



THE PERSIAN

P E T E R W I N T E R S

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A fictional account a BDSM slave's discovery of her desires and journey to be with her Master.

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Contents

	Disclaimer	3
I.	The Persian	4
II.	There she was my Nooshi!	6
III.	A new lifestyle	10
IV.	Their fist nigh	17
V.	Tattooed	20
VI.	More to check off from the to-do list	30
VII.	Smartphone	45
	Additional books by Peter Winters	47

Disclaimer

This book is fiction just like the Story of O. Reflecting the real desires and feelings of the characters depicted. One of the names has been changed to protect the female's anonymity. Certain incidents and locations depicted are true. Other events, incidents, or places, are either the product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner to reflect the development of the characters.

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 are used it was not offensive or demeaning to the people involved at that particular time and phase of their lives.

Chapter I. The Persian

Nooshi was born in Iran, around 1984. Her name meant sweet, or pleasant. A perfect name as she was very beautiful, a real angel, with a stunning perfect hourglass figure 87-61-87cm (34.5x23.5x34.5") C-cup breasts, 169 cm (5'6 ½") tall, 55 kg (121.25lbs). Medium dark brown hair and eyes. Her mesmerizing smile reflected confidence in her femininity. After graduation from secondary school, she was sent to Budapest by her well-educated parents to study dentistry at one of the best Central European medical universities.

She was a good student, and highly intelligent. Being young, pretty, and a bit naïve about men, Nooshi fell in love while at the university and soon got married for the first time. After her graduation, in 2011 Doctorate in Dental Surgery she worked at the university clinic in Budapest with unprivileged kids for two years. Nooshi learned Hungarian while attending the University. Apart from Persian, she spoke English and Hungarian. Her entire close family immigrated to Canada. Around 2013 she moved to Canada with her husband. She completed her Dental Medicine Doctorate in her province and worked as a dentist. She got divorced soon after that. Upon pressure from her parents, she got married for the second time. After a few years, this came to an end. She relocated to the USA, to a major mid-western city. She got engaged and this would have been her third marriage. However, in May 2022, she broke off her engagement. She had no children which helped in her desire to leave her past behind..

Nooshi had submissive desires for a long time surfacing from her soul, but she suppressed these for a long time. She and her partner even placed an ad on a nationwide BDSM internet-based site. Her experiences included a bit of S&M activities, particularly in the form of rough sex, back in 2021.

She figured that since she failed in her normal (vanilla) relationships it was time to find something different for her. After some time she got enough nerve to reply to one particular ad that caught her eye and spoke to her soul.

Opening for female sub or slave into serving and obeying an older dominant Male!

To clarify you are a female (born as one) age is open 18 to 40, healthy, WTH proportion. Single, divorced no dependents without any STD or STI. I **want** a female who wants 24/7 and TPE that includes: humiliation, objectification, hardcore usage, service-oriented, maid, cleaning, but no cooking, regular

discipline, used as I see fit. Limits are no scat, drugs, underage, permanent damage, or breaking bones.

I **want** a female who understands that this is NOT a romantic or luxury resort situation, there is no privacy in this live-in situation. You may be caged,. Will be naked and collared unless I tell you otherwise. It is for a female who truly wants to be owned and does not care about my looks are age, it is only about your total selfless obedience in serving me.

I **want** a female who wants to become nothing but owned property forever by me and understand relocation will be required in time once we establish our bonding connection.

If you are her reply in honesty, not just a few words. Intelligence counts as your communication ability. Being serious is not for players or those who want a sugar daddy.

Anonymous emails are easy to create and that will enhance our correspondence.

I do value your anonymity if you do not submit an image with your first response, but do understand that will have too and be prepared for our communication to move shortly via email, phone, and Skype to prove authenticity.

I AM NOT INTERESTED IN MALES, THANK YOU

About me: former pro photographer, well educated, traveled worldwide, and now retired. I am a strict, sadist, have been involved with Ms and SM for 30 years, and owned slaves before. For anything else, you just going have to reply.

Chapter II.

There she was my Nooshi!

She finally came through the Customs doors at YYZ. Nooshi looked radiant, just like in the photographs she sent me, with that killer smile and perfect teeth. After all, she was a dentist! She looked around, as she pushed her luggage cart, with 2 medium-sized matching suitcases and an expensive-looking handbag over her shoulder, and spotted me. I waved at her and stepped forward a bit. Waited for her to come over to the waiting area in front of the sliding doors. She had a nervous smile. I took a couple of quick images with my small digital Canon S110 camera, to record this event forever.

“Welcome to my world” László greeted her and gave her a close hug, embracing her with my arms without letting go for several seconds. Her delicious fruity fragrance was mesmerizing. Just the right amount without overpowering, suited her perfectly.

“László, I am here to be your forever girl!” she replied in a trembling, but soft and sexy voice.

Their journey has begun... Two years, two months, and one week, 798 days exactly, in the making to get to this point. Required a lot of patience from him, but knew it was worthwhile. László had several M/s relationships previously, in which he had control from the first correspondence onward. With Nooshi was very different in all respects. He had to free up her desires and let them surface, for her to share them with me. To get into her head and show her she had nothing to fear by doing so. To put aside her previous relationships and stop blaming herself for them being failures. Not the type who would write pages and pages in her correspondence with me. A few lines, once in a while, describe her desires, not based upon love or equality in a vanilla relationship. They were about her dark desires to be punished the way she felt life should have done to her for failing in her relationships. Something totally different from her two divorces, broken engagement, just to disappear from her previous life in total privacy, never to be found by her family, relatives, and friends. To be a bimbo, remade by a dominant in privacy who understood her plight. I offered her a new life, a new lifestyle, and privacy. Nothing like she ever experienced. She was as brave as stunning. Nooshi felt she could be my forever girl, a slave in M/s relationship based upon Total Power Exchange, dynamics and replied.

Weeks and months passed since her first lines. She misunderstood my motives and felt I was too nice and kind at first. She ignored me for a while. László kept on writing to show her that he was different and interested. A few weeks later she apologized for the way she handled things. Made it very clear she wants roughness, no mercy, no romance or love, but punishment,

pain that she deserves, and life owed to her. He reassured her, that he was not looking for a girlfriend or wife, Just wanted a dedicated female as his girl who wanted to be owned as his slave. “My forever girl” as he was getting old, and this was his last run at this. He sent her images from his previous slaves, and finally, it clicked she understood what László wanted. He wanted an intelligent female, indeed a very smart one, and also a slim very feminine one just as she was, and turn her into his bimbo girl, remake her to his needs. This is what she desired being a bimbo. László knew she liked him for being real with her and as she wrote never met anyone so genuine. She indicated perhaps she found her permanent home with him, but first, she had to leave in a hurry to her home country, a dangerous place, to see her parents and take care of things.

The “things” were unknown to László, with sketchy internet if not blocked outright, her email service made it extra difficult for her to correspond. László felt as if he had gone through a living hell. She was everything he wanted in this type of relationship, despite the fact he never talked to or seen her alive. He felt something from her first few lines. Was it Destiny or Karma? After all the pent-up frustrations and suffering in his personal life, he could only blame himself for making choices. The old-fashioned values that László was brought up with. These values such as:

- your word is your honor
- do the honorable thing even if it means a bit of sacrifice
- be charitable and gracious
- forgive anyone who has caused you pain or harm
- be righteous
- be genuine

are rarely valued in this world of ours.

All of these do sound wonderful, and it shows character. However, it is very difficult to live according to them. Apart from the first and last, the rest he should have just cast aside a long time ago. It would have been so much better for him, but it is what it is. He hurt himself, not because he was so naive to believe in the goodness of others. Hell, he know many are not worth a second of thought or they are as important as fly shit on the wall. In the long run, never appreciated, nobody gives fuck. Most only truly care about themselves. Reality is, and he thought it always was best to be selfish, and uncaring, and grab every opportunity to empower and enrich yourself.

Did he regretted being nice, caring, and righteous, especially towards his former wife? The one person who truly did not deserve his love and self-sacrifice. You can bet your life, he did! It cost him savings, many personal valuable items, and collections, that reflected just who he was. Therefore, he could relate to Nooshi, they were in so many ways in the same boat. He have looked at her as his Angel, that faith, destiny placed in his path, his

salvation. By letting her know, this also scared her. So ironic her name meant Fairy, Beautiful, or Angel, depending on the spelling.

He tried to explain to her that it is not love or romance he sought. He want redemption, solace, and atonement for her and himself. Being very strict, dominating, and sadistic does not mean that he can't be caring or even loving towards her. The master and slave dynamic is not about abuse, as it may seem to many at the start. In fact, it is a very close relationship based upon 100% trust and nothing less. A relationship based upon two basic needs: one to dominate, and one to be dominated by the other. It is being genuine towards each other. Finally, László thought she got it!

While she was in Iran, I kept on writing and explaining. She managed to send me a few words, that she wants to be that girl, did László see her being the one? His reply was: YES!

It was not an easy time for either of us. There were floods in her country, and he was worried that she was hurt, injured, and even worse—dead!

László was very curious about her, about her past, she remained coy, and mysterious, hardly telling anything. It was certainly not enough, he had to know she was on the level. He wanted to believe in her and also to verify. As she was the only one he could imagine, no one else to be my bimbo girl. It took him some time to interconnect the clues, with many internet searches. He managed to find out her last name, and yes, what little she told me was true! This made him elated! Yes, this just reinforced in his mind that she is the one for me. I was hoping she would make her choice in her destiny and it will be with me. One can hope, and dream, and if one wishes hard enough it can come true...

There are opportunities in every misery. László believed in faith, Karma, whatever one calls it, in love and faithfulness to his detriment. For him, these were hard to believe in anymore. He have been disillusioned, just like Nooshi. If one desire unconditional love and faithfulness? Get a dog! Been there and done that too. He have learned the hard way, simply not worth it, but never given up on it! Believing that One day there will be ONE woman who will cross his lonely path that he was on. She will need someone like him, and willingly accept his guidance in becoming his slave. She doesn't care about anything apart from fulfilling her destiny and his own too.

She will not want his love, but she will like him for being just him, with all his faults, demands, imperfections, and sternness, because she would know he was genuine. These days this is a rare commodity. Not looking to be an equal partner, just to be transformed into a bimbo, his bimbo. To disappear from her past and problems. In which both escape disappointments of their past. A last hurray for both, deserving each other for wrongdoings in

their past and finding redemption in each other. Being old, just about penniless what would make her pick him, from all the thousands of others? He often wondered if she will do it? Can she understand him? Can she truly dedicate herself to being his slave regardless of all the above? Give up her life to be with him (or someone else?) and be punished living without the luxury, a lifestyle she is not used to?

And now, Nooshi his forever girl, his Persian beauty was in his arms!

Chapter III.

A new lifestyle

László let go of his embrace of Nooshi. Stood back a bit to snap a couple of more images. He made it very clear to her that she would be his subject and model in all of her activities. She knew about my visual and artistic needs. Which included photography and painting with oils.

“The car is in the garage, it will take us a few minutes to get there. How was your flight? Are you thirsty, or tired?” he continued pushing her luggage rack towards the exit.

“ I am fine László or should I start calling you my Master or Sir?” her voice was soft and sexy.

“Nooshi, you are my slave. In public just call me László or if you wish to Sir. You only have to call me your Master or Sir, in private, behind closed doors of our home. Your forever home with me.”

They had to take an elevator to his parked car. An old but reliable low mileage 2008 Buick Allure was ready to transport us. He popped the trunk open and placed one of her luggage inside, and the other one in the back seat. He walked around and opened the passenger door for Nooshi. László was raised to be courteous to females, slave or not. Having manners and courtesy never hurt anyone. She had a nice light jacket, blouse with jeans on, and easy-to-slip on and off comfortable sneakers, earrings, and a small expensive-looking women’s watch, without any rings on her fingers.

He felt her anxiety and he just wanted to make her feel relaxed. He took her left hand gently kissed it, and pulled her close kissed her on her sexy lips softly. She was a bit surprised by that.

“I am so glad you are here my sexy slave. I want you to relax. Know you made me very happy by flying to me. When we get home to my small apartment I want you to undress and submit. Until then just enjoy the ride. Feel free to ask anything you want!”

“I’m alright Sir, just a bit nervous. I never submitted to anyone to be their slave and property!”

“Do not worry about Nooshi, you will get used to me and the lifestyle. I was always honest with you and always will be. Our lives, especially yours will change, drastically. Just trust me, obey me. I know you want hard usage without mercy, and I should not care how you feel. Regardless I want you to feel appreciated, safe, and secure. For me, you always will be that girl you want to be. My usage of you will not depend on my feelings for you. I will use you as I see fit under Total Power Exchange, you do not have any say in it. When you fail my commands I will punish you, hard. Not out of anger, but for you to improve your attitude. In some of the sessions, you will encounter pain for my sadistic enjoyment.”

“I understand Sir!”

They were on Highway 401 going east, getting close to their exit, and just minutes from home. László soon entered into the garage and parked the Buick. They took the elevators to the 3rd floor each pulling one of two luggages. He unlocked the door, and let Nooshi step in first. As he stepped in he locked the door. Her luggage was placed in the small foyer. Taking their shoes off, and László took her for a tour of her new home.

First, walked towards the windows in the living room, where his work desk was located, against the wall that divided the living room from the bedroom. She noticed his paintings, illustrations, and photos displayed on the walls. The dining table with chairs finished in a maroon fabric with heraldic lion designs looked comfortable. The 50” 4K TV was sitting on top of a wide chest with six drawers flanked by the large Klipsch Cornwall speakers. Above them were additional oil paintings. Next to right speaker was a large old-fashioned carved wooden armoire, beside it on the right, a bookshelf, holding DVDs. Inside the armoire, a quality Marantz stereo receiver from the late 70s and a Sony CD player. Across more shelving is arranged in an L shape, holding more DVDs and mementos, and photos from László’s past. A black leather-covered bergere chair was sitting beside an indoor exercise bike. A daybed that was used as a sofa, in classical greenish-gold fabric occupied a lot of space. A bit crowded but mostly all wooden quality furniture. László mentioned to Nooshi, as he was showing her around, rearrangements that would happen with her help.

Next, they walked into the small kitchen, which lacked a dishwasher. Exiting the kitchen to the foyer László showed the location of the bathroom and bedroom. The bedroom had room for a king-sized bed, but only a queen size was used, It contained a mix match of heavy wooden French provincial style bedroom set with a couple of IKEA style wardrobes. Again László mentioned that these will be rearrangements and some will be removed. Perhaps to make room for a BDSM cage for sessions and for fun. There was a long balcony that was populated with a mixture of tomato and pepper plants. The tour ended.

“Time to get undressed slave, everything off! Get into your submission position. I sent you a Slave Manual before, in which all the protocols and procedures were clearly explained In case you forgot it, I will help you to remember it this time. Just repeat after me. Am I a clear slave?”

“I can remember it, Sir!”

Nooshi undressed, placing her clothes, and watch, earrings on the armchair in the foyer, revealing her sensational body for the first time to László, her Master. She was cleanly shaved. She got down on the floor with

her head touching the floor and arms placed in front of her. Nooshi spoke for the first time in front of László her oath of submission.

“My 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. This slave accepts your decisions, however harsh they may be. This slave humbly waits for her Master’s instructions in silence”

László remained silent and stepped away, to return with a three-ring collar and a chain leash in one hand and his S110 camera that he took images with at the airport.

“On your knees slave!” as she raised her head and chest, he placed the collar around her neck and clipped it on the leash. Her nipples were erect, and he could see her sex glistening from her moistness, and excitement. It was a very emotionally charged scene for Nooshi. Something that she fantasized about for years and now it was reality. All she could hope was that László was the Master she thought he was, and would honor his words and his behavior towards her. László snapped a couple of images. He made it very clear that she would be photographed in all situations. He will not share these images with anyone. The images were for him to remember and recall all the special moments they spent together as Master and slave. Nooshi was not thrilled but she accepted this, as long as these images will never be shared with anyone.

“Please me slave!” he pulled his pants down and stepped close to her face. Nooshi reached for his semi-erect penis and started to suck on the head within her lips. She gently cupped his balls with one hand, massaging them while her other hand stroked and pumped his shaft firmly. She knew that László would not be able to ejaculate due to his TURP operation, several years ago. But he will still feel as he would, only that his semen would go to his bladder instead of shooting into her mouth. He grabbed her head, pushing it further into her mouth. He started to moan. Nooshi knew that she did well as she could feel his body quiver. He pulled out his penis and pulled his pants up.

“Stand up and spread your legs!” he commanded. He started to suck on her erect nipples and bit them hard. She has such lovely breasts, still firm for her age. A few minutes later dropped down to his knees and buried his face into her dripping vulva. Tasting her delicious flavor, inhaling her fragrance, licking, kissing, and biting her clit, until she would scream and moan very loud from the pain and intermixed pleasure. His first taste of her. He often visualized this in his mind. László when he was satisfied tasting her got up slowly. Spoke with a firm voice.

“I will print out the Consensual Slavery and Ownership Contract and you will sign it to make your submission official. It can not be enforced by Law, It’s only the formality of your pledge and acceptance of the consensual aspect of our relationship. Follow me by crawling on your hands and knees, as I lead you by the leash.”

László proceeded to his work desk and printed the form out from his computer. Nooshi signed it and dated it. With a satisfied smile, László spoke.

"I now own you, slave, forever mine, no going back!" and continued "Are you hungry Slave? It is already getting close to dinner time. You should eat something, and after that take a shower to refresh yourself and will have our first session."

"May your slave go to the washroom, and also to freshen up a bit now Sir?"

"All right you can walk, you do not have to crawl. In the meantime, I make supper for myself and for you too. Do you prefer tea or coffee?"

"Tea is fine Sir." and she walked into the washroom to do her business.

László, a day before made a Hungarian-style beef gulyás soup. All he had to do was warm up some. For today he decided to let Nooshi eat at the table, but tomorrow she will have some of her food from a bowl on the floor. He did not want to overwhelm her, he wanted to accept her new lifestyle gradually. Being strict, but kind with Nooshi.

The table was set and with tea for both of them. He made peach-flavored tea for both of them. Nooshi was surprised upon her return. She thought she would be required to eat from the floor, like the previous girl's image that she wanted to be: that girl!

"Do not worry my Nooshi, you will eat from the floor most of the time, but not right now. A lot of happened today, and I want you to get into your slavery at a pace which will not overwhelm you."

"Sir you have to use me hard without mercy!" she replied softly but firmly.

"I am not showing you mercy, the day is not over yet. I want you to keep me company during some meals. Are we clear slave?"

"Yes Sir! It will be my pleasure to do that when you wish. Just do not forget my need to be humiliated."

"Eat, and you will have our first session after our dinner. Remember, I cannot eat much after 5 p.m. I will just have a light dinner. Cucumber salad with some fruits or none at all. When we finish you will do the dishes and clean up in the kitchen. Once you are done I want to look at the belongings you brought with you. I do not want you to run around barefoot. I mentioned to you that you will need comfortable slippers. After that, we will proceed to have a shower together. Then spend some time to put your clothes away, chat a bit, and proceed to have our first session."

They began eating. Glancing at her while eating it looked like she enjoyed the meal. She was familiar with the Hungarian cuisine. In fact, her familiarity with his home city Budapest, Hungarian customs, and language made her more desirable as his slave. When she finished he looked at her beautiful face.

“How was it? When was the last time you ate authentic gulyás?”

“Not for several years Sir! It was delicious Sir!”

“Go get your phone Nooshi” László continued “It has to be turned off. I will place it in a Faraday box, that shields it from GPS tracking. It is for your security, remember no calls or contact with anyone! We both agreed on this before her arrival. Tomorrow we will also transfer your money to my account. I will set up a special savings account in our joint name, under my own. If anything happens to me your money will be secured.”

Nooshi got up and went to locate her handbag. She brought it to the table, reached into it took out the cellphone, and handed it over.

“Is there anything else Sir? Can your slave now do the dishes?” she said in a soft voice.

“No slave! Just the dishes and clean up in the kitchen.” he replied as he picked up her cell phone and placed turned off in the Faraday box, sitting on his work table. Went inside the bedroom and placed two towels in the bathroom, one for each of them.

László went to the kitchen, to check on Nooshi, seeing her nakedness was a delight for him. Seeing his collar with the leash hanging between her wonderful full breast jiggling a bit as she was washing the dishes, per shapely buttocks, it was a visual turn-on long overdue for him. László stood behind her, gripped by her waist, and moved up his hands towards her succulent breasts, squeezing her nipples hard with his fingers. She let out a small shriek from the pain but did not protest, and continued with her task. He whispered into her right ear softly.

“You are mine Nooshi! You exist to please me for the rest of my life! Thank you for being such a brave girl!”

“I want to do that Sir! I am that girl, we both wanted me to be Sir!” she replied with confidence in her voice.

She finished with all the dishes, utensils, and cups on the drying rack, and leaned back into László, who was still holding on to her nipples. Enjoying their togetherness. She often thought what will it be like? She knew László could be very gentle and the same time rough. She wanted the roughness more than his gentle side. László knew this and grabbed Nooshi by the neck pushed her head on the counter top held her down by his left hand. Stepped to her left side, and started to spank her shapely ass cheeks hard with his right hand, until they were nice a rosy, and he could feel them heat up. His slapping had another effect, he could see her vulva getting moist, as Nooshi got excited. He stopped and suddenly penetrated her with several fingers hard. She winced a bit and started to moan as he was finger fucking her hard. When he was satisfied tasted his fingers, dripping from her wetness, and pushed his fingers into her gaping mouth.

“Lick it clean slave!” Nooshi complied without any hesitation until he withdrew them.

“Good girl! let’s see what is in your luggage” László grabbed the leash and pulled her along to the foyer. Proceeded to open the first one, which had her slippers, which she will use indoors, a black patent leather pair of high heels borderline stilettos, white pumps with medium-high heels, and some white, black, and nude (light beige skin color) slippers, a couple of black and white bras with matching silky thongs, a pair of blue and almost white jeans, silk dark blue, and emerald green blouses, with a small makeup bag containing red and pink nail polish, and matching lipsticks, eyeliners, mascara, etc and her favorite perfume. The second one contained two long formal dresses, a blue one exactly the same one she sent me a photo wearing, a shimmering jade green one. A casual green dress, a silky light blue transparent one with leaf designs., worn over a skin-colored slip. Several black and white thigh-high stockings and a white corset. Another small cosmetic bag contains her brush, combs, etc. A small box holding several sunglasses, and another small jewelry bag containing some fun jewelry.

In her handbag, which she retrieved from the dining table, was a small bag of her valuable jewelry, including some diamond necklaces, gold bracelets, earrings, and several rings with diamonds and other precious stones. All very classy, just like Nooshi was. A classic, beautiful woman still in her prime! In her handbag, she had her passport, as well as her purse with her driver’s license, health card, and some credit and Bank cards. These will be locked away, deactivated, and address changed as required to his address. I wanted her to keep her health card and driver’s license updated, in case of need. She could drive the Buick if needed in an emergency.

In one of the bedroom wardrobes they hung her clothes and used several drawers in the dresser for the remaining items. In a few days, they would rearrange the bedroom completely. Now it was time for their first shower together. He took off her slave collar.

“In time I will replace it with a classic thin stainless steel one, that is waterproof and you will wear it all the time.”

He undressed too, his body was old, a bit out-shaped with a small tummy, but he was hoping he would lose it in time. It is what it is. She didn’t pick him for his looks.

The shower was over the tub, but the head could be used in the hand too. Nothing fancy, just simple and basic. Both stepped into the tub. It was a great place to have some fun if one was into watersports, meaning piss play. She wanted to explore this aspect of humiliation, and Nooshi, knew upfront that this was one of her Master’s kinks. As he no longer could ejaculate due to his operation. Even before the TURP with his previous slaves, László enjoyed pissing on them, in their mouths and even inside their vaginas. It was a form of humiliation for some but for others, it was a mutually desired event.

“I am going to piss on you, kneel and open your mouth.” László commanded and continued “first in your mouth, swallow some, but let some of it drip down to your breasts and body!” He proceeded with this humiliation

of Nooshi. He could tell this was a first for her. She struggled a bit to swallow his urine, he grabbed her head with his left hand so he could aim his stream better. For her, this was a strange, yet exciting feeling at the same time. When László finished pissing in her mouth, and she finished swallowing his urine he instructed her “from now on every time we shower together your task will be to cleanse my cock with your mouth, by licking it. When I turn around you will lick and cleanse my anus as well every day! You will also be required to shave any pubic hair off my balls and my groin area. Starting tomorrow, is that crystal clear slave?”

“Yes Master!” she replied softly. She could see that László was capable of humiliating her and using her without mercy. This was a relief for her, as László was such a sweet person otherwise, and eased her mind. She never swallowed any urine before or been ordered to cleanse a penis in her mouth let alone to lick somebody’s butt hole.

“Start licking it slave” László turned around and bent over showing her his anus. She leaned forward and started to lick it. It was clean and there was no fecal matter near it. After a few minutes, which seemed to her like an eternity, he pulled away to turn on the shower to a comfortable warm. Handed her a sponge and a body wash bottle “Wash me clean!”

Nooshi got up and started to scrub him from below his neck to the tip of his toes. She washed off the soap. He took the sponge from her and decided to scrub very tenderly her body as well. Around her breast spent several minutes and moved down to her pelvic area and around her vulva. His actions turned on Nooshi, as this was unexpected. He gently washed off the soap from her body.

“I want you to be soft and clean my Nooshi, my sexy slave. I want you to feel that everything you do for me is appreciated, I am not taking you for granted!”

“I know that Master, that you truly care for me, and I appreciate it, but it is not about my pleasure or how I feel, it is only about yours Sir!”

“Dry me bitch!” as he stepped out from the tub onto the mat and gave one of the towels to Nooshi. She dried her Master off quickly. He took the towel and hung it over the shower curtain bar. Picked up the second dry towel and to Nooshi’s surprise dried her tenderly and hung the tower just like the first one.

“Step out slave, clean the tub. Brush your teeth too. When done join me in the bedroom. I will give you a bathrobe in a second to put on and another smaller towel for your hair. From now this will be our daily procedure!” he continued “I want you to empty your bladder before coming into the bedroom. I do not want you to have an accident!” And he gave Nooshi a devilish smile.

László returned wearing his bathrobe gave Nooshi hers to put on and a small towel to dry her hair, and returned to the bedroom.

Chapter IV. Their first night

She entered the bedroom with her robe and slippers on. The small towel wrapped around her head like a turban. Her skin had goosebumps, as she did not know what to expect. László hinted earlier that they would have a session in the evening. The room was lithe with a single night table lamp that had a strong daylight glow, it was not a soft light. Nooshi thought this should be interesting, to see just how he would use her.

László was sitting on the edge of the bed in his bathrobe. Next to him, there was the slave collar, with the leash attached, a set of leather cuffs with rings for her ankles and wrists, a black blind, and a mouth gag. One of the dresser drawers was open, which may have been holding some steel chains and other interesting objects. Nooshi was not exactly sure.

“Did you emptied your bladder slave?” he spoke with authority.

“Yes Sir!, Brushed my teeth too” she replied with a bit of apprehension

“Take off your robe and turban slave!”

Nooshi complied immediately hanging her robe on a designated hook on the wall, she remembered from earlier. She placed ‘the turban’ towel from her head on the bed.

“Kneel in front of me do not say a word!” László continued “Now we will have a bit of fun. When done you will give me a good body massage with the lavender oil, sitting on the dresser. If understood bow your head once!”

Nooshi bowed her head. László got up and placed the slave collar back on with the leash attached. Placed the mouth gag securely in her mouth.

“Get up on the bed in the middle on your back and spread your legs!”

Nooshi complied without any hesitations as now she was very curious about what would happen to her. László placed the ankle cuffs on and the other ones on her wrists.

“Raise your legs but keep them apart!”

He then placed her arms near her ankles and locked them together. She now supported her legs in a high position. He took the blindfold made out of a silky material and placed it over her eyes.

“I am going to torture you slowly now. Since you cannot see with what, you can only guess by the sounds you hear, and feel the pain or the pleasure!” he sounded so wicked Nooshi thought.

He got up and went to the kitchen grabbed a few ice cubes from the fridge and placed them on a small plate. He also picked up a peacock feather, a small candle, and a box of matches. Brought all of them into the bedroom placing them on the dresser.

He reached into the open drawer and picked up the butterfly nipple clamps. Placed them on her nipples. Nooshi could feel the sharp bite of them squeezing her nipples. He proceeded to place another set on her inner vulva lips. She flinched a bit, obviously, it was unexpected and it hurt. As she was

gagged, she could not scream from the sharp pain. Something she never experienced. László proceeded to yank her nipple clamps by the chain that interconnects them, at the same time with the ones attached to her pussy lips several times, to increase the pain. By her squirming body, he could tell she felt them and had the effect that he was after. He then penetrated her vagina with several fingers and started to finger fuck her hard with his right hand, yanking the nipple calms with his left hand at the same time. He felt not only the increasing moistness of her vagina but her trembling. He could feel that she had an orgasm. He then pulled out his fingers and spread her vulva open to see her clit, and kissed it a couple of times, and suddenly bit on it sharply. Nooshi jumped a bit in the air from the shock of intense pain. Nothing like what she experienced before, it was very sharp and intense pain.

Next László picked up his crop, and gave ten low intensity strokes on her buttocks, insuring there would be no marks remained. He stopped and reached for the ice cubes. He took one, started to rub her outer and then her inner vulva lips, pushed hard against her clit, and held it for several seconds. She felt like jumping up from the bed. To her, it seemed like an eternity. Shockingly cold at first, but rapidly turned into a burning feeling. She was now screaming as he heard some very muffled noises and gurgling sounds.

For the next phase, he took the matchbox, she could hear the match strike and the sudden heat of the burning candle. Now she was freaking out, completely trashing around and moaning even louder! But instead of the hot candle wax, or the flames burning her skin she felt the gentle strokes of the peacock feather. He kept stroking her gently as she calmed down a bit. Then he yanked the butterfly clamps attached to her inner vulva lips, and at the same time removed her nipple clips. The clips from her pussy were removed next. Undid the clips that locked her wrists to her ankles, removed the blindfold, the gag and removed the leash from her collar. He could feel her heart beating with intensity.

“Tell me how you feel? Do you think still I can not use you hard?”

Nooshi was breathing hard, she had sweat on her face, her internal panic and fear were wearing off, after a few deep breaths, she was able to reply in a trembling voice. During her recovery László took the towel lying on the bed, dried her face and the rest of her body.

“That was so intense, exquisite, feeling so vulnerable at your total mercy, something I never experienced Sir!” she continued after taking more deep breaths “are you going to do this to me every night Sir?”

“Every session during the day or night will be different my sweet slave! We just only begun in your exploration of my world. I told you I can be strict, hard merciless, and at the same time caring and warm. You made me very proud Nooshi. I am very glad that you came into my life!”

“László, my Master I just want to please you. I left everything behind to have a new life with you. You gave me so much attention. Opened my soul, and my desires. Erased my doubts. Showed your sincerity, by standing by me

for over two years, only wanting to help me find my way, to be a better person. You are very special to me. I found my forever Master in you and my true calling! I am that forever girl you wanted, and will be! Tonight was very special to me. You took me from pain to pleasure and back to pain. Being vulnerable yet being safe at the same time, and knowing that I pleased you!"

"Come, come Nooshi, calm down, remember you do not want love, only to be used hard. I am here to give you solace. Redemption for your past mistakes. Now get up. Give me a good body massage the lavender oil. You only have to use a drop or two in your palms. Start from my neck down to my feet. I will turn it over and you can do my front. Fill free to stop by my cock, giving it a bit of special attention. That will make me feel good. The massage routine will be a daily must."

Nooshi got up, although her legs were a bit shaky as she still hadn't totally recovered. She started to give a good massage to her Master. When his back side was done he turned around. Nooshi started this time from his toes up. Stopping by his cock and balls, kissing, sucking them, she felt a slight erection coming up and she was hoping that would be enough to penetrate her. László decided to do just that in the doggie-style position. Face down and ass up. He penetrated her. Trusting hard balls deep. While he could not ejaculate it felt so good to be in her, feeling her heat and moistness. After their romp, he laid on his back for Nooshi to continue her massage but now the oils were intermixed with her dripping secretion and scent. She rubbed this potent combination into László's skin, marking her territory. The scent of an angel, László's angel. As he drifted off in his sleep. Nooshi laid her head next to his covered their bodies with the blanket and drifted off to sleep it was a long day for her.

László had to get up several times at night to relieve his bladder. When he got back into their bed, he looked at Nooshi she was sleeping deeply. He spread her legs apart and kissed gently her vulva and her clit several times, and to take a whiff of her delicious scent. She gently moaned a bit and kept on sleeping. László knew there would be many more wonderful days to come.

Chapter V. Tattooed

László woke up at 6 a.m., to relieve his bladder. Upon returning from the washroom he took a peek at Nooshi, sleeping peacefully. Her sensual body was a sight for his old eyes and stiffened his manhood enough that he would be able to penetrate her. Sadly he was not as firm when he was in his 50s, the TURP operation didn't help either. He should take Cialis which would extend his urges for up to 36 hours versus Viagra which only worked for 4 to 6 hours. Today was that day, after breakfast he thought.

He grabbed his S110, got back on the bed, spread her legs apart, snapped a few images of her lovely sex, placed them above his shoulders, and penetrated with a long hard thrust. That certainly woke up Nooshi but she was still in a bit of a daze and was very surprised.

"Good morning slave! Time to wake up. We have a lot to do today."

"Yes Master, good morning to you as well Sir!" or at least what she wanted to say as she mumbled almost incoherently but with a nice smile.

László kept on his forceful surge. Nooshi was nice and tight he could feel her from the inside, and as she was getting wet his penetration was smoother, not as rough. She started to moan louder and moved her hips in unison. He started to pinch her nipples to make them erect and as he continued balls deep.

"I know you want a CNC slave! Now you are getting it! Enjoy it, slave! You belong to me, all of your holes are mine to use when I want, how I want" emphasizing the when I want and how I want by repeating these words several times. He could feel that Nooshi was about to explode in an orgasm, as her body started to tremble with wave after wave from the inside. He stopped as he was out of breath, and wished he could have cum in her. Pulled his shaft out and moved up to her face.

"Lick it clean bitch, take it all in as much as possible! Please me!"

Nooshi obliged without hesitation, as his throat fucked her as much as he could, his penis was getting softer. He thought to himself, not to forget Cialis today!!! He withdrew his penis from her mouth. Slid beside her and hugged her body pressing his into hers.

"Now that is how one should wake slave! I enjoyed it, did you?"

"Sir it is not about my enjoyment but yours only! But I did, as it was CNC which I prefer as many times as possible. I would like you to punish me, and shape me to be your bimbo, who jumps as you command. By the way, last night was incredible! Sir, you made my fantasies a reality! Thank you, thank you, my dearest László, My Master!"

"Get into your submission position on the bed bitch and say your oath! This is required every morning when you wake up! You remain in that position until I tell you otherwise!"

She immediately complied.

“My 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. This slave accepts your decisions, however harsh they may be. This slave humbly waits for her Master’s instructions in silence”

László got up and took more images of her in that position in their bed. He then went to the bathroom to take another whiz and brushed his teeth. Returned and glanced at his watch it was 6:40 a.m.

“Today I will get you tattooed with my initials, as I indicated this you in the Slave Manual, in the afternoon. I will call the Manager at my bank, to see when she has time, if possible today, to set up a joint account for you to transfer your funds. If not today it will happen when we have our appointment. You will get a bank debit card, with my approval to use your money for your needs as necessary. I do not want your money. We will get by what money we get, and if not we will think of something to make a bit of money. I want to take all the necessary steps ASAP to erase your past Nooshi. So no one can find you just as you requested to protect your privacy. Get up now slave, and go to the bathroom where I will shave, and you can use the toilet and you can start taking a quick shower. I will join you. After that, I will make some breakfast, and select the clothing for later on today. You can do your makeup and feminine needs as needed. Understood slave?”

“Yes, Sir everything is very clear!”

The bathroom was very small and it was a bit awkward for two people to use at the same time, apart from showering. The only way it was possible was to keep the door open. However, in their case privacy did not matter. The slave has no privacy in front of her Master and no choice about the type of food given to her to eat.

László emerged from the bathroom just after 7 a.m., plenty of time to make something for Nooshi, but this time in her bowl on the floor. He put his jeans and a T-shirt on. He was thinking of scrambled eggs and tea for the slave and his usual very healthy herb mixture tea, made from nettle, dandelion, and marigold. He made a chamomile tea with a bit of honey for her. He wanted Nooshi to be healthy and glow. To feed her the same quality food that he ate. He usually skipped breakfast, as he wanted to lose some weight, especially around his stomach. This was quite difficult due to his age. He just had a good lunch and a very light dinner not only to lose weight but also due to his gastroesophageal reflux disease, GERD caused by excessive stomach acid. He managed it quite well without medication by drinking very little alcohol, limiting his caffeine intake and hot spices and not eating a larger meal after 5 p.m. Especially Hungarian Cuisine which was very calorie-rich and he liked it spicy.

He made scrambled eggs from 3 eggs, with a bit of butter, and sprinkled some Italian spices on top. He kept it covered up to keep it warm for Nooshi. Her fancy bowls were placed on the floor near the dining table on

large porcelain tile. For easy clean up in case she spilled some. One for the eggs and one for the tea.

Returned to the bedroom and selected a white bra, her sneakers in which she arrived, white short socks, and blue jeans and decided to give her one of his t-shirts to wear on top. She could wear earrings and her sunglasses completed her look for later on. He picked up his phone called the bank, and left a message for the manager to make an appointment for account changes with Nooshi. Hopefully for first thing in the morning or shortly after it, depending on the manager's availability.

Nooshi emerged from the bathroom, only having her slippers on. She did her makeup and sprayed a bit of that tantalizing perfume of hers. That fresh flowery fragrance intermixed with her natural skin chemistry, and the fragrance of her sex made her so alluring and sexy. She brushed her shiny hair, with a bit of lipstick enhancing her lips, her nails on her fingers and toes matching red. She looked like a Goddess. László felt so lucky to have her, but he felt that he deserved her for standing by for 798 days. Giving emotional support and being her rock when she was confused not knowing what to do. László did show Nooshi, she could trust him.

“Get on your knees slave and let me place your collar and leash on. Your breakfast is waiting” he grabbed the leash “Follow me on your hands and knees.” he started to walk towards the dining room while Nooshi followed like an obedient pet bitch. Indeed she was his bitch to use. Stooping by the bowls “wait here!”

He picked up the bowls went to the kitchen and dumped warm scrambled eggs into one, and the warm tea into the other. Returned and placed on the tile sitting on the floor, her feeding station.

“Eat bitch, you can not use your hands! If I see you trying to use them I will tie them behind your back and will punish you!”

Nooshi, got her wish, to be just like “that girl” which made such an impact on her. László stepped back and started taking more images of her. She was again completely humiliated and was used without mercy, just as she dreamed. László enjoyed every moment, of her struggle to eat out from the bowl and to slurp her tea. It was not an easy task especially drinking. László went back to the kitchen and returned with a straw, placed in the tea bowl, to help her to drink. By trial and error, Nooshi managed to eat all of her eggs, licking the bowl clean. She remained in her position and looked up at László in her helplessness, as she did not know what to do next.

“Crawl her bitch!” as he sat down in his custom work chair, covered with green palm leaves “I going to show you the images I took of you so far,” as he inserted the SD card from his camera to the card reader attached to his desktop. The images populated his monitor as small icons. by clicking on them one could see them full size.

“Look slave just how beautiful you look!”

“Do I have to Sir?”

“Yes, you know I am very visually driven, and this way I can train you a show how I want you to look, move, and show yourself to me. In time you will not only look forward to them but will love being my subject! The object of my obsession and my most treasured asset Nooshi. Don't you want that? Would you rather let me look at others instead of you?”

“Of course not Sir, I am your slave, I want to keep you happy, and satisfied, and this is how you want to use me for yourself, I will learn to be more available to expose my body and sex for your pleasure Sir!”

“Good girl” he stroked her hair tenderly and continued “Nooshi you are beautiful, you are my flower, not just my slave, pet, maid, bimbo fuck toy, and companion, remember that always! I know you do not want my love, but as you can see I can use you hard without mercy. I know all you want is punishment, humiliation, and pain. I want you to feel that you not only deserve my wrath, but kindness to heal your soul, and your self-esteem. I want you to feel good about your slavery as a positive aspect of your life. You trusted me enough to come to me. Now take the bowls into the kitchen by walking and clean up the kitchen and we will chat about the rest of the day!”

László saved all the images to a special folder “My slave”. He got up picked up her slippers, and told her to wear them while cleaning. He also started to recharge the battery of the S110 and walked out to the balcony to attend to his plants. Ensuring that the door was covered by the curtain to protect Nooshi's privacy.

When he came inside, Nooshi just finished cleaning up in the kitchen. He called for and she appeared in front of him. He took her by the leash and dragged her to the bedroom.

“Do the bed, go to the washroom to do your business, I've picked out the clothing for you. I want you to dust the apartment, and when my call is returned from the bank we will know when to leave. In the meantime, I will find a nearby tattoo parlor on the internet to make an appointment for the afternoon for you to be tattooed. I will put some classical music on the stereo. Mozart is good and will recharge your batteries too! Off you go, you will find the duster in the foyer storage that you will need.”

At 11 a.m., the phone rang, it was the manager from the bank. The appointment was set for 2 p.m. This was perfect. There was still plenty of gulyas left for lunch. All László had to do was to heat it up they could eat it with some buns from the bakery he bought before he left for the airport. He took the pot out from the fridge and placed it on the stove on low heat. He decided that it would be best if she ate from the table, it would be less messy for her. László set the table, just as Nooshi finished with the dusting of the small apartment. He got the buns, placed two cold spring water bottles and glasses one for each of them to drink from, and a small jar of hot chilies.

“Go wash your hands and join me at the table and sit in your place.”

Once the soup warmed up he filled the bowls generously for both of them and brought them to the table one by one, so as not to spill any. Nooshi was sitting in her chair.

“Bon Appétit slave!”

“Thank you, Sir, you too!”

They ate quietly. László put a bit of hot chilies into his soup as he liked it spicy. While Nooshi just ate her portion as is. She was quiet László wondered what she was thinking about?

“Anything wrong Nooshi? Tell me what you are thinking about? You can tell me, in fact, I want you to tell me always how you feel good, bad, or indifferent! With all my slaves I had great communication, always willing to listen. of course, I may not change my mind, but at least you had the chance to come clean about how you feel about something.”

Nooshi, look at him with a smile “Nothing wrong Sir! I just wondered what did I do to deserve you? Why are you the way you are just as you told me in your letters? What was wrong with the other slaves who did not appreciate you and the way you are?”

“Nooshi, you got exactly what you deserved. We deserve each other. I always knew that you were a good person, kind, warm, loving. The problem was that you were not appreciated for who you were. You blamed yourself for failing marriages. What you should have done is to concentrate on what you needed in your soul. Understanding of your needs. But I am glad it took you a while to realize and courage that you needed in your life. As for my past slaves the ones I liked, had other issues like controlling ex or were with a young child that stopped us. BBC was very close, but her procrastination destroyed our relationship. I gave you the chance despite all of your hesitations and confusion too, because I believed in you even if you did not in yourself! You put me through hell, but it was worth it! You are worth it Nooshi!”

She had a few teardrops in her eye, upon hearing László’s explanation, she knew that she caused him a lot of needless heartaches. She got up from her chair, got down on her knees bent forward to embrace László’s legs.

“I am your forever girl, László, you are my Master! I will learn to love you like nobody ever did. You deserve such dedication and love Sir!” her voice was trembling from emotion.

“Get up slave! My sexy forever girl!” He embraced her very tightly, pressing her erect nipples into his body. Being pierced by them, inhaling her sweet fragrance, and continued “You do not have to love me, as I wrote hate me, if you must just obey me and be my girl! All I want is to have inner peace in your mind and heart for you to get over blaming yourself for your past failed relationship! I told you I would stand beside you to my last breath, no matter how hard it is. I will not let you fail. My reason to live is to show you that your life has a purpose. It is not my love, it is my trust in you! I knew it

would be just about impossible for you to leave everything behind, your parents, and career for me. But you did! My task as your Owner, Master is to teach you and mold you into my forever girl, my bimbo. No matter which methods I have to use, pain, humiliation, sadism, or kindness you will yield and you will be her. The proof is you are with me. No longer have to fantasize about what would be like! You are that girl!”

“Thank you, László, you did always knew me better than I knew myself, Sir!”

“Clean up the dishes and when done join me in the bedroom”

Nooshi picked up the bowls spoons, glasses and empty water bottles and left for the kitchen to perform her duties. Time was ticking and it was close to 1 p.m. The bank was only 6 minutes by car. She did not have much to clean. Apart from what they used to eat their lunch just the pot that contained the gulyas. It only took her 10 minutes. And she walked back to the bedroom.

“These are the clothes I want you to wear. I will introduce you as my friend and live-in caretaker. Since I am old, it will be best that way as I will tell the manager that I put you in my will and want us to have a joint account. You can just transfer a few dollars for now. Once you have the bank card, you can transfer easily all your money from your bank accounts, since your name will be on it, no questions. Do not reveal anything more about us, or why you became my caretaker. She knew my former wife. But now she is no longer around, it makes no difference. Bring your purse, IDs etc and give you the phone back in case you have some details in it that you may need. Now get dressed fix your makeup, and we will go.”

“Yes sir, it makes a lot of sense what you told me!”

At a quarter to two, they went down to the garage. László opened held the door for, and drove off to the bank. Everything went smoothly. She deposited \$50 cash, she had initially one thousand dollars in cash with her. The bank manager told her that a new client card for her with access to the account would be mailed in a week or so. László’s current client card would work too as the account is linked to it. László told Nooshi to keep all her remaining cash for necessities such as her makeup, perfume, and feminine hygiene products that she will need and to visit a hairdresser once a month.

On the way home, László drove by the bakery and picked up eight fresh buns. He wanted to show her the location. It was a walkable distance of roughly 2 km one way, but only five minutes by car.

Back at home, László showed her the laundry room and mailbox locations. He hardly received any as all his bills were handled via the internet. At the end of the month, he went to pick up his pension at another bank that was directly deposited by the government. He promised to take Nooshi with him, next time to show her, in case she had to do it. She could

just use an ATM leaving only money in there to cover his rent. She always enjoyed just how thorough and organized László was from day one.

Earlier László found a reputable tattoo parlor (he checked all the reviews) on the internet and called them up. He was told that they can for the tattooing today before 6 p.m., and it will cost around \$100 to \$150, depending on the complexity. The design was simple just his initials in an ornate custom font with a little crown above. About 2.3” tall by about 1.5” wide. He preferred that a female would do it, as his girlfriend would feel better about it as it was just above her vulva, and his girlfriend insisted that he be present. When home he told her to take her jeans off put on a cotton bikini underwear, and put her jeans back. Perhaps this way she would not be exposed, she would not have to remove it. Nooshi appreciated this, as she knew it would hurt and he wanted to hold her hand during the tattooing, giving her emotional support, and like he did not want her sex exposed to others. Every minute she spent with László and saw how he was, just reinforced to her that she made the right decision. László’s passion, care, and focus on her made her slavery so much easier and desirable. While she had many doubts in the beginning that he was too kind, now she could see him in person and felt bad for delaying being with László.



Nooshi was right it hurt like hell, this area on her skin was very sensitive. László took a couple of images before, during, and after. She held on to László’s hand squeezing it hard. Clenching her perfect teeth to suck up the pain. It took about 15 minutes in total and cost \$113 with taxes, László paid for it in cash but wanted a bill in his name.

He gave her a strong hug and kissed her on her lips to show his appreciation. Now she was truly his and felt so much closer to him. It stung a bit. The tattooist placed a bandage over the ink not to mark her panties and jeans, just in case, Recommended that it should be kept on for 18 to 24 hours. Only remove the bandage after washing your hands. Gently wash the tattoo with antibacterial soap and pat dry with a clean paper towel three times a day. Apply a layer of moisturizing antibiotic treatment without putting on another bandage. Be careful when showering preferably with lukewarm or cool water, and avoid bathing or swimming for two weeks. Use the antibiotic

moisturizer for five days, after five days use a gentle moisturizer. This meant also no watersports, or rough sex for the same amount of time, to ensure complete healing. Nooshi was a bit disappointed by this. László reassured her there were many other ways to experience being used hard. When they got home and after Nooshi got undressed, he put her collar on but without the leash. That was long enough to rub on the bandage. told her to drink some spring water, which was nice and cold from the fridge by pouring it into a glass and squeezing a bit of lemon for not only flavor but for vitamin C. It was important to stay hydrated for her, especially now.

It was time for dinner. He made a cucumber salad with blackberries and with a few pieces of mandarins. He placed her portion into her bowl on the floor and commanded Nooshi to eat. When she was done it was time to use objectification.

“Go the kitchen you will see a tray, put a glass of spring water on it, a fork, and the salad bowl. Bring it to the dining table and place on it.”

“Yes, my Master! Your slave also wants to thank you for your emotional support at the tattoo parlor! I truly do not deserve you!”

Nooshi proceeded to carry out her task, in the meanwhile László turned on the TV, to watch HGTV, one of his favorite channels, as he liked to see home renovation shows and sat in his work chair.

“You will be my table from which I will eat my supper! Get down on your hands and knees, and face the dining table.”

Nooshi complied, László got up and placed the tray on her back

“Do not arch your back keep it as straight as possible, do not move from your position, and remain silent until I tell you to talk!”

László ate slowly his salad and enjoyed his dominance over this visually exciting woman. Who now was marked for life as his slave while he watched the news program on the TV. Finishing his salad, he picked up the tray and placed it back on the dining table. He stretched out his legs placing them on her back using her as a footrest. Continued like this for about an hour, when he had to urge to whiz. Meanwhile, Nooshi remained on her hands and knees.

He returned and sat in his work chair, snapped a couple images of Nooshi, and began “Nooshi, I am going to rename you to BP! He snickered a bit. No, it doesn’t stand for British Petrol. It stands for Beautiful Persian. You are such a beautiful woman. I want you to feel beautiful always.. Or I can rename you as once I called you my Angel when we started to correspond. Other options are BC for Beautiful Cunt. Perhaps PC for Persian Cunt or even MC for My Cunt! Maybe you would like a demeaning name. That would make you feel humiliated, and remind you that you are my slave to use, and abuse without mercy! Which would you choose if you would if you could?”

“My Master, you can call me anything you like, it will never change the fact I am your slave. Endearing or abusive, I know you are a caring person towards me regardless of the name. To me, BP, and BC sound very similar to

BBC, who betrayed you. I will not do that especially now that I am marked for life. If I could pick my slave name actually prefer MC, meaning My Cunt as I am one. This may sound demeaning, but I am just that. Your bimbo with a cunt to use your cunt as you see fit. You should never worry how I feel.”

“Fine, your thinking is valid. I will call you MC, for My Cunt, as that is what you are. I may call you MC in public, but no one will know what it means. I will also use Angel, as you are my angel. If I have to introduce you to anyone I will use Angel. However, I’m an extremely private person, essentially without any friends, you truly do not have to worry about this much. My best friend John died last year from cancer after he received his Covid vaccine. He was the only friend who knew about my lifestyle and about BBC. You can get up now. And sit in front of me in the Japanese sitting position. Remember what it is like from the Slave Manual I created for you?”

“I think so, as I studied the manual for days before I decided to come to you Sir!” she changed her position from being a table and footrest, moved closer in front of László, and took up the sitting position that her Master commanded for her. He looked at her with her shining eyes, which reflected how he felt about him, and remained silent.

“Are you in pain MC? Tell me how you felt being used as an object? I always want your feedback, to come up with more ways to use you for my pleasure. Speak what is on your mind. I am not enforcing speech or eye restrictions as you may have noticed.”

“Sir, my dearest László. I am proudly wearing your tattoo and endure any related pain because I know the significance it means to you and to your slave too. As for being used as an object, as furniture, or any other, I often fantasized about what it would be like. You showed illustrations in the manual of yours. Now I know how some of them feel. I enjoyed this form of usage. It makes me feel less than human, just as a living object, a bimbo, used as my Master sees fit. I would like to experience any usage that you desire. As for speech and eye restriction, I truly appreciate that you allow me to communicate freely with you. Again it is one of your many best traits that you communicate freely and openly with me, never ashamed of your needs. I like that in you a lot. I do not have to second-guess you. I always try to be respectful and never overdo my talking by nagging, which could upset you. I love the fact that you allow me to see your eyes and face. They are very expressive and make me feel closer to you. For me, it is important to see if I please you by my actions. I am truly here to please you Sir any way I can, regardless of pain or humiliation. I will never complain, and as you specified in the contract I signed there are no safe words between us. I trust you with my life, as I know and feel just how much you cherish me. Everything you wrote to me in your many letters you validate by your actions so far. I know you will never endanger my health and life. Therefore, no safe word is needed by me. I am willing to suffer all the pain you wish to inflict on me if that gives you pleasure. I look at the pain as punishment for my past failures. I am

learning slowly and it will take time and your patience with me to slowly to get over this. At the same time, I look at this inferior feeling and need, I would have never met you without them. The only thing is now I am so sorry and I can't apologize enough to you for putting you through what I have done. Why did I hesitate? When you were for me and truly all I needed was you my dearest Master, my László to whom I belong in my soul, mind, and body! Please forgive my stupidity and punish me as you wish!"

"I am moved by all that you told me MC, I forgave you from your first indiscretion, and I always will. I want you to learn from your wrongdoings as I trust and believe in you! I accept your heartfelt apology. I trust one day you will get over your guilty punishment syndrome from previous failures. Yet, I am glad at the same time for my strictly selfish reasons. Without you blaming yourself, we would have never met. We both made many wrong decisions in our lives. Stop looking back as to why, only look forward to being with me. I just wish I would be younger to give you more of my presence. If you look after me, you will give me a reason to live for you as long as can! And that is why I called you my Angel! Get up MC. Let me hug you and let's take a shower. For the next couple of days, I want to wash you gently and dry you. Then take one in warmer water myself. You can dry me if you wish. Once we go to bed, you can give me a good massage, and I will put some lotion on your sexy buns, I noticed that you have a slight visible bruising, I want your skin soft and sexy!"

László led her to the bathroom washed her tenderly and dried her carefully and told MC brush her teeth and do what was necessary by using the toilet. After that to wait for him by the bed. He showered very quickly, drying himself. Picked a tin of NIVEA cream. MC bent over in front of him exposing her buns and sex to him. He rubbed some of the cream into her sexy ass cheeks, This made MC excited and her moistness glistened. He pulled her closer and licked her delicious flower as it opened up like a tulip does to sunshine. He finger fucked her with two fingers manipulated her G-spot until she started trembling and felt her contraction from the inside. László thorough enjoyed seeing his slave having an orgasm.

He laid on the bed and it was MC's turn to give him a good massage with lavender oil. Soon after her massage, he fell asleep. MC joined him in bed snuggling up a lot closer than the day before. She fell asleep thinking just how lucky she was to have László.

Chapter VI.

More to check off from the to-do list

As typical László's day started around 6 a.m., due to the pressure he felt in his bladder forcing him to relieve his bladder. He usually woke up twice but sometimes three times depending, on what and when he ate and drank. He tried not to disturb MC in her sleep when he climbed back into their bed. He took a peek at his slave, she was sleeping peacefully. She truly looked angelic with her face. Serene and beautiful, her full breasts, slim body, and her sex were a turn-on for him. She would turn on a dead man, he often thought to himself. László was turned on and wanted to wake up MC, just like the day before.

MC actually woke up when he got up at 6 a.m. But remained, and pretended to sleep. She was curious about what László would do. Yesterday, having CNC sex first thing in the morning, was a pleasant surprise. She really enjoyed CNC, having no choice and the loss of control, being vulnerable was a real turn-on for her. In some way, CNC was like being raped, although she did not desire this violent act from a stranger. Only in a controlled environment with her man, whom she trusted. Just like in the kitchen on her arrival day, when he grabbed her by the neck, spanked and finger fucked her. She wished deep down that László would have fucked her with his penis, but she knew that László had issues due to his age, and his operation. Anything she could get from László, in any way was a good thing, as far as she was concerned.

László showed her that he was capable of being rough and was willing to fulfill her fantasies and needs. She desired to fulfill his sexual and all other needs by all means, regardless of pain, humiliation, or degradation.

While László promised himself that he take Cialis the day before which would extend his urges for up to 36 hours, the events of her being tattooed changed his intentions. He wanted her to recover and heal, before any serious interactions between them.

László folded over the blanket exposing MC. She was motionless, he gently grabbed her legs parted them moved in closer to her. He lifted both of her legs above his shoulders straddling his neck. He parted her vulva to penetrate her with his semi-rigid, head of his penis and entered her tight and wet opening. MC started to moan and pushed her hips into him Her face glowed from her sexy smile.

"Good morning my Master! I Am up now, fuck me hard, I want to feel your thrusts in me and know I am always ready to give you pleasure with all my holes 24/7. Always!"

László was a bit surprised. Her voice and what she told him, made his erection a bit stronger, as she was grinding her hips into him. He bent forward as she slipped her legs off his shoulders and fully wrapped her legs

around him. He started to suckle on her nipples one by one, biting, kissing, and biting them, Feeling her nipples getting excited and hard. He grabbed her hair pulled her face close to his mouth and penetrated her mouth with his tongue. He felt his climax, but unfortunately, his cum didn't go inside her splendid inviting hot moist vagina, only into his bladder. He collapsed on top of MC. If only he would be 50 again though to himself!

MC kept on hugging him and still grinding herself into him, even when he went soft and slipped out from her. She was in a frenzy, kissing him passionately all over his face, whispering incoherently what sounded like in Hungarian "Tiéd vagyok! Csak a tiéd.." [I am yours, only yours]

László embraced her hard, pulling her close to his body as to merge into one, if it would be possible, and embraced her for several minutes which felt for both of the like hours. Neither of them wanted to let go of each other.

For MC, this was a very new feeling, letting her passion surface, and showing her vulnerability, maybe too soon. But László was magical with her. Being with him in person was not what she imagined. László was correct when he wrote non-stop that he would give her solace, redemption, and atonement. She felt his spirit in those letters, but now in person, it was phenomenal, simply incredible! She thought to herself, wow, slaves like BBC what did they lose upon their break up with him? Had to be devastating, destroyed them completely. She never met anyone like László and it was true, he was genuine. She liked him, but now she was slowly or maybe too fast falling in love with László, despite that was the last thing she wanted, to fail again in a relationship.

Now she was his property, complete with his tattoo, signifying his ownership. He still could change to be a cold, mean, rough, and merciless person. He had these traits in him, but he was balanced by all his positive traits too. MC enjoyed and wanted László either way.

Please God, as she prayed inside her mind, do not let me screw this up! László promised that he would not allow her to fail, and he was relentless. His email sometimes daily, made her feel wonderful and happy, but sometimes sad too. She knew that he wanted her to reply, but many times she did not. How could she be so cold and careless to him? She was so scared to get involved, that it was easier to try to forget László! She truly did not deserve him, but László would not have none of that. Sorry-assed excuse, her inability to act on her desires. He never gave up on her. And now she was so delighted that he did not.

"Get up slave and say your oath!" László broke their embrace and brought MC back to reality. She immediately complied without any hesitations.

"My 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. This slave accepts your decisions, however harsh they may be. This slave humbly waits for her Master's instructions in silence"

"Perhaps I should modify this that make it more personal to include your pet name that I gave you yesterday! What do you think slave?"

"As you wish Sir!"

"I want your opinion slave, I know it is up to me to change it if I want! I just want to know what you think! I told you I value your opinions!"

She remained quiet for a few seconds and replied softly "Sir, I would like to have my name included, as it makes it more meaningful and personal for both of us. I am not just a slave, I am your slave László!"

László was pleased to hear this from MC, his angel. "All right I will modify it for you!" Stopped for a few seconds and continued "from now on you will say your oath as this 'My Master, the body, mind, and soul of your slave Angel known as My Cunt belongs to you she will obey all your commands without question or hesitation. Whatever your slave Angel known as My Cunt may own belongs to you and you may do with them as you wish this slave accepts your decisions, however harsh they may be. Your slave Angel known as My Cunt humbly waits for her Master's instructions in silence."

She immediately repeated her new oath verbatim and remained in her position. László touched her head and petted her hair tenderly.

"Very good! Sounds more personal my Angel. My Cunt! Now get up and go to the washroom, do what you have to, and when ready, just yell. I will wash you with lukewarm water. After lunch, we will remove your bandage. Off you go my sexy slave!"

Both got up, and László went to the kitchen to make tea. His herbal tea mixture and to spice hers up a bit, a peach favored one for her. He heard MC calling for him and turned to the washroom wearing only his birthday suit. He washed her gently making sure that her bandage stayed dry. Dried her carefully, and kissed both of her nipples when done also her vulva, just under her bandaged tattoo. MC felt special when he showed his gentle affectionate side as he cared for her. Very different and nothing she was used to in her past. A good contrast that made her elated when he was demanding and rough with her. László was so different from anybody else in her past life. László shaved his face quickly and jumped in the shower. MC stood by with a dry towel to towel him dry when done. She enjoyed spoiling him with her attention, not just because it was demanded, on the contrary, it made her feel more connected to László, her Master.

When done László just pointed towards the bedroom. He picked up her collar and placed it around her neck but without the leash. and gently kissed her on her forehead.

"Today we have many things to do which are on my checklist." he continued dressing himself while he spoke "you will learn how to shave my head nice and clean, and other areas which are easier for you than for myself.

Speaking of taking care of my personal needs, when do you have your period and do you bleed a lot or just something you can get by with a tampon?"

"Sir your slave should have her's in three or four days. Your slave is very regular and a small tampon is all she needs. Do you want her to wear panties during her period?"

"If we are home, which more than likely, just your tampon. I like to play with words. It will be your mouse, since it has a small string to pull it out, like a tail and it goes into your pussy!" he laughed a bit "If we go out it is best if you have your panties on. I do not know if you heard, but King Charles, who I call Chucky the clown, once said to a reporter that he would like to be a tampon, to stay inside Camilla's vagina. After that remark he was known as the tampon king!" László replied snickering and continued "if Camilla would look like you, I could concur with that. But I do not want to be a tampon, I am just the Master that you picked to obey and serve for which I am thankful!"

"King tampon, that is funny Sir! Do you want me to make breakfast today?"

"I will make the scrambled eggs like yesterday and will cut up a bun for you. Your tea is already done. After that, we will sit down to talk about vitamins. You can help me to make lunch. It will be simple, sweet potatoes. You can me watch making it!" László marched off to the kitchen and MC followed her Master like the obedient pet she was.

László made an omelet from 3 eggs over butter sprinkled some Italian spices on it, and placed it in her bowl. The tea was made already, he put a teaspoon of real honey in it and poured it into the other bowl. Took both to her feeding station near the dining table. Returned to the kitchen. She stepped out from her slippers, and he picked them up and took them with him.

"Bitch crawl here and eat, no hands allowed! When done crawl in front of me and sit"

MC complied and was getting better at eating out of the bowl than yesterday. But still needed a straw to drink her tea. She once again felt like the girl, she wanted to be and realized that she was now. Her Master's pet, slave, maid, furniture, caretaker, companion, and lover. All she wanted to be. László made it a reality.

László sat in his work chair, slipping his herbal tea slowly, and enjoyed watching his pet. Noticing just how MC adapted to her slavery and picked up small nuances. Such as not referring to herself in the first pronoun 'I, or me' and always speaking with respect calling him Sir, Master and when it was appropriate by his first name László, MC was evolving fast yet without needing any discipline. What a nice change from WC who required so much verbal reprimands and merciless physical pain. In many ways, she reminded him of BBC but MC was so much more intelligent and prettier.

MC tough in the same way about László and his previous slave who set a standard for all. She was not jealous of his past, and she could see how his interactions with his former slaves shaped him and made him a better person. Yes, he was demanding, and controlling and everything had to be his way, yet he sought her feedback and how she felt. This showed just how much he respected her as a person. A slave usually was not treated in such a way, only made to feel inferior, dumb, and abused, just a cumbucket. While she knew László could be like that, he chose to be different. That made him unique, it was not weakness but confidence in himself, and real strength. And yes, László gave her solace, just as he said it would help her cope with the past. She wanted to learn from him, guided and molded by him. Whatever it takes. She was all in especially now by having his tattoo, to remind her to whom she belonged. She knew that this selfless act on her part made László happy. She knew that many other slaves wanted his personal tattoos in the past, but he never obligated them. She read the book that László wrote about his search for the slave he wanted. It helped her so much to know his history, triumphs, and losses.

MC finished her breakfast crawled on her hands and knees and resumed her sitting position. Looked up at her Master's face to see what he would say.

"MC, my sexy angel, I have a list of things that we must do. You may think I over emphasizing the importance of some, but it is about your well-being, which is the number one priority for me. Do not be scared. You are not going anywhere you are mine for life as far as I am concerned." László stopped for a minute then continued "here is the list they are not necessarily in order:

1. turn off your cell phone we did that, no GPS tracking.
2. to cancel your cellphone plan. If you wish to have a cellphone must be in my name, again to protect your privacy but you will have to pay for it out of your own pocket. In reality, you do not need one. Who are you going to call? I have a pay-as-you-go one that only costs \$100 per year. No internet on it unless you can connect to an existing free Wi-Fi network. I only use it in case of emergency.
3. opening of our joint account. We did this. Now you have to transfer your funds, for your own usage as necessary.
4. having my tattoo. You did that voluntarily without coercion or argument which truly made me happy!
5. I want you to get a valid Ontario Driver's Licence. It is easy to do we just have to go to Service Ontario tomorrow. You have a valid one from your province, it will take just a few minutes. I will pay for it. This is very necessary in case I get ill, etc. so you can drive the Buick, to the grocery store and doctor with me.
6. Get your OHIP card. This is for your own good. A health card is necessary, in case you have to go to a doctor or hospital. While this

only covers the basics at least to have some kind of coverage. Without it, you will have to pay hundreds to even get a prescription from a doctor or walk-in clinic. If by any chance to go into an emergency or stay in the hospital, it can cost many thousands of dollars and have to pay upfront. We cannot afford that. To get OHIP you must have 3 months of continuous residency in Ontario. You will need proof of residency. The joint bank account is acceptable as such as well as an Ontario Drivers Licence. Maybe your current provincial will work as you could be classified as a visitor on vacation? Perhaps, I am not sure. I know you just want to disappear from the face of the earth never to be found by your family or friends. Your privacy is protected by me to the best ability, nobody will have your address, because it is mine, same with our phone number. The government has Privacy Laws, and they will not give out any information without your consent.

7. To rearrange the bedroom get rid of excessive stuff to buy an iron bed frame that has posts for tying you to it. I will show what I mean on the internet.

8. Maybe to buy a TV so we can watch DVDs or other movies from our bed.

9. Tonight we will start before our shower. You will shave my head bald, with an electric razor twice a week. As you can see my hair is growing back. Trust me I look better bald. You will trim my ears from the bloody hair growing out from it once a week. Trim my eyebrows at the same time. You will shave off my pubic hair around my penis, on it, and on my balls once every week or as necessary. Clipping my toenails when necessary. For you, all will be so much easier than me.”

László stopped here for a bit, to give MC time to process and think about the list. He continued “There is more on the list but we can not do these in a day or two. The OHIP is very important. I am telling you for your own good. God forbid that you come down with something. Trust me I’ve been in this position, which cost me all my savings, and all my valuable assets. I will gladly sacrifice anything that I have left for you if I have to, but in reality, I do not have anything of value that would make any difference. I ask you to understand our situation. Can you do that for us?” László let out a deep sigh and waited for her reply.”

“Sir, looking after your personal needs will be my pleasure. I would do anything for you to make you feel better! Anything! Just let me know Sir! May your slave speak freely?”

“MC you are always open to speak freely, I am interested in your opinions and will be noted. Just realize hearing your opinions will not change what I will do! Speak MC!”

“Sir I signed a contract out of my free will, that I will obey you absolutely, no ifs or buts. I truly appreciate your concerns about me and my

well-being as well as my privacy. I will do what you want. I do not need a cell phone, after all, who would I call? My duty as your slave is to obey you absolutely. May I add that you are so considerate towards me as your slave, I never thought you would be so caring for my well-being. It truly reflects the person you are. I am so thankful that you never gave up on me.”

“I never gave up on you and never will, despite how you think MC, you do deserve me. Tomorrow we will go down to Service Ontario to change your diver’s license. There is one nearby. As for OHIP, we can ask them about it. As far as know if you work it is paid through your employer. Since you do not have one, you may qualify for free coverage or you will have to pay for it. Unfortunately, you will have to pay for it. I just want you to realize that you can talk with me about anything, without any repercussions or having any fears. All you have to do is ask me! As your Master, I have certain responsibilities for you and that includes honest nonjudgmental communication. How else could you trust me otherwise? How else could I trust you? I have to know what swirls around inside your pretty head of yours. What is in your soul! You exactly know what is mine. There is only you. Even before you came to be with me, every time I closed my eyes I saw you. You were with me all the time.”

He looked at MC, sitting in front of him, with her legs spread to show her sex, even with the bandage beautiful and so vulnerable to his whims. Willingly ready to take any discipline, inflicted pain, and hard usage without mercy only to please him. Before MC could reply he continued — “You may have noticed that so far I have not disciplined you for any disobedience, you have done nothing wrong so far. Disciplining for being honest and respectful is not my style. If I want to inflict pain, or punishment for my sadistic pleasure that is totally different. You felt a bit of that already, but I’ve been easy on you. I want you to get used to me and understand me first and foremost. I know deep down you desire harsh punishment and it will happen. I do want to buy a cage once we rearrange the bedroom and make room for it. That is why I want a bed with the post so I can tie you for my pleasure. Come and sit on my lap I want to feel your arms around me, to inhale the scent of your skin. Then you can respond freely.”

MC promptly got up sat in his lap, embraced him, and snuggled her head next to his face so he could inhale her fragrance and spoke softly her words resonated with how she felt.

“Sir, my dearest László, I want you to be in your soul, and mind forever. When you closed your eyes in the past you saw me, and now you can with your eyes wide open! For two-plus years you gave me hope, that my desires were not a crazy fantasy that I could not share with anyone before you came into my life. I am looking forward to being your bimbo and anticipate harsher and more degradation, and humiliation as you wish. I realized what a no-limit total power exchange is all about. We have no safe

words my trust in you is absolute that you will not cause me permanent injury, harm or jeopardize my life. Never be concerned about how I feel about how you treat me. Do not think I do not see and feel how you are towards me. You can be demanding, enforcing your will, and certainly can be rough and merciless when you want to, but remain that sweet person who is not afraid to be vulnerable. Truly showing me what is your soul, heart, and mind. I called you genuine years ago. You never changed, but you are changing me to be your bimbo. Please be yourself always!"

"My slave, I am the same way with you as when you contacted me the first time. I am the way I am, good, bad, or ugly! Sounds like a spaghetti western's movie tile, with Clint Eastwood! The good, bad, and ugly! I am very consistent, methodical, do not compromise, dedicated, selfish, demanding, degrading, mean, and can be hateful because I do everything with a passion, all in 100% but I am honest about it. I never lied to you or ever will! I know I am very hard to take sometimes, and I am very overwhelming. My integrity never allowed me to deceive you or will ever do that to you, because then I would fail you and myself! It will going to happen. I truly appreciate your honesty, and I trust I can live up to what you see in me. Yes, in time I want you to love me, worship me to a level as I am your God. Just do not forget in that case you will be my Goddess. Enough talk about feelings. We have to go over other important things which are!"

"Such as Sir?"

"I want you to take some vitamins. Zinc for your skin and vitamin D3 to boost your immune system. Now about lunch slave! You will make it under my supervision. Get off my lap now!" and laughed out loudly.

From the fridge, he took out all the sweet potatoes and placed them on the counter. Instructed MC to skin them with the peeler. Wash the potatoes. Dice them in 1x1" squares or so, and place them in an aluminum baking tray. Drip a few drips of olive oil on them, and bake them in the oven for 360 F for about 30-40 minutes. Peel one of cucumber, slice it into thin slices in a bowl, and mix together with one teaspoon of vinegar mixed with three teaspoons of sugar, four spoons of water, and one spoon of olive oil. While the sweet potatoes are baking, clean up in the kitchen.

László turned on the Marantz and inserted Vivaldi's Four Seasons into the Sony CD player, for background music from the Klipsch speakers. He really loved to listen to the Four Seasons. He had an eclectic musical taste, just like in films in his DVD and Blu-ray collection. As for MC, he trusted that she would find such music uplifting and relaxing too. She never told him the type she liked. While listening to music he went to look for the style of bed he liked on his computer. As for the cage, one of his previous bought one who lived in the USA through Amazon. It was a large and heavy one, but they sent the wrong size, and he returned it. Saving the refund for the time when he had his slave living with him. But first, the bedroom needed to be

reorganized. A lot of heavy furniture which he required MC's to help with. He saved the items to show MC after they ate.

Soon the potatoes were ready, he placed half in her bowl, poured a bottle of spring water into the other, and placed them on her feeding station. The other half he put back in the oven to keep it warm. For him to eat after she ate, as she would once again serve as his table. A daily ritual for the foreseeable future. After eating the sweet potatoes with a small portion of the cucumber, the rest will serve as their dinner. He removed the bandage from MC. Applied the required moisturizer gently on the tattoo. Sent back MC to do the dishes. He returned to his computer and looked up the list she made on one of the sites, what she liked, wanted to try, and disliked. It was extensive. It would take several weeks if not months to experience all of them. László kept all her emails, and details in a folder, with her face on the folder. To see her beautiful smile every time he turned on his computer.

Interested in list included: Spanking, Cuffs, Collars, Rope, BDSM Furniture, Cages, Mummification, Public Bondage, Rough Sex, Slapping, Imprisonment, Consensual Non-Consent (CNC), Human Sex Toy, Blindfolds, Gags, Rubber/Latex, Leather, **Rope Suspensions**, Needle/Piercing Play, 24/7, High Protocol (rituals), Master/slave, Domestic service, Oral Sex, Penetrative sex, Anal sex, Anal Toys, and Exhibitionism.

The curious list included: Paddling, Locks, Clamps, Genital Torture, Slave Training, Punishments, Human Furniture, Public Embarrassments, Hood, Costumes, Body Worship, Foot Worship, Massage (non-sexual), Edging, Knife play, **Electrosex (tens unit)**, Medical Fetish, Involving Others, Kissing, Cum Eating, Spitting, and Voyeurism.

Willing to try: Trampling, Spirituality, Hypnosis, Rewards, Mind Games, Name Calling, Headphones, Wax Play, Feathers, Stockings, Panties, **Boot-Worship**, **Bootlicking**, Biting, Phone Conversation, Romance, Roleplay, Pet Play, Watersports, **Enemas**, and Sounding.

Prefer not: Caning, Flogging, Whipping, **Bastinado**, **Emotional Sadism**, Eye Contact Restriction, Speech Restriction, Diet Control, **Temperature Play**, **Scratching**, Orgasm Control, **Ruined Orgasms**, Chastity Play, Sexting, Pictures, Videos, Live Cam, Remote-Controlled Sex Toys, Pony Play, **Furry**, **Ageplay**, Strap on Play, and **Squirting**.

László was into almost all and some which not made to her list. The exceptions he marked in red. He incorporated several of her fetishes in the activities since her arrival. With most of his previous slaves, he enforced Speech Restrictions, talking when granted and only in the third person, the same applied to writing/correspondence. Eye Restriction never allowed a slave to look at him directly in the eye or face, not just as a form of intimation but for them to feel inferior.

While he was interested in rope suspension he never had the proper space, apart from the garage of his house, it was also quite dangerous. He

was not willing to administer this on his slaves for fear of possibly dislocating a limb or two. László was kinky but not insane even if he didn't like his slaves just used them for his sadistic satisfaction or as a financial slave.

MC was very particular about not having permanent scars, on her skin from heavy use of flogging or whipping. László, as far he was concerned this was fine with him, he loved her soft skin texture. He would never flog or whip her to such an extent that would break her skin and leave scars. Bruising on her delicious ass and upper tights and some on her breasts were his limit.

What was interesting about MC, while she liked her privacy why would she be interested in Public Bondage Exhibitionism and involving others? He would have to have a chat with her about this. As for Edging that was orgasm control, which she was not into. Maybe she didn't understand it clearly. Edging was about bringing her close to one and backing off, only to repeat it again and back off and bring her a climatic erupting orgasm finally.

However, all these activities under TPE, like it or not were not up to MC. It was her Master's choice and had to accept it all. She was lucky that László considered her desires at all. MC realized that he was caring to her, in fact, a lot more than she originally would have liked but as she understood him better by spending time with her Master, it made her feel good, even if it was hard for her to accept "feeling good!"

László got up and just as MC was done with the kitchen clean up asked her "what were you thinking when you indicated that you would be interested in Public Bondage, Exhibitionism, and involving others on your profile over two years ago? Do not get me wrong, I find them interesting and done in my past apart from involving others. Although having another slave with BBC was something I and I considered for a while. But BBC was too jealous that I would like the other more than her. If you were thinking of another male you can forget it."

László grabbed her by the waist from behind, and hugged her not letting go "you are mine exclusively, just mine! I would never allow you to be touched by another male intimately including a male doctor. I will be present if any kind of examination is required unless it is done by a female doctor. Are we crystal clear slave?"

"Sir it was just a wish list, picking those that perhaps could be possible. I did not mean to offend you by them!" she was very surprised, but also enjoyed claiming her as his exclusive property, she continued "I am yours László, only yours, you have to believe me, Sir! As for Public Bondage, Exhibitionism, I am more than willing to do it for you. It may be embarrassing, degrading, and humiliating for me but I want you to do it, not to care about my feelings about them."

"I am not upset with you slave, I just wanted to clarify." he moved his hands up to her breasts and cupped them repeating "you are mine, just mine!"

László felt her heartbeat rise as her body temperature too. He gently kissed the nape of her neck first and bit her, leaving his teeth mark. "You are now marked twice, my tattoo, and by my teeth!"

Let go of her breast turned her around and kissed her deeply. At the same time touched her vulva and inserted one finger into her building moisture and heat. Withdrew it quickly to taste and take a whiff of her fragrance, and started to pull her toward the bedroom. Pushed her on the bed spreading her legs wide and assaulted her warm vulva with his tongue, deeply into her vagina. Tasting her nectar. Kissing the inner lips and moving up to her clit. Kissing it, and biting it. She shrieked a bit between her moans, she really liked László's domination of her. László got up for a second and reached into the dresser drawer where he kept the sex toys. Grabbed a vibrating dildo turned it on and penetrate her vagina deeply, fucking her with it, until he could feel she started to have a couple of contractions then he pulled it out, and placed it on her clit, and she started to scream from ecstasy, he then turned the vibrator off and continued suckling on her clit! She came in waves and she was drenched from her lubricant that tasted sweet yet salty. Her sex perfumed the air. It was exquisite. He laid on top of her kissing her erect nipples, as she gripped him by wrapping her legs around his back, her secretion dripping from legs! It took a couple of minutes to return to reality and get her berating and heart back to subside.

"Tiéd vagyok! Csak a tiéd" repeating between her heavy breathing several times in broken Hungarian. It took a couple of minutes to return to reality and get her breathing and heartbeat to subside to normal. "László, my Master that was so incredible! Thank you! You make me feel so sexy, wanted."

László got up and reached into the drawer, got the ankle and wrist cuffs put them on, and locked her ankles to her wrists. Turned to her side facing away from him. Exposing her backside and her ass, and got out a small but plug. Dipped it into her overflowing pussy and inserted into her anus. Got his peacock feathers and started to tease her around her neck, down on her spine to her plugged hole. Leaned over and started to tease her breast, especially her nipples, which were nice and erect. Got a set of butterfly clamps and clipped on her nipples, tugged it a bit to make it hurt. Reached for his S110 and started to take photos from the back, side, over her, moved to the other side of the bed facing her, back to her but plug, and snapping more of her pussy. Only to stop and get the other set of clamps and place them on her inner vulva, Took more photos until he was satisfied.

"I will return soon!"

She could hear but not see him to take a whiz. She wondered to herself, when will he make her to be his piss slave. Meaning every time he would have to go either piss in her mouth or have her lick it clean the head to taste him after he pissed in the toilet. These thoughts just made her even more wet. Wanting to be degraded and humiliated by him. He already pissed

in her mouth swallowing some of it. It was slightly bitter but nothing she could not get used to. She knew that this was a real turn-on for him especially now that he could not ejaculate into or on her. She was aware that BBC, and WC drinking from his golden fountain. I will ask him when he comes back though to herself. She wanted to explore all with him, but show that she indeed was his, in every way, and wanted to be used as such without any mercy.

László took his time returning. He was in the living room MC could hear him working on the computer. She was correct. He was downloading all the images he took today and from yesterday. Picking a selected few that he loved and enhanced them. He would show them to MC later either before or after supper. To MC being tied up with the cuffs, with clamps on her breasts and inner vulva, and having a but plug in her was a new experience. She had no idea how long she was in this position, but she liked it.

Being helpless gave her time to think and absorb all the events since she arrived. She had no regrets so far. László was truly incredible, confident, possessive, direct, not too rough, but rough enough that she could slowly experience his darker desires. She started to realize that László's method was actually preferable to just being insensitive, meaning without her well-being taken into consideration. Being beaten into a raw bleeding mess, punished just for the sake of punishment at first sounded interesting in her fantasy but not in reality. László even-handedly was able to balance his needs as well as hers without overstepping his self-imposed limits which made her appreciate László even more. His actions and his deeds showed experience what he wrote in those countless emails, were not idle thoughts. As she was pondering her thoughts she dosed off and was resting peacefully.

László checked upon her a couple times and as she was asleep let her rest till 5 p.m.

"Time to wake my sleeping angel!" he whispered gently into her ear, as started to remove the restraints from her wrists and ankles, Unclipped the clamps, pulled out the but plug, and placed it on a tissue. To be cleaned later. For a second MC looked puzzled as she was waking up.

"Did I fall asleep Sir? What time is it Sir" her voice sounded groggy.

"Yes you did sweetie and it is five o'clock" his voice was tender.

She leaned over to him and gave him a strong hug pushing her aching nipples into him. He caressed her back softly to reassure her, and gently kissed the top of her head. She started to sob a bit with a few tears flowing slowly from her eyes.

"Are you okay Angel?" as he tried to kiss and lick off her tears, tasting a bit saltiness. And kept on caressing her warm, soft nude back.

"Your Angel, your slave is alright Sir! I just missed you!" now smiling softly.

“I am here Angel, my dearest! I am here I will always be with you! Did you have a bad dream?” as he spoke kissed her hands.

She kept hugging László strongly “No Sir, no nightmares. I was thinking about our past days. It seems like a dream, a good dream. You, my Master, are so nice to me, and I truly appreciate how you balance your needs against my desires. I do not know many of your desires but you are in tuned with my own which I do not even fully know. I feel so incredibly lucky to be your slave, as I am starting to understand more and more how you truly are. In reality, I am not your Angle, even if you want to use that name for me, but you are mine. All those emails you wrote to me do no justice to what is like being with you in person. I am ashamed that I neglected you so much. Thinking that my fantasy will never be a reality, but you turned them into reality. I was so afraid screwing up this relationship like I failed my past ones. But you do not waiver, you are strong and true, being my rock. Even from thousands of miles like an angel hovering over and encouraging me, when I was so confused. Now I realize I truly need you, just you! Please never give up on me, my Master!” she gripped his hands and started to kiss them with affection with dozens of kisses, leaving her mouth imprints from her lipstick.

She continued “My Master, your slave would like to try something that I’m certain you will enjoy a lot. You already pissed into my mouth, and your slave managed to drink some of it. I would like to be trained as your piss slave, not just your bimbo sex toy. By this, I would like to drink more of your piss when you have to go, or at the very least cleanse your penis after each time you take a piss into the toilet, or even over me. Would you please allow me?”

After a few seconds, László replied “Sure we can do that, as you noticed I have to go during the day about every three to four hours, depending on when I drink and what. At night I have to wake up to take a whizz about the same amount. To be honest that is a lot of liquid. I think if you drink my piss in the morning around six, and during the day you just lick off and cleanse my cock with your sexy mouth, and when we are in the shower together we can play some piss games. For example, you can be my fountain and piss for me, I will instruct you how. Another variation is for you to piss on my cock and after that, you lick it and cleanse it in your mouth. As time passes we can vary this I would try to piss in your vagina, or anus, but these are very messy. It can be a lot of fun, but difficult to do. Our tub is small. We may have to get some strong waterproof plastic sheets and even a small inflatable pool for a small kid. That we could use over the plastic sheet and experiment!”

“Oh Master that sounds wonderful! What about outdoors in a secluded place would love to try it if you do not mind?”

“I love it when you think of degrading situations, we can do that, and outdoor bondage too, as long as it is secure and no one is around, I certainly

do not want to be arrested and charged with abuse and public indecency! But now you should go to the toilet and empty your bladder, I go with you watching you pee! After that, we will have supper. You will eat from the table. Let's go!"

MC was smiling and she was proud of herself, she was able to communicate what was in her mind. As she squatted over the toilet ensuring that her Master would see her peeing. This was a first for her. Like so many things that happened in the past couple of days. She was satisfied even to her surprise. László was so open-minded and so natural, never embarrassed. She wondered what it would be like spending her first month, her first year? At the same time, she thought I would have to take good care of László and keep him active, I want him to be around for a long time.

"You may flush the toilet slave! Wash your hands and I want to place the moisturizer on your tattoo. And follow me."

"Yes Sir!" She was surprised as if László could read her mind! And smiled contentedly.

László led her to the kitchen and took out the salad they made at lunchtime. Took two bowls and placed an equal amount of salad on each, He took a small container of blackberries, washed them, and divided them equally, placed them over the salad. Indicated to MC to take them to the table with a fork for each of them. He took two bottles of spring water and two glasses. He did not like to drink from bottles, to him this was so tacky and classless. They ate quietly, as he turned on the TV a local news channel to see what was happening but more importantly for the upcoming weather report for the next couple of days. He wanted to go to Service Ontario with her in the morning. They had to get there early in the morning and line up no later than 8:30 a.m. They opened at 9 a.m. A simple procedure.

After dinner, and rehydrating themselves, while MC was doing the dishes, he picked a DVD something appropriate about slavery and obsession. Venus in Furs. Waited for MC to return from the kitchen chores before he pushed the play button.

"MC, sit down next to me on the sofa. Will watch this film together, once done I will show the bed and cage I had in mind. And you can see just how lovely you look in the images I took of you so far."

"Okay, Sir! May I just place my head on your lap instead of just sitting on the sofa and watching it that way?"

László just smiled and pulled her over as she laid down with her head in his lap. It was a nice feeling for both. He always wanted her to be close to him, so he could caress her skin, face, or hair. Even her breast or her pussy. The little romantic touches which formed the bond, the unbreakable and invisible chains.

MC ironically thought similarly about their bonding experience, not being afraid as much anymore, she sensed László would not let her fail. She

was in love with László now, despite that this was what she wanted to avoid. Her initial driving force, only to be used hard without feelings. She was changing, her insecurity and pain was dissipating steadily. She realized László was right all along.

After the movie, she got excited about the bed with the post as she imagined herself tied to the posts. Being at her Master's mercy, being exposed with her sex wide open and vulnerable, it was exciting that she felt a bit wet. Loved giving up control. The cage looked very interesting, spending locked up inside it for several hours or even overnight, perhaps as a punishment? She snickered to herself in her mind.

Now it was time to shave László's head bald with the electric hair trimmer first, followed by the triple-head electric razor. As he was undressed to shave off his pubic hair around and from his penis shaft and balls nice and smooth with a safety razor, using a gel.

László washed her gently, dried her tenderly, spoiling her, something she could get used to. Applied the moisturizer to her tattoo. Once done he jumped in for a quick shower. László actually stopped for a minute as he allowed her to cleanse his penis with her lips. She could hardly wait for her tattoo to heal properly to be with her Master in the shower, and play those piss games. MC dried him off tenderly. He had to take a whiz, and she was allowed to hold his penis while urinating, it was interesting for her not to get his urine out of the toilet, but she got the hang of it quickly. As he was just about empty she bent down and pulled his penis to her parted lips to taste him and to dry him. She wanted not only the taste but the fragrance inhaling deeply. Her Master got her involved with this fetish. When done, László kissed her forehead. Told her to use a mouthwash, he wanted to kiss later on, not interested in tasting his own urine. She did and sprayed a bit of her perfume into strategic spots that made her skin mixed with her natural skin fragrance so enchanting to László.

They retired to their bed and she gave him a total body massage with the lavender oil. László snuggled up to her placing his head between her breasts and fell asleep. Another first for her she thought, wonder what will be next? László was predictable in many ways yet he remained mysterious at the same time. She now felt secure, safe and realized she loved László with all her heart. He changed her to be a much better person who had so much love to give to her Master, the love of her life, as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter VII. Smartphone

It was dreary with tones of grey everywhere wet morning. With low clouds over the city as it rained heavily on the West Coast.

Her smartphone set to wake Nooshi up just went off. She was in a drowsy incoherent stage after sleeping deeply, still with her eyes wide shut. She reached over to her left for László, where he usually slept. But László wasn't there... She called for him, but there was no reply. She sat up and opened her eyes in a deep panic!

Where am I? Her thoughts were racing at the speed of light. Where is my Master, my László, the love of my life? Her heartbeat shoot up like a rocket! Trembling uncontrollably in her shock. It dawned on her that she was in her own bedroom! Her t-shirt in which she slept and her white bikini panties were soaked.

"Did I just dream all this?" Asked herself out loud. "Was this some kind of trance I was under?"

In a sheer panic, she pulled her soaked bikini down to see her tattoo, but there was none! She just realized all this was a dream. She felt so alone and helpless a feeling that she never had in her entire life before. She began to cry heavily with tears flowing rapidly down on her lovely face. She reached for a box of tissues on her night table to blow her nose, several times, her tears wouldn't not let up. She was devastated as it was just a dream. So real, so believable. She reached for her smartphone to check her Yahoo email application. Opened it up and saw an email from László with a subject titled "I miss my forever girl, my Nooshi"

"Oh my God! Oh László if you would only know, but I know you do, just how much I want to be your forever girl!" said her thoughts out loud. Then thinking to herself: this time I will reply to you with a copy of my reservation to fly to be with you in two weeks! My Master, please accept my most sincere apologies for what I've done over the past years. Here is my phone number call me! I want to hear your sweet voice! It is crystal clear to me now where I must be...

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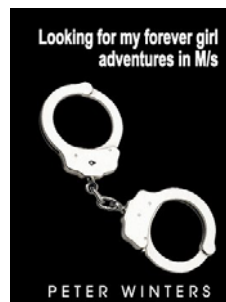
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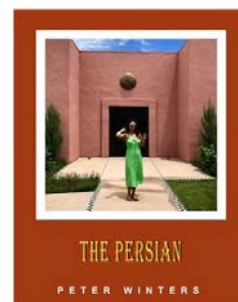
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Was it real or just a wanton dream?

P E T E R W I N T E R S