



# Prince of Slaves

*leigh tanner*

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Prince Of Slaves

By

Leigh Tanner

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To Rita

Dear friend and inspiration

## Chapter One

### Invitation

"Do you always go out of your way to serve women in leather?" she asked.

"I serve women every day," Charles replied, setting the drink in front of her. "Although none match your flair."

She sat sideways at the table revealing polished, knee high boots, a long black leather skirt slit up the middle and two well shaped, dark stocking covered legs. But while her lower half was dark, the upper part shone. A long sleeved, white silk shirt, page boy style dark blonde hair and light blue eyes gave a balance to her. Charles estimated her age in the mid-thirties.

She sipped her pink drink, a slightly alcoholic thing that went well with the clear Southern California night. The day smog had dissipated making the open air cafe a good place to enjoy the mild weather. Charles hovered at her table.

"Do you always leave other customers waiting who got here before me?" she said.

"No." Charles smiled. "But it's been a long time since you were last here. I'd thought you'd grown tired of our little flirtation."

"With your fresh, young face and beautiful, dark hair? One can never grow tired of you, Charles."

His courage rewarded for bringing their past dialogues out in the open, Charles nevertheless felt himself blushing at the compliment. "Thank you, ma'am."

"It's Lillian. You might as well call me by my name; you've known it for quite a while anyway. That's what friends do, call each other by their names."

"I suppose they do, Lillian."

"Good. Although a spontaneous 'ma'am' thrown in here and there makes my heart melt."

Charles grinned. "Whatever you say, Ma'am Lillian."

"Don't be smart, Charles."

"Who? Me?" His eyes widened in feigned innocence.

They both laughed, enjoying the game.

"You're just full of piss tonight, aren't you, dear? I'd love to keep you to myself but your other customers are giving you impatient looks. But there is one thing." Lillian leaned forward and motioned for Charles to bend down, giving them a modicum of privacy. "I'm just back from Europe and my slave has organized a small party."

"Your slave?"

"Don't act stupid, dear. Intelligence is so much more attractive. Anyway, I want you to stop by tonight." Lillian smiled. "Unless it's past your bedtime."

Charles pointed at his pale skin. "I'm a night owl. I usually do some net surfing when I get home, then I fall asleep just before dawn."

"Then I'll be expecting you." She handed him her card.

Charles glanced at it. "M. Lillian Wade. Fashions Designed and Chains Rattled." Well, that certainly left something to the imagination. She lived only a few miles from the restaurant.

He still wasn't sure what Lillian had in mind. "You want my services as a waiter?"

"Oh, no. You'll be my guest. Although you'll find out there's service and then there's...service."

□

It was Saturday night, business was brisk and Charles didn't stop waiting tables until after eleven. He finished with his check totals and the clock struck midnight. Charles was tired but he wanted to exploit this sudden opportunity with Lillian. Up until now he'd only dealt with professional lady dominants. This invitation was a new door opening for him.

He found Lillian's home easily enough; a typical house for the Westchester neighborhood with a detached garage out back. Several cars were parked out front with a few more crammed into the driveway. Charles drove by and parked down the street. As he approached on foot he didn't hear the usual dull, bass beat that accompanied the kind of

parties Charles usually attended. No sound issued from the house, not even when he stood on the front step. Did he have the wrong place?

Into the bowels of hell, or the heights of ecstasy. He raised his hand to knock when the door opened and there Lillian stood, her smile warm and receptive. "Ah, here's the pretty boy."

Even though it was ostensibly a party to welcome Lillian back stateside, Charles found out he also was a semi-guest of honor. A scantily clad woman named Maxine took his coat and furnished him a small drink. Lillian introduced Charles around to several men and women.

"I remember my first party," a small woman said, her name Jennifer. "It wasn't as intimate as this one. I was scared to death with all these leather clad people running around with ropes and whips."

"From what I recall, that didn't stop you from stalking the wild master," said her husband, Duncan. He bent down and gave her a quick kiss.

A few of the people asked his orientation - sexually and SM wise. When he answered a few of the ladies rolled their eyes. Charles expected such a reaction; as a hetero submissive male he was hardly what would be called an endangered species. And now that he learned Lillian's orientation by virtue that Maxine was her slave, he was surprised she invited him at all. But there wasn't any sign of SM play anywhere.

"We're not being too outrageous for you, I hope," Lillian said to him.

"Oh, no," Charles assured her. "I've been to a couple of SM parties before."

"Really? I didn't know you had experience."

"Only the kind where you had to pay to get in. And I've been to a couple of part time pro doms. But this one reminds me of a normal cocktail party. Not that I'm not enjoying myself, it's just - "

“Not what you expected?” Lillian took his hand. “Come with me.”

She led him out back to the garage. Lillian opened a side door and a soft light issued from inside. When they entered Charles found what he’d sought.

At least a dozen people were spread throughout the converted garage, most actively engaged in a play scene. The sophistication varied from one woman tied and gagged to a wooden post, to a man and woman bent over dual spanking horses and their individual tops whipping them as part of some competition.

“Is this what you were looking for?” Lillian asked.

“Oh, yes.”

“Care to join in?”

“I’m afraid I don’t have a play partner.”

Lillian laughed. “That can be arranged. Wait right here.”

Lillian made some selections at the toy wall. At first Charles watched her but then his eye caught a tall lady standing alone across the room. Unlike the others who wore some kind of leather clothing, this woman had on a dark, wine colored, Victorian style dress. Although conservative in that it covered her from high up her neck to her feet, it fit her well, showing off the curves of her breasts and hips. Her russet hair was done up in back like some of the waitresses that Charles worked with. A French twist they called it. High cheekbones complemented a swan neck. Green eyes flashed at him. A slim nose with red, heart shaped lips enticed him. She held a slim birch rod.

They made eye contact for the briefest second before Charles broke it off in embarrassment. It was alright to stare at strangers, as long as you didn’t get caught.

His gaze returned to Lillian and a man now stood next to her, his arm around her waist. Even from behind, Charles could tell the man possessed a solid, stocky frame, with wide shoulders. He bent over and kissed Lillian on the

cheek. The man's face and thinning hair suggested his age around forty.

Might they be lovers? Maybe Lillian went both ways. Charles had heard of doms keeping slaves and a separate lover.

Lillian whispered something to the man who glanced back over his shoulder at Charles. A few more words were exchanged and Lillian extricated herself from the man's light embrace. She rejoined Charles, her toy selections in hand.

"Ever been naked in a room full of people?" she asked, all smiles.

"Does a high school locker room count?"

"Only if you're gay."

"Then I guess I'm a virgin."

Lillian chuckled. "Well, you're going to lose that part of your virginity tonight. But don't worry, I'll be gentle - at first."

True to her word, Lillian knew how to pace a fledgling sub to public play. They started with four simple words: "Take off your shirt."

Charles unbuttoned his white shirt and, without any more prompts from Lillian, pulled off his t-shirt as well.

She faced him away from her. "Now, there's a back someone can do something with." Lillian's nails danced lightly on his skin. Goose pimples rose on Charles's back.

Lillian positioned him under a suspension bar. In less than a minute his arms were stretched overhead, his shoulders bunched up. Charles grunted but otherwise kept quiet. He didn't want Lillian, or anyone else, to think he couldn't handle this. Yet, when he looked around the room, none of the other players were paying attention to him anyway.

He mentally girded himself for the first blow. All of the part time doms Charles knew got right into the whipping. When it came, the first blow was usually a killer.



A slap. No, more like a love pat. The blades of the cat hit his upper back and lazily slid past his waist. Lillian got into a steady rhythm, the soft hits varied over his back, chest and stomach. Charles was surprised but found he enjoyed this. The steady beat lulled his eyes closed. The slaps continued and Charles was dimly aware of someone removing his pants. His eyes opened just a slit. Maxine lifted up one of his legs, then the other, and took the rest of his clothes away with her.

The massage now covered his legs and cheeks. Charles never thought a whipping could be like this. A pink glow surrounded him.

Suddenly, Lillian pushed the thick handle of the cat crossways deep into his mouth, until his front and lower teeth were exposed. The blades fell past his right shoulder and tickled his nipple.

Lillian turned to the crowd. "I've got a slave primed and ready to go. Who wants a crack at him? How about you, Ash?"

The stocky man who earlier had his arm around Lillian scowled. "You know better than that. You got me to watch, but that's all."

Lillian laughed and blew him a casual kiss. She resumed her Coney Island barker routine. "Slave flesh. Young, tender slave flesh."

"I'll give him a try," said the Victorian style dressed woman. She flexed her rod.

All of the activity in the dungeon ceased as the woman approached and took up position behind him while Lillian steadied his hips in front.

"You don't want the cat?" Lillian asked.

"Let him use it as a gag," the woman said. She ran the tip of her birch down Charles's spine. "Let's just see what kind of slave this boy may be."

A sharp whistle and Charles's ass was on fire. He chomped down on the cat handle, tasted the leather. Slow,

methodical strikes in contrast to Lillian's steady beating. The fire's rage spread down his legs, around his hips, into his cock. Soon, Charles had a new rod to contend with, no more under his control than the one behind him.

Was that someone counting? It was his tormentor, counting down from five in between each stroke. She reached the number one and another searing blow was delivered. On and on it went. After each explosion Charles's haze of pain took just a little more time to clear. He'd hear the countdown and then the rod on its unerring journey always to a different spot.

His cock went rock hard, the helmet nearly purple. Lillian stepped back. Not so much because of its size, but in amazement. Charles remembered all the other male slaves he'd seen tonight were limp as a wet noodle.

He bit down harder on the cat and kept his eyes closed. Tears formed in his eyes.

Someone's hand was in his hair. Lillian's. Soft, soothing words. The fire remained but no new sparks came from the rod. "I think our boy has reached his limit, Reeve."

Reeve came around Charles and beamed. "That was marvelous. I haven't had a go like that in a long time. And he's just a beginner?"

"Just about."

"He's certainly alive." Reeve appraised his well-endowed cock. She quickly licked her lips and extended a couple of sharply defined nails, as if to touch it. Then her attitude suddenly changed and she drew them back. "Well, if he gets trained the right way you might have something there."

She turned her back and briskly walked away.

Lillian winched the bar down and released Charles. His legs deserted him and he crumpled on the floor. The welts from Reeve reminded him of their presence and he shifted his weight for the least uncomfortable area, also seeking to still his racing pulse. He'd never been put through something as heavy and steady as that. He had to recoup.

Lillian gave him the time he needed. She stood next to him, speaking with an attractive couple named Steven and Cass about some business deals. Apparently they all knew each other quite well.

When Steven and Cass took their leave Lillian made Charles stand. Maxine clinically rubbed something cool on his ass cheeks. The pain diminished somewhat.

"Did you get what you came for?" Lillian asked, returning to her role as hostess.

"I'm not sure," Charles said. What did he enjoy more? The pain he suffered? Or the pleasure in Reeve's face when she nearly touched him, knowing he exercised even just that little bit of control over her?

"I guess I came for a little bit of both," he said.

There was absolutely no confusion on Lillian's face. It was as if she knew his thoughts and understood his seemingly nonsensical answer. "That's what we all seek, dear. But I think you might have a better connection to it than most."

## Chapter Two

### Proposal

Charles visited Lillian frequently in the weeks that followed, but always when Maxine wasn't around. Jealousy instantly came to mind and Charles's misgivings about getting involved in a bad situation became evident. But Lillian, and then Maxine by telephone, assured him that wasn't the case. Maxine knew Lillian liked playing with a male slave occasionally and did not begrudge her bi-sexual lifestyle. Yet, Maxine was a full lesbian who had no inclination to have sex with men even though she was a professional mistress who did dominate several men clients. Whenever Maxine left to take care of business, sometimes going out of town for several days, Lillian called Charles.

Lillian took care of the sex issue the first time they were alone. She had Charles tied down on her bed and mounted him, his erect cock sliding easily within her. But she didn't start grinding her hips on him right away.

"Now hear this, slave," she said. "You're here on my pleasure, not yours. Don't think I'm going to turn into your weekly fuck. When we have sex it'll be when I decide and how I want to do it. Got that?"

Charles got the message loud and clear. Despite Lillian's cold, authoritarian way of laying down the law the sex they shared was wanton and passionate. Charles wasn't any stranger to sex, but Lillian showed him a lot of tricks for prolonging a woman's pleasure and, by extension, his own. Yet, Lillian always called the shots and more than once sent him home with a case of blue balls.

Most often Lillian took him in tow while she did errands. She encouraged him to talk, mainly to let him get used to calling her mistress and to maintain the correct tone of respect. "Practice makes perfect," she said.

Their conversations covered a lot of the SM scene and a variety of other topics, everything from the stock market to philosophy. Whenever a subject came up neither of them

knew much about, Charles was expected to research it and give a small report on it. Lillian never forgot to bring up the subject in question next time.

Inevitably, mixed into their talks was information about each other. Lillian made no pretense as to being a mysterious dominant. She spoke briefly of a long ago, unhappy marriage and of her long involvement in the SM scene. Of her current employment, or lack of it, she was circumspect. She didn't keep regular hours that an office person would. Yet Lillian definitely wasn't hurting for money. She drove a Mercedes convertible.

Mostly though, Charles found he gave out much more information about himself.

"So, what did you do in college?" Lillian asked straight out one sunny day while they waited at a red light.

"Computers. Programming, networking, troubleshooting. I graduated with honors."

Lillian looked at Charles in surprise. "That's a field that always has a labor shortage. What are you doing working as a waiter?"

Charles gazed up at the sky. The clouds were stretched thin. "College is supposed to be done in four years, right? My course of study was designed for five. Too many dropouts in previous years so they decided to spread the load over a longer time. The only thing was my scholarship lasted only four years. Isn't that the shits? I couldn't afford tuition on my own. And as for help from my parents, forget it, they just didn't have the money. So I took extra classes. When I graduated I was running on fumes. Last thing I needed to do was bury myself in some corporate basement for ten to twelve hours a day. I still work in computers though. I do web page design on the side."

Charles abruptly sensed how long he'd gone on non-stop. Damn, he must have sounded like some yuppie whiner. Don't look at Lillian; disapproval would be on her face. After all, he freely made the decision to take the extra courses.

He risked a glance but, instead of disapproval, he found interest mixed with assessment. Like she didn't quite know what to make of his story, but wanted to remember every word for some later time.

"Trained for the corporate world, yet not wanting anything to do with it. Hmmm." The light turned green and she directed her attention back to the street.

□

Next week, on the Thursday afternoon Charles was summoned to appear on, Lillian met him at the door with an ice pack pressed to her left cheek. Her eyes were red.

"What the hell-?" Charles caught himself, his voice training taking over. "Ma'am, what happened?"

Lillian motioned him inside, her movements slow and her speech slurred. "I had to get my last wisdom tooth pulled this morning. I kept putting it off for a year. Maxine left early yesterday and the pain started in last night. It got so bad I couldn't stand it anymore. I got home a couple of hours ago." She managed a small smile. "Too bad you can't share this with me."

"That's definitely not the kind of pain I look forward to."

Lillian shuffled over to the couch. She was a mess, hair lank, skin paler than usual. She slumped over and closed her eyes, but it wasn't a restful pose.

Something inside Charles kicked into gear. "Ma'am, did he give you anything for the pain?"

"Yeah. In my purse, I think."

Charles found Lillian's purse in the kitchen. Sure enough, a prescription for pain killers. Also, a separate typed note about how to apply the ice pack and when to do warm, salt water rinses. He put the prescription in his pants pocket, checked the refrigerator and cupboards, then returned to Lillian.

"Mistress, how long have you had that ice pack on your face?"

"I don't know. About an hour."

“Take it off. Half an hour on, half off. So says your doctor.” He took the pack away. “It’s nearly melted anyway. C’mon, put your legs up. Good.”

Charles replaced the ice and brought the pack back to Lillian. “I’m afraid I’m not going to be much of a mistress today,” she said.

“Are you kidding, ma’am? You could dominate someone with a twitch of your finger, but let’s not think about that now. I’m going to the store. If I’m not back in time, you put that ice pack back on. Alright?”

“Yeah, sure.”

Charles took off. At the store he first dropped off the prescription at the pharmacy, then loaded his arms with some boxes of gelatin and several cans of chicken broth soup. He noticed a small video section so he grabbed a couple of movies Lillian had mentioned she wanted to see. Then back to the pharmacy to pick up the pills and he bolted through the express check out. All in all, he got back to Lillian’s side in under forty-five minutes.

Charles made her take one of the pills immediately, then put the broth on the stove. While he waited for it to heat, he mixed up some gelatin and put it in the refrigerator to harden for dinner. The soup hot, he strode out to Lillian who managed to sit up on her own. She blinked a few times, probably in reaction to her sudden movement and the painkillers. Charles knelt at her side and carefully spoon fed her.

So that was how they spent their day. Charles put a movie in the dvd player and, when the title appeared on the screen, Lillian was delighted, in a fuzzy sort of way. Halfway through the film Charles noticed she had fallen asleep, so he stopped the machine and quietly read a magazine, then prepared a soft, light dinner. He left it in the kitchen with a note on the coffee table, then kissed her lightly on the cheek. Lillian roused, saw that he was prepared to leave and followed him to the door.

“Don’t overdo it on those pills,” he said, “and eat all your dinner.”

“Alright, Doctor Slave,” Lillian said. “And don’t you push it. I only had a tooth pulled, not my arm amputated. I can still swing a whip on mouthy slaves.”

□

Her domination of him was quiet, self-assured, giving Charles a new perspective of SM. When they got back to her place she either took him out to the dungeon for a full on session, or “parked” him in the house, out of her way while she took care of things. But she could also get tough when needed.

About a week after the Tooth Incident, as Charles privately thought of it, they were in a fashion store on Melrose. Lillian picked over the new styles and tried on a few things. Charles’s sense of fashion mostly entailed whether the clothes he wore fit him or not. With Lillian’s exacting shopping nature, Charles was soon bored out of his skull. Consequently, his attention drifted and he was slow to follow orders.

Lillian snapped at him a couple of times when he didn’t respond fast enough. When she gave him some money and told him to pay for her purchases, Charles languidly gathered up everything. He dallied on the way to the cash register, looking at some leather jackets.

With repressed fury, Lillian produced a thin leather collar from her purse and slapped it around his neck. She hooked her fingers underneath it and pulled him down, nose to nose with her.

“You knock off this shit right now,” she said in a loud voice, “or I’ll shove a dildo so far up your ass it’ll come out the other side.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Charles whispered.

“Louder, slave, I didn’t hear you.”

A few heads turned their way.

“Slave, answer me.”



“Yes, ma’am,” Charles responded in a normal tone.

When he got to the cash register, Charles blushed furiously under the woman cashier’s shocked stare.

That night Lillian strung him up in the garage, making Charles stand high up on his toes. She reddened his back and ass with the cat, then laced stripes all over with a nasty, two-blade quirt. Not since Lady Reeve at the party had Charles felt so battered.

Lillian approached him with a penis gag and Charles turned his head away in resistance. She slapped his erect cock. “Stop that right now! Open your mouth. Wider.” She shoved it all the way back in his throat. “Just for that little disobedience you’re going to wear it all night. And as for using this,” she grabbed his cock, “forget it.”

Lillian tied Charles’s hands up to his collar, strung a rope around his balls and led him back to the house, unconcerned that any nosy neighbors might see them. She chained him to the foot of her bed. He stayed that way until, in the morning, she kicked him out.

□

The punishments increased after that, each one more severe, always pushing Charles’s limits. Until the first Saturday in September. Charles was forced to stand at attention while Lillian worked in her home office. He couldn’t seem to keep still, much to Lillian’s annoyance. Twice she caught him fidgeting and verbally reprimanded him. After the third time she ordered him to a wooden post in the living room. She tied his arms behind it and his legs in front. To stop any complaints, Lillian placed a head harness trainer gag around his head. Arms back, chest out, legs together. He sure was at attention now.

Lillian returned to her office and left the angled double doors opened and positioned a small mirror to keep an eye on him. Occasionally her eyes looked up from the computer screen and glared back at him.

The doorbell rang. If he weren't tied, Charles would have jumped. What if someone saw him like this? What was Lillian doing going to the door? Don't answer it!

"Coming," Lillian called out as she walked past Charles. She ignored his pleading eyes.

Charles was in direct line with the door. Lillian opened it, allowing just enough space for Ash to squeeze through.

"About time," she said.

"Sorry, I had to talk with Tamera about a potential slave recruit and-" Ash saw Charles and his expression soured. "You didn't tell me you were in session."

"You mean I didn't tell you I had a male slave here. He's a potential recruit too." Ash's face darkened and Lillian quickly continued. "I want you to look at something first."

Lillian took him to the office and partially shut the angled double doors. Through the narrow space, Charles saw Ash pull up a chair as she gestured to the computer screen.

Dominated in front of another man was nothing new to Charles; Lillian's party had seen to that. But Ash seemed distinctly uncomfortable around male slaves. His attitude today confirmed that.

The double doors swung wide and Ash shot out of the office. "I don't train male slaves," he said, palms down in a gesture of finality. He headed for the front door.

"I know you don't," Lillian said, following him. "Your homophobia is plain to see. But if you want the ranch to be a financial success you'd better listen to your investors, of which I'm one."

Ash stopped with his hand on the doorknob. "Alright, talk."

"You've got Daphne and Tamera, how about one of them doing it? You've trained them well. You won't have to be anywhere near except for possible phone consultation."

Ash dithered. "It's just tough for me to accept this idea."

"New ideas always are."

Ash regarded Charles. "A male slave coming out of my house would be different."

"Heads will undoubtedly turn."

"And Daphne and Tamera have complained lately about the lack of cock to play with." He gave Charles another look. "Alright, as long as I don't have to be around. You talk about it with the slave here. You keep crowing about his potential, let's see if he can live up to it."

Ash kissed Lillian goodbye on the cheek, gave Charles one last look, shook his head, then left.

Lillian shut the door and leaned against it. She was dressed in loose fitting sweats with pinned back hair. But the frank evaluation in her eyes caused Charles's cock to stiffen.

"You just keep that thought in mind, lover boy," Lillian said as she reentered her office.

Charles's cock remained at attention for a few minutes, then gradually withered when it was plain Lillian still had more work to complete. She still looked at Charles in the mirror, but now her eyes crinkled in good humor.

An hour went by and Charles abstractedly watched his drool splash onto his toes. Then Lillian shut off the computer and rubbed her eyes. "Enough for today," she announced. "Time for a change."

She released Charles from the post. The head harness was removed and Lillian wiped off his chin with a towel. She ordered him to crawl to her bedside. Once there, he stayed on the hardwood floor, awaiting Lillian's command to assume his usual position on the mattress.

He wanted to ask so many questions. What was all this stuff about a ranch? And a training program? Charles knew better than to bring up the subject first. He even kept his peace once Lillian told him to get up on the bed. The rules governing his speech were looser when they started their tumble in the sheets, but something in Lillian's manner made Charles hold back.

Lillian tore into him, like a lion gorging on a fresh kill. Charles dug his nails into the bed and hung on for the ride. Her hair was loose now, wild, her nipples erect. Her mouth covered his shaft while one hand held tight to his balls.

Lillian was always an energetic partner but they were breaking new ground today. She occasionally went down on his cock, but never with such enthusiasm. Charles tried moving his cock deeper into her mouth but she tightened her grip on his balls in response. The message was clear; she was the one in control.

She broke off her sucking and straddled his hips. Lillian parted her vagina lips and grinned. "Alright, you little slut, is this what you want? You've been waiting all day for this, haven't you?"

"Yes, mistress."

"Well, maybe I'll give it to you. Maybe I won't." She lifted herself to mount Charles but stayed just above him.

Charles clenched his teeth. "Whatever you decide, mistress."

She quickly leaned down, her hands on his shoulders. "Yes, it's whatever I decide, isn't it? If I say no, you can't touch me then, can you? No matter what I do to you."

Lillian straightened and slapped his cock. Charles yelped and tried to move his hips, to get away from the danger. No good. Lillian's strong legs held him in place.

"Whatever I do, you can't say boo to." Lillian lifted herself again, teasing Charles's cock tip with her pubic hairs. "You can't do shit."

With a cry Charles grabbed her arms. Lillian extended her nails but Charles batted them away. She got in close and brought her teeth into play, biting him all over his shoulders. Charles got a hand in her hair and pulled her away. Lillian fought to get loose, arms wheeling, nails scratching. Charles put all his strength into a sudden roll, ending on top. That didn't stop Lillian. Not until he lay stretched out on top of

her, her hands pinned above her head, did the struggles subside.

Then he saw that look in her eyes again, the one filled with humor. Suddenly, Charles knew what to do.

"Alright, you want to be used as a slave, you got it," he said.

With his own legs, he pushed hers wide and drove into her. They ground their hips together, skin slapping to punctuate their animal sounds. But when Charles felt himself begin to peak he slowed down. Lillian shook her hands free and reached for his hips. Charles slapped them away. She went for his nipples but Charles caught both wrists, then slapped her breasts twice each.

"You bastard," she said.

"That's enough of that." Charles picked up a rope from Lillian's nightstand and tied her wrists together to the headboard. He then leaned over the edge of the bed, snatched up her panties and stuffed them into her mouth. Another length of rope kept them there. He relished her amazed expression.

Now, he teased her. Charles placed his cock tip just inside her lips. Lillian thrust her hips forward and managed to envelope some of his helmet. Charles pulled back with a grin.

"Oh, now you want it? You'll get it alright. But the way I want." He slid off the bed.

Lillian frowned in puzzlement that changed to near fright when he grabbed her legs and rolled her over on her stomach. Soon, Lillian was up on her knees, head bent low, her pussy open and ripe.

The need for talk was over. Charles was primed and ready to burst. His cock plunged deep into Lillian's furrow. She moaned behind her gag, rocking in time with Charles. She turned her head slightly to the side and, in spite of the gag, Charles caught a hint of a smile at the corner of her mouth.

He couldn't hold it anymore. The orgasm drained him and he lay across Lillian's back. Slowly, she let them both down on the bed. Charles rolled off Lillian, then released her from bondage and removed the gag. They curled into each other. As Charles fell asleep he traced the rope marks on Lillian's wrists. Domination wasn't so bad, after all.

□

Later, when Charles readied himself to leave, Lillian brought up the subject of Ash's visit.

"I want you to consider something," she said.

"Consider?" Charles laughed. "You mean I have a choice?"

"Why do subs say that? Like all slaves you choose submission every day. Anyway, I belong to an SM group - "

"An SM social group? I've heard of them."

"No, it's not a 'social group'. And please don't interrupt again, sweetheart. It's not polite and then I'll really have to punish you." Her face set and Charles knew the regular Mistress Lillian was back, her submissive side deeply buried. "Let me put it this way: Ash and his ladies run a house that trains slaves. Now, there's nothing unusual about this, not even the fact that he trains only female slaves. But I've convinced him to expand his operations."

"You mean me?"

"You're catching on. Don't get a big head over this, Charles. Daphne or Tamera still may not accept you. But I've done all I can for you. I think you're ready for training at the ranch."

Charles suddenly realized the implications of what Lillian proposed. "You're turning me out?"

"No, Charles." Lillian put her arms around him, placed her cheek next to his. The warmth from her was intoxicating. "You're simply ready for the next step. It's time you began your journey to find a permanent mistress."

## Chapter Three

### Travel

Charles rolled over and peered at the glow of the digital clock. Three thirty-seven in the morning and still not anywhere near sleep. Lillian had told him to “Be ready for anything.” His bags were packed, his last day at the restaurant was well past him and he’d dipped into his savings to pay the rent for three months. He’d also referred all calls for web page design to a hungry competitor. So he was ready. Or so he thought.

The first few days he left messages on Lillian’s machine but never got a response. Charles knew he shouldn’t have called but this inactivity drove him nuts. He settled down somewhat after that and established a routine of television watching and street gazing. Nights were the worst. He lay in bed, thinking he’d hear a mysterious knock on the door or the crash of a battering ram as strangers dragged him away. Of course, nothing like that happened. As the days wore on he replayed his final conversation with Lillian from early last week, hoping to catch some hint in her words or nuance in her voice that he originally missed.

“Don’t script any fantasies in your mind. You’ll be disappointed when they don’t come true. Take care of your personal business for at least two months. And just hang in there. Be ready for anything.”

How long was he supposed to wait? Lillian never told him if those two unknown ladies, Daphne or Tamera, had given him their stamp of approval. How could they when they hadn’t met him yet anyway? And how was he to be contacted? Late night phone call? Anonymous letter?

Nearly four-thirty now. Looked like another washout. Charles turned away from the clock and closed his eyes.

□

Behind Charles’s apartment ran a long alley. On its far side was a tall, cinder gray block wall with a space just wide enough for a person to walk through. A shopping center with