

DIRTY GODDESS



Selina James-Kyle

SAMPLE CHAPTERS

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www.tenthstreetpress.com

Email: contact@tenthstreetpress.com

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CHAPTER ONE:

BURN AFTER READING

“Welcome!” a young woman says, as she strides on stage to thunderous applause. Her tee shirt bears the slogan; There is Something in My Library to Offend Everyone. The venue is an industrial craft brewery. The place is packed and everyone has already had a few drinks.

“Hello, my name is Emily Stoddard. I am one of the publicists at Heartbeat Books. I hope you are all ready to have a good time. Please check out our book display table; a veritable who’s-who of literature; the Great Gatsby, the Grapes of Wrath, Beloved, The Tropic of Cancer, to Kill a Mockingbird, Ulysses, Lord of the Flies, to name just a few. What do all of these books have in common? They have all been?” Emily cups her hand to her ear, inviting the audience to finish her sentence.

“BANNED,” they respond, en masse.

“You got it. Yes, all were deemed inappropriate at some time, for any number of reasons. So, read my shirt, read my lips and repeat with me; there is something in my library to offend everyone.” Emily conducts the audience like a maestro as they chant the slogan emblazoned across her breasts.

“Two pieces of housekeeping before we begin the reading tonight. Our no phone and recording policy will be strictly enforced. And are there any tender young innocents in the audience? I would like to draw your attention to the exit signs. Watch out for sharp objects on your way home.

“For those of you who are choosing to remain, I know it will be a fun evening. But on a serious note people, we all know the power that books have to affirm our connection to each other as humans and their potential to influence our lives. We know that when fiction holds a critical mirror up to us as a society it can have the power to change the political order, the world order. Is it any wonder then, that certain books are feared, by those who wish to impose their will, their version of reality on us?

“The images in that critical mirror are often hideous. But we as adults, are able to look at them, learn from them, and be entertained by them, in a free society. Are there limits to free speech? Yes there are but they do not apply tonight. Tonight is about consenting grown-ups having fun, making up stories, getting excited and enjoying the freedom to read and write.

“Banning books may seem like the ideal quick fix for those who have an unfortunate habit of kowtowing to the offended. But how does that really work when some people always seem to be offended? Live your truth and write it. Those who want to, are free to read it.

“Alex Brown’s newest title is filled with explicit pornographic sex. It’s hot; a real panty moistening, dick hardening experience. I loved it. Alex’s style is filled with lust, love, humor, and sex that plays with kinky BDSM themes and has a lot of fun with them. Lust, a compelling drug, yes? yes. Alex gets it. Alex’s writing makes me think of the many ways the phrase ‘burn after reading’ can be interpreted.

“So let me just say, how great it is to see all of your faces out there. Read, write, beautiful people; woman, men, those of you who are transitioning, and somewhere on that long, wide, beautiful path in between. You are all fucking gorgeous. Own your kinks. Own your sexuality. As they say in my favorite place on this green earth; One Love Baby, Respect!” The crowd roars and claps their approval.

“The stories you will hear samples of tonight are about sensuality, domination, submission, and playing with power. They’re also about love and what it means to be vulnerable. You showed up for an evening where you will hear stories about sexual intimacy, bondage, public humiliation, sadism, and masochism. Remember, they’re not real. This is all pretend, just for fun, for play, and now it is officially time to get dirty. Alex! Please, c’mon out. Thanks everybody,” Emily says, as she leaves the stage.

Tess and Greg sit beside each other at a crowded table near the stage. It’s their third date. They met on a dating site and their first date had been lunch at a busy downtown restaurant. The only picture Greg had posted on his profile had been one of himself from his high school yearbook, twenty three years earlier. Tess saw a thin cute guy with braces on his teeth and eyes that were hidden by a pair of horn rimmed glasses. To identify himself at the restaurant, Greg told Tess he would be wearing a Who tee shirt.

He was wearing faded jeans and the classic black Who MAXIMUM R&B tee shirt. Tess could see his athletic body under his shirt and she admired him; the shape of his arms, his pecs, his flat tummy, his jeans; just tight enough and very, very flattering from all sides. She looked at his drop-dead gorgeous face and thick dark hair, his brown eyes focusing on her and not hidden by glasses. The impression had been wonderful, amazing. Tess’ smile lit up her face.

“Greg! okay, I have a question for you,” she asked, as they walked to a table. “Why did you only use that old high school geek-man photo on your profile?”

“I’m looking for something real here. Who I am on the inside is what I’m about.”

“Umm hmm, I get it. The ‘outside’ you does create quite a distraction from that. You’re right about that. Though I have to say, the high school you is, was, cute.”

They made their way to the table, talked animatedly, and had a great time, looking at each other.

“But what has it been like for you, Tess? I’m sure you had a line up of men and women wanting to go out with you. You are a beautiful woman with a great career and an interesting life.”

“Thank you, that’s a lovely compliment. I’ve had a few dates. Some disasters, some just not working at all. I felt like packing it in a few times, so glad I didn’t.”

“Me too.”

Their lunch date ended up lasting for eight hours. They ate, went for a long walk, stopped for coffee, took another walk and had dinner. Date number two had been a trip to a local bar to see a live band. They didn’t talk much, they couldn’t. The place was hopping and the music was loud. Greg gave Tess a pair of industrial ear plugs and she’d been happy to have them. As they walked outside afterwards she told him the ear plugs had worked because she didn’t feel as if her head was inside a fishbowl.

Before they had parted ways, they stood together in a darkened doorway and kissed. Tess’ back was against a brick wall. Greg’s body was tightly pressed against hers. She felt his dick between her legs as she slid her tongue inside his mouth. When they had eventually forced their bodies apart, it was deliciously obvious that both of them wanted so much more of each other. And now here they are, date number three; eating, drinking, and just about to hear a writer read a few tasty samples from her new book of short stories.

Alex Brown walks out on stage. She's a slim woman in her early thirties. She has wire rimmed glasses and a charming androgynous vibe in the sweeping, open confidence of her movements and gestures. Her hair is platinum blonde and her skin is flawless. The only makeup she has on, is red lipstick and she is striking. She's wearing a pair of wide legged jeans and a tee shirt that simply reads 'Dirty.' She sits on an overstuffed chair. Beside her is a floor lamp and a small table with her book and a glass of water on it. Alex addresses the crowd.

"Thank you Emily. Hi everyone. So good to see you all here. I will jump right in and begin with a sample from the first story in the collection."

The evening passes quickly. When Alex is finished the reading, Tess buys a copy of her book and they chat, while Alex signs it. It's cold outside when Greg and Tess leave, but early spring is in the air. They walk slowly along the sidewalk. Greg takes Tess' hand and they look at each other.

"Come home with me, Tess. I want to take you into my bed and keep you there with me all night."

"Yes," she answers. They stop and kiss. Greg's hands caress Tess' soft cheeks as his lips brush against hers.

"I'll get us an Uber," he says.

Fifteen minutes later they are outside his building. They enter the lobby and Tess sees that Greg has his own private elevator. It takes them up to his apartment. Tess is unprepared for how beautiful the place is. The ceilings are at least twenty feet high. Glass walls surround them on two sides. Outside, there is a huge terrace, facing a park. An urban forest of trees, waiting for buds and leaves, is several stories below them.

"This is beautiful, Greg," Tess says, as she looks around the huge modern apartment. It is spotless, neat, and beautifully decorated.

"Thank you, let me show you around."

He takes Tess' hand. They begin in the vaulted glass living room and dining room. A long table, seating eight people is next to the sleek modern kitchen. He shows Tess the two guest bedrooms and en-suites, entertainment room with flatscreen and giant sectional couch. She sees his home office, laundry room/gym, and they end in the Master bedroom. His kingsized bed has a Moroccan theme of warm, rich colors in the duvet and accent pillows.

Tess sees photos of Greg's son who is in Montreal going to university. Greg's ex-wife Mary has lived in Vancouver for the past six years since their divorce. Tess has been divorced for almost five years. They didn't have any children, both of them choosing to focus on their careers instead.

"I'm so glad you're here, Tess." Greg opens his arms. Tess walks into them.

"I went home after our last date and rubbed a few out while I thought of our kiss," Tess says. "I remembered how good you felt." She reaches down and cups Greg's balls through his jeans. He moans softly.

"Hmmm, I did too, and now here we are. I'm so looking forward to being with you all night. I want to watch you take your clothes off. Can you do that for me?"

Tess smiles and nods her head. Greg lies down on his bed and watches Tess as she slowly unbuttons her shirt and takes it off. Her cleavage is spilling out of her dainty pink bra. She reaches around and undoes it. Greg sees her breasts naked for the first time. He watches as Tess unzips her jeans and steps out of them. She is wearing a pink thong. She turns around, leaves her legs straight, and bends right down to the floor, giving Greg a perfect view of her long toned legs and truly magnificent ass.

She turns back and faces him. When she takes her panties off, he sees that her bush is a lovely trimmed landing strip. She has a small silver ring pierced into one of her delicate labia, which is partly visible between her smooth outer lips.

“Beautiful Woman, I cannot wait to be inside you,” Greg says, as Tess lies down beside him. She loves the feeling of her nakedness while he remains fully dressed. But he doesn’t stay in his clothing for long. He stands up and she enjoys watching him as he peels off his shirt. His chest and abs are shaped by workouts as are his arms and shoulders. He has some hair on his chest but he is naturally smooth.

She watches him take off his pants. He turns and she sees the round shape of his hard ass. He turns back and faces her, his dick tenting beautifully in his form-fitting black cotton trunks. She sees the dark hair running from his belly button to the top of his mid rise, thick waistband.

“You are devastatingly beautiful” Tess says, as she looks at him. She watches as he becomes naked. She sees his manscaped bush, hard dick, and his smooth balls. He joins her in bed. They lie facing each other, feeling the excitement and comfort of being in his beautiful private space, free to enjoy each other and in no hurry to be anywhere else. Greg kisses Tess’ cheek. She finds it overwhelmingly tender and incredibly sensual. She breathes in the scent of his skin. His lips move to Tess’ lips. They share a long deep kiss.

“I want to kiss your unbelievably gorgeous pussy, Baby.”

Tess lies on her back and Greg separates her legs. His tongue is confident, skilled. He teases Tess’ clitoris gently as he feels her excitement building. But he doesn’t take her all the way to an orgasm. Several minutes later they lie together on his pillow. Tess gives his dick a gentle tug while her other hand plays with his balls. She puts his dick into her mouth and swirls her tongue around the circumference of his tip. She takes him deep into her throat and teases him for several minutes.

“I need to be inside you.” His voice is soft and sensual. They look at each other as he pushes into her silky vagina for the first time. Their bodies move together. Tess grinds her clitoris into Greg’s body as they both get closer and closer to the edge. Tess’ orgasm happens just before Greg’s. They hold each other afterwards and look into each other’s eyes. Greg brushes the hair off Tess’ forehead. He turns off the light. Emma rolls over and settles herself against him. He spoons her from behind as they fall asleep.

“This place is amazing!” Tess says, the next morning as sunlight streams in through the glass walls. They are sitting in Greg’s kitchen and Tess is wearing one of his dress shirts. He tells her more about Power Records, the label he has owned for the past ten years. They talk about Tess’ job as a family lawyer. “I am seriously considering taking a few weeks off,” she says.

“I remember you saying the partners are very high maintenance.”

“They are, and that’s the diplomatic way to put it, yes. Life is short, you know? I have a dream of opening my own practice. I’ve been thinking about it for a long time, saving money, and I’m ready to make it happen. But I have to say, I’m not looking forward to telling them about it.” They talk about Tess’ plan and Greg encourages her.

“Which of Alex’s stories did you like the best, last night?” Greg asks.

“I liked the first one about the woman who smells her neighbor’s scent on the elevator and it reminds her of how much she is missing the intimacy of a lover. How about you?”

“I liked the one about the Pet girl and her Mistress.”

“Yes! pure S&M. I loved that one too and as a matter of fact,” Tess’ eyes light up.

“Yes?”

“One of the things I have wanted to do lately is write a few more S&M stories of my own. I want to escape into that world right now with all that is happening at work. I told you about the ones I posted on Animus.”

“Yes, I read them.”

“Really! great, when?”

“Two nights ago. I had to read them all.”

“So you liked them?”

“Yes.”

“I’m so glad. Did you read them with one hand free?”

Greg smiles. “Yes, I love what I’m learning about your dirty mind, Tess.”

“I am a true Submissive, in the bedroom anyway. How about you, Greg? is there a Master, a dominant Alpha Dog living inside of you?”

“Yes, he hasn’t had a ton of experience yet in the real world but he’s thriving in my filthy mind and I told you about Jane, didn’t I?”

“Yea, first girlfriend after the divorce?”

“Yea, we opened the kink door just a crack and I loved it. We both did.”

“Mmmm, here is to the opening of doors.” Tess raises her coffee mug. “I’m going to do some more writing. I’ll send you everything. Now get your ass over here and kiss me.”

Greg walks to where Tess is sitting and smiles at her as he leans down. His lips are gentle and wet, intoxicating.

“Sounds wonderful, Dirty Girl, now, look what all this sexy talk has done to my dick. Let’s get away from this fish bowl and crawl back into bed.” Greg places his hand between Tess’ legs and feels the dampness of her panties. “Good girl,” he whispers, while he leads her back to his bedroom.

CHAPTER TWO:

A SHORT LEASH

Frankie and her advocate, Blair, sit in Blair's car at the entrance to Marla and Rick's house.

"Do you feel ready?" Blair asks.

"I was born ready." They smile at each other.

"I know how much all of you have been looking forward to this so I won't spend too much time going over these last few items. But I'm obliged to review a few things in your contract. It won't take long."

"Certainly, please go ahead."

Blair opens a leather case. She withdraws a crisp white sheet of paper and reads from it.

"You, as a consenting adult, have agreed to engage in an extended role play with Rick and Marla Jones for the duration of two years. You have promised to honor and obey them in their designated roles as your Master and Mistress. They are aware of, and will abide by, all of your soft and hard limits. If you use your designated safe word at any time, or if you believe your standard of care is diminished, you are to contact me immediately.

"You will take their last name for the duration of your contract as a symbol of your connection to them as an underling, one who is to obey or face disciplinary actions and punishments. You are also obliged to wear the collar you will be given, at all times when you are at home and in public, to identify yourself as a role play participant," Blair says.

“You are able to end your contractual obligations at any time, provided you adhere to the agreed upon laws and procedures. But if you become absent without official leave, you will be detained and subject to a retraining program. Your contract will be extended and it will include disciplinary actions and punishing consequences beyond your control. Do you have any questions or comments, Frankie?”

“No, I understand.”

“Good, I think you’ll be very happy here. The three of you have great chemistry. That’s been clear to me ever since your first meet-and-greet. I have a feeling this will be a perfect fit. But I’m reminding you that it can be stressful at the beginning so let me know if you have any concerns.”

“I will, Blair, thank you.”

Frankie admires the impressive entrance to her new home as she takes her bags out of the back seat and Blair rings the door bell. Rick and Marla answer it, and both of them smile expectantly at Frankie as Blair hands the leather document case to Marla.

“There’s a booklet and everything else you need is in there,” Blair says.

Marla smiles at Blair. “Wonderful, thank you.”

Frankie waits silently while the three of them have a quick conversation. While Blair watches, Marla and Rick attach a collar to Frankie’s neck and secure it, so that it cannot be removed. Frankie is already keenly aware of her role. And with the decisive click of her locked collar, it has begun. It excites her. Her life is already different. She is not included in their conversation. She knows better than to speak without permission and her input is not asked for.

“Congratulations!” Blair says, and after a few more moments of happy chit chat with Marla and Rick, Blair leaves.

“Frankie! so glad you’re here,” Marla says, as she ushers Frankie into their spotless kitchen. She leads Frankie to an alcove that is part of the kitchen’s design. It has an ornate wrought iron door that slides into place and locks. There is also a glass door that can slide over it, making the small space completely sound proofed. It’s a tiny room, just large enough for a single bed, more like a cot, that is close to the floor. It has a soft fleece blanket and a pillow on it. There is an open screened window with the same sturdy wrought iron, covering it.

“Take your clothes off and hand them to me, Frankie.” Rick and Marla watch as Frankie removes the jeans and tee shirt she had been wearing. She takes off her bra and panties and hands everything to Marla. She is thrilled to be naked in their presence while they remain fully clothed.

“Thank you Frankie. Lie down. I will come and check on you in a few minutes. That’s right, good girl.”

Frankie hears her Mistress’ condescension. It thrills her. She lies on the bed and covers herself with the blanket. Marla slides the wrought iron door across. It locks automatically. She then slides the sound proof glass into place and sits down with her husband at the kitchen table.

“Honey, don’t you think she’s beautiful?” she asks.

“I certainly do,” he answers as he looks at Frankie and then returns to flipping through the booklet in his hands entitled Extended Role Play, Welcoming Your Submissive/Pet Girl Home. “How bout a coffee?”

“Umm hmm, thanks.”

Rick stands up and walks over to the coffee maker. Frankie looks at his large black boots from her vantage point, close to the floor. Frankie looks at Marla, the woman who is now her Mistress. She looks at Marla’s running shoes, long athletic legs and toned arms as she sits at the kitchen table in her stretchy shorts and yoga top. Frankie watches as Marla picks up the booklet and leafs through the headings.

“Read me the table of contents while I make the coffee, K honey?”

Rick asks. Frankie is struck by how relaxed they look, in such contrast to her sudden apprehension. Despite her excited anticipation of this moment, many questions have suddenly come to her mind.

She tries not to think too far ahead but she can't stop herself from wondering how strict and sadistic they will be. She knows she wants what she has signed up for, they all do, but now that it's actually happening, she's surprised by her new feelings.

How harsh will her punishments be? she wonders. Will they humiliate her in front of their friends and in public places? of course they will. They will probably take her to one of those Pet parks she has heard about and she will be subjected to all kinds of humiliation, she expects.

She looks around the kitchen. Everything is sparkling clean and very tidy. What she has seen of their house looks amazing. It is beautifully decorated, very well appointed, airy and large, with towering glass walls. She sees bowls on the floor that she will be expected to eat and drink out of, when they want her to. She is excited by the prospect of being on display but she suddenly feels overwhelmed by it all. Frankie closes her eyes, rolls over, and tries to relax as her heart races. She takes a deep breath while Marla reads out the table of contents.

“So many items to choose from Darling, where should we begin?” she asks.

“How about the Rewards and Punishment part. Then we can take her outside for a tinkle.” Rick turns his eyes toward Frankie and sees her chestnut hair on her pillow.

“Okay, good idea, here goes, “The Extended Role Play Program is a privilege for the select few who have qualified for the program and gone through the rigors of the vetting process. As consenting adults who have chosen the roles you will now act out, you all have contractual obligations and conditions to meet in order to stay in the ERPP. Patience is needed as you all adjust to living with each other.

‘Let your Submissive, your Pet, know precisely what you want her to do and reward her quickly when she does it. Her job is to be obedient, plain and simple. Good behavior is rewarded, disobedience is punished. Discipline guides Pets and leads them toward desired behaviors but sometimes punishments are also necessary.

‘Whenever possible, after an appropriate punishment has been given, move on quickly in a positive direction in order to encourage her and to help her adjust to your demands without undue fear and apprehension. Help her to learn from her mistakes but tell her that she is capable of doing much better in the future.

‘When she is compliant, tell her that you appreciate her behavior and be specific. This feedback encourages her to repeat desired behaviors. The same is true for disobedience. Explain specifically why she is being punished, apply an appropriate consequence, and tell her what she will need to do differently in the future. Remember you are in charge.

‘You will soon get to know more about your new companion. You will come to understand her temperament and individual likes and dislikes. Rome was not built in a day. Have fun, relax, enjoy her company, be playful and know that she will be brought to heel eventually. You will bring her to heel and although the process may be difficult and time consuming, it will also be exciting and very rewarding. She will respect you if you take the time, right from the beginning, to set the right tone.

‘Remember, you have all chosen your roles. She will learn her place and adapt to it and so will you as Dominants. The information in this booklet is intended as a guideline, based on best practices within the ERP program over the decades it has been a part of our vibrant and exciting adult community. It is by no means a rule book. You will do things your own way and in time, all of you will adapt. Time and experience will give you confidence as you find your feet and bring your lovely companion Pet to heel.

‘She will learn how to put your needs ahead of her own and she will learn to serve you obediently. But all of these things may take time. Patience, firmness, kindness, and clear expectations will give all of the members of your family peace of mind. Follow what works best for you. Keep it simple and don’t forget to have fun.’ ”

Mistress stops reading and walks to Frankie’s room. She slides the doors open, and gently touches Frankie’s shoulder. Frankie looks at her.

“Out you get Frankie, on your hands and knees. Do you need a pee, Honey?” Frankie nods her head and looks up at her Mistress. Marla has a beautiful face. Her eyes are baby blue. Her shoulder length blonde hair is silky and full. Her skin is soft and creamy looking, and her expression is open and friendly. Frankie is reassured by her Mistress’ smile. But her fear has suddenly become so great that she feels a tear running down her cheek and she is powerless to stop it.

“Aww, don’t worry Pet. Don’t cry,” Mistress says. Frankie feels Mistress’ thumb brush her tear away. Mistress reaches into her pocket and pulls out a tissue. Wiping Frankie’s eye, she then speaks to Frankie. “Hey now, it’s okay. Relax Baby. Don’t worry Honey, stay. That’s right, good, now sit.” Mistress touches Frankie’s ass and gently pushes it down. Frankie sits on the floor, displayed in the middle of the room. The tiles are cold beneath her naked skin.

Mistress walks to a hook beside the back door and picks up a leash with a long, delicate silver chain. She returns to Frankie with it.

“Now, hold still, that’s it, good girl. I’ll just clip this leash on to your beautiful new collar and we will go outside in a minute.” Frankie feels her Mistress’ hand patting her hair. The touch is reassuring. “That’s it, good girl,” Marla says, as she runs her hand through Frankie’s hair. Frankie sees the man who is now her Master walk over to her. Mistress hands him the leash.

“On all fours, Frankie.” His voice has a certain tone that makes it clear to Frankie, she is expected to obey. She gets onto her hands and knees. He wraps the leash around his hand several times. Frankie feels the pressure as he pulls the chain and she is forced to raise her head. She feels a surge of excitement; a mixture of lust and fear.

“Good girl, easy now, calm down Pet, now heel, that’s right, good. Stay close to my leg. That’s it, good girl, now back, just a little farther, good, there you are, just a little bit behind me. There you go. That’s it Frankie. We are going to go with Mistress out to the back yard. Come! heel nicely.” Marla walks behind Frankie and she is treated to a perfect view of Frankie’s long legs, supple thighs, her magnificent ass, and the silver ring pierced into Frankie’s labia.

She is thrilled by the idea of clipping a delicate chain to it one day and having Frankie walk behind her in the back yard, with her arms held firmly behind her back. Marla fantasizes about attaching the chain to a stationary ring on the ground, or a wall outside, tethering Frankie and giving her no way to escape. Marla feels great excitement as she thinks about how vulnerable Frankie will be and how easy it will be for her to touch, tease, and control her new toy. Mistress sees the shortened leash that Frankie is attached to and feels another surge of excitement as her husband leads Frankie outside.

“Good girl,” he says, as he uses his other hand to reassure Frankie. He pats her head as she follows him onto their covered patio. He unravels the chain all the way, giving Frankie more room to crawl. “Over there Frankie, have a tinkle on the grass.” He points to a spot several feet ahead and Frankie crawls to it. She feels deeply humiliated and very nervous. It takes her several seconds to relax enough to pee. But eventually she feels herself letting go, imagining what she must look like. When she is finished, Master approaches her. Frankie feels his hands between her legs, drying her off. Mistress notices the deep crimson on Frankie’s cheeks.

“I’ll run her a bath,” Master says. “I’ll get her to wash off quickly and then we’ll come back to the kitchen and we can have our coffee. How does that sound?”

“Good, but supervise her. I don’t want those little paws anywhere they don’t belong, Honey.”

“Good point, Mistress. I’ll take her into the downstairs bathroom and clean her up. What time are Bonny and Alan getting here?”

“Half an hour or so.”

“Okay, see you in a few minutes. Stand up Frankie. There’s a good girl, follow Master.” He leads Frankie into the ground floor of the house and takes her to a bathroom where Frankie sees a large soaker tub. He undoes the leash and places it on a hook. “Sit,” he speaks confidently, as he turns on the tap and squeezes fragrant soap into the water. Frankie sits on the tiled floor. When the water has accumulated, he instructs Frankie to climb in. “Wash yourself while I keep an eye on you, good girl.”

When they return to the kitchen, Frankie sees that Marla has put clothing on the table and a funny looking piece of black leather with laces on it.

“Come here Frankie. Put these clothes on,” Mistress says. Master pours fresh coffee into two large mugs and places them on the table. As her Mistress and Master watch her, Frankie puts on a tight, stretchy tee shirt, black thong panties and a pair of very short, form-fitting shorts. When she is dressed and facing her Mistress, Mistress speaks to her.

“Turn around, hands behind your back.” She speaks sharply, more sharply than Frankie has heard her speak, so far. A whisper of fear settles inside Frankie. She turns around and feels her arms being guided into the long leather thing. She feels them being pulled back, pinned behind her, in a way that is restricting and quite uncomfortable. She feels her breasts being thrust out, displayed. Mistress is threading a series of long black laces through several different holes covered in metal grommets on the leather tube that must be some type of sleeve or harness. Mistress then tightens it further and Frankie becomes even more uncomfortable.

“Disobedient Pets who struggle are spanked. Hold still Girl, don’t move.” Mistress’ voice continues to sound stern and commanding. When she has finally finished, she instructs Frankie to turn around. Facing her Mistress and being trussed up tightly like an unruly animal, Frankie feels her familiar fear return. But along with it is the thrill of pure lust and the excitement of the unknown.

“That’s right, this is how I like to see you; vulnerable and under control, right Pet?” Mistress speaks quietly as she pulls the tee shirt up, exposing Frankie’s breasts. She reaches for Frankie’s nipples and pinches each of them. “The sleeve also ensures that we are the only ones providing pleasure to you. Do you understand, Frankie? Your body is ours now. We have to control your pleasure as a way to help us train you. That’s how this works. It helps us, as we establish control over you. Head down, good girl. Open those lovely legs, Frankie.”

Frankie feels her Mistress putting ear moulds into her ears. The silence returns. Frankie watches her Mistress' fingers as they reach right in to her panties and gently brush against her clitoris. Frankie leaves her head down obediently, as great excitement engulfs her. Marla looks at her husband.

"She's soaking wet, Honey. Such a receptive pup we lucked into, Master."

"Good, she'll be easier to train, let's hope."

He sits with his coffee and watches his wife as she weaves a spell of pure desire over their new companion Pet, their lovely new toy. Frankie is fearful yet also filled with excitement as she feels her Mistress' magical fingers.

"I know, I know, I should stop now but neither of us really want me to, do we?" Mistress says to Frankie, although she knows Frankie can't hear her. Turning to Rick she says, "I could let her come right now. She's already so close. What do you think?"

"I think you should control yourself, Baby. Wait, and we can both play with her later. I like that we can keep her excited till then."

"Yea, I see what you mean. I'll control myself, for now." With her free hand she takes the moulds out of Frankie's ears and puts them back in her pocket. "You are excited, aren't you, Pretty Girl? Do you like being teased?" Frankie knows she is not supposed to speak unless explicitly told to, so she remains quiet and leaves her head down. She looks at her Mistress' hand, thrilled by the pleasure she is feeling. Mistress reluctantly removes her fingers. "Now come, lie on the blanket under the table and calm down. Your Mistress will control herself. I won't torment you any longer, not yet anyway."

Frankie crawls under the table and lies down. She looks at the feet of her new Master. Mistress then joins Master at the table a few minutes later and sips her coffee. Frankie listens to them as they talk happily amongst themselves. She closes her eyes and thinks about her Mistress' proprietary fingers as they reached right into her panties and explored her pussy so confidently yet so gently, taking her to the brink and then stopping or slowing down enough to overcome Frankie with frustration and an aching, that continues with the memory of her Mistress' magical touch.

Mistress looks at the booklet in her hands. "Oh, this looks interesting. How about the section on Pleasure and Discipline?"

"Mmmm, sounds exciting."

Marla reads aloud. " 'Pets need to be controlled, plain and simple. Restricting pleasure is an essential way of establishing control over your Pet from the moment she arrives home. Many aspects of her life are now yours to oversee and control as you train and guide her into becoming the polite and obedient Submissive, she is required to be....'"

As Frankie listens, her body tightens with a complex mix of emotions. She is reminded of just how accepted and entrenched human companion Pets are, in their community. There is a whole culture in their adult-only State and a network that has existed for years. And now she is a part of it, as a companion Pet girl. Frankie listens to her Mistress' words as she continues to read aloud.

" 'Some Pets are outgoing and sociable, others are quiet and less likely to be the life of the party. Keep demands simple at first as you get to know her and she gets used to her new surroundings and expectations. It is natural for her to be fearful at first. She will learn that you are in charge but she will appreciate reassurance. Be playful and gentle with her but firm, when you need to be.

‘Introduce her to friends, family members, and people in your community but don’t do too much, too fast. These activities can be stressful and overwhelming for her. Let her have a nap or time alone if she appears overwhelmed. But be advised, nimble fingers need to be encased in padded mittens so that she has no opportunity to provide pleasure to herself.

‘She will not like this restriction at all! most certainly! She will likely be very unhappy about this level of control; excitable, irritable and oppositional. But in time, she will learn to accept, that pleasure comes from you as a reward for appropriate behavior. She now has a huge incentive for obedience.

‘Chastity belts are also wonderful barriers that are excellent to use when her hands are needed to carry out her many service roles. You will have a pair of helping hands and the peace of mind that comes with knowing she is well under your control 24/7.’ ” There is a knock at the back door and soon two other people are entering the kitchen.

“Marla, Rick, so good to see you,” a woman’s voice says.

“Hi Bonnie, hey Alan, good to see you too,” Mistress says. “Where’s Coco?”

“She’s cooling off on the back porch. She was having a few problems this morning, so we’re keeping her on a nice short leash at the moment,” Bonnie says.

“Oh? what happened?” Frankie hears her Master ask.

“She’s been getting a little too big for her britches lately, as my mother used to say,” Bonnie smiles as she speaks. “I think it’s just her way of seeing what she can get away with, you know, testing the limits. Yesterday she was outwardly defiant at boot camp. Tony was none too pleased, to say the least. I’ve told you about how strict he is, right?”

“Oh yea,” Master says. He is actually laughing! Frankie realizes that in this new life of servitude, she will have to answer to many different people, not just her own Master and Mistress. They will be free to punish, reward and humiliate her as they see fit and she will have to obey them or face the consequences.

From where she lies under the table, Frankie can see the two new strangers towering over her. The man is fair haired and he’s wearing a pair of black shorts. He has an attractive face and a square jaw. His wide shoulders are covered by a tee shirt that stretches over his chest. The woman beside him has short dark hair, expressive intelligent eyes and a very attractive, heart shaped face. She is looking at Frankie.

“I’m so excited, can’t wait to meet Frankie. Can we see her?”

“Of course,” Master says. He looks under the table. “Out you come Frankie. I’ll help you stand up, Pet.” When Frankie is standing up, Bonnie stands facing her and the others watch from where they sit at the table.

“Turn, right around, all the way, Honey” Bonnie says. Frankie hears the condescending tone that Dominants often use when addressing their Submissives. Frankie feels her face flaming with lust and humiliation.

“Play with her, go ahead,” Marla says.

“Such a beauty, yes, yes you are!” Bonnie says, as she runs her hands over Frankie’s toned arms and studies Frankie’s captive body with her eyes. “Let’s do a playdate when Coco is out of the doghouse.” They all agree and chat happily as Bonnie continues to play with Frankie.

Through Frankie’s thin tee shirt, Bonnie runs her fingernails over Frankie’s nipples, watching them harden. She touches Frankie’s skin and pats Frankie’s soft shiny hair. She does this for several minutes while she talks and laughs with the others, as if she is doing the most natural thing in the world, because in this world, Frankie realizes, she is.

“Bring her into the office,” Bonnie says. “I’ll run the standard battery of tests and ask her a series of detailed questions. The report I will send you is comprehensive, quite informative.”

“Perfect, I’ll call you next week to book it,” Mistress says.

That evening, Frankie eats out of her metal bowl on the kitchen floor for the first time. Her arms are free. She only had to wear that awful arm sleeve for an hour or so. Master took her out of it when their friends left. But he also removed her clothing and she has been naked ever since. As she eats her food, Frankie feels humiliated by her nakedness and exposure.

But she knows that for her, humiliation is a complicated thing. She hates it sometimes. It’s embarrassing but it excites her. She loves it sometimes. It thrills her. She isn’t as apprehensive as she had been when she first arrived. But she knows that some degree of fear adds to her excitement. When she has finished eating she hears her Master’s voice.

“Frankie, come!” he says gently. Frankie crawls to him. He moves his chair away from the table. “Come and kneel between my legs.” His hand caresses Frankie’s hair. “Look at me, Honey. Talk to me, Frankie. How are you feeling?”

Frankie tilts her head up. “I’m excited, Sir, a little scared actually.”

“You know there is nothing to be afraid of, right?” He smiles at Frankie. “This is new to all of us. Know this, we do not want to hurt you. We don’t want to scare you, Frankie. We know all of your limits and you can rest assured we will never cross the line. Do you understand, Honey?”

“Yes Sir, thank you.”

“Good girl, now Mistress and I are going to linger over our wine and sit here for a few more minutes. Why don’t you relax here beside me on that fleece pad and cover yourself with the blanket if you’re cold.” Frankie lies down on her side and curls her legs up. Rick reaches down and pats her arm. “Good Girl, yes. Big breath in, there you go, you rest and relax, Pet.”

When they have finished their dinner, Mistress approaches Frankie with an elegant silky robe in her hands.

“Stand up, Frankie. Let me put this on you. Master and I want to show you the rest of the house.”

They lead Frankie through their beautiful, open, airy home. Frankie sees the lower level; the bathroom, their home gym and laundry room. They show her the rest of the main-floor area; their home offices, the modern furnishings, original art work, amazingly high ceilings and glass walls in the living room, dining room and kitchen, the gleaming floors, cabinetry, books and decorative objects.

When they go to the second floor, Frankie admires the huge Master bedroom with a beautiful ensuite. Frankie sees her own bedroom. It also has a large ensuite bathroom attached to it. They show Frankie the other bedrooms and their playroom. Frankie is excited by the bondage table. She sees a large cabinet with several drawers. It's in an alcove, surrounded by windows. She smiles as she imagines what the drawers contain.

“I would like to give you a bath now Frankie,” Mistress says. “Follow me.” Mistress walks to Frankie's ensuite bathroom and draws a bath. Frankie stands quietly and waits while the tub fills with hot water. “Take off you robe Pet, in you go.” Frankie soaks in the luxurious scented water. She leans her head back and closes her eyes. She is surprised by how calm she feels. “Stand up for me Frankie,” Mistress says, a few minutes later. Her voice is soothing and close to a whisper.

“I want to touch you,” she says. Frankie is filled with longing. “Open your legs for me, Frankie.” Frankie stands facing her Mistress and spreads her legs. Mistress takes her time appreciating Frankie’s beauty with her eyes. She slowly soaps her hands as Frankie watches her. They smile at each other. Frankie’s fear is gone. She is alive with lust, infused with it. Mistress’ hands caress Frankie’s breasts. She slides them over Frankie’s soft skin.

“My God, you are a beautiful woman,” Mistress says, as she rinses her hands. Frankie closes her eyes. Mistress’ fingers find their way to Frankie’s silky lips. She teases Frankie’s clitoris in the same magical way she had earlier in the day and Frankie is ready to explode. Frankie’s body trembles as she takes a deep breath.

“I know Baby,” Mistress says. She kisses Frankie’s lips. Her tongue swirls inside Frankie’s mouth. Mistress’ lips are soft and wet, sexy, breathtaking. Mistress stops and steps back from Frankie. “Sit down Baby, rinse off.”

A few minutes later, Mistress dries Frankie’s body. Without speaking, she takes Frankie’s hand, and leads her into the Master bedroom suite. The pot lights in their elegant book shelf are the only lights on, in the room. Master is sitting on his half of the bed. He and Mistress are still dressed.

“Stand where you are, Frankie,” Mistress says. “Stay,” her voice remains gentle and quiet, reassuring Frankie. She sits down beside her husband on the bed. Frankie faces both of them.

“Turn around, Frankie,” Master says. “We want to appreciate you.” His voice is also gentle, soothing. Frankie turns away from them, feeling excited by her nakedness and vulnerability. She stands still. The room is quiet for several seconds.

“Come and lie down with us,” Master says. Frankie nods her head. He moves himself so that Frankie can lie between them. He lies back down on his side, facing Frankie. He caresses her cheek. He strokes her silky hair. He touches her breasts, lightly running his hand over her soft skin, watching her nipples stiffen under his adept fingers. He kisses one nipple, draws on it, feeling its large shape in his mouth. He hears Frankie’s heavy breathing. Mistress watches her husband as he pleasures Frankie.

“Are you afraid?” he asks.

“No Sir.”

“Good, you know there’s nothing to be afraid of, Frankie.”

“Yes Sir.”

He looks at Frankie as she lies on her back. Mistress separates Frankie’s legs and kneels between them. Frankie moans softly. Mistress’ magic fingers are once again sliding over the soft silky wetness of Frankie’s labia. Mistress strokes the delicate skin covering Frankie’s clitoris. Her touch is gentle but steady. Frankie is electrified as her body tightens. She is ready to come, and Mistress has only been touching her for a few seconds.

Mistress kisses Frankie’s pussy. Her tongue is so unbelievably wonderful, so skilled. She is patient, giving exquisite pleasure to Frankie as she runs her tongue over Frankie’s clitoris in just the right way. Frankie feels Mistress’ finger gently enter the opening of her vagina and slide against her G-spot. Frankie moans. Mistress is captivated by Frankie’s excitement.

Frankie’s body tenses once again and this time Mistress allows her to come. Frankie’s voice is full, uninhibited, as she cries out. A wave crashes over her. Mistress waits for a moment and then she gives Frankie two more orgasms. Frankie lies between them afterwards, feeling the echoes of spectacular pleasure flooding her entire body. Marla turns onto her side and watches Frankie resting between them.

TESS AND GREG

“Well?” Tess asks, expectantly. “What did you think of the story?”

“I thought it was exciting. It reminded me of your stories on Animus; same kinky sex, power differential, subjugation, humiliation. You like that, don’t you?” Greg asks, as he stands with Tess in his kitchen while they make dinner.

“I love it, as a fantasy but I think some of my on-line readers take it much too seriously. I had a comment once, saying that a Pet boy shouldn’t have been left alone at home in his cage. I was flabbergasted. I sent a general message to my readers saying words to the effect of; ‘um, okay, you know this shit isn’t real, right?’ I then suggested it might be time to turn off the computer and go outside to play in the fresh air and sunshine. Maybe somebody was offended. Good thing I don’t give a fuck.” Tess smiles and rolls her eyes.

After dinner they are standing on Greg’s terrace admiring the view. The trees beneath them have begun to fill out with spring green.

“I have an idea for dessert,” Greg says. “A little game.”

“Mmm, surprise me.” He takes her hand and leads her to his bedroom.

“Stand with your back against that wall, Tess.” There is no mistaking the urgency of his words. Tess feels the wall against her back. Greg presses his body into hers. “This reminds me of that fabulous kiss on our second date. Only now, here in our own private world, we can take ourselves all the way to the end of our desire.”

“That sounds so poetic, Greg. God! you are one sensitive, sweet, and sexy human being. Do you know that?”

“So are you, Beautiful Woman. My Alpha Man would like to come out and play with you. Would you like to meet him?”

“YES! light it up, Bitch!”

“Want a safe word?”

Tess smiles. “Yea, I’ll say fuck off if you do something I don’t like.”

“Perfect, that’ll work,” Greg’s thigh separates Tess’ legs. He lifts her off the floor. “Now, I am going to need you to listen carefully. Do you think you can manage that, Little Harlot?”

“Oh Jesus! yes.”

“Yes?”

“Yes Sir.”

“Much better, now you watch your mouth and mind your manners! Are we clear?”

“Crystal, Sir.”

“Good, now, keep that dirty mouth of yours closed for the time being. I’ll let you know when I need it.” Greg moves his thigh, so that he can reach inside Tess’ dress. “You have wet your panties, Little Girl.” His breath is warm as he speaks softly into Tess’ ear. “And I’m gonna need you to get into my bed. Lie down, on your back, Baby. That is a submissive pose. Raise your hands above your head.” He watches Tess as she walks to his bed and lies down.

When she is on her back in the middle of the bed he opens a drawer and takes out a pair of handcuffs. He places them around a bar on the headboard. Tess loves the sound they make as they lock tightly, immobilizing her arms.

“Mmmm much better, now, let me see those sexy panties.” He lifts Tess’ dress. “Spread your legs. Keep them open, do not move them.” His breath is warm in Tess’ ear, sending a current throughout her body. She nods her head silently.

“Good girl,” Greg strokes Tess through the wet fabric. He studies her as her body becomes rigid with desire. He puts two fingers inside her panty and slides them into her soaked vagina. “I’m going to jerk that G-spot of yours Young Lady, until you squirt all over my hand. Is that clear?” Tess nods, thrilled by how natural and confident Greg is as a Dominant.

He reaches under the bed and pulls out a powerful vibrator. He places it on Tess’ panties and watches it massaging her clitoris through the fabric, as his confident fingers move magically inside her.

“Ohh! Fuck!” Tess cries out when she comes, before realizing she has spoken out of turn. “Sorry Sir,” they smile at each other. He stands up and takes off his pants.

“My dick is going to feel so good inside of you right now, Little Harlot.”

CHAPTER THREE:

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO RESIST YOU?

It's a beautiful Friday morning, three weeks later. Sun is streaming in, through the window of Marla's home office. She sits at her desk, drinking coffee in her elegant bathrobe and responding to her long list of emails. Beneath her, Frankie is resting on a thick fleece. She is wearing a tee shirt and an adorable pair of pink panties. Rick's on a business trip and Marla is looking forward to finishing her work-week early and having Frankie all to herself for the weekend. Marla's phone rings.

"Hey Mar, I just emailed you the data," Bonnie says.

"Great! Thanks, how did the appointment go? Tell me everything."

"It was great. She was a bit apprehensive at first. But I told her there was nothing to be afraid of and walked her through what we were going to do. That helped. She watched a video while she was attached to the sensors I was telling you about. I was able to collect a wide variety of data about how her body responded to all kinds of different stimuli.

"Then I asked her a series of detailed questions about being in the ERP program and her relationship with you and Rick, so far. That was it. She was very well behaved, did a great job and I gave her a little gift bag as a reward. Have you heard of the Joy 2000?"

"I have now."

"I put one in the swag bag that Frankie brought home with her."

"Sounds amazing! thank you Bon Bon, I look forward to field testing it." Marla giggles. "So, she was okay?"

“She was great, a bit stressed at first, like I said. But once she was relaxed, she was quite chatty so there is a goldmine of information for you and Rick to work with.”

“Wonderful, I know it will be really good to have. We’re looking forward to reading it. Thanks Bonnie.”

“Happy reading!”

When Marla is finally finished with her emails she kneels down on the floor and snuggles Frankie, kissing her face and running her hands through Frankie’s hair.

“Frankie, I have a surprise for you in the playroom. Would you like that?” Frankie nods. She strokes Frankie’s panties. “I know Baby. It’s very difficult, isn’t it? Mmmm hmm, you’re not allowed to play with yourself. But we get to play with you whenever we want to, don’t we?” Marla notices the excitement on Frankie’s face. “Good Girl, come with me.” Marla leads Frankie into the playroom and closes the door. They stand facing each other. “Stay, take off your shirt. Let me look at you.” Marla’s eyes run the length of Frankie’s body. She pinches Frankie’s nipples tightly. Frankie breathes deeply. Marla looks at Frankie’s panties. She strokes the fabric and runs her finger between Frankie’s labia, creating a perfect outline, separating Frankie’s lips, creating a second skin.

“You know Honey, you have been such a good girl, Mistress thinks you deserve some playtime. Would you like that?” Marla sees the blush on Frankie’s soft cheeks as Frankie nods her head silently. “Clasp your hands behind your back, Frankie, stay! Do not move.” Her confident words send a spark of excitement through Frankie. Marla continues her magical stroking for several seconds. “Easy Tiger, calm down, Baby. Take a deep breath, shhh, Honey.”

Marla teases Frankie, watching the spell she is casting as Frankie struggles to stay calm. She eventually stops and Frankie watches her walk to the large cabinet, recessed into three towering windows. Reaching behind the wall on one side of the windows, Marla pulls out a massive barn door with several thick leather straps attached to it. She draws it across a metal track like a curtain, obscuring the windows. She locks it in place and runs her hands over the smooth solid wood.

“Stand with your back to this wall, Frankie. Keep your legs together.” Frankie does as she is told and Mistress follows her every move. “Good girl, stay.” Mistress crouches down in front of Frankie and pulls her phone out of the pocket in her robe. She takes a picture of Frankie’s wet panties. “That’s right, Baby, keep those legs together. Let me see that perfectly formed camel toe.” She snaps several more pictures. “Mmmmm, very nice Honey, turn around. Open your legs Frankie, yes, good girl. Show me your cute little bottom, Honey.”

She snaps more pictures, puts her phone away, and stands up. She explores Frankie’s ass and reaches around to cup Frankie’s pussy. She continues for several seconds, knowing the effect her hands are having on Frankie. Eventually she speaks.

“Listen closely and do exactly as you are told, understood?” Frankie nods. “Turn back around and face me. Good Girl, spread your legs and open your arms out, now! Are we clear? Speak.” Frankie is on fire with anticipation as she listens to her Mistress’ firm commands.

“Yes Mistress.”

“You need to be strapped in, don’t you, Baby? secured,” she pauses, “nice and tight.” Frankie moans softly. “There’s my good girl, yes, yes. Time for you to let go of all the pent-up pressure you have been forced to endure. I know, I know Honey, two long days all locked up, poor thing,” Mistress purrs. She feels Frankie’s body trembling and she becomes even more excited. Her fingers reach inside Frankie’s panties for a few thrilling seconds and then they are gone. Frankie tries very hard to hide her bursting frustration.

“Now, let’s put these wide straps around those strong legs.” Frankie watches as her Mistress buckles the straps around her thighs. She feels the pressure separating her legs and holding them firmly in place. “We can’t have you squirming around, can we? Little Girl. Your Mistress loves the control of bondage, Honey; collars, leashes, straps, restraints, cuffs, harnesses, belts, leather, rope, so many wonderful ways for your sadistic Mistress to control her brand new toy, right Baby?” Mistress pins Frankie’s body to the wall, noticing as she does so, the look of excitement and the small spark of fear on Frankie’s face.

“Shhh, Honey,” Mistress coos. Frankie forces the moaning she had been completely unaware of, to stop. “You’re excited aren’t you? You may speak, Honey.”

“Yes Mistress,” Frankie croaks, licking her dry lips. She’s alive with electrical energy as Mistress pins her to the wall.

“Yes, there you go, Pretty Girl. Be a good girl now, control yourself while Mistress finishes her job. I know, calm down, shhhh, there’s a good girl.” Frankie tries to calm down by taking several big breaths, while Marla works silently, tightly buckling the rest in the series of thick leather straps to Frankie’s wrists, her upper and lower arms, chest, lower legs and ankles. Marla admires her handiwork when all of the straps have been tightened.

“Welcome to the wall of confinement, Honey.” Her hands lightly glide over Frankie’s inner thighs. They slowly travel right up to Frankie’s groin repeatedly, and stop. Unable to control herself, Frankie moans her frustration as her body continues to ache and tighten with deep desire, knowing she has to depend on her Mistress to give her what she so desperately needs.

“Mmmmm,” Marla bends down. She gently cups one of Frankie’s breasts in both of her hands, feeling the firmness and soft weight of Frankie’s beautiful breast, filling her hands. She licks Frankie’s nipple slowly.

“Ahhhh” Frankie cries out.

“I know Baby, shhh now. Big breath in, Sweetheart, relax, Honey. Shhhhhh, there you go, calm down.” Marla knows she is torturing Frankie. She knows her slow, deliberate teasing is having the opposite of a calming effect. She watches Frankie’s every move, thrilled to see how hard it is for Frankie to control herself. She feels Frankie’s body writhing within the heavy restraints.

She takes Frankie’s nipple into her mouth and sucks forcefully, ramping up the ache deep inside Frankie’s body. She pinches Frankie’s other nipple, pulls, milks, and sucks both of them with enough pressure to cause pain. “That’s nice isn’t it, Baby? Mmmmm, yes my pretty puppy likes it rough, doesn’t she?”

Frankie manages to croak out a soft moan of agreement. Marla’s magical fingers finally find their way into Frankie’s panties again, where she feels the great wetness that has accumulated.

“Good girl, shhh yes. There’s my good girl.” She steps back and takes several more pictures. She then puts her phone down, opens her robe and presses her warm naked body against Frankie. Frankie is on fire. “Mmmm, all mine to play with. Such a lovely little toy, aren’t you? hmmm?”

She kisses Frankie sensually, moving her tongue inside Frankie's mouth. She explores every inch of Frankie's captive body, lightly running her fingers along Frankie's smooth skin, concentrating on her softened nipples and watching closely as they harden instantly with her gentle touch. Mistress is aware of Frankie's torment. She knows she will finally allow Frankie to come. But she just can't resist the temptation of spinning out Frankie's great need.

Frankie's captivity, her helplessness and excitement are intoxicating Marla, thrilling her, tightening her with her own deep excitement. She forces herself to step back again to admire Frankie's body, spread open, held fast by the tight straps, noticing the sweat and deep blush, heating Frankie's face.

"How's that Honey, nice and snug? Move around for me. Yes, there you go." Frankie shifts her body as best she can within the heavy restraints. They are both rewarded by the sound of the leather squeaking. "I imagine you might love that sound, almost as much as I do, maybe even more. I'll send a few pictures to Master. I know he's missing his beautiful puppy, this weekend. I bet you are ready to come for me, aren't you, Honey, hmm? I know you are. You may speak."

"Yes Mistress," Frankie's heart pounds rapidly as she feels Mistress reaching back into her panties.

"Mmmm, yes, that is very nice, isn't it?" Marla then kneels down and pulls the panty aside, revealing the soft lips of Frankie's pussy. "You're all wet, Baby." She watches closely as she allows Frankie to experience tiny glimpses of unbelievable pleasure. Her tongue licks Frankie's clitoris slowly for a few agonizing seconds and then she stops. To the extent she is able to, Frankie writhes, thrusting her hips as far as she is able to, toward her Mistress' magic touch. Marla eventually stands up and grinds her thigh against Frankie's soaked panties.

“Should I be a good Mistress and finally allow you to come, Little Girl? Is that what I should do?” Frankie closes her eyes and moans, amazed that her Mistress has always known, as if by magic, exactly how to touch her, how to torture her with excitement and then stop when she is just about to fall off the edge. Mistress kisses Frankie in her magical way, swirling her tongue sensually inside Frankie’s mouth. Frankie vibrates with anticipation.

“I love stroking that hard little cock of yours, Dirty Girl.”

Frankie almost cries out in angry frustration when she sees her Mistress walk away from her. Frankie’s eyes follow Mistress’ every move as she walks to one of the drawers in a small table and opens it. She returns to Frankie with a toy in her hand. It buzzes when she turns it on. Frankie’s body stiffens. Mistress moves the toy against Frankie’s clitoris, through her panties.

“Does my Pet like that? hmm? Am I right to think you would like a soft little finger fuck right about now, Baby? Talk to me, Pretty Puppy, speak!”

Frankie is breathless. “Yes! yes Mistress,” she manages to say.

“Excuse me? Remember your manners, Frankie.”

“Yes please Mistress, please.”

“Much better, thank you for being polite. Rude puppies spend time across my knee, don’t they, Honey?” Mistress’ unbelievably skilled fingers enter Frankie’s soaked vagina. “I will behave myself at long last and finally allow you to have an orgasm. Would you like that Darling?” Frankie moans with relief and anticipation as she nods her head. “Way you go, Honey.”

Mistress continues her magic stroking as the vibe grinds into Frankie's clitoris. Frankie is now moaning loudly. Mistress doesn't stop her. Almost right away, she feels Frankie's vagina contracting around her slippery fingers. Frankie's body is rigid as she shudders and squirts onto the floor beneath her. "That's right, Baby. That feels better, doesn't it? Much much better yes, there's my good girl. This will help you to calm down, Honey. What do you say?"

Frankie shuts her eyes, breathing deeply, "Thank you, Mistress," she whispers.

On Sunday evening Marla and Rick are having dinner in their beautiful dining room. The last of the day's sunlight is shining through the glass walls and illuminating the trees outside, as they slowly finish their meal and bottle of wine. Frankie lies naked under the table, tightly strapped into the leather harness that Mistress has come to greatly enjoy lacing her into.

Frankie looks at her Mistress' red high heels and Master's dress shoes and black socks. Despite her discomfort, Frankie dozes off from time to time, finding most of what they are saying incomprehensible and boring. She only pays attention when she hears her name mentioned.

"Did you and Frankie have a fun weekend?" Master asks.

"Yes we did."

"I'm sure you teased her and had fun playing dress-up with her, Mistress, not to mention some spanky games and playtimes. And of course there had to have been a few times when you got really strict with her, just as an excuse to punish her. Admit it, I know you get very excited when she needs to be punished, don't you, Doll Face? Am I right or am I right?"

"You're right," Marla says. And although Frankie is unable to see their faces, she knows they must be smiling.

"What did you do? besides playing with the confinement wall. By the way, did I tell you how much I enjoyed those pics, Baby?"

“I believe you did, yes.” Frankie hears their quiet laughter. “We went to the park on Saturday morning and then we went for coffee. I took Frankie to the Pet store and I picked up a few things.” Suddenly Mistress’ voice is much quieter and Frankie strains to hear what she is saying. She hears both of them giggling.

“I look forward to that, Mistress, not sure Frankie will feel the same way though,” Master says. And Frankie’s mind is filled with excitement and questions.

“The rest of the weekend was pretty quiet. We stayed home yesterday, pretty chill actually.”

“For whom?”

“Both of us, I behaved myself, well, most of the time. I teased her. You know I did, that’s pretty much a given. I played with her. How could I not play with my brand new toy, Honey? We had fun with a few dress-up games.” When it seems to Frankie that they are finally finished their dinner, she hears Mistress calling her name.

“Frankie, out you get Girl, come!” As soon as Frankie is out from under the table, Mistress is down on the floor with her. She is pinching both of Frankie’s nipples, playing with one, pulling it expertly, rolling it in her tight grip while sucking the other one and sending aching pressure between Frankie’s legs. “Look at her, Master. Isn’t she beautiful all strapped up like that?”

“She is. I don’t think she loves that leather sleeve as much as you do, though.”

“I’m sure you’re right. Oh well, I love the way she looks in it, on display and you know I love it when she is so easy to control all buckled up like that. It gets me so excited. I love it when she’s vulnerable, dependent, and so well under my control for everything. Truth be told, I think she likes it too, at least in some ways. But it doesn’t really matter what she wants, does it?” Mistress looks at Frankie and continues to pinch and pull her nipples roughly, as she speaks to her.

“Oh Baby, I am a sadistic control freak, aren’t I? And you really can’t do anything about that, can you Darling? I’m sure you do enjoy our games though, don’t you? You certainly appear to. I see your face when it gets all pink and flushed with excitement, so adorable. I hear you breathe heavily, and your soft pussy lips are always soaking wet, all good signs that you are enjoying our games. Best of all, I know you love it when I allow you to come, isn’t that right? hmmmmm?” Frankie remains silent and nods her head.

“Yes, poor thing,” Master says. “Completely dependent on her Mistress and Master for every single little thing. Now, would you like to come upstairs with us, Mistress? I’m thinking Frankie could be allowed into our bed for a few minutes. Has my Little Harlot been a good girl?”

“Yes she has. A little time in our bed is a great idea for her. But you can have her all to yourself tonight, Honey. We had our fun girl’s weekend, didn’t we Pet?”

A few minutes later, Rick has taken Frankie into his bedroom. He closes the door.

“Stay.” He sits down on his side of the bed and looks at Frankie’s body as she stands quietly beside the door. “Good girl, now come here,” he points to the spot right in front of him. “Down, on your knees, Pet. That’s right.” He stands up and strips down to his underwear. His cock is rigid in his tight black boxers.

“Look at my dick. See what you do to me? How am I supposed to resist you? hmm?” He holds Frankie’s head in his hands and pushes her face into his cock. She feels it pressing into her cheek. He then releases Frankie’s head from his grip and takes off his underwear.

“Look at me.” Frankie remains on her knees as he stands in front of her. She sees her Master’s long athletic legs, toned by years of playing sports and working out. She sees his chest, shoulders, his arms. She loves looking at his beautiful abs and the dark hair running from his navel to his bush. She looks at his smooth balls and his long, thick cock as it stands, hard and waiting for the touch of her exquisite mouth. He sits down.

“Suck me Honey gently, good, mmmm, yes! easy, that’s right, good girl.” He smiles down at his beautiful Pet and pats her head affectionately for a few moments. He then picks up his phone, looks at the screen and pays no attention to Frankie for the next several minutes as she lowers her mouth repeatedly on his dick.

When he is just about to come, he drops the phone onto the bed and places his hands on either side of Frankie’s face, slamming her repeatedly against the tip of his cock head, taking himself deeper and deeper into her throat.

“Holy fuck!” he says, as he shoots his load deep into her mouth. He strokes her hair gently for several seconds and then he speaks to her. “Stand up Frankie, turn around. I’ll take you out of that nasty arm restraint.” Frankie is flooded with relief when the sleeve is loosened and then finally taken off. “Much better, yes?” Frankie nods her head. “Now, you may come up on the bed and lie on your back. But don’t get too used to it, Pet. You know where you belong, don’t you?” Frankie nods her head as she climbs up onto the bed and lies down.

“Where do you belong Pup? speak.”

“I belong at your feet, Sir.”

“I do love the sound of that phrase, Frankie. That’s right. Open those lovely legs now, Little Harlot. Let your Master have a good look at the pussy that he controls. Mmm, there you go. I’m going to take you right to the end of your desire, Baby. No holding back for you.” He places a blindfold over Frankie’s eyes.

“You need to be tied up, Honey.” He speaks softly, filling Frankie with the ache of desire as he ties her wrists to the headboard. A minute later Frankie hears the TV. being turned on. She listens to him opening the drawers of his bedside table. She feels his body as he sits down beside her. “Keep those legs open. Do not move! understood?”

Frankie nods silently. She hears him having a snack, crunching on something. She smells his scent on the pillow under her head, loving the intimacy of being with him in his bed. Several minutes tick by and with each one, her desire grows. Eventually, she feels his fingers exploring her breasts. His hands are squeezing both of them and then he is roughly pinching one nipple, sucking the other, and then alternating. The ache tightening her body continues to build. He eventually stops, and her wet nipples feel cool as they dry. She is on fire while she waits patiently for what is to happen next.

“Now, that magnificent pussy, my pussy,” he whispers. His fingers are lightly running themselves over her soft, smooth outer lips. He touches her delicate inner lips. Frankie feels vulnerable and alive with energy as she imagines him being able to have a good, close up view of the most intimate parts of her body without her knowledge. His mouth is gently kissing her hardening clit. She feels him pulling back her hood and imagines him seeing her exposed bud, which is now hard. Her powerlessness thrills her. She hears the egg toy. The gentle buzzing becomes quieter once he has inserted it inside her vagina.

“Such a slippery girl. You heard me. You know who you are, don’t you?”

Frankie nods her head and hears Rick's gentle laughter. He draws his face to hers and surprises her with a soft kiss on her cheek. She breathes in his aroma.

"My beautiful girl, my toy," he whispers. "Now, use your words Pup and tell Master what you want."

"I want to come, Master."

"I see. Can you say anything more about that?" His voice is soft, playful.

"I would like to have an orgasm, Sir."

"Yes, that fact has been established, twice actually! So I conclude that is something you would very much like to have happen. That could be arranged, yes. I know you've been an obedient girl and I'm very happy about that. Is there anything special I can do for you? Tell me what you want this Master of yours to do."

"I would like you, him," Frankie smiles, "I want my Master to stroke my clitoris while the egg toy is in my vagina."

"Yes, Dirty Girl, that sounds like a wonderful idea, stay!" Frankie feels Master's fingers as he plays with her clitoris, stroking her back and forth, back and forth in just the right way, while the egg toy vibrates wonderfully inside of her. She moans repeatedly, lost in the pleasure engulfing her.

In no time at all her body feels an orgasm arriving, settling in, and then taking over wonderfully, magically. When it has run its magnificent course, Master does another thing that surprises Frankie. He unties her hands and gives her the powerful vibe that he keeps under his side of the bed.

“You have my permission to pleasure yourself with this Frankie and you may come as many times as you want. Don’t tell Mistress, just kidding,” he laughs. “I’ll tell her. We talk about everything and we love talking dirty about the fun and games we get up to with our juicy little Pet girl, our dream girl, our beautiful little harlot.” Frankie loves the words he has chosen, to describe her. She feels the familiar magnetic pull of her attraction to this man she is coming to know. She hears the affection he is developing for her, and welcomes it with open arms.

Frankie feels the magical egg inside of her as she gives herself two more orgasms. Imagining her Master watching her, adds to her pleasure.

“Rest now Frankie,” he says, as he leaves the room. He returns a few minutes later. “I drew you a bath in your bathroom, Frankie. Have a tinkle and get yourself cleaned up nicely, because it’s bedtime after that.”

TESS AND GREG

It's late on a Thursday evening. Tess and Greg are talking on the phone at the end of a long work day for both of them.

"I have an idea for tomorrow night," Greg says.

"What, Baby?"

"I want to try some Master and Pet ideas out. What do you think?"

"Mmmm, sounds like a wonderful plan. I will let my mind wander to that idea tomorrow if there happens to be a meeting of shit and fan when I give my colleagues the news. Thank God this week is almost over. I can't wait to get out of there. But I have to admit, I'm nervous about tomorrow."

"I know. Just remember, treat them the way you treat your clients; be factual, clear, firm, okay?"

"I will."

"Tomorrow we'll have a sexy dinner. We can unwind, relax, play, celebrate your emancipation plan. I'm really looking forward to being with you."

"Me too."

"So, just to let you know, Little Harlot, you are not allowed touch yourself. Are we understanding each other?"

"Yes we are."

"See you tomorrow night."

"I can hardly wait."

"You will have to be on the honor system. Can you be trusted?"

"Probably, but I'm pretty wound up about the meeting, just saying."

"Mmmmm, I understand but you know behavior has consequences, don't you?"

“Mmmm, I’ll see what I can do.”