

Looking for my forever girl adventures in M/s



PETER WINTERS

Looking for my Forever Girl, Adventures in M/s

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

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Disclaimer

Some of the character names in this book are changed to maintain their anonymity or, in some instances, fictitious. Specific incidents and locations depicted are accurate. Other events, incidents, businesses, or places are either the product of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner to reflect the development of the characters. Any similarity or resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Author's note

Looking for my Forever Girl, Adventures in M/s is about several short fictional (or not, up to you to decide) stories. The author's search and relationship with females from the age of 18 to early 50. It is a fascinating insight into the mind of a dominant and those who submitted to be his submissives in the Master and slave lifestyle dynamics. The stories were intriguing, full of passion and deceit. Some were at the point of success when a tragedy occurred, affecting the outcome of those involved. Vivid, dreamy and anchored in reality in their struggle to find each other.

Warning graphic and raw sexual language is used throughout. Some may find it offensive or abusive. All actions depicted were based upon a consensual agreement and were suitable for all involved.

I. My GT was built for Grand Touring

László had a companion ad running in The Toronto Star. The largest national newspaper at the time. This was in the early 80s before internet dating, the good old days, no scammers or fakes, as it took effort to write a reply and enclosed a photo with contact details. If somebody replied it meant they were serious.

One of the replies was from a very conservative-looking female. Her reply was very cordial. Her enclosed photo was much worse than she looked in real life; she was blonde and blue-eyed with oversized glasses, five foot four inches, slim, and shapely. She was 19 years old, single, had no children, had a German Shepherd dog, was a non-smoker, and was studying healthcare to be a registered nurse (obviously intelligent). The way she signed her first name it was clear to László that she had a Hungarian background.

She lived in a nice upscale neighbourhood, as she generalized the approximate location of her residence in her letter of introduction. She had enclosed her phone number. Everything matched László's must-have list except for one item: she lived at home (a no-no). Her initials were GT, which usually stood for Grand Touring on cars. And she certainly lived up to being grand, but in a much different way.

László called GT. They had a delightful conversation on the telephone. Both discussed in detail what they were looking for. She certainly sounded pleasant on the phone and very articulate. For GT, László being older was a bonus as long as he was single. She did not like boys. GT loved sex with experienced males, as they knew what they wanted. László sensed it right away that she was submissive by how she spoke. She liked someone in charge. She also loved oral sex and wanted to know the size of his penis, as she was fond of a larger-than-average but certainly nothing over eight inches, as she hated the feeling of choking.

GT also revealed that she had been sexually active since she was fourteen with much older males. She had just recently ended a short tryst that had lasted several months with a married man because his wife found out. It was important for her that he had a place of his own for their sexual encounters. GT was on the pill, and she was willing to provide a doctor's report that she was clean of any sexually transmitted diseases (STD), and she wanted one in return. She hated condoms, GT liked the feeling of bare skin-to-skin in her vulva and the taste of cum in her mouth. While she was not shaved, as she lived at home and her mother saw her naked sometimes, she thought that shaving her pubic hair off was repulsive. GT was extremely close-trimmed and was to shave it off if she would be living alone or with someone.

She didn't like pubic hair on men as she hated choking on hair strands and asked if László would not mind shaving off his pubic hair from his scrotum and

around his penis? GT also preferred men with very little body or facial hair. She could live with a small moustache though.

László felt that he had just won the lottery: the first prize! GT certainly was in his comfort zone. László had a very recent blood test that confirmed that he had no STDs, and he did not have any sexual contact since then. GT had been tested, and her results would be back soon. She would come to his place to check him out on a weekday late afternoon after László returned from work.

She took his phone number and address and promised to call him as soon as she had the results. Two days later when László got home from work, he had a message on his answering machine from GT. Her results were back and she would come by 6 p.m., if he was home. She would come up, she was in the downtown area right now. Otherwise, he could only call her during the day when her parents were not home.

Just a few minutes after six, GT buzzed the intercom, and her image appeared on László's TV. She was let in the front entrance. A minute later, she knocked at the door. László opened the door to his small but very comfortable and well-furnished apartment. GT stepped in and took her shoes off. She had a raincoat on as the weather was dark and overcast, but it hadn't rained. László greeted her with a hug. She took off her raincoat. He hung it in the closet in the hallway, and she stepped into his main room; the living/bedroom/dining were all in one. GT wore a grey skirt and a white blouse. Her legs were slim, and she wore sheer pantyhose. She had a nice smile, augmented by medium red lipstick but no other makeup. Her fingernails, with no hint of any colour, looked very short, chewed off more than likely. László was casual in appearance; in blue jeans, a blue and green plaid shirt, and blue socks.

GT glanced around slowly, trying to learn about László as much as she could by observing his domain. One could tell a lot about a person's home. She noticed several original oil paintings on his wall, landscapes, and flowers. His 25" screen Zenith TV set in a heavy-looking wooden cabinet was flanked by two tall bookcases packed with several interesting-looking books, both in English and Hungarian, VHS movies, and CDs, the bookcases flanked by two giant floor-standing Klipsch speakers. On the top of the TV set was a VHS player/recorder.

Centred in front of the large window with white opaque curtains was a small elongated glass table with chrome legs that served as a writing table and held his phone. A bright yellow vinyl high back modern chromed steel framed armchair in front of the desk. Next to the table was a very nice French Provincial-styled black leather armchair. Adjacent to the right was a medium-sized teak console, housing his expensive-looking separate stereo components: a pre-amp, power amp with a dual large power meter, both all black with McIntosh written in an Old English font. On the top of the console, a black Sony digital tuner, a Sony CD player, and a Nakamichi LX-5 cassette recorder were stacked on each other, next to a Thorens TD-125 turntable. Adjacent to the right of the stereo system, across from the TV, was a foldout bed flanked by another bookshelf housing a glasses section holding

some wine and shot glasses with a bottle of Grand Mariner, Courvoisier VSOP, and Remy Martin VSOP cognac, and several bottles of Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos, (an expensive Hungarian sweet wine that comes in 0.5 l bottle and sells for about \$40+ depending on vintage). There were a couple of photos on the wall and a Hungarian horsewhip similar used on the Plains of Hungary. It was the real thing, but he just used it for decorative purposes. On the wooden floor was a large Persian-style area rug of dark burgundy with black shades.

His place was clean and compact, but extremely comfortable. The apartment had central air with a thermostat that could be turned down to bone-chilling Arctic cold, or in the winter up to Sahara hot. She had a satisfied smile on her face, showing her perfect teeth.

GT sat down on the sofa and made herself comfortable. She was very shapely, with ample C-cup breasts or even slightly more. She had a very refined bone structure, very much like László's, she was slim with a nice light flesh skin tone, just as GT had described herself in her reply to the advertisement and in her subsequent phone call. She took the report out from her purse and gave it to László to check out, and he picked up his that sat in the black leather armchair.

Both read the other's medical report and were satisfied with the results. She enquired about the advertisement, how many responses he received, etc. László mentioned that while he had received quite a lot, he liked hers because she was articulate, he had guessed that she had a Hungarian background. While that was not a prerequisite, having similar cultural backgrounds never impaired any relationship, as the partners could relate to each other so much better. For example, take ethnic foods, he would not have to explain to her what "Túrós Tészta" was!

She smiled and laughed, and asked if László, could he make it or not? Yes, he could, he had used that as an example that little and sometimes insignificant things could make a real difference in understanding each other. She smiled and indicated that perhaps it was true. However, László should not expect her to make any, as she was not here to cook.

László indicated no, she was not, they were here to enjoy their sexual desires and perhaps companionship. However, when it came to sex, he was not interested in sharing her with another male as he was after a monogamous relationship, and he was hopeful that GT wanted the same from him. She assured him that was what she wanted. GT continued that she would come to his place around this time, several times a week, and stay for a couple of hours before she had to return home.

GT further explained that her mother thought she was still a virgin, so she could never stay overnight. She might be able to spend a few hours once in a while here on Saturdays though, during the day. In time, if and when she felt comfortable with László, she would introduce him to her parents. Then she might be able to spend weekends with László, but not sleep over. GT was raised strictly and very old-fashioned, she was of legal age, but she lived at home, and had to live according to her parent's rules. She hoped that László understood this since they did share a similar heritage. She had a married sister, and she had a tough time dating. GT had rebelled against her parents' wishes behind their backs way back in the private

school she had attended. Discovering her own sexual pleasures was her secret. She would not want her parents to ever find out that she was not a virgin, not until she was married, and after that, they would not care about her sexual life.

Both of them were having very forthright discussions while they were feeling each other out about how the other reacted to their desires. Both liked that the other one was in complete agreement with the needs of the other and showed empathy, and a willingness to cooperate.

László asked if she would like something to drink; juice or mineral water. She got up and followed László into the small kitchen. He opened his fridge and asked her to pick whatever she wanted. GT saw some large mason jars filled with some jam. She wondered what the flavour was and who had made them. László replied they were homemade strawberry jam made last year by him. Asked her if she would like to taste it, and opened the lid on one and pulled a spoon out from the drawer.

GT tasted it and was surprised it was excellent. She also had a glass of mineral water. She wanted to see his bathroom and wondered where it was. László opened the door to the bathroom. She stepped in and looked around. It was small and clean, and she liked that. GT mentioned that she would have to shower every time before she returned home after sex to wash off the scent of sex from her skin, as her mother would be able to smell it. László indicated that was not a problem. They could take these showers together. GT smiled and nodded in agreement.

They walked back to the main room. Before she was about to sit down, László hugged GT from behind and pulled her very close to him with his hands on her breasts and her shapely rump touching his bulge in his blue jeans. She didn't protest as László unbuttoned her shirt, taking it off quickly, unsnapping her white bra, and letting it fall to the rug without saying a word. Feeling and massaging her warm and supple breasts, pinching her nipples and feeling them getting erect just as his penis was more and more in his pants that GT felt. She started to moan softly, and she reached around with her hands to unzip her skirt, which floated gently on top of her bra and covered her feet. Stepping forward slightly, took off her glasses and placed them on the table with her left hand. László now slid his hands along her rib cage slowly to her hips and pulled on her pantyhose; he crouched as he pulled the shimmering pantyhose down all the way with her panties at the same time. He softly kissed her bare cheeks and took in the aroma of her bare skin. She stepped out of the pantyhose one leg at a time and turned around stark naked and beautiful.

She reached toward László's belt, unbuckled it, unbuttoned the metal button, and pulled his fly zipper down while she smiled and pulled his pants down so he could step out of them one foot at a time. Then she pulled his white briefs down, freeing up his bulge, seeing his full erection, and noted its perfect size for her. GT got down on her knees, grabbed his fully erect penis in her right hand, and with her left hand, pulled back his foreskin to expose the head all the way. She then gently and very eagerly inserted him into her mouth and started to wrap her lips around it, just like it was the most natural thing for her to suckle on.

She expertly stroked and pumped with her right hand as she drew his penis deeper into her throat, with her left hand, massaged his scrotum. Then she pulled his dripping penis from her mouth and tongued the underside of his penis. She reached for his fuzzy balls to suck on them while she stroked his erect shaft firmly but gently. László was in ecstasy as he moaned and told GT that he was about to cum. She quickly snapped her mouth around the head of his penis and felt László's spasms as he ejaculated heavily. She swallowed his warm cum. She just kept pumping on the shaft with her right hand and squeezing his testicles gently with her left, sucking, pumping every tiny droplet she could.

That was László's best blow job to that date, and very few would surpass it in the future. It was not just the act of getting head, but the visual effect of her beautiful young, firm, slim body, blonde hair, and beautiful blue eyes that emerged in total pleasure and submission to please him wantonly that stayed with him.

After he pulled his penis out of her mouth László, indicated to GT to sit on the couch as she did, lean back a bit. He grabbed her legs spread them wide apart, and got down on his knees to lick her drenched lips, tasting, savouring, and smelling the aroma of her very beautifully shaped inner lips. He stuck his tongue into her vagina as deeply as he could, felt its moistness and her warmth, and the slightly salty yet sweet secretion.

He was like a hummingbird that fed on its favourite flower. Indeed, this was his favourite flower, the vulva of a beautiful, healthy woman. The unfolding petals, the lips, and the wetness exuded from the vagina. The honey he loved so much! GT was cuming herself, László felt her body contract several times in rhythmic spasms, and he could hear her loud moans. As she came, László rested his head between her legs and kissed her vulva lips several times. Both were breathing intensely fast, with hearts racing into overdrive.

In a few minutes, GT begged for more. László reached for his semi-erect penis and guided it toward her wet glimmering opening, and pushed into her as far as he could. He felt her from the inside and looked at her smiling face with her slightly parted lips, he felt his erection coming back and kept on pumping, thrusting his pelvis back and forth as his penis moved faster and faster in a rhythmic movement as she pushed with her hips at the same speed, fucking gloriously hard.

He was firm and erect in her slippery and torrid hot vulva. It took him a long time to cum again, but GT's moans, squeals of ecstasy were worth every stroke, every minute he was inside her. A place he could be in for hours, days, weeks, months, and years to come. He withdrew from her heavenly dripping vulva, reached for her head, and told GT to cleanse the head of his cock with her tongue. She obliged. Tasting her salty yet sweet fluids intermixed with László's cum, licked for what seemed like an hour, stroking and massaging his cock, feeling him going semi-flaccid and working to regain his firmness.

GT glanced quickly at László's watch and stopped. It was nearly 9 p.m., she had to go. She jumped up and took a quick shower with László, and they dried each other off. He drove her in his MK III to the nearest bus stop to her home. She didn't

want her parents to see that she had gotten a lift from him, that would raise too many questions.

On the way, she mentioned that their first date was very gratifying. Would like to repeat these dates as frequently as she could. She would call him tomorrow and would leave a message as to when. They kissed, and she walked down the street to her home.

The torrid dates were repeated several times in the next two weeks. Then László gave GT a key to his apartment. Just come over, and when he got home, she would be there. That gave them at least another hour of bliss. GT really liked his trust in her, and she took advantage of being there. By the time he got home, she was freshly showered.

“Honey, I’m home” now had a fascinating theme. As soon he stepped in and closed the apartment door behind him, GT was waiting for him in her birthday suit, with a fantastic, sexy smile and enticing red lipstick. She would crawl to him on her hands and knees, open his zipper and free his erect penis, suck on it for a while, and try to ensure that he would not cum. That was hard for László to avoid, and sometimes she ended up with her favourite treat sooner. Next, GT would undress him, and he would take a shower. While he did, she made him something to eat, usually a simple sandwich cut into small pieces.

When László emerged nice and clean, refreshed and dry, she lay on the couch on a towel and placed some pieces of the sandwich onto or into strategic places on her body. She was a human plate. László ate off the sandwich pieces, sometimes with her juices soaked into the bread, for an extra and unique flavour to them.

After he was done, GT got up, and it was time for dessert. She would walk to the kitchen, grab a can of whip cream, and give it to László to spray wherever he wanted on her body, so he could lick it off, and she would spray it on his penis head for her to lick off too!

The dessert part had several variations, with fruit, strawberries, cherries, and bananas that were inserted into her vulva, honey dripped, or strawberry jam generously spread all over her nipples and vulva, and on László’s penis for her dessert, that they both enjoyed. After some rest, they had oral sex; he cuming into her quivering mouth and anticipating tongue, then he fucked her in different positions for hours. They would quickly jump into the shower for a clean-up and for László to be touched up by her shaving his hair off of his pubic area and scrotum.

Soon László after was introduced to her parents as someone she had met at the Main Reference Library. The library was only five minutes from László’s apartment. She could have if both would have gone there. Of course, GT’s parents, first thing they wondered about was his last name. They were both born in Hungary and had gotten out in 1956. They were also very educated and worked in the healthcare sector; he was in the private sector, and she was in education.

Her mother traveled to a lot of conferences. László hit it off with GT's father very well, while her mother was controlling, but not in the same way as Mary had been with Anikó. She was a bit concerned that László was 11 years older (this was very hilarious to László considering that her virginal daughter had lost it when she was only 14 to a guy who was twice her age!) She had issues with László working in construction as a coordinator. While the position was not a bad one and paid a respectable salary, he was not a doctor or lawyer. That would have been more suitable for GT. Regardless, he was more or less accepted as the boyfriend. Although she had warned him that GT was a very respectable and conservative girl and not the type who had sex before marriage!

It was extremely difficult for László to keep a straight face. He indicated that he respected GT's old-fashioned and honourable views. She would keep an eye on him to ensure that he would not corrupt her precious virgin daughter! László promised that he would not take her virginity if that made her feel better! This was an absolute guarantee he could keep: he could not take her virginity since she wasn't!

GT's mother was correct at least on one count; being conservative but only in public. She did not like photos of herself in public and did not think of herself as attractive, which was quite the opposite: GT was stunning. All she had to do was get rid of those ugly large glasses and let her hair grow back like she had when she had graduated high school to a nice shoulder length. She had a body to kill for, slim legs, a shapely and firm arse, a tiny waist, luscious bouncy breasts and very nice nipples. Perfect teeth and a killer smile. All she had to do was to be a bit more feminine in her appearance and not chew her nails. She looked so much better than Anikó in the nude.

But Anikó had a feminine presence and attitude. GT did not, but it was possible to develop her slowly but surely. Once she stepped into László's apartment, she changed completely. While she was still a bit unsure of herself, she was pleasing, willing to explore, and submitted to just about any kink László introduced her to. GT never said no, and she even accepted that she had become László's model for his obsession with photography, posing in any position in the nude, and performing all kinds of sex acts. In fact, she had begun to love it, but only inside his apartment.

On their dates, she was not thrilled to be photographed in public, although she was getting better. Sex was getting better, as GT had become more trusting and relaxed, and let her feelings rise that she had suppressed when she was with her married ex. She started to have close feelings for László and hoped even for a possible future with him that would slowly emerge to be his wife. GT started to love him, sexually passionately and emotionally as well. She now spent all her free time with him.

They shared several common interests, from music, the arts, nature, and the love of animals, especially dogs and large cats. It was not a perfect harmony on all fronts. She was liberal in her political views and embraced the different races more. Anikó, just like László, was very conservative and had a different view of races, and

none of them supported mixed marriages. She was more frugal than László (which by itself wasn't a bad thing) but was not as quality-conscious as László was.

In September, she returned to college to pursue her nursing education. The course was intensive, and she used László's apartment to study. After her courses, GT would go over, get undressed, shower, and study in the nude until he got home. After that, they had their personal time, which included a lot of kinky sex. He would drive her home to her doorstep, usually around 9 p.m. GT's father was happy that GT was radiating from happiness. Her mother still had many reservations about László's motives. But he was legit. She had checked into his background. László worked where László said he did and had a good family history, so maybe László was slightly older and didn't have any visible vices. Not into drugs or smoking, he consumed very little alcohol, and she relaxed a bit more.

Even László started to believe that GT was for him. He wanted to introduce GT to his mother, Rose. She was curious about this new girlfriend, especially since GT could speak Hungarian. GT was still a bit shy about meeting with her. She would when she was ready.

GT wanted to do this when she had actually made a commitment to László, and she had engaged herself to him. The topic of getting married surfaced a bit more often. They even went to a couple of jewellery stores and looked at rings. As László was once burned, twice shy, László was not pushing her. No need to.

She pleased him physically, exceptionally well, almost as well as the Italian woman who got him into the Master and slave relationship in the first place. GT yielded with a smile, sexually wanting more kink, serving him more and more in any way that he wanted. GT was almost as intelligent as Anikó, but GT had better manners and had a superior background to hers. One thing GT lacked, and he missed, was the femme fatale look. She was modest in her appearance. GT was not a gold digger. In fact, she could not understand why her parents had such a huge house. She wasn't interested in getting pregnant either or had the desperate attitude of "marry me, and I will give birth to your children," or needed confirmation that she was a woman only if she gave birth. She was a woman physically, and she had her period every month, which was enough for her for the time being.

In late October, accidentally on a weekday, they overstayed a bit. They were late. GT got home around 10:30 p.m., instead of 9 to 9:15 p.m. The following Saturday, GT's mother had an old-fashioned shit fit when László came to pick up GT.

She laid into László, "You are corrupting GT, just what were they doing so late? The library closed at 8:00 p.m., so where was she studying?"

László was not arguing with her, he tried to calm her down and said to GT's mother,

"She was over at my place, we had dinner, watched a movie, and dozed off, no big deal. Anyhow, I love your daughter, and I would not take her virginity from her.

She can save it for her marriage, but please understand that she is an adult. If she wants to stay out later, perhaps you should let her. If she is with me, you have nothing to worry about.”

That calmed her down a bit. She came up with a new curfew, where she had to be home before 10 p.m., on weekdays and Sundays while attending school. On Fridays, by 11 p.m. Before midnight on Saturday nights. If they did not abide by that, GT would not be allowed to see him again, as he was a bad influence on her. GT said to her mother that he was not a bad influence, and if she stayed out, she was old enough to do so but would try to live accordingly.

Following Saturday, László drove off with GT in his company truck. A week earlier, on his Lincoln MK III, the A-arm on the left front suspension broke while driving home from work, as the left front wheel fell off. He had it with his MK III. He liked the style of the car, but to keep it on the road as a daily driver, this antique vehicle cost too much in repair bills. It was time to part with it. He wrote it off by calling a towing company, “It is yours, just take it.”

He had a GMC pickup truck that he used for work. He was permitted to drive it 24/7. GT and László went to his home, went out for lunch, looked at rings again, and talked about sharing a life. Later on that afternoon, they returned to his place, took a shower together, and it was time to enjoy each other.

By this time, it was more than just fucking for their physical pleasure, it was also an emotional and psychological connection. They popped open a bottle of Tokaji Aszú 5 Puttonyos and celebrated their closeness. GT hugged him so closely that sometimes he had problems breathing, pressing her wonderful breasts with her erect and excited nipples into him like two little darts. She rode him, with his penis engulfed down to the base of his shaft, in her extremely wet and hot vulva, grinding herself into bliss, cuming repeatedly, while László came inside her. She collapsed, exhausted in his arms, then he turned her over, withdrew his soaking penis from her vulva, and told her to open her mouth, to lick and suck him clean. She lovingly did. He then tied her arms to her feet, with her legs spread open while she was on her back. He took some photos of her. Then he got a vibrator and spread lots of water-soluble lubrication on it, placing himself over her body between her spread and tied legs, his face toward her vulva with his cock in her mouth. It was similar to the sixty-nine position; he proceeded to deep throat her while he used the vibrator on her anus until László felt GT’s body trembling like Jell-O from cuming again and again, her juices from her hot and swollen vulva oozing out onto his hand as he worked the vibrator and exploded in her mouth. He then untied her, and both took a shower, dried each other off, and returned to bed.

GT mentioned that they should make a video of their lovemaking for themselves. He thought it would be a great idea, but first, he would need a video camera. Video cameras were not exactly cheap. She would love to see how they looked on the TV in action, and it would be such a turn-on for both of them. With that thought in mind, they turned into the sixty-nine position, he being on top once again, tasting each other. Neither of them could ever get enough.

GT was very fixated on his penis and loved taking his shaft deeply in her throat, especially in this position, since he pushed himself down to the base of his balls as László licked her beautiful vulva lips and delicious juices, felt her warm vagina, his flower of delight, inserting his tongue deeply and licked her inside, and her inner lips. Alternating sucking and gently biting on her clit. He was thinking of getting her a clit ring, and she was fine with it, the only thing that stopped them was what her mother would say!

Probably break them apart! That would be the proof of his corruption of GT, which her mother was saying all along! Time flew, and it was around 11 p.m., and László urged GT to take a quick shower to wash off their scent to get back before the curfew. GT didn't want to go. She just wanted to fall asleep suckling on his penis, tasting and savouring it, feeling it as it went limp and slowly became erect. When László told her that her mother would have another shit fit and would be difficult, GT indicated she didn't care!

"Just an hour or two, please!" she begged László.

She fell asleep and slept serenely. László enjoyed every delightful second of having his penis in her sexy mouth, looking and caressing her with his hands, her silky smooth and luscious body. He also knew that there would be hell to pay for this.

At 2:00 a.m., he woke GT finally, she listened and took a quick shower alone. He wanted her scent on him to linger after he had driven her home. It was 2:45 a.m., when they pulled into her driveway. The lights were on, and her mother was sitting on the doorstep. She was livid at both of them. She didn't want to disturb the neighbourhood by yelling at them,

"I will talk to you later!" told László, with an angry tone.

László drove home and went to bed he slept well, as he was exhausted. László woke up late on Sunday and called GT. Her mother answered the phone, yelling at him how irresponsible he was. He took it but mentioned that GT had fallen asleep after they had a bit of wine with their dinner, which was essentially true, and he took her home when she came to. Give them a break. GT was nearly twenty years old, not fourteen. He asked for GT, but her mother told László not to call her anymore. She had had enough of his corruption and hung up. Later that day, GT called him do not worry will see him on Monday after school.

On Monday, when László got home, GT wasn't there, but soon she showed up. GT mentioned that she had to go after her classes with her mother. She wasn't specific about where, and she could not stay long as her mother would pick her up from the library in an hour. She was sorry about yesterday, but it had felt so good. She asked László not to call her for a week or two until the dust settled. GT would continue to meet with him when she could, but it would take some time as her mother was planning to drive her home daily for a while, as her classes were near her workplace. They hugged and kissed deeply, and she left and returned to the library.

About two weeks later, in November, she had an opportunity to visit László on the day that he broke a bone in his right foot at work. It hurt like hell. Every time he put his weight on it, he saw stars and felt a sharp pain. But László could not take time off from work, he was still too new, and he did not want his injury to jeopardize his future.

She arrived just a few minutes later than László did. She looked very disenchanted. GT told László that her mother didn't want them to be friends anymore. While she loved him, to her surprise, their relationship had started just as a sexual one, and now it was emotional. László had to understand that while her mother was paying for her education, she had to obey and went on for a while. László was in pain anyhow due to his foot and said OK, if that was how she felt, and asked GT, are you sure this was what she truly wanted? If yes, leave the key on your way out. She took his key off her key chain and placed it on his table.

Before leaving, GT told him that she had already ordered something for him for Christmas, it was a special order, and he would be getting it, and she hoped that he would enjoy it. She left László's apartment. Unknown to László, that would be her last visit. He was not surprised by any actions from anyone when it came to relationships, but still felt betrayed and somewhat heartbroken. Christmas was coming, and he had already bought a small token for GT a week before their infamous long night. That broke them apart. It was a white gold fourteen-karat heart pendant with ten small diamonds and ten small blue sapphires hanging on a white gold fourteen-karat chain. He was thinking of returning it, but instead had it couriered to her attention for Christmas. Just before Christmas, he also received the mysterious gift.

He didn't open it for several weeks. Christmas came and went. So did the New Year. He hoped that GT would come around and they could open it together. By the middle of January 1987, it was clear she would not return to him. He finally opened the box, which contained a plate. He had some nice ceramic plates on the walls of his kitchen that he picked up in Hungary. He smashed GT's plate to pieces with a hammer. Placed back the pieces in the box and wrote a small note: "This is how you made me feel, GT my heart is broken! Your love and words were false." He placed the note inside the box and taped the box up. He then delivered the box to her house and left it on the doorstep. As far as he was concerned, it was over with GT. The months he had spent with GT were very gratifying for sexual kinks, it also had left him emotionally burned out.

He promised never to get involved with someone who lived at home and tried not to get emotionally involved. For his next relationship, he wanted a more submissive person who would adhere to his needs, caring less for her feelings. This would be a true Master/slave relationship. No more being a caring dominant.

Interestingly enough, GT got very sick shortly after receiving the broken plate, which lasted for several months, and she was unable to complete her nursing courses. Several years later, she got even more sick. GT almost died and also

suffered amnesia. The medication changed her physical appearance from slim and sexy to portly and unappealing.

Two decades later, she saw his website by accident (or not?). GT contacted him in Arizona. They met when he was visiting Toronto to plan his move back from Arizona for a light dinner. She wore his diamond and sapphire pendant. He asked if she remembered who gave her the pendant. She indicated that it was him. László mentioned his former feelings that he had once had for her. She noted that she just remembered him as a cruel, violent person who had broken a gift plate of hers. László reassured her that she was wrong. The broken plate symbolized how he felt in his heart, shattered into a thousand pieces by her not standing up for their love. He was not the one to end their relationship. It was GT and her mother. GT had allowed her mother to direct her life. She should blame her mother and herself for whatever happened to their relationship. However, he had nothing to do with it. He was sorry that she became so ill. In his mind, he noted, that he was much better off without her.

In conclusion, Karma or providence again stepped in, and GT paid the price for being cruel to him. Yes, life had so many twists and turns.

II. Nightmare from California

She was from California and ran away from home. Qualified on the age requirement, she was of legal age over 18 and lived with her adopted and very manipulative parents who had a strict religious frame of mind. According to her, it was like living in the Twilight Zone. She wanted out at any cost. She was fascinated by László's Dark Prince site, and she wanted to be his slave. According to her M/s with him would be a paradise to what she had to endure at home. After months of emails, László made it as clear as possible to her that she was not what he was looking for. She decided without any coercion from him to run away. She took a bus to a nearby smaller town, checked into a hotel, and called by looking up his name in the phone directory to meet up with her as she ran away from home.

László wanted nothing to do with her, she was very naive, did not like her looks, and had epilepsy. Yet, at the same time, he felt sorry for her. (A big mistake.) As she called him on Friday evening, he decided to drive up early on Saturday, to her hotel 800 miles one way to drive her home before she did something even stupider.

László had to hurry as he had to be at my office by 7 am on Monday. On the way, just leaving Los Angeles, on I-10 near I-5 the junction, László was stopped by CHP for speeding. He was over the speed limit "slightly". The radar showed 115 mph in a 55 mph zone. His car had a speed limit governor set by the factory to 118 mph, he would have driven even faster if he could have. He had his trusty Valentine 1 radar detector but it didn't indicate any radar reading, only just before he caught up with me and put his radar on. Ouch! He thought his goose was cooked!

The officer surprisingly was very cordial, he wanted to know why László was going twice over the speed limit. László was sure he heard it all. László told him "A very young friend of mine ran away from home, I was going to meet with her and take her home. Yes, I am guilty of speeding but I was worried about her safety and that is why I was driving fast!" This was not a lie. He did not want her to get into any further trouble. The officer mentioned that he required high-speed tires, as most factory tires are not suitable for such speeds. László thanked him for his courtesy. He mentioned that his tires were HR rated not T or SR, as found on these cars. They are good for sustained speeds up to 130 mph, which is way beyond the car's capacity with the factory limiter. He smiled and went on to check my tires. Then he continued "I could have seized your car on the spot, and you would had to face a huge fine and some jail time but will let you off this time! Try to keep it under 70 mph, as there were several patrol cars notified about your speeding and they will be watching for your car."

László could not believe his luck! He guessed it pays to be courteous to the police. The officer followed him until the I-210 junction, which was quite a distance.

He got to her hotel in the early evening just slightly over 9 hours, including three fuel stops, and the CHP incident. His average speed was 88.89 mph considering all the delays. If László had not taken the highway patrol stop into account it would have been 8.5 hours, with a higher average speed of just over 94 mph. This was faster than the average time of 12 hours to drive such a distance.

László met her, and she waited for him nude and jumped and wanting him sexually. She was not a virgin as she was abused by her stepbrother since twelve. Being exhausted from the long drive, he decided to sleep although all she wanted is to bounce on his cock with her tight cunt all night. In the morning, she woke by sucking on his cock, and she eagerly swallowed his cum. László told her she had to go home. He offered to give her a lift back but she refused his offer. I was not in the mood to argue, being tired and facing a long drive back home. He told her then you are on your own, and left. Anticipating that she would go home disappointed she would get over him.

László was wrong. She was very persistent. She kept writing emails and calling on his cell phone, but he refused to answer them. Four months later, on a Friday after work, he got a call from a local area according to the call display. László answered as he was expecting a call from someone else. To his shock, it was her! She called him from the bus station depot, near the airport. She arrived on Thursday and slept at the bus depot. With no money to stay in a hotel or go back home begged him to pick her up. László let her stay overnight, but told her “You will be going back first thing in the morning.” Later on, in the evening received a call from her adopted father threatening to call the police on him. After her first incident, he placed a key logger on the computer. This is how he knew where she was. László told him “She was way over the legal age of 18, in fact, nearly 20, so go ahead and call the police.” László asked her to speak to him. She managed to call him down. The SOB kept on harassing him over the next couple of years. László had to call the police on him until he stopped.

On Saturday morning, he drove her back to the church she was forced to attend, near her home, and spoke to the pastor. He have explained that she ran away, and he do not want her to be with him. Avoiding any potential confrontation with her family, the pastor took her home. The incident cost him over \$200 in fuel alone not including food, which she promised to pay back with interest.

In 2024, she contacted him through an online advertisement. She figured that it was him. She offered to pay with interest money she owned László. He accepted it in a money transfer. Once again, she wanted to be his slave after 24 years with two underage teenagers. Then she decided not to be after he told her, “will consider it once your kids moved out!” She is a typical unflushable! He had to block her from all the accounts she tried to contact him.

III. Once upon a time there was a girl named Amber

In 2001, after László purchased his own house, his search was still on for his submissive forever girl. A couple of younger, but over 18, females replied to him. One from South Carolina, named Virginia. She was 19, attended college, and Amber, a 22-year-old from Chugwater, Wyoming. For a while, he corresponded via email with both.

The young lady from South Carolina was more of a tease, although she had some thought-provoking moments, and he kept in touch by email for the next three or four years. Virginia always wondered if he had not found the girl he wanted, she would consider joining him after graduation from college. However, due to the distance, both were far from Phoenix, eventually decided on the girl from Chugwater as she was somewhat closer. Amber had a serious disagreement with her parents and moved out when she was 18, and since then, she lived on the ranch working with animals (she owned a dozen cattle) and part-time in the restaurant/store.

Amber and he got down to business. She was very much interested in being his submissive and exploring deeper aspects of consensual slavery. She made her desire very clear in her emails and was willing to drive down with her bestie for a visit to spend a couple of days with me to see how we got along before she committed. Which is exactly what he wanted to see her in person and to see if we can get along. While she was very good-looking slim, around 5ft 5” blonde with blue eyes, and a bit of a tomboy, she could dress once in a while in feminine clothes when she wanted to. Living in Chugwater, working on a ranch, and part-time in a small restaurant/store as a waiter and clerk, did not give her many opportunities for such. She sent him a couple images dressed in feminine clothing, she looked great.

His biggest issue was with Amber that she was a smoker. She promised that she would try to quit, and perhaps by the time she and her friend came for a visit to see him, in the near future, she would quit. They planned to drive down, between both of them driving, perhaps they could do it in one day which could be possible if one drove while the other one slept. The distance varied from 908 miles which would take 15 hours, being the shortest to 1007 miles the longest but 30 minutes faster, as it was mostly on the Interstates. There were a variety of ways to drive to Phoenix or from Phoenix to Chugwater, depending on the route the driver would take. Either way, it was a two-day trip. As for her girlfriend, it was more of a security for Amber not wanting to drive by herself for such a distance but more importantly that László was not a psychopath. Who would harm her while alone with him in his home. It made sense to László.

Two days before they were set to leave, her bestie, changed her mind according to Amber. The trip was cancelled. But to show she was serious she sent

her work phone number. To chat at least once in a while. She did not have a cell phone as the cell converge was very spotty at its best in the little town that time forgot. There was a payphone, just outside her workplace. While there was a phone where she lived but lacked privacy. She would email him when he could call that number, or she call him to collect for more private conversations. They spoke about mutual wants and needs for several weeks in this manner.

She had nice handwriting as she sent me some interesting love letters. In one of them, she wrote that she would love to be his wife, despite their age difference. She liked that he was intelligent, and thought that he would be not only a great Master to her but a loving husband and perhaps the father for their children. As a she would want a couple. In response he sent her a bouquet of red long-stem roses via FedEx from Wheatland a city just north, as the flower store would not deliver to her rural address.

Amber was elated! She drove to the payphone, a distance of four miles, from the trailer she lived in on a friend's ranch. She called László right away to tell him just how extremely happy and excited she was. That she never received a dozen red roses before! Now more than ever she told me that she wanted him, as László showed her his softer, caring and romantic side, not just being an assertive, controlling dominant one. László could be romantic and caring towards those who he deemed worthy. László tried to understand her and see how his own needs intermeshed with Amber's. László told her, he wanted to spend some time together to see if they could get along. Getting along via email and on the phone is one thing, it is very different from face-to-face interactions. She invited László. She has her own room with privacy, they could spend a couple of days and nights and take it from there. László checked his calendar when he would have enough time off from work that he could take a couple of days off. Every second Friday he had the day off. It would take him two days to drive up and stay for three nights and two days before I would head back. If he take Monday to Wednesday off from work, that would work with me. They set a time, and I had to get three extra days off from work. As he had holidays coming to him, it was easy to get approval from work. Once László go his days of approved he would email the news. They planned for my arrival on the following Saturday. She liked this plan as it would give Amber over a week to get ready for him. He asked her about her period and she assured him that this would not be during her cycle. The next day László's department head approved his time off.

Friday early in the morning he left taking the shortest route. László was planning to drive as fast as he could, going through the deserts with fewer towns and less traveled roads it would be to his advantage with his Valentine Radar detector looking out for speed tarps.

I-17 North towards Flagstaff, and taking Route 89 north towards Tuba City, Route 160 north-east to Red Mesa and turning north again to Route 191 towards

Moab, Utah, then to 128 turning towards Cisco where 128 joined I-70 going east to Denver and finally to I-25 going north all the way to Chugwater. László planned to stay overnight at Cisco, Utah.

His trip went smoothly and rapidly through exceptionally beautiful scenery until he arrived in Wyoming. I-25 in this section was known for wind gusts with intense wind shear. László saw several over-turned 18-wheeler towing trailers, which provide a large surface area for wind shear. He was lucky as his Saturn SL2 was small with much less surface for the wind to overturn it. Still, it was dicey and shook his car violently as the wind tried to turn it over. Arriving at Chugwater at 10 a.m. László parked by the store and asked for Amber, "She would be here around 11 a.m." As he had time to kill, he ordered a grilled cheese sandwich and a Pepsi while he waited.

He looked at his watch at 11 a.m., in anticipation when she would show up. Amber was late, but soon, he saw her white Ford Ranger XL Regular Cab pickup arrive. Amber wore blue jeans, a flannel shirt, and cowboy boots. She looked a bit surprised and hugged me. He wondered, "WTF, why look surprised?" László wanted to have a long conversation with her, but she replied, "Not here follow me and see if you can keep up!"

Amber stormed off with a large dust cloud kicked up by her pickup. He jumped into my Saturn in pursuit. The road was loose gravel, unpaved, and rough. He kept his distance deliberately so as not to end up with a broken windshield. He could see, Amber she was testing him a bit, like a tomboy would. Eventually, she stopped by her trailer home near two large barns where the cattle were kept when not grazing on the ranch. Two trailers were placed side by side to each other. They were joined into a much larger home. She stopped and waited for him to pull up. He saw some plumping and he assumed they had running water and indoor toilet facilities.

She had a grin on her face "What's the matter couldn't you keep up?"

"I am here, aren't I? I didn't want a broken windshield from all the rocks kicked up by your wheels!" László replied and continued, "That was not a very nice way to treat you, future husband!"

"Will see about that in the morning!" Amber sneakered, indicating that this was about a test of his sexual performance in satisfying her.

"I would not worry about that much!" László replied with a confident laughter.

"Okay, then let me introduce you to my friend Amanda, whom I live with. She owns this ranch."

She ushered László in the door she opened. László stepped in, and surprisingly, the joint trailers were quite roomy, much larger inside than at first glance from the outside. Inside, he saw a living/dining room with typical Western-style wooden furniture, a comfortable-looking couch, a dining table with a bench seat at one side, and two more wooden chairs. A spacious kitchen to the rear and

several doors leading to other rooms. On the walls, several western-themed prints with cowboys and cattle. A 12 gauge shotgun hung on the wall. On the table, was a vase holding dried red roses, assuming from him.

A woman in her late 40s greeted him, "So you are the one who sent the flowers?" and continued, "Soon I'll be making roasted chicken for dinner! Would that be fine with you?"

"Thank you for your hospitality, but would it be possible to make something else? I do not eat poultry. Only seafood, beef and pork."

"Oh a picky one," she replied, "Amber did mention that you do not like certain foods, I can make roast beef then. By the way, you have to be nice to her. She told me that you are dominant. My ranch is large with plenty of empty areas, in case you hurt her if you know what I mean?" Directing her eyes on the shotgun, she continued, "Amber, why don't you show him your room and your new tattoos you got a week ago?"

Before he could reply to her threat about his life, Amber grabbed his hand and pulled him towards her room. They stepped into her room, and she closed the door for privacy. Her room was furnished with a single bed, a small dresser for her clothes, and a small table with a simple wood chair. A desktop computer with a CD drive and a 15" monitor were sitting on the table with the greeting cards that he sent her at the place where she worked. At least she had a sentimental streak. She had wired internet, surprisingly.

He looked at Amber "What was this all about? What did you tell her about me? You do know I am very serious with you! You're the one who wrote and said that you want to be my wife and invited me up here. It was a long drive. And what tattoos is she talking about?"

"Do not worry, she is just concerned about my safety. She is like my second mother, very protective. As for the tattoos, my bestie and I got the same ones last week in Cheyenne. I will show them to you in the evening if you can keep up with me! But now I need a smoke, let's go outside." She opened the door of her room and walked outside. László followed her, and on his way out, he heard, "Did she show her tattoos?" He did not bother to reply.

László was getting slightly pissed off. Amber was different than she projected from her emails, handwritten letters, and on the phone. She was cold and distant. Not the loving, warm kind as Amber described herself. She lit up a cigarette.

"I thought you quit? You know I do not like tattoos apart from a tiny one with my initials indicating your submission belonging to me, as we discussed."

She snapped at him, "I do not want to talk about this here. She can hear what we say. Follow me!" and jumped into her Ford Ranger and drove off.

László jumped into his Saturn and followed her. She drove on the grassy field without kicking up rocks. He was very close to her truck. She stopped by a lonely tree, quite a distance from the trailers.

"You are too controlling, I've told you I am trying to quit! You know you are 26 years older than me, and I want children. Your parents are dead, and I do

not have good relations with my own. Kids deserve grandparents. What will I do with my cattle? And what will I do all day while you are working?" She asked with a raised voice but not quite yelling.

"As I recall, you were the one who contacted me, Amber. You knew very well that I was dominant. Who wanted a submissive with a slave potential as time progressed? You knew our age difference despite it, you wrote and told me that you wanted to marry me! As for smoking, my website made it clear I do not want a smoker. I was willing to give you time to quit and you said you would. As for your cattle, what did you think, are they going to move with you into my house? You sell them and keep the money for yourself. As you have few belongings, you could put all into your truck and drive to Phoenix. You can be a housewife and look after our house, cook, clean, like they used to do. We can find some work that would interest you, Amber, or even take some college courses. Right now, it looks to me, you have done everything opposite what we talked about. The way you have been with me since I arrived, to me, sadly indicates that you changed your mind! I have a suspicion that Amanda, or perhaps your bestie too, talked you out of being my submissive, and wife. Amanda, the way she spoke and hinted in a way threatened my life. I want peace in my life with a woman who loves me and is comfortable with me being a dominant and controlling force in her life."

Amber lit up another smoke and puffed nervously. László continued, "You could have told me you changed your mind and saved me such a long drive. Unless you have something meaningful to say to me right now, you can go back by yourself and tell Amanda not to bother making me a roast! We are done!"

Amber looked at him with a stone face, without any response or remorse kept on puffing.

"Do you have anything to say?" he asked her in a calm voice. She remained silent. Laszlo knew this was it. He got into his Saturn and drove off.

He believed in Amber, perhaps foolishly due to her emails, letters, and what she had told me on the phone. While she was not a psycho bitch like the one in California, he felt devastated. He was driving very fast towards home. At Denver, onto I-70 West, going through the Rockies at breakneck speeds, pushing his Saturn to its maximum handling capacities. His Pirelli Sport tires loudly squealed at turns in protest but did not care. László did not care if he would go over some embankment in a fiery crash landing in the gorges. He took out his disappointment and pain by driving at the maximum. To forget what happened.

Until he got to Road 128, where he stopped at the same hotel on the way to Chugwater. The next day, he decided to drive at a slower and safer speed, stopping at scenic places in the Canyonlands National Park for photographs with his small Nikon Digital camera. Which he brought along to take some images of Amber but never did. Destiny once again gave him lemons and decided to make a lemonade making his trip worthwhile, enjoying the beauty of the landscape. When he got home in Phoenix, he checked his emails, but nothing from Amber. He had two extra

days off from work. László had plenty of time to write poems about how he felt about Amber. Expressing his pain and disappointment in her. Titled “Ember, October 23, and the Raven.” He sent those poems to Amber.

Eight months later, he received an email from Amber. In which she apologized for her behaviour and still felt terrible for all the pain and hurt she caused. She confessed: Yes, it was Amanda, along with her bestie, who talked her out of being with him. She regretted how cold she was towards him and not listening to his heartfelt gesture towards her. He did not deserve that and knew it was a mistake. She was now living with her new boyfriend in Cheyenne after selling off her cattle. She was hoping that László would forgive her.

László never replied there was no point. Amber broke his heart and his trust. But he did forgive her. He often what happened to her and what could have been later in his life.

IV. On the Dark side

I must admit, deep down, I am a sadist and enjoy it. I only show my dark side to those who enjoy sadism, especially sadomasochist activities known as S&M. Not all slaves are masochists, but some enjoy pain and prefer it. For a great M/s relationship, I have taken into account what she desires for her to remain my slave in our consensual relationship. In a Total Power Exchange relationship, it is up to me she does not have any choice as to what will happen.

For the past couple of days, this slave of mine was testing my patience by not following my commands to the T, I suppose, on purpose, to get more drastic punishment. Not a good sign, as by that, she brought out the real sadist in me. Opening the Pandora's box for darker and more painful punishment. One was in which I would sew her cunt lips together just for fun. She still could urinate as I would insert a small catheter into her urethra. We talked about this several times, and she agreed with me, that this would hurt like hell. A drastic way to push her pain tolerance level.

The day arrived for me to proceed with this. She was into pain. A lot more than any of the slaves I had before her. She enjoyed my dark sides, always willing to explore S&M as far as I was willing to push her. She was always nude with her collar and leash on. Told her to get a towel and sit on the edge of the bed to spread her legs wide. I got a spreader bar and cuffed her legs to it so they would stay nicely wide apart. I took out my sewing kit and picked a thick and large needle, which would be perfect. I placed it in a small tray and used hydrogen peroxide as a disinfectant. I selected a transparent thread similar to a fishing line but slightly thinner.

By this time, she realized what would happen to her. I had a small catheter perfect in length for just this. I stuck it into her pee-hole. She squirmed a bit. She was not allowed to speak or moan. She had to endure this in silence. If she even made the tiniest sound, I would flog her ass raw until her ass was bleeding, and she would not be sitting on it for days.

I proceeded, starting on the top of her left pussy lips. Pushed the needle from the outside until it pierced through. Followed by pushing the needle into her right one but from the inside. I decided to make it into an "X" pattern with four Xs from top to bottom. She started to shed tears from the pain, but she remained quiet. There was some minor bleeding around the needle marks, but nothing major. I soaked a small cotton ball with hydrogen peroxide and cleaned up the bleeding around the insertions.

The stitching looked pretty good. I decided that the slave would remain stitched up like this for days. After freeing her ankles from the bar, I told her to urinate into a cup and proceed to drink it. When done, get on her hands and knees. I grabbed her leash as she crawled and led her to her cage, where I locked her up overnight.

In the morning, after I woke up, I let her out of her cage to use the toilet., followed by a shower. In the shower, shave off any hair from her body that grew overnight. When done, she had to say her oath to me and show herself for my daily inspection. Typically, standing with her legs wide apart, bending over, showing her cunt lips and anus that she was hairless and clean. As her cunt was sewn together, she could not spread her lips, but she passed the inspection. I led her by her leash as she crawled on her hands and knees like the bitch she was to her breakfast and water bowls. The one bowl contained dog kibble, pissed on it to make it softer and for added flavour. She lapped up with only her tongue until it was empty, so I thought. There were a couple of small crumpets left. She realized there would be punishment. I commanded her to crawl on her hands and knees to get my riding crop. She returned in a few seconds, crawling with my crop in her mouth.

I took it from her mouth, stood behind her ass, and told her to count and not to move. I decided to crop her hard until I saw big welts on both of her ass cheeks. I stopped at 20 lashes. She was in agony as some of my strokes also hit her on the stitched-up cunt lips. Followed immediately, by kneeling on dry corn kernels until I decided she had enough. In the meantime, I had my breakfast and enjoyed looking at her kneeling. Aware that she was in agony, I smiled to myself.

After breakfast, and when the time was up, I led her to one of the kitchen chairs. I tied her feet to the legs, her hands behind the chair, and continued with my torment. I picked out four needles that I used for needle play and stuck two into each nipple of hers right through. After about 10 minutes, I removed them. She was in intense pain, but I knew she loved to suffer. As a masochist, this was what she desired hard use without any mercy.

I freed her to fulfill her daily tasks to clean the dirty pots and plates. Followed by a general house cleaning. While I made lunch, I preferred to cook most of the time. When she was done with her tasks, she was locked in her cage until lunch. I often used her as my table. She was on her hands and knees with her back straight for the tray with my food resting on her back. After my lunch, I placed her portion of the same food I made for myself in her bowl. When she finished eating, she had to do the dishes while I watched the TV. When done, she had to return to her cage until dinner time.

I usually allowed her to sit at my table only for dinner. At my table she was allowed to talk freely about how she felt. Other times she was forbidden to speak. After dinner, it was time to clean dishes, and when done to retire for some session play until around 8 p.m. When we showered together. After, she would give me a good massage with lavender oil all over my body and give me a long-lasting blow job. If she satisfied me, I would allow her to sleep next to me. Otherwise, she would sleep on the floor or in her cage.

V. Is it hot enough for you?

Sometimes, one must discipline a slave harshly who needs attitude adjustment due to her lack of understanding of her role or for not following instructions as commanded. Novice slaves tend to fall into these pitfalls more than experienced ones. Punishment should never be done out of anger, and before and after the discipline, it should be explained to the slave why it happened.

An incident came into my mind with one slave. She was very pretty and young (over the legal age) her attitude had to be changed. Her mindset was full of herself, "I am young and pretty. I can get away with it attitude." She was nude, as required to be in my presence. I blindfolded and gagged her. I led her by her leash over a piece of thick plastic. She was barefoot. I explained to her she would understand the plastic sheet later on.

Commanded her to lie on her back with her legs pulled back over her breast, she was gagged, and her wrists were handcuffed under her knees and spread wide apart. Ensuring that her delicious sexy ass and pussy were exposed fully for me. I let her think about the unknown but imminent punishment for about half an hour to think about the possibilities. The unknown punishment can be terrifying but also invigorating in her mind to speculate as she imagines the possibilities, knowing well what I was capable of doing to her.

I picked my riding crop, one of my favourites, to dole out punishment and start cropping her ass cheeks, and after each stroke, I started counting out loud and hit her on her pussy lips after each second swing. By about the tenth stroke, welts began to form on her ass cheeks. I stopped at twenty. I reminded her that she was my property to punish without any mercy and not to disobey me. I've further informed her, "We just began!" She was moaning from the pain radiating from her delicious ass cheeks and pussy. I've noticed some tear drops dripping slowly from under her blindfold.

Next, I cropped the underside of her feet, aka falanga or bastinado. Just enough to punish her so when she stood on her feet, it would hurt but still leave her the ability to walk. After ten on each sole of hers, I stopped. Went to the kitchen to get some surprises for her. She loved ass play. I wanted something that would give her something to think about selected a ginger root. I peeled the skin off about halfway of the root, which was about three inches long and almost an inch in thickness. Inserted it her ass hole halfway. A little innocent vegetable can cause a lot of pain with a burning feeling.

She squirmed and tried to scream from the feeling, but she could not as being gagged. Her face distorted from her pain and muffled screams. Her tears now started to flow more rapidly. I reminded her again, "We are not done!"

I returned to the kitchen, grabbed a long, hot green pepper, and cut off a good two inches from the end to expose the flesh of the pepper close to the seed core. I licked it to ensure it was hot, and it was very hot, just perfect for my devious punishment. I returned, rubbing it on her pussy lips first on the outside, then

progressing towards her inner lips. She was now screaming so hard that even gagging would hardly muffle it, and was crying her tears soaked her silk blind. I could imagine that she would be begging for mercy if she could. She was squirming from the pain, she pissed herself! I enjoyed every minute of her torment.

Now it was clear to her why I placed the plastic sheet on the floor. Told her because she pissed on the sheet she has to lick it up, once we were done. Warned her if she would relieve herself with excrement, I would rub it all over her body and let it dry while she was lying in her position. I left her and walked back to the kitchen, and got a couple of ice cubes to rub around her pussy and her swollen welts on her ass to cool them off a bit, and left them on her crotch to melt and flow down slowly to her pussy lips and the crack of her arse. By this time she was beside herself. Her whole body trembling, I thrust my fingers into her vulva deep several times and she started to have deep orgasms after another, in a subspace where pain crossed over to pleasure. I pulled my fingers out and left her for about 45 minutes to return to reality.

Upon my return, I undid her handcuff and removed the blind and the gag. Her pretty face was a mess, puffy from crying, and now she had to do one more task before she could get to the shower to clean herself: lick up her piss from the plastic sheet.

I asked her “Did you learn your lesson?” and continued “You got off easy in the Roman times, and even in on the plantation fields, slaves got tied to a pole or tree and they got whipped so hard on their backs and front that they bleed like hell, and left unconscious for a day or two. Perhaps even branded with red hot irons, not following commands or disrespecting their Masters. That is how disciplining a slave was done!”

“Yes, my Master!” she replied very quietly.

“I hope my young slave your attitude towards me as Master will improve, understanding your function in clarity is to obey and by that to please me. Not to show any disrespect ever towards me, only compliance in your submission, from which you gain your joys by being selflessly giving yourself to me to be used as I see fit. I strive for our relationship under my authority to be healthy, clear, liveable, and empowering. To provide essential excitement, training, growth, and learning experiences for you, my young slave. Your obedience is expected, and not negotiable.”

The 50 Shades of Grey romantic BDSM fiction that so many women read and believe in totally ruined the Master/slave relationship. Many think that looking pretty is enough and they can make all kinds of demands because of that fact. That is so wrong in M/s. Being a slave is never not about herself, or her needs for luxury goods but by waiting on hand and foot by her Master. It is about her compliance in her submission pleasing her Master. Disciplining a slave is a must, as many novice young and inexperienced older slaves do not understand the dynamics. Unfortunately, many who actually do understand tend to be way too old, used up, and rejected by several Masters with only God knows what emotional damage or

physiological issues. Apart from that, around 45, the female menopause sets in which will drive anyone crazy.

For me, owning a slave is more than just to fucking her 3 holes nonstop. This can be very boring after a while. I want a slave who truly bonds in her body, mind, and soul, regardless of the distance between her and me, several thousand miles, or just mere inches from me. It is still the same mental and physiological bond. While the sensation of pain is a powerful deterrent, liberating or desired by a masochist. The real bondage is in her mind, heart, and soul. That is what I offer to my slave, by showing her patience, but at the same time correcting her way through disciplining a slave as necessary. For some slaves, affection works better than punishment, but those are rare. I want her to be proud of her slavery, and not just remain a fantasy.

Actually, it is about trust and a strong will more than anything else. It is not easy to stay focused on the idea that she is property, and gives up all Rights about herself to her Master. I have to be responsible for her well-being, protect her, and give her the incentive and desire to obey and serve me. For me to push her at a pace that is not destructive, to go further in her development, deeper in her submission to give the joy of reaching subspace.

VI. Good girl!

After several months of emails and chats, it was time to get serious. We established that I would visit you at your place and exchange information, proof of test results for STD/STI, etc, so we both know that we are clean. We discussed relevant health information, my TURP situation of dry ejaculation, and what I asked you to get for our session. I would bring some “toys and devices” for our mutual pleasure with me.

I was to arrive at 6 p.m. You were told to masturbate but not to cum, in advance to build up the anticipation even more, to get you so wet hot, and ready for our first meeting. At 6 p.m., precisely I knocked on your door.

The door opened just wide enough for me to step in. You closed it quickly. You were standing in front of me, all nude apart from your Tight High black stockings with matching stilettos. Shiny lips with a gorgeous shade of red and your nails having the same matching sexy shade. Your eyes sparkled as you glanced at me with curiosity. I stood facing you in my winter duvet dark blue Ralph Lauren jacket. Black casual military-style cargo pants and slip-on shoes. My face looked the same as you saw on my profile and the images I sent you. Yes, a much older gent who was to be your dominant Master for the next couple of hours. And perhaps you are his steady girlfriend to others but his “slave” in reality 24/7. A bold step for you, exciting and scary at the same time. I had a small backpack in my left hand and a single white rose in my right. White rose meant purity, loyalty, and innocence. An ideal flower to symbolize the start of a M/s relationship based upon mutual needs and honesty.

I took off my jacket and shoes and gave you the rose. You blushed for a second, and as you didn't expect a romantic gesture. I placed my backpack on the floor. I asked you if I could go and wash my hands in the bathroom. I wanted to be clean before I touched you. Meanwhile, you placed the rose into a small vase. I asked you to hold the rose close to your nose. I took a photo of you with my small digital Canon S110 camera. I noticed you were very nervous. I was a very surreal evening so far.

You escorted me to the bathroom. I asked you to watch as I washed my hands. When done, we stepped out. I've asked you to turn around and bend over with your legs spread about 2 feet apart. Your naked sex was visible to me, and I could see some wetness about to drip from your swollen vulva. I gently separated your lips and inserted two fingers as deep as I could. You moaned loudly, as wondered, “What the hell is he doing?”

Anticipating your unsaid question, I clarified my action, “I wanted to inspect you to see that you were completely shaved and smooth, without hairs around your lips or your anus, and to smell and taste you. I liked your sweet, salty with a bit of musk taste and fragrance.” I licked my fingers. “Finger-lickin' good,” I thought to myself, as the old KFC commercial used to say!

I requested you to turn around and get on your knees. I've reached for my backpack and got a leather collar out. Before I placed it around your neck, I asked, "Are you ready to obey me and serve me for today as my slave?"

"Yes, Master!" was your reply in a slightly nervous voice.

I placed the black leather collar around your neck and secured it. This would be your training collar with three rings. A stainless steel one with one ring will be your permanent one once you submit to me properly and give me your oath to be my forever slave. Attached a chain leash on the center ring.

"Get on your hands and knees and follow me!" I walked into your living room and made a couple of circles with you in tow. I sat on your sofa, with you in front and facing me on your hands and knees. "Remove my socks with your mouth only!" You were a bit perplexed, "WTF!" but you proceeded. Despite some difficulty, you succeeded. "Kiss my feet, slave!" You did it without hesitation.

"Good girl!"

You heard my praise, and I stood up "now remove my pants, including my underwear, and use your hands!"

You reached for the belt, unfastened it, pulled the zipper down, my pants with both hands and underwear off in one smooth motion down to the floor. I stepped out of them and kicked to the side a bit. You saw my cock and balls for the first time. It was in a semi-excited stage.

"Lick my balls and my cock. I want to feel them in your mouth. You may use your hands too!"

You proceeded to lick and taste my smoothly shaved balls, taking them one at a time to suck on them. You took my cock into your hands, stroking it firmly with passion to get a bit more erection, and moved it into your wet mouth. I grabbed your head and pushed my cock in as far as I could. You were choking a bit as it hit the back of your throat, but I kept in there for a few seconds and pulled it slowly with your saliva foaming around it. I let you catch your breath. I smiled at you,

"Good girl!"

I sat back on the sofa and pulled your leash very close to my balls. I leaned back a bit and pushed my hips out enough to expose my anus.

"Start licking my ass! I want to feel your tongue in as you're rimming me! Spread your saliva around the opening, slave!" Unexpected surprise for you a first. You were eager to have new experiences. This went on for about 20 minutes. By this time, you were dripping.

"Get up on the sofa, face down, ass up!" as you did, I mounted you deep inside your slippery cunt, as you moaned, grabbed your hair, pulling and arching your neck with your head back towards me,

"Are you a good girl? Do you want to please your Master?"

"I am your slave, and all I want is to please you, Master!" you replied in a quivering and excited voice.

I kept on fucking you with all my might, ramming my cock in and out, balls deep. I could feel that you were very close to cuming, "You can't cum until I allow it slave!" and I pulled out my cock, which surprised you, as you expected that I would

allow you to cum soon.

“Lay on your back and spread your legs. Hold your legs up and wide with your hands!”

As you complied, I got down on my knees and started to lick your dripping lips, tickled your swollen clit with my tongue, and began to suck and bite on it. You squirmed from the sharp and unexpected pain. I let off a bit and continued licking your vulva, inserting my tongue as deeply as I could, tasting your wonderful nectar, oozing, starting to flow like a river, as you were close to cuming.

“Cum now slave! Show me that you are a good girl!”

Your body started to go into a wild spasm, contraction after contraction, as I finger fucked you with several of my fingers deep and hard. You were moaning very loudly, “Ahh that’s so fucking good. Harder, harder, my Master!”

This was your first orgasm in real life with me, not counting the ones you had during our chats. I let you recover for a bit and went to get my backpack. You looked at me and in a barely audible voice, asked,

“What are you going to do next, Master?”

“Did you get the items I told you to get for our meeting?” as I removed my shirt and T-shirt.

“Yes, my Master, they are on the top of the dresser in the bedroom.”

You replied softly and wondered what I would do next with you! The list included several peacock feathers, two low melting point candles designed for BDSM use, a six-inch long small vibrator powered by AA batteries, a strap-on mouth gag, and leather ankle and wrist straps. I smiled mischievously,

“Good girl! Now let’s get to the bedroom. More room on the bed!”

I led you by your leash in one hand as you crawled on your hands and knees. In the other, I had my backpack. We proceeded to your bedroom.

“Get on the bed, on your back, and spread your legs apart wide!” proceeded to my backpack. To make it more interesting and to keep you on the edge of mystery and what will happen to you. I took out a silky rope (not to hurt your skin) and a long chain with several locks. I picked up the wrist and ankle straps, placed them upon you, and clicked the wrist straps to the side ring on your collar. Immobilizing your hands. I used another rope, tied one end to your left ankle strap, and the rest of the rope went under the bed and tied to your right ankle strap. This way, I could force your legs apart as wide as I could. I could sense your tension, nervousness and apprehension about the unknown. I placed a pillow under your hips to elevate your pelvis.

“Master, what are you doing to me? Will this hurt?”

“You’ll be fine, and no more talking!”

I picked up the gag and gagged you, fastening the straps around your head nice and tight. You started to moan loudly, twisting on the bed, but your movements were very restricted. I could feel your anxiety and see some tiny specs of sweat gathering on your forehead. Your heart rate started to go up. As I felt your warm

and soft skin, your veins pulsating faster.

“Relax and enjoy!”

You were deprived of seeing, and you could not speak. Only some gurgling noise intermixed with moans came from your mouth. Begun to breathe faster, wondering what devious torture you going to receive and how much will it hurt?

“Relax, my sweet slave, trust me!” reassured you.

“Easy for you to say that!” you thought but could not say it. I could read your mind as I smiled at you. Took out my small digital camera and made a few images of you. You could not see the flash to save this moment for us to review later. I fastened your leash to a cold and quite heavy stainless steel chain about 3 yards long around your body, ensuring that it went outside your dripping pussy lips. I could feel your body tensioning up as you squirmed to my sadistic delight. I made sure the chains touched your breasts from the top, pressing into them by their weight alone. Your nipples were very excited, standing firm. I started to lick and kiss them to make you feel a bit more comfortable, then suddenly bite on them to give you a sharp pain, jolting your nerves to your brain. I kissed them again softly.

“Relax, my sweet slave, relax!”

I stood up and grabbed the candles, ensuring that you heard the flicker of the lighter. I purposely did this close to your ear. Your screams from panic were well muffled, I barely could make them out. The unknown, the fear, you were at my mercy, totally vulnerable, unlike you ever felt or been with anyone.

I stood back. You could hear my move. In situations like this, your hearing is more acute and sensitive. I waited, grabbed one of the peacock feathers, moved closer to you and flicked the lighter again. You were screaming again, but only small muffled noises came out, with heavy salivation dripping from your mouth, and I could see more oozing on the chain implanted between your labia. Suddenly, I touched you by brushing the feathers on your skin softly! You jumped a bit, expecting something else. Tickling you around your breasts, your nipples, moving slowly down towards your steaming vagina and back again. Now you moaned from the tickling sensation!

I stopped while I grabbed one of two sets of cloverleaf lamps and placed them on your nipples. The clamps were chained together, and the other set on your inner pussy lips. The clamps have a bite to them, but nothing that would hurt you, a lot less than steel binder clamps. I started to tickle you with the feather again, driving you crazy, and with my other hand yanking your nipple and pussy lip clamps alternatively. I played with you like this for about 15 minutes or so. For you, it felt like an eternity. I stopped for a minute or two, then I reached for the vibrator, turned it, and touched your nipples first. The sensation was much stronger as your nipples were clamped. I moved down to your pussy lips, touching your clit, driving you wild into a frenzy as you felt that you would explode, bursting into a gigantic orgasm.

“Not allowed to cum unless I say so!”

You heard my command. Edging you towards it, then stopping, and doing it again, driving you into ecstasy, into a subspace where now some of your pain was

intermixed with pleasure, as I yanked the clamps constantly while using the vibrator on your clit and lips. You were like a river, so wet with lubricant. I finally took the vibrator and pushed deep into your anus. The vibrator was well-lubed from your secretions. I started to kiss your labia all over.

“Cum for me, my sweet slave!”

I sounded as if was miles away from you in a different space in subspace. You exploded, wave after wave, trembling, moaning, screaming from pleasure, which was muffled by the gag. I removed the clamps, pulled out the vibrator, and took off your blinds for you to see my smile! You were drenched in sweat, the sheet was wet as if you would have pissed yourself, but you did not. However, as later you told me, you almost did from the fright. I smiled at you again.

“Good girl! I am very proud of you!” as I kissed your nipples and breast softly but with passion and continued, “We are not done yet! I am taking you more deeply into subspace to experience the power and the domination of your Master! That you will have no choice but to submit to me as my lifelong slave and my loving, obedient girlfriend.”

You looked at me with your dreamlike eyes, eyelashes blinking fast as to say, “YES! I want you!”

You were still in subspace, floating in a different universe, but aware of your senses, thinking, “This is where I want to be! WOW!”

I placed the blindfold back to continue the session. I reached into my backpack, taking out my black leather whip. I slowly dragged the leather handle over your skin. You felt the texture and the braiding on the tong. Gently stroking you with it. I untied the ropes which held your legs apart. Clipped the ankle cuffs together, arched your legs back towards your hands and fastened your legs to your hands. Giving me a spectacular view of your delicious sexy ass and dripping cunt. I took more images of you like this. I began to whip your ass very gently. You flinched and started to move it a bit.

“Stop moving! If you do, I will hit you much harder, leaving marks!”

Continuing until your ass cheeks were lovely shade of red, I stopped once in a while to feel the heat. Playfully whipping you, but with a bit of impact, your pussy lips were drenched again. I licked your lips a bit, tasting your exotic honey. I took some of your lubricant, smeared on the handle knot, penetrated your anus a few inches, and left it inside you. Next, with the peacock feather began to tease and tickle your body. Reached for your nipples and gently played with them. You were beside yourself trembling, I could sense that you were on the verge of cuming.

“Cum for your Master!”

You didn't need to hear anything else, exploded again, your body quivering like Jello, wave after wave, while I played with your nipples. I took some images of your red ass cheeks with the whip in your anus. Then I pulled out the whip handle, removed the chains and the fastener, and unclipped your ankle cuffs. You could rest your legs on the bed again. Removed the mouth gag and your blindfold and unfastened your wrist cuffs.

You were drenched in sweat with your secretions and saliva from your mouth, but what a beautiful sight! I took a couple of images as you smiled at me in disbelief!

“WOW! What did you do to me? What just happened?” in a faint but happy voice.

“You met your Master!”

“May I sit up, Sir?” you asked, your lovely breasts and nipples pointing at me.

“If you can, you can stand up!” responded with a huge smile on my face. You tried, but were very shaky. I had to hug closely to keep you upright, kissing you gently on your lips. We embraced each other, and you held me tight, pressing your erect nipples in my body. We stood like that for a few minutes, not saying a word it wasn’t necessary. I felt your heartbeat, still beating at a fast rate but slowly getting back to normal. I kept gently stroking your ass cheeks, feeling the warmth radiating, and gently pushing, penetrating your soaked pussy with my index finger. Marking my territory, as you were “my cunt!” you belonged to me! Our emotions were high.

“Was it good for you, slave?” continued before you could reply, “Are you willing to submit to me, accept me as your Master, obey unquestionably, as my forever slave, pleasing and loving me as my girlfriend?”

You let go of me, stepped back about 3 feet, and looked at me, penetrating my soul. Waited for a couple of seconds and got on your knees, bowed your head down to the ground, reached for my right foot placed upon your head, and with a convincing voice replied,

“I am your slave as long as you have me. It will be my privilege to serve you with my body, mind, and soul, to obey and love you, Sir! Will you accept this worthless cunt, Master?”

“YES! You trusted me enough to let go of your fears and showed me willing and worthy of my trust and affection. You made me very proud of you! Get up, remove your soaked stockings, and let’s shower together to freshen up!”

You jumped up, I removed your collar with the leash attached, and you proceeded to get ready for a nice refreshing shower. You had this mesmerizing smile that would have put the Mona Lisa to shame! We walked into your bathroom to the stand-up separate shower with a small ledge to sit down.

We stepped in together, but before you turned on the tap, you knew I wanted to do something else. We talked about my biggest kink before, and this was my way to cum, to piss into your mouth as you swallowed my golden nectar and let some trickle down to your breasts and the rest of your body, rubbing my scent and flavour into your skin. When I stopped, you sucked my cock dry. I sat on the small sitting area in the shower. You stepped very close to me between my legs spreading your lips apart to expose your urethra as you began to piss on my cock with a strong stream emptying your bladder. Once done, I stood up. You got on your knees and started to lick, suck, and cleanse my cock from your piss with your tongue and lips. Showing your ultimate surrender and willingness to humiliate yourself to please

your Master. We proceeded to shower together, sponging off all our sweat, secretions, and piss from our bodies and giggling, kissing each other deeply several times. We dried each other off. You changed the bed sheet. At the same time, I took more images of you.

After we both got on the bed, sitting side by side, we looked at the image playback on the camera screen. You were surprised by just how good you looked. We talked, and maybe, in the next couple of days, we will do a video of us in action. We were both happy as I embraced you, and you snuggled up to me, pressing your breasts into me while you were playing with my cock, and balls. Soon, we were ready for more action. We continued exploring more of our kinks and desires until we both collapsed satisfied. We embraced, and our bodies intermingled as not only two lovers but something even more meaningful as Master and slave as we fell asleep in each other's arms. I woke up a few times, turned towards your pussy spreading your lips, and sucked on your clit, biting it gently that woke you up. You smiled at me and got into a comfortable position to kiss, lick and suck on my cock, as I fell asleep.

You continued to pleasure me for the rest of the night, and when I woke up that I had to urinate, my cock was still in your mouth. Kissing and licking the head of my cock around the most sensitive spot to give me pleasure. I indicated that I had to go to the toilet. You waved your hand in protest, "NO!" You just wanted to swallow my piss as I lay there swallowing every drop. As your proof of your dedication and growing love for me.

Yes, you were not a fantasy anymore but my forever slave, lover and the most important person in my life. I hugged you warmly and kissed you on your face and forehead with passion as I praised,

"You are a good girl, my slave! Thank you for coming into my life!"

You smiled back lovingly, "You most welcome my Master!"

VII. How she earned her name

We were in an e-mail relationship for a while, but she still had no name besides “slave”. She was 39, 5’-5” with a shapely body, 135 lbs, long, shiny light brown hair, and extremely bright blue intelligent eyes. She submitted herself to me one day out of the blue when she finally realized she needed my presence, which even surprised her. She was not the typical slave type, or would anyone suspect that she could even think about such things as being an owned sex slave to be sadistically tortured and brutalized day in and day out?

Yet she had these yearnings all her adult life, and finally, a man came into her conventional life in which she was firmly embedded who had a mixture of the more acceptable vanilla and these somewhat perverse yet enticing, intriguing qualities that were natural for him and made her feel so at ease with her desires. She had learned a lot from me from my correspondence, photos, and poems, which dealt in great detail about slavery. She felt reassured deep inside and knew that she just had to be my slave. I was different than anybody else she even pondered the idea too. I was respectful, caring, non-judgemental, and helpful, yet at the same time demanding and dominating but also open without an ego trip, sharing my real experiences, including failures in this environment. I inflamed her passion and yearning desires with my honesty. She realized that with me as her Master and Owner, she still could keep all the trappings of her conventional vanilla life in public. While her needs would be met in her private life.

We were still living apart. She was in New Brunswick, New Jersey, and I, her online Master in Toronto. She was hesitant to relocate and give up, which she worked for, but she was willing only after we had met. We both needed proof from her submission that she could do it for real and would not change her mind. It has happened before, and I did not want it. She had to be spot-on for me, and she wanted the same from me. I had to be spot-on for her. We both had a lot to lose.

We decided that the best way to progress in the relationship was for me to drive or fly down to be with her and see what happened. She read my Contract, Rules of Conduct, and Daily routine requirements. She was fascinated by them. After asking for some clarification, she started to fantasize more and more about being my slave and being used. My replies gave her a clear understanding of just exactly what I wanted and needed from my slave. She finally mailed me some photos of herself without my asking and her phone number along with her photos.

They were just ordinary snapshots, but I liked what I saw. I sent her my cell number, where she could reach me 24/7, and we started to talk. She loved my soft voice with a distinct, sexy European accent. One day, she printed out the Contract and signed it with her blood by pricking one of her fingers and letting some blood drip into a small container and using an old-fashioned ink pen she bought at an art store for calligraphy. She mailed it back to me for my approval. I signed it and

returned to her a copy, indicating that she was now my potential property, my slave without a name. Soon, that would change once we had to meet, for me to test her submission to see how we would function together under private and social circumstances. For me, this was always a primary consideration and a mutual desire.

Being owned and used as a slave in a 24/7/365 relationship in which she gave up all her rights to her body and her vanilla lifestyle may sound easy from a Master's point of view. But, in reality, it was not that simple. Initially, perhaps for an extended period, or even permanently, she and I would have to continue in a dual role. Conventional in public and as a Master and owned a slave in private and behind closed doors. It was important for Madelyn not to lose face, even worse, if anyone from her family and friends found out. Thus, we had to balance our needs with the reality of conventional life. She was so cautious about exploring her true identity that lingered in her pent-up soul. I understood this from day one and soothed her aching soul with understanding, warmth, and being there for her. She opened up gradually like a flower, turning towards sunshine and soaking in the energy. Her bright eyes shone with the understanding that she would be my slave, not my girlfriend (only to others in her social life), my pet, my pain slut, three-hole sex slave, my urinal piss pot, and owned object used hard daily: fucked in any of her orifices, pissed upon and in her mouth, humiliated, beaten, tortured, stretched, tattooed, pierced, branded and used as I saw fit without her input as when and how.

She did not want conventional love, nor did I offer her that. I proposed a bond that was much stronger psychologically in binding two people together than just love. I needed a willing female animal to train for my pleasure without any regard or consideration to her own needs or gratification, in a sense a masochistic cunt to abuse and mould to my sadistic needs but entirely with her approval as she knew that while I used her, I valued her pain and suffering as much as she did – she was indeed a rare female, she made me proud to know and own her. She loved it when I reminded her just how disgusting and perverted were the things I made her do and that she was “a bad girl” who needed more torture and punishment! In reality, she knew that I meant “she was a good girl” obeying me, and at the same time her needs were catered to.

I told her on the phone, before my arrival, to buy some heavy-duty chains; the link wire material had to be a min of ¼” but less than 3/8” thick, (2) pieces 10 ft in length, chromed or stainless steel and 8 padlocks that would fit through the links all keyed the same, a bag or box of wooden or plastic laundry pegs (cloth pins used for hanging laundry) min of 24 pieces inside, from Home Depot or similar hardware store, to buy a steel (chromed) choke chain the largest available for a dog, a chain and leather leash, and two stainless feeding bowls from PetSmart, a couple of large bee's wax candles. She obliged with her curiosity inflamed! She had to wait to find out how these would be used although she had some ideas.

I arrived after a 10-hour long drive. I parked my car, went to her door, and knocked. She opened the door, and I stepped into her home. She closed the door. Her place was conservatively decorated and neat and clean. She wore a long white bathrobe, almost hiding her bare legs in her white open-toed slippers with one inch heels. Her eyes sparkled with anticipation, a soft smile on Revlon's red lips matched the nails on her hands and feet. She opened her robe, and I could see her naked flesh as she dropped to the floor beside her. She kneeled in front of me and touched her head down on the floor, her arms in front of her, and she spoke softly,

"My Master, the body, mind, and soul of this slave belongs to you, this slave will obey all your commands without question or hesitation. Whatever this slave may own belongs to you, and you may do with them as you wish. This slave accepts your decisions, however harsh they may be, and humbly waits for her Master's instructions in silence."

She did exactly as she was told how to greet me when I arrived, not just now but daily at our place or every morning when we woke up. I let her stay in her position for a few minutes in silence. Then I walked around her several times, finally standing behind her.

"You may stand up, then bend over with your legs spread about 2 feet, arms stretched out in front of you parallel to the floor!"

She complied without hesitation. I placed my hand on her swollen labia and spread them apart, she was clean and wet, shaved properly, without any pubic hair anywhere. Her anus was tight, nice, and pink. I could see her large breast hanging towards the ground and her nipples hard, I walked around inspecting my property and checked her hands and nails. She was only allowed natural nails; no fake glued-on type was acceptable.

Satisfied, I told her, "Give your Owner a hug" She complied, and I hugged her back firmly kissed her forehead, and continued,

"slave, I will give you a bit of free time to talk with me about my journey, but remember slave you can only call me Sir, My Master or My Lord!"

"Yes Sir!" smiling as she replied.

We walked into her living room, all curtains were drawn shut already, in fact, all windows in her home. I sat on the sofa; she remained standing until I permitted her to sit in front of me on the floor, in the Japanese position with her legs spread as she was required to do in my presence, free time or not! We talked about my long drive, border crossing, etc. I complimented her that she was much more attractive in life than in her photos, which was true. I was not trying to flatter her, not my style only recognized the fact. I mentioned that I was tired and wanted to shower, and after that, she would have to give me a good and relaxing massage. I explained that she would have to wash and dry me as this would be a normal requirement as my slave. I asked her to show me to our bedroom, where I undressed in front of her

"Slave you sit on the edge of the bed, spread your legs wide, I want to see your cunt always! The free time is over!" I was indicating that she was not allowed to talk only to ask for clarification in case she was not sure of something, and

continued “Is that clear?”

“Yes, Sir!”

“Show me the bathroom and get some extra towels!”

She got up, picked up a couple of towels, and indicated silently by hand where the bathroom was. There was a shower stall and a separate tub. She placed the towels on the rack while I prepared the water, warm but not too hot, and stepped in the shower,

“Get in here with me!” she stepped in behind me, continued,

“Get down on your knees, and open your mouth!”

As she did I held my penis and aimed towards her mouth, started to piss around it and on her face and inside her mouth a bit, as not to choke her, but let her get used to my stream,

“swallow some of it, slave! Taste your Master, and long for my piss every day! Remember, you are my toilet; your mouth is for receiving my piss to cleanse, suck, taste, lick, kiss, and savour my cock and cum, or for any filthy and disgusting task I tell you to do! So, how do you like being in a filthy toilet now?”

“It was a bit bitter Sir! She feels so very humiliated just now!” I smiled at her, “Good, just as I want you to feel! Now lick clean my cock, then I turn around, bend a bit, and you will cleanse my anus with your tongue!”

I let her lick and suck on my cock for a minute or two, enjoying it, then turned around and let her lick my anus for about five minutes, which to her seemed a very long time.

“Now start licking and sucking on my left toe, then continue to my right. When done, lather up the washcloth and wash me!”

“Yes, my Master!” she carried on with eagerness. When she was done with me, I took the washing cloth from her hand and washed her body. She was a bit shocked, I could tell from her face, but enjoyed it very much as touched and penetrated her vagina, rubbed her ass cheeks and her rosebud, then foundling her breast and rubbed hard her nipples with the cloth. When done rinsing off the soap, turned off the shower and stepped out onto a towel on the floor.

“Dry me, slave, then dry yourself!”

While she dried me, I asked, “Did you ever have this kind of shower experience before?”

She smiled, “No, Sir! It was very erotic never tasted someone’s urine or licked clean someone’s anus, cock, or feet before. It made her feel more like a slave than she thought it would, especially when you urinated on her face around her mouth and felt the warm piss flowing and dripping down to her breasts!”

I smiled, “In that case, from now on, we will do this everyday. I want you to feel like not just a slave but a slave whose mouth is for cleansing her Master’s body, my filthy cunt! Furthermore, after the massage, I will show you what the chains are for! You do have them, don’t you?”

“Yes, My Master! I have them in the bedroom under your bed!”

Before, I laid face down on the bedspread and told her, “I saw some body lotion in the bathroom, get it and apply it generously. Start with my feet first, then

continue up to my neck, then I turn around, and you work yourself from the neck down to my feet!”

“Yes, my Lord!”

She went to get the lotion and started her massage. She slowly worked up on my left leg to my buttocks, then on the right, and then from my lower back and ass area up to my shoulders and neck. She had a pleasant yet firm touch, and I enjoyed her actions. As I turned around, I had an erection. I put up my head on a pillow for a better view and told her,

“Start sucking on my cock and massage my cock and balls with your hands until cum in your filthy mouth, slave!”

She immediately started to suck on my cock, facing me so I could see it entering her mouth, “stroke my cock with a firmer grip! When I cum I want you to open your mouth showing my cum and let some of it drip down to your breasts slave, and swallow the rest.”

I soon exploded in her mouth, she opened it wide, and some dripped on her breasts, “swallow it now you filthy slave! Rub the rest of my cum on your nipples, then lick your fingers dry and continue with the massage in silence!”

She obliged silently and continued down to my toes. When she was done, she looked at me,

“Master, your slave has to go to the bathroom, may she go?”

I looked at her “you have to be more specific. Do you need to urinate or defecate?”

“Urinate, Sir!”

I got off the bed and turned towards her, “from now on, you will crawl on your hands and knees. You are not allowed to walk in my presence unless we are outside our home, or there are guests, or you are carrying something that doesn’t fit in your mouth. You will be fed from bowls as noted in the Rules of Conduct, which you read, is that clearly understood!” She looked at me with “You got to be kidding look for a second” and replied,

“Yes, Master!”

“Furthermore” I continued “start crawling now. When you get to the toilet, you will stand in front of it, piss standing up for my entertainment, any drops that you miss, you will lick up from the floor!”

I pointed towards the bathroom and walked beside my crawling slave.

My slave raised the seat and stood with the toilet between her legs facing me, bent her knees slightly forward to aim her urine into the bowl. At first, she tried with a short stream. A few drops ended up on the floor tiles. To improve her aim, she moved a bit closer and above the toilet bowl, spread her lips apart to improve her aim, and let a full stream inside. Done, she flushed, got on her hands and knees, and started to lick up her urine from the floor. She had a nauseating grimace on her face while she was licking it all up. When done, she looked at me in silence with a puzzled look on her face, which indicated that she was wondering what form of humiliation would be next.

“Did you like the taste of your piss from the floor?” with a sadistic smile, I continued, “you are free to speak openly about it but do stay on your hands and knees!”

My slave looked up at me as I was standing beside her. Madelyn was on her hands and knees, totally humiliated,

“Sir, she never thought of doing this it made her feel filthy. She desired such debasement and degradation for so long. While very humiliating, she also thoroughly loved it, Sir! My Master certainly knows how to handle his slave’s needs.”

I looked at her satisfied.

“I’m glad to hear that slave! Never forget that you are my slave, not just any slave but as owned property, a dehumanized, objectified pet of mine. I will give you a very unique name. You will refer to yourself as a slave named *filthy cunt*! Starting from now, your oath as my slave will be: ‘My Master, the body, mind, and soul of this filthy cunt belongs to you, this filthy cunt will obey all your commands without question or hesitation. Whatever this filthy cunt may own belongs to you, and you may do with them as you wish. This filthy cunt accepts your decisions, however harsh they may be, and humbly waits for her Master’s instructions in silence.’”

I continued, “now get up you, filthy cunt, and wash your dirty mouth with some mouthwash! Free time is over!” She complied immediately and looked at me in silence.

“Now we shall see about those chains! Crawl back to the bedroom, show me where they are, and then get on the bed on your back, your head near the headboard, your hands stretched out touching the headboard!”

We returned to the dimly lit bedroom, which was only illuminated by the night table lamp. Madelyn pointed under the bed and said quietly with a hint of fright,

“My Lord, the chains, the locks, and candles are all there!” then she climbed on the bed and positioned herself as specified.

I picked up the chains and the locks. I tested the keys to ensure all were keyed the same, an important safety consideration. Easy to lose in the heat of a session or even swallow a key by accident. The chains were heavy and the correct size. I smiled and reassured her, “You did well, thank you!”

I then proceeded to wrap one end of a chain around her wrists. The chains were cold, her hands warm and locked in place. There was no way she could get out of them. I continued to wrap the chain around the headboard and locked it in place, about 4 feet left unused,

“Raise your legs up and wide!”

I pulled her left ankle back towards her head, wrapped the chain around it and locked it with a lock. On her right leg, I wrapped the other chain locked in place, pulled her leg by her ankle towards her head, wrapped the remaining chain around the headboard, and locked it. She was on her back spread-eagled, exposing

her ass and cunt. I looked at her for about 5 minutes, deliberately taking my time with my upcoming action, and I am sure for the filthy cunt it seemed like hours! I looked for my clothes and freed my leather belt out of my pants. When she saw the belt, she had a good idea of what was about to happen. I stood facing her exposed cunt and said,

“You are a filthy girl who needs a bit of discipline for being such a bad and dirty girl! Don’t you agree, filthy cunt?”

“Yes, Sir, your filthy cunt was bad!” she replied with a trembling voice.

“From now on, after each slash or stroke, you will say, ‘Thank you, Master, please hit me harder!’ You are forbidden to have an orgasm, may moan, but not allowed to scream!”

“Yes, My Lord!” she replied indistinctly.

I started to hit her cunt, as well as her ass, with light strokes after each stroke, I waited for her to say, “Thank you, Master, please hit me harder!”

Her voice was trembling and was intermingled with moans of pleasure. After about a dozen increasingly harder slashes, her cunt and ass were red and warm as I gently stroked her oozing lips. She was so wet and excited. I started to probe deeper into her cunt, separating the lips and inserting two fingers deep in her, thrusting forward hard in her, pulling out my fingers, smelling her aroma, and tasting her wetness. A potent mixture of sweetness with a slightly salty and muskiness. I got on the bed with a hard erection, penetrated her and started to fuck her hard. She continued to moan, fighting herself not to cum! I withdrew my cock, dripping from her wetness, moved towards her mouth, and commanded her,

“Lick and suck my cock clean!” She obliged.

I started to stroke my cock, and continued, “You filthy cunt beg for my cum!”

“Please, Master, let me taste your cum! Please, Master cum in your filthy cunt’s mouth, she needs your cum!” Her voice was filled with anticipation and soft moans.

I exploded in her mouth, although she received less of my cum, than earlier in the evening. “Swallow it, filthy cunt! Lick my cock clean!”

I was drained and tired. Looking at my slave, what a great woman, I thought to myself! She was red around her cunt and ass, still oozing her wetness and a bit sweaty from the past events. I let her lie in the chained and spread-eagled position for about 20 minutes in silence. I removed all her locks except for, one on her left ankle and freed her from the rest of the chains. Locked the other end of the chain still attached to her left ankle to the bed’s leg. I got up and left. Returned with two towels, one damp the other dry. I used the damp to clean her sweat off her body. And the other to dry her. I saw she appreciated it. Laid down beside her, hugged her, and said, “Madelyn, my filthy cunt, you were great! I am so glad to accept you as my slave! Do you feel the same way as I do? You are free to talk!”

I stayed for a week and it was the best week in my life. During my stay, we discussed how Madelyn would move in with me. Unfortunately, two weeks later, while shopping she was hit by a car and succumbed to her injuries in the hospital.

VIII. The voice

You heard a soft yet authoritative voice counting backward “10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4,…” and suddenly you were someplace else. Perhaps in another dimension, it was dark, cold, empty, and sinister, so quiet you could hear a pin drop. You were shivering and frightened. As you regressed further in the crevices of your mind, sinking deeper into the abyss of your soul, searching for the reason that you hid ever since you could remember, why do I always want to be a slave?

All of a sudden, you saw a spark of intense light. You were naked, crawling in a field of broken glass and burning embers. The shreds of glass cut deeply into the soft and tender skin you were bleeding. The red-hot embers burned your skin, but you continued to crawl toward the source of light despite your unbearable agony. You knew there was a reason for your hidden desire if you only could get to the light source. The voice urged you on,

“Come to me, slave prove your worth, show me that you can take the pain and your devotion to your ONE Master, who owns your body, mind, and soul! Come to me…”

As you got closer and closer, you saw a figure in the light. Due to the intensity, it was unrecognizable and blurry. The voice continued,

“Come to me slave, submit to your desire write your total unquestionable submission in your blood! You will rise like a Phoenix, your answer will be clear, feel no more pain, trust me!”

You continued towards the light relentlessly. As you were about to reach the source, you saw a scroll of parchment in front of you. Without any hesitation, dipped your fingers into the bleeding cuts on your body and wrote, “This slave submit to my Lord, my Master, Owner as long as I live!” There was a huge flash, but there was no sound! You felt it in every cell and nerve ending in your body as you disintegrated into subatomic levels. Your particles drifted for an unknown time that felt like hours, and you were whole again in another dimension. Perhaps in the subspace, your agony, fright, and ecstasy intermingled, freeing your soul and giving you tremendous feelings of empowerment, inner peace, and joy. You heard the voice, “Slave, rise, and let me place my collar around your neck! From this second onwards, you will only obey Me. My commands are your Law!”

The mysterious figure was still encircled in a mystical fog, but you felt his touch on your soft, tender and glowing skin, jolting your nerve endings. It was not painful, and it was desired, so wanted longed for ever since you recognized that you wanted to be a slave. By his touch, your body went into a series of uncontrollable spasms. You were dripping wet, orgasmic wave after wave that seemed to go on until you collapsed, totally spent but so joyful! The voice continued, “Slave, remember this feeling, burn it into your subconsciousness, and associate this feeling with the touch of your Lord, Master, Owner. When you awake, I want you to masturbate, pinching your clit hard that you cry out from the pain and repeat, ‘My Lord, Master Owner of this slave’s body, mind, and soul, will obey all your

commands without any hesitation, as this slave only exists to serve you and give you pleasure, no matter how painful it may be for the rest of her life!' when I count backward from 10 at 1, you will wake up, you will remember your pledge will write in your blood when he comes to you. His name is László. 10, 9,8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1."

Suddenly, you awoke alone in your bed. Your smartphone placed on your night table showed 3:45 a.m. A sudden urge to masturbate came over you. Your lips were swollen, oozing your moistness. You felt your clit was swollen. As you rubbed your lips and touched your clit first gently, then squeezed so hard that your eyes teared up as you released your pent-up emotions in a glorious orgasm.

You repeated this strange phrase that was in your consciousness, "My Lord, Master Owner of this slave's body, mind, and soul, will obey all your commands without any hesitation, as this slave only exists to serve you and give you pleasure, no matter how painful it may be for the rest of her life!"

You got up to take a quick shower, as you were drenched not just from your juices but sweat. After the refreshing shower, your smartphone pinged that you had an email. You looked at who sent it. Someone named "László." You had a good feeling about this name but wondered who the hell is this László? You tried to ignore your good feelings about this mysterious email, which was in your subconscious for two days before your curiosity took over to reply to László.

IX. White Corvette

After my break up with Carissa, a female who was my slave, I had an applicant. To protect her anonymity, I will just call her “slave.” If I would use her name redacted or her initials, that would give her away quite easily, unlike with my previous ones, which were unlikely.

Looking at the emails which I continuously received to my site's email, I selected hers as it sounded serious enough. Age-wise, she was two years older than me and came across as an intelligent and accomplished woman. I was skeptical after Carissa about whether she could fulfill her high heels! It would have to be an exceptional woman, she could not even come close. The slave lived 820 miles north of Phoenix, a distance that could be driven in a day without too much effort if one drove fast. She mentioned that she owned a two-door sports car, basing on this fact it was doable. She sent me some images that she had scanned into a digital format, not the most up-to-date, but gave me an idea—on the phone, it sounded pleasant and convincing about being a 24/7 slave. As for looks, she was blonde, about 5'6” with a few extra pounds, about 10 lbs over her normal weight, so she said and was willing to lose it. She asked me if I would make a cassette tape for her about my expectations in a 24/7 TPE slavery. I made one and sent it to her. She called me back after receiving it and loved it. She mentioned that she was still married, but their marriage was falling apart, and she wanted out. She wanted to meet. I told her I was not going to drive 820 miles. If she wanted this, she had to drive to me and see what happened. She indicated in about a week.

Five days later, on my day off Friday, I received a call from her that she was on her way and should be at my home around 5 pm. Indeed, around 5 pm, I heard her Corvette's performance exhaust rumbling towards my house. She pulled into my driveway. She jumped out when I stepped out of the garage and hugged me. I was not exactly impressed she was over the stated 10 lbs, more like 30 lbs. She looked older than her stated age, although she did not lie. She had a pleasant perfume but tanned skin on her arms, neck and face, wore a dark green tinted sun visor on her head and had short blonde (dyed) hair.

I invited her in. She told me about her drive. It took her ten hours overall, so she drove 80 mph on average by my calculation, and I am sure had to go faster to stop twice for gasoline, as her cruising range was about 350 miles, give or take a few, about the same as my Z28 since we shared the same engine platform. What I liked about her Corvette it was the same colour as mine; it was a six-speed manual, but I didn't like the loud exhaust or that it was a convertible. We chatted about a few other things, and I offered her the opportunity to refresh in the bathroom. After she stepped out of the shower got down to the ground on her knees, leaned forward, placed her head on the tile and said her submission oath to me. I've informed her that she is accepted only temporarily bases, depending testing her willingness to

please. She was not exactly a pleasing sight for my eyes, as I am very visually driven, way too much hanging fat on her stomach, with sagging D-cup tits, and dark medium-sized cunt lips. I preferred pink skin tones over dark ones. I was thinking perhaps she could work out as a household, maybe a cum and piss slave, as long as I did not want to see her naked. Certainly, not someone I would want to be seen with outside my home regularly. Since now she was here and naked in front of me might as well test her willingness to please.

Another thing I didn't like besides her looks, which I kept to myself, was the smell of her cunt, it was very pungent, almost repulsive during sex. When she got excited and became very wet, her sex pheromones gave an unpleasant odour. It was not what I was used to from any previous encounters, of which I had plenty over the years. Everyone had a certain sex fragrance. GT, the slave who came after her with whom I was with for six years, and Carissa were pleasant, a mix of saltiness and sweetness, a nectar which I could lick for hours and savour. I had no desire to taste or even kiss her.

I laid on my stomach in the bed and instructed her to give me a massage with the lavender oil used by BBC. Again, her technique was far from what I was used to, but still pleasant. Her fingers were not as supple, and didn't feel her enthusiasm. When she got to my butt cheeks, she pulled them apart and started to lick my asshole, gently rimming me. When I had enough, I turned over. I let her massage me from my neck down, she stopped around my cock, but I told her to go all the way to my feet before she could return to it. Once done with both feet, she returned to my balls and cock, which was now firm. She kissed and suck on it them, and when I was ready to cum, I told her to open her mouth. My cum jetted into her mouth and tongue. Told her to extend her mouth for a while with my cum on it, and eventually, I let her swallow it. She was certainly very excited and wet from our activities, but I didn't feel like fucking her. I told her to masturbate until she had an orgasm. I rolled over and drifted off to sleep.

I woke up around 5:30 a.m., as I was used to being up early, even on my weekends or days off, as my workdays started at 7 a.m. She lay in the bed like a beached whale with extra blubber on her stomach. I wanted to wake her up by pinching and squeezing her nipples, which certainly worked. I told her to get on the floor and say her oat, as it was required every morning. Mentioned to her if she sleeps in my bed, it was her job to wake me up by sucking on my cock until I ejaculated into her mouth or any other part of her body, which then she would have to lick off by using her fingers. I allowed her to speak, as it was forbidden unless I authorized it. Or during "free time," in which she was allowed to ask questions and talk like a person and not as a slave. She mentioned that she would learn and apologize in case she did something wrong. I said for today, I will overlook some mistakes, as it takes time to get used to her routine. However, it was detailed on my tape clearly what was expected and when. I needed to piss. I went to my toilet and told her to hold my shaft while I peed. I stopped before I'd emptied my bladder and

told the slave to open her mouth and finished my pissing. She cleansed my cock head with her mouth. I shaved, brushed my teeth, took a shower, and she was to be there with a warm towel to dry me off. After that, she should shower and cleanse herself, and get dressed.

I was in the kitchen and made tea and toast for both of us. Told her we needed to sit down for a talk. I've asked what clothes etc she brought with her. She mentioned that she had four banker's boxes full of stuff. One contained her CDs, VHS tapes and DVDs, the rest of her clothing etc. I was surprised that she managed to place those boxes into her car, not known for being able to carry so much. I instructed her to bring them in. We talked about her seriousness in committing, why she wanted to be my 24/7 TPE slave and the fact that she was overweight and not up to my expectations. She promised to lose weight, especially on her belly, and as far as her commitment, she will put her oath with her blood in writing. She was ready to be pierced and tattooed to show my ownership. After our talk, I asked her to take a good friend of mine to the airport, it was about 30 minutes from my house one way I explained the route. Upon her return, we will continue her education and familiarization.

About an hour and a half passed before her return. She thought my friend was quite good-looking (but not as good-looking as she was – now that was a terrible joke, my friend was 22 years younger and not overweight!) and was nice to her although they didn't talk as much as she would have liked. I mentioned to her that my friend knew about her and her status and wished good luck to both of us. I've mentioned to the slave that my friend was off-topic. She should never consider thinking or talking about her. Later, my friend a few weeks later called me to confirm what had happened. She pondered if the slave still was with me, as the slave was just not my type! She was 100% correct!

I told the slave to unpack her stuff and went through some of her CDs and DVDs, etc, pointing out the ones I liked. I was not into the Country & Western and other stuff she liked. Not that these mattered to me. She could listen to them while I was not at home. I allowed her to write her oath in her blood, which she did by pricking her finger and letting enough drop in a small plastic tray to do so with a quill. Once dried, she presented it to me. I've collared her and told her to shed off her clothes and get on her hands and knees, I've placed a leash on her and told her to follow me too. I led her to the bathroom and placed a kitchen wooden chair in the middle. Told her to bend over the back of it with her ass and back facing me. Got my crop out and told her to start counting out loud the number of slashes. After each one, to say, "Thank you, Master, hit your slave harder!" I started on her ass. After number four I could feel her voice trembling, moved down a bit, and after counting number eight, up again to her back. I stopped at the number thirteen. Nice red welts started showing on her skin, but none broke the skin, which I didn't want to do. She shed a few tears but did not scream. I've told her to sit on the chair and spread her legs to expose her cunt "do not make a sound!" I copped her there first

with gentle hits and increased them to medium until the skin around her crotch was nice and red but without any marks while at the same oozing from her wetness. She became excited by my cropping. I told her if she misbehaved, I would do this to her but with much more intensity that would break her skin and bleed. It was in her best interest to cooperate to avoid harsh or harsher punishment. I placed a bottle of skin moisturizer near her. I took off the collar, told her to take a shower to wash off the sweat, etc, and put some on to help heal her skin. Once clean and proper, put some clothes on and join me in the kitchen for lunch with her collar on and the leash attached.

While she did as instructed, I went to the kitchen to prepare lunch. A simple ham and cheese sandwich with sliced tomatoes and cucumbers in a French-style bouquet. To drink iced peach-flavoured tea. Told her to sit down by the table and eat. I asked her how she felt.? She indicated that she understood her function as my slave. I reinforced that that is all she is, not my girlfriend or lover. She never will be, either. I informed her that on Sunday, I will have her clit pierced. The slave said she was prepared to be pierced. After lunch, we went through her clothing and picked out the ones I hated and told her to put them back into the box.

I asked about her computer skills, and she indicated that she was savvy with computers in our correspondence. We sat in front of my monitor, the computer booted up, and I opened the website files I designed and wrote. She would have to edit and check for proper grammar by copying them to Word and replacing and resizing some new images I wanted to place on the site. She could copy and paste into Word, gee, nothing technical about that, but dumbfounded when it came to images. Clueless. So once again, she overstated her skills just as much about her looks and weight. Just as I thought, more talk than skills. I could never understand how she could hold managerial and sales functions in her former jobs. At least her grammar was better than mine since it was her native language, and for me, it was just secondary. She liked to talk, maybe for sales with little knowledge and a lot of BS, perhaps could impress with some sophisticated words.

It was time for dinner, and I showed her how I like my fresh salmon fillets done. At least that she picked up quickly. After dinner, I told her to do the dishes, clean up the kitchen and join me in the living room, watching a DVD by my feet. Which soon turned into a lick, kiss, and suck fest servicing my anus and cock, quite fast. After the movie, I retired for an evening massage, and the day was over.

Sunday morning started with her waking me up, the proper way, her oath, shaving, shower, etc. After breakfast, I sat by my computer to look up the closest tattooing and piercing place to get the slave pierced. I didn't want her to be tattooed right away as I had serious doubts about her being my live-in 24/7, TPE slave. While she performed better than the average slave, her looks bothered me. As well as her overstated intelligence. Being pierced would not matter to her in the long run. It would make her more suitable for another Master who did not have a hang-up like I did about looks. All my relationships with females, from vanilla to slave,

were good-looking, none overweight, but more than that, intelligent. I didn't feel like cooking for lunch.

I wanted to eat pizza. There were not too many good pizza places in town. Most were the standard franchised crap, which tasted like cardboard or like a frozen pizza. One was on the west end, where I had eaten several times with my co-workers. An Italian family-owned small pizzeria. They did not deliver, but no big deal. They opened at 11 a.m. I ordered a large pizza with double cheese, pepperoni, mushrooms, green olives, and red peppers: well done. We drove to pick it up, which was about 15 minutes away. She wore black high heels, black stockings, no underwear, a short black skirt and a white top with a white bra underneath to hold up her tits. Once back at the house, we ate half of the pizza and saved the rest for dinner, with homemade iced tea.

She did the dishes, and we left to get her pierced in her clit. On the way, I asked the slave if she was apprehensive about it, remembering my previous slave's anxiety and delays. The slave said as long as I was beside her while being done, it should be fine. It happened without much drama. She got into a chair similar to a barber's and spread her legs wide. The guy wore gloves and used a new sterile needle. She grabbed my hand and squeezed hard when he put the needle through her clit, a stainless-steel ring was placed into it. Written instructions and a special small tube of ointment to use to help her heal were provided. The slave asked if she could get my initials tattooed just above her cunt opening since we were at the salon. I said not yet. She has to earn it. I guess she was a bit disappointed by my answer. The slave wanted to show me that she meant the 24/7, TPE and her oath 100%. She paid for the piercing and would have for the tattooing if that had happened.

On the way back, I took her on a slight scenic trip and showed her where I worked. The slave mentioned that she would be delighted if I would allow her to drive me to work in the morning and pick me up from work. If I took the highway to work, could take me 15-20 minutes in the morning and 30+ minutes returning. However, in the afternoon, I usually took a different route, and I would check my Post Office box at the same time for any mail and parcels. Mail was not delivered to my house, only to a community mailbox nearby, which I never trusted, and for any parcels, I would have to go Post Office located further to pick it up than the one I used. Go figure! I drove by the Post Office on a nearby vacant lot, a dozen, sunflowers were growing wild. I picked a couple, since I loved sunflowers, and made a couple of fast donuts, creating a bit of a dust storm with my car. The slave enjoyed as much as I. When we got home, I placed the flowers into a vase. I commanded the slave to get undressed, put on her collar and return to heat the pizza. Serve mine, and while I ate, get under the table and suck on my cock. She enjoyed licking, sucking so much but told her to slow it down. When I was ready to ejaculate told her to get her slices of pizza and aim my cock so it streams on it for extra flavouring. She thanked me for this and ate her dinner. She washed the plates after I inspected

her piercing it looked good. The slave said she was a bit tender. I gave her time off for the rest of the evening apart from the massage before bed.

Monday, back to work. The only difference was that she was dressed and drove me to work in her car and to return to my house. I left her with several tasks to do. I needed my kitchen window curtains shortened, which would occupy her for most of the day, as she had to hem them by hand. I called her in the morning to check up on her. Shortly after my call, I received a strange call. It was her husband, begging me to send her back to him. WTF! How did he get my number? I called up the slave and asked about this. She admitted that she left a contact number with him, just in case got into trouble and didn't call him by Monday, but did call him earlier (which she forgot to tell me!!) and asked him to send down her sewing machine. I was livid, but I had to keep my voice down and in control, I was at work. The cubicles in the office were 6 ft tall but not soundproof. She said would take care of it, and called me back just after my lunch break that he would never call me again. I told her to be on time at 5 p.m. For every minute she was late, she would be whipped hard!

At 5 p.m., when I stepped out the side door used only by employees with card access, the Corvette was parked nearby. I walked over, got in, she drove to the Post Office and then to my house. I was displeased with her.

"What the fuck else I should know about? Better tell me now before I lose my temper and I whip your hide raw! I never punished anyone before out of anger, but you are now pushing me in a direction I do not want to go!"

"I forgot to tell you that I have a 9mm gun in my glove box!"

Great! Fucking great! I went to get it, and it was loaded. I took the clip out and checked the chamber, it was empty. I told her to strip, got my heavy-duty chain about 8 feet long, and locked one around her ankles and the rest around the toilet with a padlock.

"You will sleep here today, no supper, nothing if I hear the slightest sound out of you will gag you and give you 20 lashes with my bullwhip, and you ain't going like that!"

Left her to think about it, and I made supper for myself. I was about to send her home the next day.

In the morning, I woke up, gave her a bottle of water, shaved, and showered in my other bathroom. I left for work, leaving her chained to my toilet. I was worried she was big and strong enough to pull the toilet off the floor. Luckily, she wasn't that stupid. I would have made her pay for any damages. She came down with about \$400 cash, and so far, only used \$60 for the piercing. When I got home, she was sitting on the toilet she consumed her water from the bottle. When I stepped in front of her, she got down to her oath position, with her head on the floor, and begged for my forgiveness. I was still upset and told her,

"I will give you one more chance, but if you keep it up, you will go back to your spineless cuckold husband, who begged me to send you back."

"She meant what was in her oath, and I own her car and everything she has.

She used her money to buy it as an account executive and made good money before she was laid off!"

"In that case, you should transfer your car to my name!" was my reply.

She could not because the Corvette was registered in both of their names, and she required his signature on the ownership. However, willing to file for a divorce, and she should also get 50% of their house. She had both sets of keys with her, so I symbolically took one set. I said would see what would happen in the next couple of weeks. I was not interested in her property, and while I liked her car to a degree, I hated the fact it was a convertible. While hers was slightly faster than my Z28, mine was quieter and more comfortable.

The rest of the long week (working for five days) passed without drama. I never allowed her to drive me to work again. I was still thinking of sending her home after all the grief she caused me. For Saturday, I've planned for us to go to Tucson, look around the city and visit the aircraft museum. I told her to drive her car and pay for the trip. She was a good driver and shifted the 6-speed manual transmission with precision. I've noticed she liked to drive fast like I did at least we shared something in common. It was a good day to relax and try to forget all the crap I faced with her so far. On Sunday, she helped remove the weeds from my front and back yard. Even in the arid climate, weeds grew too fast.

She noticed I liked cactuses, as I started to plant some, as I liked their flowers when they bloomed. She liked my photography skills, but she was worse than my previous slave when it came to image taking, even with my small Nikon digital camera, a complete Klotz, when it came to my 35mm SLR. She was interested in learning, so I gave her some credit. I tried to avoid taking images of her, even with her clothes on. She was not appealing to me. (She was not the first slave wannabe I did not take any images of them) By this time, her clit healed enough to attach my leash to it. Inside the house, she had a black bustier on, so her tits would not sag, with black stockings and black high heels, but once in a while, she was just nude when she followed me on her hands and knees. She lost a pound of fat, but to lose another twenty or more would be a challenge as her skin was sagging too on her belly. The only realistic answer was liposuction and excess skin removal surgery. But that was around \$5-8K, and I would not pay for it even if I had the dollars for it. She didn't have that kind of money until her divorce, which could drag out for more than a year when selling the co-owned house.

The following week was my short week, and I would get Friday off. It was not without an incident. On Tuesday, after returning from work, I wanted a glass to drink some wine and went to the cabinet where I kept my glasses. I found pots and pans instead! I called the bitch "asked what the fuck is going on here?" Oh, re-arranged everything as it made more sense to me since I was doing the cooking for the past week! I told her to put everything back the way they were before she re-arranged them. As far as I was concerned, that was the straw that broke the camel's back I did not want to tell her until Thursday afternoon when I returned from work to ensure she would not damage my property out of spite. I had that done to me

before! On Thursday, after I returned, I told her she better start packing her stuff, including the sewing machine, as we were done! She thought I was kidding! She said she didn't want to back to her husband. She would prefer to remain my slave. I said no way. Go stay with your daughter 370 miles north-west from my home. I do not care where you go, just go. Friday morning, I drove her down in my car to the Post Office to mail her banker's boxes to her house, as she didn't want her daughter to know what happened. Her husband did not brag about her leaving him. After that, we drove back, and I gave her the car key and the gun and told her to leave. She did with regret. Around my birthday, she contacted me indicating she bought me a Ferrari jacket, as she knew I liked Ferraris and sent it by mail.

Although I sent her away, that was not the end of "our" relationship. In her mind, she was still my slave for the next 12 years. We met only met three times in those years, and I started to call her "worthless cunt" to remind her that is how I felt about her. She was not worth being my slave.

The first time about a year later, halfway between my residence and hers, I enjoyed driving to the Rockies for photography. She offered to pay for the hotel and all other costs for a three-day long weekend. I drove to our meeting place on Thursday after work. She was desperate and wanted to get back with me. She lost a few more pounds, let her hair grow down to her shoulders, and was a lot less tanned, but still didn't look good to me. Friday, we drove up to her city in her Corvette (my Corvette, as she mailed me the keys back.) Why waste gasoline in my car? We looked around, but I wasn't impressed by the city. Instead went to the local botanical garden to take images of flowers. After that, she took me to a Mexican restaurant. Perhaps she forgot that I hated Mexican food. That did not go down well.

We drove back to the hotel three hours south. We ate at a Western-style steak house. We were served by a cute waitress in her mid-twenties. I asked her if she wanted to join us for a threesome. She gave me a deep French kiss and said OK with you, but not with your wife. I said she wasn't my wife, but nothing came out of it. So I fucked the slave in the face-down ass-up position and let her suck my cock all night. After breakfast on Sunday, I was on my way home, which took me four hours.

She called me for weeks after that, as she knew I was not in love with the city where I lived. How about we see Florida together for a couple of days? I had holidays coming to me. I decided to take an extra day off from my second every Friday. I would leave to see her in Tampa if she paid for my flight, stay and related expenses. She said she still had enough points saved from her previous work for three nights at a good hotel, so she would gladly pay for my flight, car rental, food, etc. She booked my flight, and we both flew to Tampa. I landed 20 minutes before she did. We met in the arrival lobby and went to the car rental area. She had a car reserved in her married name instead of her maiden name, and her credit card showed the maiden name. Another mess, and on top of it, her card was declined as

she was charged to the max. Luckily for her, I had my Visa with me, ironic since she had worked for Visa previously as an account manager. I had to put the car rental on my credit card, which she would have to pay me back. She did after she got home.

I liked Florida better than Phoenix. Yes, Florida was more humid than where I lived, but had more things to offer in many ways, including more culture. I was thinking of moving there. The days went by quickly, and we had several sightseeing trips from west to east to Miami and back. We even experienced a huge fire by the Everglades. She ended up crying a few times, as she realized that I was just not into her, while she tried to please me sexually, even drinking my piss.

I was not interested in her as a person or as a slave living with me. She also had four more piercings with s/s rings in her cunt lips, two on each side about one inch above each other so I could lock her lips together and “wc” tattooed above her cunt lips. She was desperate to belong to me. But doing this made me laugh at her because she wasn’t worldly enough to know what “wc” meant in Europe. She essentially debased and declared herself as a toilet! She was desperate to belong to me 24/7, TPE in a way pathetic. I only wished that my previous would have been so dedicated!

The slave became one of those unflushable ones. No matter how many times they are rejected and humiliated. To them, they want to hang on to their fantasies of being involved with me. I decided to change my tactic: there are different types of slavery. She can be my financial slave. Meaning she will buy me things that I want. She started to work part-time. Now, she could use a part of her earnings for that. Maybe that would wake her up, and she would just “say fuck it, he doesn’t want any part of me!”

There was a new Nikon DSLR with a standard lens on the market. I told her to buy it for Christmas and send it to me. She did. In March of the following year, I saw an 18K gold Cartier watch on eBay that was similar to what I used to have, although not as expensive, but it was not cheap. She got it on eBay for me, and while it was a genuine Cartier, it didn’t work well. There was something wrong with the quartz movement. The quartz movement had to be replaced. I took it down to the Cartier store in the city. They replaced the movement for a mere \$800. She paid for it. Then came my birthday. I wanted a zoom lens with a long focal length. She got an 80-400mm Nikon lens listed for over \$1200 new.

In early 2005 I moved back to Canada, after I sold my house. I wanted to do photography professionally, upgraded my Nikon DSLR and lenses to pro grade, she paid a good chunk of dollars towards that too. I made a new website, needed her to check my wordage for spelling and grammar, she did. In a way, I put her to work now promoting my site and images. Later on, I started to do an online electronic format magazine, before it became popular. I travelled to a lot of locations in the USA and worldwide, and again she paid for about 40% of the costs.

At one of these trips was our third and final meeting. On my way to West-Coast, I stopped near her city, and stayed for a couple days at a hotel, near her part time job. After work she drove over in “my car” she still considered to be mine. She even sent me the key for it once again a year prior to our meeting. She changed a lot, looked much older than she was, and just as overweight as I originally met her. She wanted to suck on my cock, rim my anus, swallow my piss, get fucked, etc. The usual that she liked, she brought her collar, leash, chains and locks with her too. We ended up with a bit of M/s play for a couple of hours. Needless to say her cuckold husband was not aware of any of this. Although I have no idea how she explained that she worked but hardly had any money as she sent me more than half of her monthly earnings to help finance my trips. Next day we met again for more M/s fun. In a way our meeting was her reward for being a good financial slave.

On the third day in the morning we met for breakfast and I left towards the West-Coast. I never seen her in person again. She sent me some images of herself in all kinds of poses in the nude with handcuffs, chains, clips, gags leash attached to her clit ring etc.

Over the years, we kept in touch by cell phone that she gave me as she had an unlimited North American plan on it, what she said, but maybe not. I didn't care she paid the charges. I was busy doing the magazines and the website. I had no time for anything else, not even for a slave, but I enjoyed it. Upgraded my cameras and lenses to the latest and best as necessary for the job. She was part of my success, which kept her hopes alive or at least her fantasies of being my 24/7 TPE slave in reality, even moving up to Canada.

I guess she did become that but in a financial way until late 2015. She lost her job once again. I returned her “my” car key and cell phone. We drifted apart more and more. We both got older, with different priorities. While I never truly liked her, I did admire her vigour and perseverance in trying to be my 24/7 TPE slave. She kept her oath to me, even after being rejected several times. I guess I got into her psyche without even trying to. I was her Lord, Master even from thousands of miles apart. An invisible chain that she attached to me that lasted for 12 years! If she had been a bit more attractive, a bit more intelligent or at least not overstate her capabilities trying to impress me, she could have made a good slave in reality, not just in her mind.

X. The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo

Not to be confused with *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, the first novel in [The Millennium Trilogy](#) by author Stieg Larsson, published in 2005. I never even heard of the books until the first one came out on DVD in 2009.

After several long-distance relationships, I've decided to meet only females from my state. Preferably, if possible, from the local surrounding area around my city. The chances were slim to find what I exactly looked for from this hick town and state. *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo* had some potential, considering everything. I will call her Emily, who was not her real name, who lived relatively nearby in the city.

Emily was a nursing supervisor in one of the local area hospitals. She was not even close to my former slave, with whom I had to break up due to her procrastination nine months before. I regret that but moved on. Emily ticked off a lot of boxes on my must-list. Under forty, yes. She was in her mid-thirties, had no kids, didn't want any, non-smoker, and was a light social drinker. Recently moved to the city, bought her own house lived alone, if I do not count her two golden retrievers. She worked a split shift, not the best, but she could move to a day shift in a few months.

She trusted me enough after a few emails that we exchanged our phone numbers. We talked a lot on the phone. I didn't want to waste my time once again. I had to be sure that we had similar ideas about the possible relationship. Emily had a pleasant feminine voice. The images of herself, sent via e-mail, were not the most feminine. She was five feet and three inches tall. Average in weight and looks with short light brown hair and hazel eyes. She could have passed for a butch dike, especially riding around on her Harley. She owned a small pick-up truck for hopping. Interested in M/s, liked to draw and had an interest in photography. She hesitated much about her past as if she wanted to leave all that behind, to be reborn, to have a new fresh start.

Our discussions covered a wide range of topics. What we liked in sex to about our expectations from an M/s relationship. She had some bondage experience and indicated an interest in TPE, aka Total Power Exchange. Emily sounded like someone who had trust issues. I guess it was due to her past, as she didn't want to talk about it. I didn't push her too much. Eventually divulged that she had a dragon tattoo on the right side of her body. The same dragon image which she had drawn and sent me. Into body art, and she had a large tolerance for pain. Getting tattooed, which included her right breast, was painful. Emily mentioned that she would consider getting piercings in her nipples and clit, if I would be interested, once we were in a relationship.

After about two weeks of talking on the phone on many occasions late into the night, she asked for my office number. Emily wanted to be more serious and to check to see if I was telling her the truth about my work. I gave her my direct line.

The following day, she called to confirm. She was happy that I was on the level. I asked for her working number. Trust was being built steadily between us. After six weeks of chatting on the phone, it was time to meet in person. She indicated an interest in my paintings since she saw several images in my emails. Now, she was ready to see them in real life. For that, she had to visit my home. We already had each other's addresses. I have driven by her house without her knowing, seeing her bike and truck parked on the driveway. It was a smaller two-bedroom house, just over 1000 sq ft. My home wasn't huge either at 1500 sq ft. Very comfortable for two or three persons. Our date was set for the following Saturday in the early afternoon.

Emily rumbled by on her Harley, parked on his driveway, and rang the doorbell. I opened the door, and she stepped over the threshold into my house. She wore blue jeans and biker boots, a black leather jacket with a light green blouse underneath, with her helmet in her hands. Emily looked very nervous. I've asked her to remove her boots in the hallway. She did and put her helmet and sunglasses down on the floor. In person, her face was better looking than in the images from earlier. Nothing exceptional she had no make-up on, a bit would have helped. Nothing like my former slave, she had nice long legs and looked great, not just nude but in a dress or jeans. Emily was not very feminine-looking in person, although she had potential with a bit of work. Emily was shorter by several inches but much better looking than someone who wanted to be my slave and even moved in for a couple of weeks from another state, and a lot younger. See chapter IX.

I offered to take her a leather jacket and placed it on the back of one of the dining room chairs. We walked around the living room, and she looked at all the paintings hanging from the walls. Emily was impressed and wondered if there were more. I proceeded to show her all the ones in the other rooms. She liked the ones in the master bedroom the most. She loved the furnishings and décor and noted that hers was not as nice. She liked the refined and cultured "very European" look. After the art tour, I offered her something to drink, and we settled on some Perrier sparkling water. She could not drink anything with alcohol as she was riding her Harley. We sat down by the dining room table and chatted for a while. Her dragon tattoo came up as a topic. I've asked if it would be possible to see her dragon. Emily mentioned that she would have to be undressed for that. She was apprehensive and hesitated. I've pointed out that it was not such a big deal for her to be nude and nothing to be ashamed of.

Emily had a nervous smile and proceeded slowly. She took off her blouse, I could see the head and the upper part of the dragon. She wore no bra, her breasts were perky, slightly bigger than a B cup, and she had nice pink nipples. She stopped and rotated a full circle so he could have a look. Her nipples were excited and erect. I wanted to see the rest of the dragon because I was intrigued. She proceeded very nervously to remove her jeans, she had no panties on, and now her dragon was completely visible, as well as her shaved and smooth vagina with very delicate lips. The kind I liked. She rotated very slowly to expose all the intricate

details. She began to tremble from nervousness. I've tried to calm her down by hugging her, saying that she had nothing to be ashamed of. She had a nice body (that was true,) and I liked the dragoon tattoo (that was not), especially the green and yellow colour that was used on the upper body and the belly of the dragon. Finally stopped trembling, calmed down enough to sit next to me without crossing her legs (indicating that she knew a bit about M/s protocol) and talked about the tattooing process. It took her several sessions over two weeks to do the tattoo due to the detail and the pain, especially around her right breast and nipple. She drank more Perrier to calm herself down. I kept my opinion to myself. I never liked any tattoos while on young and firm skin looked fine, but once the skin lost the firmness, it looked dreadful, as far as I was concerned. I had no reason to hurt her feelings, especially since she was proud of her dragon. Emily excused herself to go to the washroom. She took her clothing with her and returned with her clothes on. Emily sat down, and we continued talking about cars and bikes. She left shortly after that. Her visit lasted one hour.

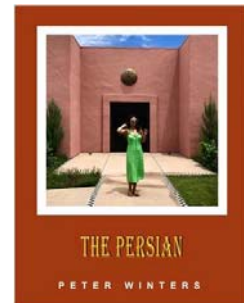
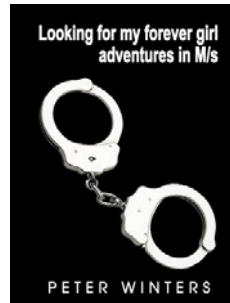
Later in the evening, she called me to apologize for leaving so soon, but she was very nervous. She would contact me several times the following days, sounded polite and friendly, and promised we would soon meet again. I sensed that something was just not quite right with her. I had enough psycho bitches in my past and certainly did not want another.

As it turned out, I was right. Emily left a message on my answering machine while I was at work to call her. I did there was no answer. I've tried a couple more times over the next two days. Several days later, she called and told me not to call her again, she was rude. I asked Emily to clarify just what was her problem. "I was not a gentleman, humiliated and degraded her just like her past biker boyfriend used to do. Use the top of her head as a beer can holder." She replied with anger. Wow, maybe I should have! She called several more times to scream at my answering machine, and eventually, Emily stopped calling.

Books by Peter Winters

You can read them on Wattpad for free, the following books

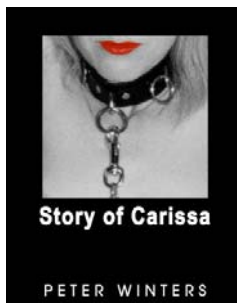
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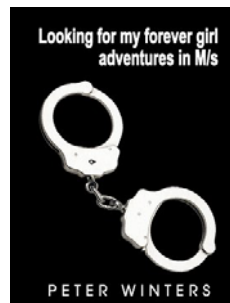
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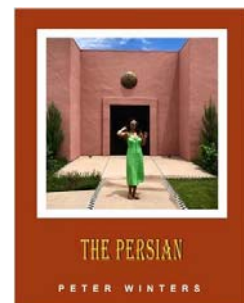
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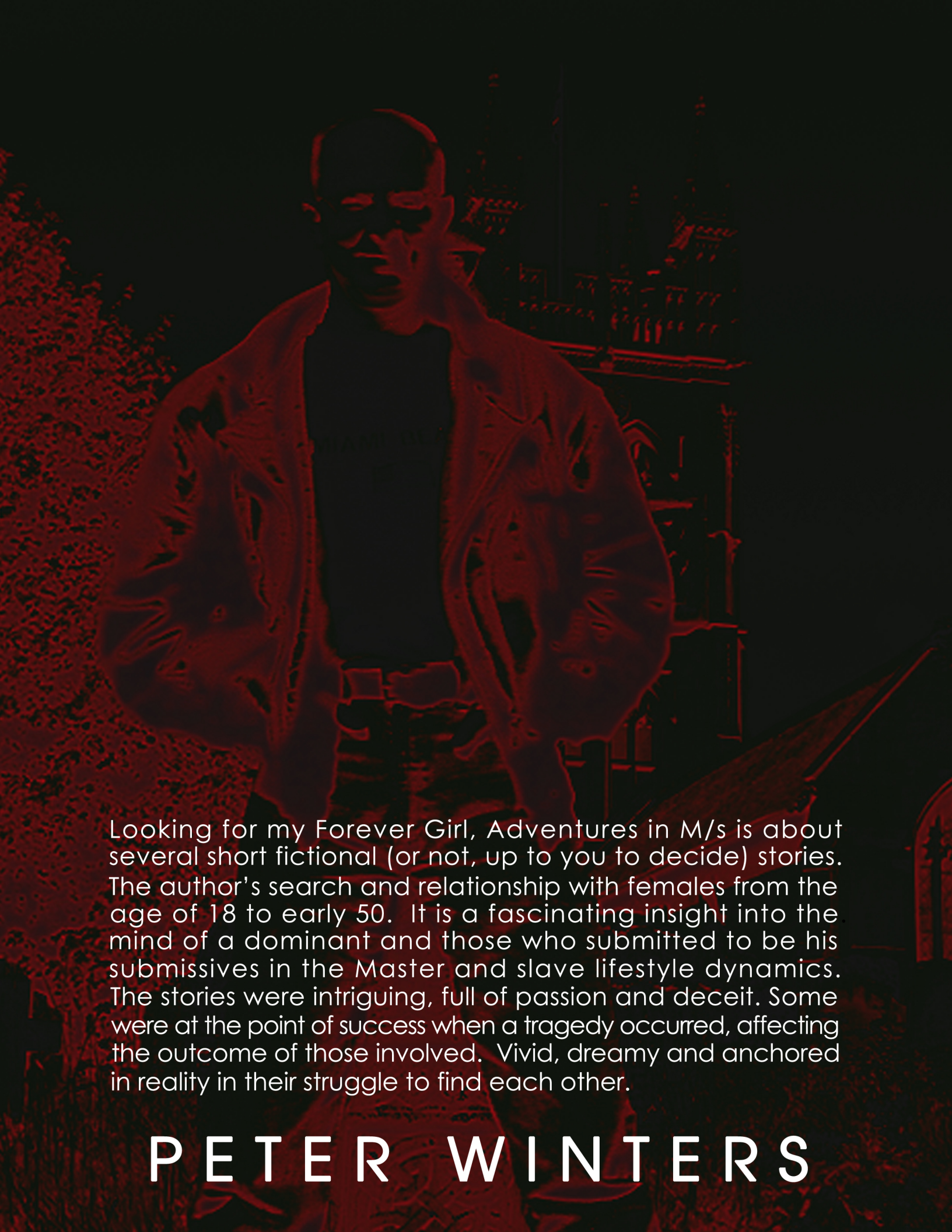
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Full version

A man with short hair, wearing a black t-shirt and a brown leather jacket, stands in a dark, industrial environment. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera. The background is filled with various pipes, metal structures, and some faint, illegible text on a wall. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the man's jacket and face, and deep shadows in the surrounding environment.

Looking for my Forever Girl, Adventures in M/s is about several short fictional (or not, up to you to decide) stories. The author's search and relationship with females from the age of 18 to early 50. It is a fascinating insight into the mind of a dominant and those who submitted to be his submissives in the Master and slave lifestyle dynamics. The stories were intriguing, full of passion and deceit. Some were at the point of success when a tragedy occurred, affecting the outcome of those involved. Vivid, dreamy and anchored in reality in their struggle to find each other.

PETER WINTERS