several positions. They made good use of an old piano that was part of the rental house. Once done cleaned up and refreshed themselves, and went out to their last supper in England to a French restaurant.

Carissa wore a nice black dress; she looked radiant with her beaming smile. They had a secluded, intimate table by the back, and she sat across from him with her legs spread open. László took photos of her that way with his small digital Nikon under the table. He could barely reach her soft, moist lips with the tips of his fingers. She was very excited but kept a relatively

straight face when the waiter came to take their orders. She had flounder cooked in lemon and garlic sauce, while he had beef. The food was excellent, but the fun quotient was even better. For dessert, they had some French pastries, but they had other desserts in mind for later on. Once back, László opened the bottle of Tokaji Aszú #5 that he brought with him from Phoenix, and they shared a glass. Then some of it was poured on strategic places on Carissa's body for him to lick at, and some on him for her to do the same. Around two in the morning, they fell asleep in each other's arms; it was their last night in England.

László woke up with Carissa's shapely arse and swollen lips next to his face, in the sixty-nine position, as she had worked herself into a frenzy sucking on his toes. With such an inviting site, it didn't take long for his tongue to start exploring between her moist lips, finding her clit, and enhancing her pleasure even further. Carissa now focused her attention on his erection, twirled his erection with her tongue, and started to lick the base of his cock, slowly working up to the frenulum. Then her kisses trailed down to his testicles, and she kissed and gently sucked on them while she was storing his shaft. His tongue continued its assault, now deeply buried in her opening, savouring her taste. Her lips were moving up the shaft again, all the way to the head, as she kissed and slowly circled her tongue around the crown, sending shivers through his spine. While she firmly stroked and pumped to get all of his impending ejaculations as she wrapped her mouth around the head in anticipation, she was richly rewarded with an eruption, his warm cum spurting into her throat. She kept on stroking and stroking, and while she could not get any more cum out, she kept his erection alive enough that he could enter her.

László slipped into her drenched, slippery, warm opening, feeling her from the inside. It felt so good to be within her. The BBC engulfed his member all the way within her inner folds. He could feel his erection firming up after a few thrusts. He reached for her nipples and squeezed them, pulling on them to intensify her nerve receptacles with pleasure and pain. He could feel her body tension as he squeezed her nipples hard and pulled on them at the same time. Her juices were oozing out of her vagina and around his shaft as he moved. BBC moaned hard and was close to cuming; she begged him to let her. He did let her, and as he felt her body explode into rapturous, wild, and ineffable pleasure, he knew he would miss that while being apart from Carissa. It was time to stop, although both of them could have continued all day.

László shaved, and then they took a warm bath together, Carissa lovingly sponging off all their intermixed juices and sweat. After that, while László got dressed and packed up, she made breakfast. The breakfast was served on a tray that she had placed on the dining room table. Then she got down on her hands and knees to sit at his table. He placed the tray on her

back and ate his breakfast. Carissa loved being turned into an object, a table, a footrest, a vase, whatever he wanted. After he ate, he took his luggage out to the car. Carissa, in the meantime, got dressed and put on her makeup. His aircraft would leave late in the afternoon from Gatwick, and that allowed them to have a nice lunch nearby at Whittington Inn, his favourite English spot.

The Whittington Inn was truly a historic public house. Originating from the 14th century, upon entering it through the original door, it was like time travel, transported back to a bygone era. László had a steak with potatoes, while Carissa had fish and chips. He washed it down with a beer, while she had a glass of wine. After lunch and a couple of photographs, it was time to head regrettably toward Gatwick.

Upon their arrival, she parked her Puma and helped him carry in his luggage, with tears flowing. They embraced warmly for a long time, kissed, and László disappeared through the security gates with a sorrowful heart.



Memories from Dinas Brân Castle and Enniskillen

IX. A new car for us

On Sunday, László arrived in Phoenix, and on Monday, he was back at work. While he was away, there were major changes in the department where he worked. Purchasing was removed from his job duties; his new assignment included more inventory and asset management; and he became the Assets Data Manager. While his salary was increased by a few dollars per week, it hardly made any significant difference.

However, now he would spend less time cooking up in his cubicle and more time in the field, which he enjoyed. He started to design an inventory and asset management program with the involvement of the IT department which had become a pet project of his.

While the agency could have purchased a program and outside consultants tried to sell it, after talking to the CFO, the head of the department László worked for convinced him to let him run with this project. The CFO admired László due to his attitude toward getting things done. Since László started for the agency, he has saved tens of thousands every year. By developing the assets program in-house at considerable savings, they had the staff to write the coding for the program anyway. Why spend money on a program from an outside source? Only to have it customized to their needs, which would take just as long as they would design and write the program from the ground up precisely to what they required. László was given approval.

László's Saturn by now had high mileage, and his warranty had run out. He started to look into replacing it with a car that he liked more, with a bit more zip. He was also thinking that he should buy a car in the U.S. before he moved back to Canada. In the U.S., they were significantly less expensive than in Canada. He had a bit of money saved up, but certainly not enough for a new or a newer used or demonstrator vehicle.

László and Carissa continued with their emails every day and several phone calls several times a week. They truly missed each other's company, it wasn't just the amazing sex. László hated to admit to himself that he had feelings of love for her, not just as an object or a slave, but for Carissa, too. Carissa would send her daily diary updates via email and several postcards and "I think of you, and I love you greeting cards" two or three times a week. László inquired about her application, and while she wanted to do it, it was going slowly. She wanted a bit more time to think through everything. László reminded her that there were deadlines set by Canada that she had to meet; otherwise, she would miss them. Then what? Carissa finally got the application and started to fill out all the questionnaires, sometimes discussing them with László over the phone. She finally mailed it in, and now it was a question of timing: would her application get to the right desk and get approved before the deadline?

The car situation was discussed too. She would sell her Puma, as it was a right-hand drive anyway, once she was ready to move to Canada. In the meantime, she had started to sell off some of her items that she did not want to take to Canada. As for László, to show that she was serious about him, she mentioned to him that he should find a car that he liked and wanted that could be taken to Canada. She would partially pay or all of it, depending on the situation and the type of car.

She liked sporty cars herself, and she knew that László had his mind set on a Corvette, with a possibility for a Camaro Z28 or SS or even a Ford Mustang GT. After talking about prices, she transferred £12,000 via bank transfer to László's account. Without László's Saturn as a trade-in, but with his savings, he had a budget of \$26,000 to buy a new vehicle. Not quite enough for a new Corvette, as they were around \$40,000 plus tax. BBC didn't want to use up all of her savings for a car, so the \$26K plus Saturn's trade-in value would be budget, although it was good enough for a used Corvette that was three years old. It was also enough for a new Camaro or Mustang, depending on the model and options, or for a one-year-old Camaro SS or Z28 loaded with all the options.

The new car was for László and Carissa, which they could use in Canada. László found a used car dealer that specialized in selling only Corvettes and restored them. There was a 1999 white coupe that he liked, but it had after-market ugly wheels on it, and with new factory wheels, new Michelin or Pirelli tires, and taxes, it added up to \$28,000. He offered \$26,000 plus his Saturn as a trade-in. The dealer was willing, but the Corvette was missing the remote lock controls, and the dealer wanted another \$200 for it, and it only came with the dealer's own warranty for six months or six thousand miles. László said thanks but would pass.

Instead, in August, he bought a white 2001 Camaro Z28 that had just about all the options, including the removable glass tops and the full factory aero skirt. The only options it lacked were leather seats and the six-CD changer. The engine was the same as in the Corvette, a 5.7L LS1 V8, although rated slightly less, but according to the Chevrolet dealer's service manager, it had more power than the advertised 310 hp, almost matching the Corvette's 345 hp. As for acceleration, the Z28 was again just about even. The only real difference was that the Z28 had a top speed of 160 mph versus 170 mph for the Corvette. With an extended warranty of 5 years/60,000 miles with his Saturn as a trade-in, it was only \$21,000. A much better deal. The car was less than a year old, from the date of first registration, and had less than 11,000 miles on it. It came with ZR (Y)-rated Goodyear tires, but László didn't like them; he preferred a set of Michelin Pilot Sport A/S Plus ZR (Y)-rated tires that he purchased at Discount Tire for an additional \$800.

Overall, he had purchased a newer car with a full warranty good anywhere in North America, which was very important as he was going to

move back to Canada. The Camaro had more interior room and luggage too. As for the acceleration and top speed differential, a half a second and 10–15 mph on the top end made no difference. He also had a bit of money left over, and that was good. Since he had an excellent driving record, his insurance only went up by \$100 a year due to the different vehicles he had. He was happy. Carissa thought it was a better choice.

Carissa wanted to be with László on his birthday but could not get the time off. At the end of August, Carissa heard about her Canadian application.

It was bad news. While she had mailed the application in on time and had paid the fees, the actual application missed the deadline by one day at the actual processing office. Therefore, it was rejected, but the processing fee was not refundable. This was devastating news for her and for László as well.

Her procrastination, waiting and delaying it had caused her to miss the deadline. She was upset at herself, and she knew that László would be even more upset with her since it was entirely her fault. What could they do now?



X. Second visit to Arizona

Their options were very limited. She would fly over to Phoenix as planned earlier, and Carissa landed at 4:15 p.m., on Sunday, September 15, at the Sky Harbor Airport for two weeks to see what would now happen.

László picked her up at the airport in the Z28. He was glad to see her despite the bad news. She loved their car, but she was very remorseful, felt bad, and blamed herself rightly. If only she had listened to László and mailed her application when he had told her to do so, they would have been able to go through with their plans.

Now everything changed and jeopardized their relationship. Unfortunately, Carissa was a natural procrastinator, and she needed László by her side to get over her huge flaw. László was the exact opposite with the “let’s get the facts and let’s do it versus pondering over things needlessly” attitude. Which made him seem like an impatient person to others, except for those who understood his lightning-quick ability to calculate the outcome of decisions that he made and his drive to achieve things.

This was why he was good in his previous jobs, especially in construction coordination and purchasing, where being timely was a necessity. For László, his personal life was like that too, realizing that opportunities don’t knock twice on his door, and if one doesn’t take action in time, those opportunities will be lost forever. And now, Carissa had truly made a mess.

Carissa was afraid that László was going to punish her by letting her go, as he made it very clear to her that if she failed, they would be done. By now, she knew László well enough, but she was hoping that he might change his mind and somehow put this derailed relationship back on track. On their drive back to his house, she explained that she meant to send it in on Friday after work, but she got into a late meeting, and by the time she got out, the post office was closed, and she was only able to send it in the following Monday. She thought that it would not be an issue.

László had reiterated to her that she had ample time to fill out the application, and by sitting on it, she jeopardized all that they had worked together for. She had missed by a day. Besides, by mailing it at the last minute, she botched this up royally. Now they were in a real bind. She didn’t want to live in Phoenix, he could not marry her to sponsor her on his Green Card, as he didn’t make enough to sponsor her and the house was jointly owned.

If the house had been only in his name, it might have been enough, but even then, it would drag out for 18–24 months. Now there was only one option: apart from terminating the relationship, Carissa had to go to Canada first as a visitor and land a job. With a job offer, she would be let in. Once that was done, he would sell the house, pay out his-ex’s share, move back to Canada, and they would live together. Furthermore, even if they would drive

up to Canada right now to try to find something for her, he doesn't have any more vacation days to do this and cannot take time off without pay on such short notice.

As László pulled into the driveway, he remotely opened the garage door and parked the Z28. It was now time to make the best of the situation. It was very hard for Laszlo to hide his disappointment; regardless of how much they had missed each other, neither could put their apprehension aside. While both tried to convince themselves and the other that it would work out, both knew that deep down this was now doomed. Neither of them could afford to fly back and forth several times a year, nor could they take enough days off from work. While their daily email contact was a good thing, the phone bills were large for both of them, and the only realistic chance for them to be together now was just a wishful, fading dream.

Carissa brought with her a roll of film she had made for his birthday and indicated that the Z28 would now be a birthday present for him. She was not sure what would happen to them in the future. She was extremely regretful and sad. She made a promise to László that, from now on, she would be more compliant with obedience, especially when it would affect their future. László mentioned to her that, while he appreciated it, it was now too little and too late. That an opportunity for her to get into Canada the easiest way was gone forever; no matter what she said now, does, or he does, there was nothing that would change the fact.

He had warned her several times to send it in, but her naïvety when it had come to working with government forms, along with her worst habit of procrastinating, had ruined it. It was something that could not be undone. The only thing they could do now was enjoy their two weeks together and hope that somehow they could find a way to continue.

László had to work; he had no more paid holidays left. Carissa had to stay home alone like he did when he was in England and she was at work. She would have plenty of time to look on the internet to see what was available in the Toronto area for job opportunities, to pamper herself, relax, and get ready by the time László would come home.

Carissa brought with her the two beautiful and expensive corsets that hadn't arrived in time when László was in England in May. She wanted to show them to her Master. First, she put on the creamy white one, wearing only that with white thigh-high silk stockings and her black slave collar. She looked amazingly pretty and sexy. László took some photos of her and commanded her to change into the black one. Carissa went into the bedroom and, in a couple of minutes, returned. This time she wore black stilettos and black thigh-high silk stockings that perfectly complimented her gorgeous black corset. She looked amazing. Her creamy soft white skin was set off by the elegant black corset and stockings on her perfectly shaped body. With her shaved, slightly swollen, dripping vulva, honey blonde hair, and sexy red lips,

she was not only László's dream but every man's dream, well, ones with a pulse anyhow, no Viagra required! She posed for additional photos, and then she got down to her submission position and stated her oath. Her voice was warm and pleasing, and it resonated her deep feelings for her Lord and Master.



It wasn't long before they had a fantastic, very intense interlude that was very gratifying. While both gave their all, it felt different for both of them. It was impossible to forget that their common dream had been shattered, no matter how hard they tried. After, László gave her free time to talk.

She just started to cry. The scene was very emotional for her and for László too. He was in love with her, even though he didn't want to be. After

talking for several hours while he embraced her, and it felt so good for him to hold her, she calmed down a bit, she undressed, he took off her collar, and they had a nice warm bath, then went to bed.

László received his massage from Carissa, and after that, she begged him to punish her severely for her mistake; she wanted the physical pain to take away her mental anguish. László refused and explained to her that he didn't punish her out of anger, nor that any amount of physical pain could take away her or his mental torment. Try to relax and enjoy each other's company as much as they can, under the circumstances. They still had a very slight chance that she could get into Canada once she was back in England, but for now, there was nothing else they could do. He ordered her to join him in bed and sleep; he had to go to work on Monday morning.

László woke up early on Monday with a huge erection. He turned to see Carissa; she was asleep on her back with the covers off. It was warm in the house. He rolled above her, lifted her legs above his shoulders, and entered her quickly, which woke her up instantly.

"Master, I love you! Please forgive your slave's stupidity! She needs you, oh Master, please forgive her" she whispered with anxiety in her voice and tears started to flow.

"My dearest slave, BBC, the problem is that I love you too! I deeply care for you. I want you not just as my slave but as my friend and my companion whom I can trust. But now we are doomed!" He stopped talking to catch his breath while driving himself harder and faster.

"It is not about forgiveness, my sexy bitch, but about our future." he grasped both of her nipples with his fingers pulling them outward and squeezing them hard.

"How can we go on BBC? How can we go on? It is pure agony for me to be without you! Not to see you, taste you, feel you! Not to fuck you like I am right now! I put my faith in you! My trust in you! Show me bitch that I should believe in you! Show me bitch, show me!"

He tensed up as he exploded deep within her as she threw her arms around him, held and pulled him into her body, and started to cry. Her tears flowed down her tender cheeks, sobbing gently and repeating almost incoherently, "I love you, László, I love you! I want you and need you! Please forgive me, please."

It was heartbreaking for László. He stopped moving, remained silent, but stayed within her, holding her tight too, as if to imprint her memory and burn the image and feelings into his memory bank forever. He felt so betrayed, not as much by Carissa but by faith and by Providence. He knew he was powerless the cold hard facts sunk in: it was over.

Carissa lacked the strength to do what she had to do on her own. He could not help her, even if he had wanted to. He could not get any time off from work to be with her in Canada to find employment for her, nor could Carissa take time off from work. She would have to quit and concentrate on

finding a job. She would not do it.

He let her go and as he slipped out from her silkiness, she immediately darted toward him to cleanse him off with her lips, to savour their intermingled juices.

László had to get ready to go to work. He shaved and showered while Carissa made him his favourite tea. She had brought several boxes of Twinings blackcurrant and vanilla tea and had made him toast. She also made herself coffee but was still very emotional, with the occasional tear slowly making its way down her lovely cheeks. She knew it too—that this was over; she was too weak to do all she had to by herself. She needed him to be by her side, to push her emotionally as well as interact with her physically. She felt very empty and helpless without László. If only she could find the strength, she wished, if only!

László called her from work several times to check on her and to cheer her up. At lunchtime, László told her he had a surprise for her. He had talked to Linda, the department's boss, and he would take Thursday off as non-paid leave. That would give them four days to be together. This made Carissa feel a bit better.

They had always wanted to travel together on a large ship, such as the Queen Elizabeth II. Well, that would not happen in the immediate future, or, more than likely, ever. However, the Queen Mary was housed in Long Beach, California, as a floating hotel. He made a reservation for three nights, starting on Thursday evening. He would spring this surprise on her when he got home, and it might make both of them forget their mutual disappointment for at least a couple of days. Maybe being with her, his energy would charge up hers, to take all the steps which were necessary to save the derailed relationship.

Just about a quarter after five in the afternoon, he pulled into the driveway and parked the Z28 in the garage. The dual exhaust of the Z28 had a distinctive rumbling sound, nothing harsh and loud as many aftermarket systems had, just loud enough that it indicated that there was potential power in the engine connected to it.

Carissa heard him park in the garage and waited with anticipation close to the main door, but out of sight when he opened the door, in case a neighbour or a passerby would see her. As he turned the locked deadbolt, she immediately stepped forward, got down on her knees, and bowed forward with her forehead touching the laminate floor, with arms extended in front of her, in silence. He looked at her naked body, wearing only her black leather collar with the leash attached, which now lay beside her left arm. Her soft white skin reflected off the laminate wood flooring; she looked marvellous, sexy, and inviting to be used as he saw fit. "Fuck! Why did she have to miss the deadline!" he thought to himself.

"You may speak slave!" he commanded.

"Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her

soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.” her voice was full of passion, but resonated with a slight amount of anxiety.

“Get up BBC, let me inspect you!”

She stood up and spread her feet about two feet apart, then bent over to show her master that she was cleanly shaven. Her vulva was engorged with blood from her excitement, and she was very wet. László slipped a finger in her deep pocket, touched her g-spot, and withdrew it. He lifted his finger to take a whisk of her scent, which was intermixed with her Amazone perfume, and quickly licked the tip for her taste. He then stepped in front of her to take a better look at her feet, to see about the condition of her nail polish.

“your hands BBC!”

She extended her hands so he could see the condition of her fingernails. Meanwhile, she was still staring at the ground very agitated. Knowing what she had done.

“Look at me!”

She immediately raised her head and looked her master in the eyes. She tried to smile; her lipstick was perfect, but a couple of teardrops had slowly started to flow down her cheeks, sparkling like diamonds.

“There is no point for Carissa to cry over this anymore. There is very little that we can do now, apart from making the most of the little time that we have together.” he paused for a second “give me a hug!”

She launched herself at him, embraced him, and her nipples instantly became erect as she tried to imprint herself and melt into his body. And she started to sob deeply now. Her tears flowed down her face, as she tried to speak through her sobbing. “I love you, László, my dearest master. What have I done? So stupid of me, so stupid of me,” repeating it several times with a fading voice.

She did love him, like nobody else before, and had disappointed him with her pathetic action. She hurt him, but she hurt herself even more. It was just about unbearable for her. He held her close for a long time. He then picked her up and placed her on the dining room table, unzipped his pants, and fucked her hard. Carissa was still sobbing while matching his rhythm with her hips, wrapping her legs around his back, and pulling him closer to her. For her, this was very soothing, and her distress soon melted into joy and ecstasy. He started to bite on her nipples, one by one; it must have hurt her instead of wincing, she moaned loudly “Master, bite your slave harder, let her bleed! Please bite harder! I deserve only pain for my stupidity!”

“You may cum anytime my stupid bitch!”

He exploded inside of her. It didn’t take long to feel her body tense and feel her waves of ecstasy when she came. Her arms embraced him and pulled László into her. He kept on thrusting, as he was still firm in her velvety and drenched vagina. The smell of perfume, sex, and their sweat filled up the

living room area, it was almost like fog, that slowly descended from the heavens.

Yes, fucking Carissa was a heavenly event. Their souls intermingled just as much as their body fluids. It was animalistic and primeval, and it was their best fuck since May. They both wished that they could freeze this moment forever and stay like this until eternity. László collapsed on top of her. He was exhausted, as much as she was. Both were breathing fast with quick gasps for air, and it took a few minutes to return to reality from their bliss of pleasure.

Carissa's nipples were swollen from bite marks, and he could see some of his teeth impressions left on her neck too. She had reached for his semi-flaccid penis to cleanse and savour their taste. She wasn't crying anymore, she smiled, but knowing her as László did, he knew there was a real turmoil behind that sexy smile.

"Look at me!"

She looked him into his eyes with those lovely blue eyes of hers. László loved seeing her eyes; they reminded him of blue, sunny skies, and he knew how much he would miss looking into them. He paused for several seconds and continued.

"BBC, stop blaming yourself! Just stop it!" and paused for a few seconds. "Our destiny is our destiny; whatever happens, we have to accept it. There is nothing we can do but accept the consequences of our actions! I know that you love me, and I love you too, my sweet, sexy slave! Life is what we make of it. Even if we stopped this second, later on in our lives, we could look back and say proudly that we did our best and we had something that very few ever experience, something that was deeper than love and more rewarding! I am here for you as your master, lover, and friend. Find the strength in yourself to go on and do what must be done! I will be with you every step of the way! You are the one who has to take those steps. I cannot do them for you!"

"Master, as your slave, I failed you; it is my fault; I am the one who messed up our dreams, for which I am deeply sorry. You cannot comprehend my sorrow and my regret for causing you such disappointment. I am truly a worthless cunt, and I do not deserve your love, your kindness.

"Stop it BBC!" he interrupted her. "We will be having a nice time and dealing with things as they happen, when they happen! You are now here; you're my slave. Now shut up, or I will truly punish you! I made some great plans for us for the weekend; in fact, we have four days together, uninterrupted!" He paused and continued, "I will tell you over our dinner! So what is for dinner?"

"Sir, I made your favourite paprika thing, I cannot remember the name but it sounds like Lego!" she spoke quietly now a bit relaxed.

"Lecsó?"

"Yes, that's with rice."

She paused and continued now with a happier tone.

“Master, yes, you had all the ingredients in the icebox, including some smoked sausages. Please, Sir, let me know when you want it served?”

“How about after we clean up? Join me in the shower BBC!”

After their quick shower together, which was good for both of them, he put on her collar, and she left for the kitchen to warm up his food while he checked his email. It was nearly seven, and he was actually hungry. He walked out to the dining table and sat down; he was nude, and the house was warm. Carissa served him lecsó on a plate with rice and opened a bottle of his favourite Bavarian beer. She poured it into a beer glass that had the logo of the brewery on it, ensuring not to have too much froth on it, just a small amount near the top. Then she sat down on the floor beside him and placed her leash on his lap. László knew what she loved to do when he ate his dinner.

“Get under the table, bitch! You know what to do!”

Without any hesitation on her part, she did, reached for his penis, and started to lick and suck on it while he ate. Both of them missed the routines that were so natural for them when they were together, but now they make Carissa more relaxed. She had to get over her mistake, and when she sucked on him, she quickly drifted off into her little world, where nothing else mattered but her particular activity when she gave pleasure to her master. At this moment, it was a win-win situation. László ate the dinner that she had lovingly prepared. It was quite good, and he praised her while he ate, hoping that would lift her spirits up.

“BBC, you are an expert lecsó maker! It is terrific; you’ve done extremely well. I am proud of you!”

Words that Carissa loved hearing from him, which made her efforts so worthwhile. It wasn’t the praise, but the acknowledgement that he gave that made her happier. She loved it when he told her, “I am proud of you!” Five little words that made all the difference to her.

“Now for my surprise! You better get out from under the table and sit next to me in the chair and look at me! You are now on free time!”

She stopped the licking, kissing, and sucking just before he was ready to explode in her mouth. She climbed out, sat in the chair, and looked at him in silence. László looked at her, took her left hand, and held onto it with his right. She looked very puzzled what would happen next.

“We will be going to Long Beach and to Hollywood, BBC, on Thursday morning and I have a very nice hotel reservation, We’ll stay onboard the Queen Mary.”

“The Queen Mary, Sir?” Carissa looked at László with wonderment,
“The Queen Mary?”

“Yes, you heard me correctly, BBC, now sit back and let me get you some food!”

László got up and served a generous portion of lecsó with rice on a new

plate for her. And, opened a bottle of Hungarian white wine from the Balaton region, and poured a glass for her.

“Thank you, Master! That was very thoughtful of you, considering all.” She paused, looked into his eyes, and asked, “Why are you so good to me? I failed you, Sir?”

“Eat BBC; do not overanalyze things, because when you do that, everything turns to shit, like your application! I strongly suggest just enjoy what we have now and eat before it gets cold!”

She ate and drank her glass of wine, while László sat next to her, just looking at her. When done, she looked at him and, with a soft tone, started to speak freely about what was on her mind.

“Master, thank you for being so kind to your worthless slave. Thank you for trying to make the best of the bad situation she put you in. All she can say is that she loves you now more than ever before and that she will be a good companion while she is here. Please excuse her from the table so she can do the dishes and clean up.”

“Go ahead, BBC,” he replied. He stood up and sat down on the couch in front of the TV and turned it on. Nothing was interesting, so he watched one of his favourite DVDs: *The Usual Suspects*. Carissa joined him when she was done with the kitchen work. She sat down beside his left leg on the carpet facing him.

“You can sit beside me sweetie, I want to feel your body next to me, maybe I will rest my head in your lap.”

Carissa smiled and, without a word, obliged as she snuggled up to him. A few minutes later, he placed his head on her lap. They watched the movie together. When it was over, they took a shower together. László received his full-body massage, and they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

Tuesday and Wednesday passed by quickly, without much fanfare. They had great sex in the morning, and László went off to work. During the day, he called Carissa several times. She ate the leftovers from the previous evening, prepared dinner, did the laundry, worked on her diary, rested, and made herself look pretty for him when he returned home.

She then greeted her master, had a bit of fun, had dinner, and spent more time together. They shared a shower or bath, he received his massage, and they slept. While she was alone, Carissa had a lot of time to think about how they could salvage their derailed relationship. Her feeling of distress was evident in her diary. She now even considered moving somehow to Arizona, but understood that László could not sponsor her even if he married her. She liked László’s house. It was more comfortable than her home was. If only the climate in Arizona had not been as warm. It was over 100 Fahrenheit every day in September; it must have been much warmer in July and August. The air conditioning kept the house nice and comfortable at 74F.

She thought about flying to Canada to look for a job. László had

mentioned to her that he had friends with whom she could stay for free, so that would not cost her anything apart from some food. That was her only realistic option. She knew László would not like England in the long run. It was fine for a visit or even to stay for a few months, but what would he do? Even having dual citizenship, as an EU citizen, he could stay and even work, but he would still need some paperwork done. He hated the damp weather. Where would he put all of his paintings, books, CDs, DVDs, etc.? László had so much stuff. Even if he were willing to part with his nice furniture and downsize completely, the move would be incredibly expensive.

Carissa truly only had one option: she had to move. She was willing, but why did she wait to send in the application near the deadline? Why couldn't she have listened to him?



XI. Visiting the Queen Mary and Hollywood

On Thursday morning, after a morning ritual and a quick breakfast, they left for Los Angeles. László tanked up the Z28 with premium fuel, plugged in his Valentine radar detector, and they zoomed off on I-10 west. László was averaging just over 95 mph without seeing any cops until their first quick stop at the California State border to take a few snapshots by the “Welcome to California sign.” After that, he slowed down slightly to around 80 mph, as usually the California Highway Patrol (CHIP) was lurking near the state border. The Valentine gave ample warning and immediately slowed to the stated speed limit, but out of radar range, he increased his velocity enough that not many cars would pass them going west. Just 17 miles west of Palm Springs, they stopped at Cabazon to see the dinosaurs and take additional photos as they walked around to see them up close and personal.



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The RMS Queen Mary, a 1936 Art Deco ocean liner, was once the grandest ocean liner in the world. Since December 1967, she has been moored at Long Beach. In 1971, it was converted into a floating hotel and operated as an attraction. László thought that it would be a really nice getaway for both of them, to relax and enjoy each other's company, but mostly to forget the heartaches at least for a few days, Carissa's failure to send in the application on time.

László reserved a Deluxe Stateroom, which by any means was not exactly inexpensive but less than what she had paid for the B&B in London, and it was worth it for the fantastic atmosphere.

Before checking in, they walked around and took photos of the B-427 "Scorpion," a diesel-electric attack submarine of the Soviet Navy, that was displayed next to the RMS Queen Mary. They purchased tickets to take the tour inside, and László bought a T-shirt for Carissa and himself.

Upon checking in, they proceeded to their cabin. It was indeed a romantic place that recalled the golden days of travel by ship, and it didn't take long for Carissa to shed her clothes as they tested out the king-size bed. After their quick romp, they set out to have a quick lunch at the Promenade Café and to discover the ship. He stopped at the souvenir kiosk and bought several mementos for Carissa and himself, including a polo. László had also made reservations for dinner at Sir Winston's Restaurant onboard the Queen. They had a lovely and romantic day, more fun, and a shower together late in the evening.

For Friday, the plans were to discover Los Angeles and Hollywood on foot. They had breakfast first aboard the Queen Mary and left for their adventure. They took a bus from the Queen to the streetcar (rapid rail) stop that took them to the Metro, as the subway was called. The streetcar ride was quite interesting as it took them through the slums of L.A. The Metro was very modern, and they got off at the Hollywood and Vine stations.

They walked around looking at the famous sites, such as the round Capital Records building and the "Stars" on the sidewalk. Carissa posed at one, bent over, holding her ankles and exposing herself nicely, as she only had on a short mini skirt, thigh-high black silk stockings, and, of course, no knickers. While he took some photos, a couple of passersby snickered, and one woman commented,

"She has a nice arse!"

"Indeed, she had a nice one, and even nicer shaved pussy! Would you like to pose too?" László replied.

The female passerby just smiled and kept on going.

They continued walking around, window shopping, and going into a few interesting stores that included Frederick's of Hollywood, a well-known retailer of women's sexy lingerie and boudoir accessories. László purchased some very sexy back and red pump-type high-heel slippers for her and a butterfly mask, which were put to good use later on back on the Queen. They had a quick lunch at one of the many smaller establishments on the Hollywood strip and continued their exploration, taking several photos. Around 4 p.m., they headed toward the subway, where they took more photos, took it back to the streetcar, and eventually got on the bus that took them back to the Queen. On the bus, László took a few revealing photos of Carissa with her legs open wide.

Once back on the ship, they explored the ship and continued with some revealing images. We had a quick and light dinner at the Promenade Café. László wore the RMS Queen Mary polo, asked the waiter to take photos of themselves, and retired for an extended evening of fun.

On Saturday morning, the fun continued, and after having a quick shower together and a relaxed breakfast, they left the Queen to explore the park across from the Queen, which also houses an aquarium. However, the entrance fee was rather pricey for two, so they skipped it, instead just walked around and then continued to walk along the Long Beach shoreline in the sand for a while. Carissa took off her shoes and walked barefoot, dipping her toes into the Pacific Ocean and posing by the water in her t-shirt and jeans. She looked sexy even in casual clothing. They had lunch at one of the many local restaurants on East Ocean Boulevard. After lunch, they slowly made their way back to the Queen, and after a quick and light supper, they returned to their cabin for intensive, delightfully stimulating fun using handcuffs, silk rope, crop, and black leather bullwhip that lasted late into the night.

In the morning after a shorter repeat of the previous night, and a nice long shower together, they had a relaxed breakfast onboard the Queen and checked out.

First, they headed to the only Hungarian Delicatessen in Burbank, California, and he bought a few bottles of Tokaji Aszú and other Hungarian wines from the Tokaj region, imported Hungarian-style canned fish soup, as well as some smoked sausages. Then László decided to pick the scenic route option, the Pacific Coast Highway, all the way to San Diego, where they drove east on I-8 until they reached the Phoenix Bypass Route 85. The drive was very leisurely; László removed the roof panels, and the Z28 was now almost like a convertible to let the fresh air in off the Pacific Ocean. Carissa loved this scenic cruise as much as László's company.

Once they reached San Diego and headed west on I-8, he stopped, put the tops back on the Z28, and picked up the pace. In one very straight stretch in the desert, he buried the speedometer that stopped at 155 mph, yet he was still accelerating as his tachometer climbed all the way to the red line. That

was quite exhilarating for both of them. After driving for several minutes at the top speed, he let off a bit and slowed down to a mere 90 mph.

Soon after this, they saw a car going off the road and flipping over. Carissa screamed while watching it unfold. He grabbed her left hand and kissed it with passion to make her relax. It was close to 6 p.m. by the time he pulled into his garage. Their long weekend was very memorable for both of them, although at the time they didn't know that this would be their last such trip. Their getaway did achieve what László had in mind: to take their minds off of the impending troubles that lay ahead.

After a light dinner with Tokaji Sárga Muskotály, Carissa was for dessert. And the entertainment. She had her butterfly mask on, a black leather collar, black fishnet thigh-high stockings, and her black and red slippers. She looked extremely sexy. She was told to get on the dining room tabletop and squat down on the bottleneck, taking it into her all the way, and start moving up and down, essentially fucking herself with the stationary bottle on the tabletop. László took a couple of photos and a short 30-second video clip, the limit of the camera. She worked herself into a frenzy soon and was begging to have an orgasm. László denied her requests and was told to continue until he told her to get off the table.

BBC crawled on her hands and knees to the bathroom; she was told to remove her stockings and mask and to get in the tub. Her labia lips were dripping from her excitement. Now it was time to drink from her master, as she eagerly opened her mouth for László's stream while she had to masturbate to intensify her desires for a climax. She was kneeling in the tub, but she could hardly kneel as her knees were rubbery from her arousal. He finally finished his stream. She managed to swallow most of it, but some had dribbled down from the side of her mouth to her breasts and from there to the tub. László inserted his stiff cock into her mouth to cleanse it off and commanded her to cum! Carissa was trembling from the tsunami of her climax. She made gurgling sounds but could not moan, as her mouth was full of her master's cock. He withdrew from her mouth, and she let out a loud moan and tried to catch her breath as she collapsed into the tub. László let her rest for a minute or two, then ordered her to take a shower. When she stepped out, he told her to kneel in front of the shower while he took one. When he finished, it was time for her to dry him off and for his daily massage in bed. Soon, he drifted off. Carissa silently cried herself to sleep.

Monday morning, László woke up earlier than usual to enjoy the precious moments he had with Carissa before he left for work. Carissa must have been awake already, as she noticed that he was up, turned toward him, kissed him on the lips, and whispered, "Master, please fuck your slave; I beg you, sir, please fuck her; she needs you!" and rolled over into the missionary position, spreading her legs wide apart.

With an invitation like that, it was hard to resist; besides, he wanted to fuck her anyway and entered her deeply. She wrapped her legs around his

back and matched his movements with her hips. She was breathing hard and rocking faster and faster. She started to moan and called out to him first very softly but soon it turned to a feverish volume.

"I love you, baby. I love the way you fuck me. I love you, baby." Carissa, in her delirium, got to say the "Sir or Master" the required format in her speech. László remained silent; he just started to move faster and thrust harder. When he was ready to cum, he pinched both of her nipples hard, pulling them outward, and she felt the sharp tingling pain in them as well as his body tensing up. He erupted deep within her.

"Master, please may your bitch cum?"

"Yes BBC, you may!" Now he could feel her inner muscles contract around him as she climaxed in waves and screamed loudly.

"Ohhhhhh, that felt so goooood! Thank you, Sir, for fucking your slave!" stopped to catch her breath.

"Please let me cleanse you sir!" now in a much more subdued voice.

László pulled his dripping shaft and moved closer to her waiting lips. Carissa lovingly and with much enjoyment tried to pump with her hands any remaining cum, and licked him clean.

László now had to shave, shower, and get ready for work. She quickly sprang up from bed, cleaned herself up a bit, and ran out to the kitchen, barefoot and naked as usual, to make him tea. László could not eat so early in the morning; he usually had a few cookies later on in the office with tea. By the time he stepped out of the shower, Carissa was waiting for him with a towel to dry him off. After dressing and drinking his tea, he hugged her, gave her a nice, deep kiss, and left for work.

He had to work all week. During the day, Carissa cleaned up, did the laundry, ironed his clothing, worked on her diary, and relaxed in the tub, making herself smooth, supple, and sexy for her master's enjoyment. László called her several times from work to ensure that she ate and wasn't too lonely and depressed. Well, that was his excuse, but the real reason was that he loved hearing her very feminine, sexy voice with that special Brit accent of hers. That alone has been a real turn-on for him since day one. He told her to get ready to go out shopping for food. When he returned, she should be dressed, although he was willing to go out with her naked with her collar and leash on, but for sure they would be arrested.

Around 5:15 p.m., his Z28 rumbled down the cul-de-sac where his house was located, and once Carissa got in, they left. There were several plazas nearby, and they drove to the one he frequented the most. Carissa was amazed at the lower food prices than she was used to every time they went shopping. They bought salmon and catfish fillets, lamb chops, several types of cheese, bread, herbs, spices, vegetables, and fresh fruit. Enough food for the rest of the week.

As soon they got back, Carissa got undressed put on her collar and

started to make baked salmon with herbs and butter and rice. When dinner was ready, she set the table for one, as usual. It was up to her master to decide if she ate with him at the table or after he ate from her bowl on the kitchen floor. László decided that for tonight she could eat with him, so she set another place for herself. She was actually hoping to eat; after he did, she could suck on him from under the table while he ate.

The following day, after work, László took Carissa to an adult store selling BDSM gear in Scottsdale. They looked at some bondage gear and discussed how it could be used by them sometime in the future. Carissa begged László to have her tattooed with his initial design. She knew László wanted her to do it after her first visit, to mark her as his property forever. However, László said not at his time. Only when she will be in Canada. We do not know what will happen, and if there can't be a master-slave relationship after her return to the UK, there is no point, and she would regret it.

It was suddenly Friday, his short day, and Carissa went to work with him. Her visit was approved by Linda. At lunch, they went off to a nearby restaurant, and later, during his afternoon break, he took some images of Carissa in his cubicle as well as outside the premises. Soon, his day was over at work, and they left for home.

For dinner, László decided to make roasted lamb chops with some baby potatoes. The dinner was great, and a good session of fun followed that also included another bottle of Tokaji Aszú wine. Around midnight they finally went to bed.

Saturday, September 28, was their last full day together. Carissa mentioned that she would like to return to see him around Christmas. It would be costly for her to fly over just for a couple of days. While he would have loved having Carissa, this didn't make much sense to László. If Carissa wanted to be with him at that time, she could, but it was pointless unless she had taken positive steps toward getting a job in Canada. László told her that as long as she was flying down from Canada, she was welcome to come. She should only concentrate on landing a job in Canada, as that was the deal-maker. Her priority had to be landing a job and getting on with her immigration to Canada. If that was the case, then their relationship could continue without hiccups. If she could not take those steps, then their relationship was over.

He emphasized that Carissa knew well that such a long-distance relationship could not be dragged out forever. Both of them wanted to be with each other. Neither was so well off financially that they could fly back and forth on their whims as both had to work, and there were only so many vacation and holiday days. Even unpaid leave was hard to get unless it was an emergency.

Carissa knew that László was a man of action with a limited amount of patience. He was very patient with her, but now it had run out, and she had to do what they had talked about.

László tried to make Saturday as stress-free as possible for both of them. They had a good morning romp in bed, had a pleasant shower together, and took more images in bondage and with both of her stunning corsets.

He knew deep down that he would miss her a hell of a lot, more than likely for a lifetime. The situation was on the hopeless side. Providence, faith, or destiny, no matter how he called her, was a cruel mistress. It had taken him years and several relationships to find the one person who would fulfill all of his desires, emotionally, sexually, and psychologically. Carissa was better than any of his past relationships in M/s.

Carissa was not perfect; she was about as close as he could get to just about all his desires, wants, and needs. She only had one major fault, and that was procrastination. After the morning session, he took all the rolls of film to a photo lab that was open on Saturday, had a quick turnaround time, and would print kinky images without any questions.

While they were being developed, they went to the car wash to get his car sparkling clean. László loved the efficiency of one of the car wash companies and the excellent pricing he got. Carissa was amazed by how fast and how many Mexican workers cleaned the cars. They drove around a bit, sightseeing, and returned to pick up the prints. He had ordered two prints, one for her to take to England. Both were very pleased with the images.

Soon, it was time for their last supper together. Carissa was melancholy and was not hungry for food, only for László. She knew that their impending breakup was caused by her lack of action, but despite feeling down in the dumps, they had a gratifying time and their last nice long bath together. She gave her final massage to her master and her love, László.

Sunday came by too quickly for both of them. She woke up early and got into her submission position on the top of the bed, facing her master. With tears rolling from her eyes, she repeated her oath for the last time in the upcoming future, perhaps forever.

“Master, this worthless cunt is your slave; her body, her mind, and her soul, along with everything she owns, belong to you; you may do with them as you wish.”

László looked at her; his heart was broken, and his dreams were shattered. He knew this was the last time he would hear from Carissa, his slave BBC. He hugged her close, imprinting her body forever into his. Neither wanted to let go of or get enough of each other. Their physical passion only flared up more as their time being together was running out.

They had a late breakfast, more like a brunch, and then it was time for her to pack, then a short drive to the airport. Carissa had tears flowing down her sexy cheeks during the drive. It was a miserable ride filled with emotion

and the unknown, although the writing was on the wall that it was over. Both tried to reassure each other that it wasn't, but it was.



XII. When the dream ends

He parked the car in the parking lot. They hugged and kissed passionately and began to walk to the check-in counter. Carissa wanted to know again from László if she should come back at Christmas. László said it was not a good idea unless she had taken positive steps to get a job in Canada. Carissa promised she would. She even floated the question perhaps out of desperation and to look forward to something now that their dream was over...

“Paris in the Spring?”

László just squeezed her body against his, embracing her. He was trying to hold back his teardrops but failed. He was an emotional wreck, just as Carissa was. Their embrace lasted for several minutes. They passionately kissed each other for the last time, and she disappeared through the security gates. László returned to the parking area, from which he could see her aircraft taxi and take off. That was the last time he ever saw her again, much to his regret.

Carissa was devastated when she arrived in the U.K. She called right away when she got home. Carissa had to hear László's voice and let him know that she had arrived safely. She confessed that during her flight, all she could think about was how her procrastination had affected both of their lives, and she cried. László tried to calm her down. He encouraged her to make inquiries about Canada as soon as she could. She needed time to recover and adjust to the time difference. She would keep in touch by email. László's voice would make her miss her master even more.

A few days later, she wrote that she could not get sufficient time off from work to fly to Toronto and look around to land a job. She had even considered going three weeks without pay, but her employer would not let her go. She could not just quit her job.

She was confused and did not know what to do. László called her on the phone, trying to help. Their conversation was not their usual long and happy one. She was still thinking about flying back to Phoenix for Christmas. László told her not to think about flying back to Phoenix. Instead, she used the money to go to Canada when she could. They could not go on like this. Both of their hearts and souls were torn apart and hurt too much. She had failed both of them, and there was no point in trying to continue their relationship if she could not take the steps she had to. Otherwise, it was over.

The BBC called László several times in the New Year, saying that she was depressed and just how sorry she was. His reply was to go to Canada and land a job, and then they could continue. She missed him immensely, and László confessed he missed her too. However, she lacked the emotional strength to go to Canada alone to find a job. László could not take a month off from work, not even an unpaid leave. At the end of January 2003, she called

to ask if he had received the CD she mailed him as his Christmas present. He thanked Carissa, and that was the last time they communicated.

For Carissa, her dream was over, and she never tried getting involved in another M/s relationship.

László updated his website, and the quest to find a slave who could commit 100% was on once again. His dreams of having a lasting relationship with Carissa were shattered. He did a lot of soul-searching, but he did everything possible, apart from quitting his job to fly to England to be with her. That would have been foolish. Providence was a cruel bitch. László had to change his expectations to find someone close to her calibre.



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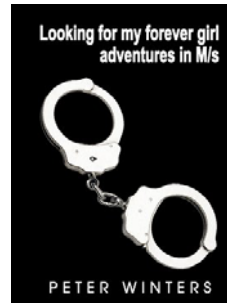
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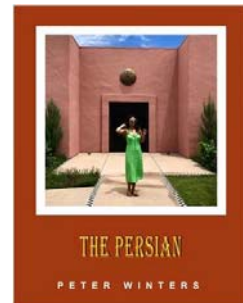
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The 13th letter is M...



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The story of Carissa is about her journey, lifelong desire to be dominated by her lover, the one she would pick as her Master. Self-discovery of feelings, desires, and needs, sometimes on the edge of the darker sides in a Master and slave relationship dynamic. Her submission to her Master and subsequent failure of their intense relationship on both sides of the Atlantic. Erotic and kinky fictional account based upon real events.

Warning: mature language, describing sexual acts between two consensual adults.