

A New Slave

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A work meant for adults. Read something else if you are not an adult, or are offended by stories with sexual content. Then again, if all you're looking for is in-out, in-out, in-out, you should probably read something else. I welcome constructive comments. Enjoy.

Ed woke slowly, moving a little, feeling his new slave's hands on his body again. Her hands were soft, yet strong, warm, and talented. Still, further training was definitely required. He'd told her twice that he expected to wake up to a blow job. What she was doing was nice, but it wasn't what he'd ordered. She would have to learn the hard way. He smiled, as much from that prospect as from what her hands were doing to please him.

He'd been having bad luck with slaves the last year or so, having trouble finding those who could meet his high standards. He'd had two, or was it three, who had broken down, and he'd turned them out. Another two left on their own.

So this one was quite welcome. He'd been surprised when she approached him at one of his usual haunts, dropping the name of a Domme he knew, and offering herself to him. He'd had a few evening sessions with her, not even getting into serious training. She seemed motivated and trainable. This was her first full weekend as his slave.

He was amazed at the loose rein he'd given her so far. Well, that was going to change. A few days wearing a ball gag and nothing else would be a good start. Still, last night and this morning had been nice. She'd prepared and served him a good meal, taken her punishment well for not cleaning up properly, and then given him a good massage. Maybe he should have started with the ball gag last night. But he did enjoy the way she spoke, almost sang, as she'd massaged him. He'd been so relaxed on his back, drifting off into dreams, and then she'd started again, exciting him, sitting on top of him, and riding him to a powerful orgasm. Then she'd cleaned him up and massaged him more, singing him to sleep, and more pleasant dreams.

He'd gotten up once during the night, and she was sleeping naked, curled up by the foot of the bed as he had instructed, the welts on her back visible in the moonlight from the window. Maybe a couple of nights sleeping naked in the garage would help temper her spirits. That would be next weekend, when her training started in earnest. A few days of humiliation and pain would be a good start.

This morning he awoke to her soft voice, and the combination of her breasts, hands, and mouth on him, bringing him out of his dreams to orgasm. She definitely knew how to push his buttons, he thought; every orgasm he'd had with her had been stronger than the one before.

Of course she hadn't done at all well with his breakfast, so he gave her a light scourging before sitting down to work, while she finished cleaning the kitchen.

She'd done better with lunch, apologizing profusely, and offering to give him another massage after serving him lunch. She'd given him an even better and longer massage than the night before, singing or speaking to him the whole time. He'd been so relaxed, floating so peacefully, dreaming again, he'd almost told her to stop, but then she inflamed him and rode him again to a thundering orgasm, and sang him to sleep afterwards.

And now her voice started again, as her hands inflamed him. Her voice was nice, even soothing, but she had to learn strict obedience. Maybe a large ball gag, one that would cause her pain, was in order.

He opened his eyes, looking at her as she leaned over him and ran her hands over his body. She looked familiar somehow, like the one who had broken down, what was it, seven or eight months ago? What was her name? It didn't matter -- they were only slaves. She'd broken down, become unfit to serve him, and after he'd invested quite a few months training her. He'd dropped her off in the middle of the night on a street corner in a town about an hour away. He was glad he used blindfolds when he took them to and from his house. Still, who would believe them anyway? He was a respected man, and they were just slaves.

But this one... She was so good with her hands. She did something and he took a deep breath, filling with fire. It was strange, he could hear her, but couldn't quite understand what she was saying. He was feeling a little dizzy, and almost as if her voice was coming from far away, like in the dreams he'd been having.

Something changed and he could smell her, smell her arousal. He looked over to the side of his bed and saw her standing naked by the dresser, legs apart, arms out, smiling to him. He saw her lips move and heard her say something, but didn't understand it. But his body did -- he had to have her.

He moved off the bed and started to stand, but she said something and he collapsed to his knees. He crawled to her -- she had moved away a few feet. He had to have her. He heard, no felt, her voice going deep into him. It was so hard to move.

But he reached her, and made his way up, holding on to her legs and kissing her mound. Her scent was incredible, filling him with hunger. He kissed her, moving his tongue and lips between her soft wet folds as she held his head to her. Her touch sent tremors through him. He felt her voice; it was stronger now, going deep into him as she held him and he tried to devour her.

He felt her hips tilt and her voice quaver; the thought that he was pleasing her sent a thrill through him, making him even dizzier, and he barely held on to her legs. He needed her; he needed her voice, and her touch, and most of all he needed to please her.

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Her voice was strong again, but then began to falter, finally turning into a cry as her hips shook and her knees buckled a bit, then straightened as her fingers dug into his head, holding him tight. That only filled him with fire to please her more.

He brought her to another orgasm, and another. With each one it was harder for him to hold on, and yet he needed her more; he needed to please her more.

Eventually she stepped quickly away, and he fell to his face on the floor. It was so hard to move, but he saw where she was standing, and crawled over to her. He reached her feet, and trembling, touched one of them.

She moved her foot, standing on his hand. He started to cry out in pain, but instead moved forward and began kissing her foot as she ground her heel into his hand.

Her voice was loud and filled with scorn. “Who am I?” she demanded.

Between kisses, he replied, trembling and not daring to look up, “You are my Mistress.”

“And what are you?” she demanded.

“I am your worthless slave, Mistress,” he replied meekly.

She ground her heel on his hand once more, then pulled it away. She put her toe under his shoulder and flipped him to his back.

He could hardly move. He looked up at his Mistress, and saw her face filled with anger, resentment, and scorn.

He trembled and pleaded, “How have I displeased you, Mistress?”

Her lips curled into a snarl. “By breathing,” she sneered at him.

He was afraid, so afraid, as he watched her lean over and pick up a whip. He wanted to cover his face, but his arms wouldn’t move.

She raised the whip, her hand shaking with rage. “This,” she spat, “is for what you did to my sister.”

FINI

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(apologies to my regular readers -- I don’t know what got into me on this one.)