

# Medfield's Best Season

By guardian46w

In the small town of Medfield, the local college's basketball team hasn't had a winning record that anyone can remember. But this season, the alumni, the coach, the teachers, the students, and especially the cheerleaders, had expected it to be different when Leon transferred in and became the starting Center. Midway through the season, their record was 7-8. So, the cheerleading squad hatches a plan to motivate the team in a way the Coach cannot. They challenged the players to a wager. If the team won, the cheerleaders would be slaves of the boys for seventy-two hours, but if the team lost, the players would be slaves of the girls for seventy-two hours. Our story begins on Saturday morning, after the team eked out a win in Friday night's game.

## Carl and Teresa

After we brought a suitcase with our clothes and sundries, the players chose their slave. Carl took me.

I knew Carl in passing. We had Economics class together on Tuesdays and Thursdays. And, of course, cheerleading practice was in the gym at the same time as basketball practice. We were friendly toward each other but not friends. He was just another student among the dozens. Those whom we didn't know personally, we knew by reputation. Carl's rep was that of a loner, someone it was hard to make friends with. I'd never seen him with any of the other co-eds.

He took me to his car and we drove off-campus. I slyly studied my owner for my seventy-two hours of slavery. He was a solid man, an athlete in great shape. He was tall, only Leon on the team was taller, a couple of inches over six feet, I guessed. I pictured him, in my mind, on the basketball court. His shoulders, arms, and legs are muscular and powerful.

At a stop sign, he caught me looking, and our eyes met. He smiled, and it was a nice smile, it was genuine and friendly, I thought, but his hazel-grey eyes seemed sad. I wondered what our time together would be like.

We pulled into the driveway of a small house not far from the campus, and Brooke and Leon were at the front door. I guessed guys shared the house, and my mind eased knowing Brooke would be close by. I carried my suitcase as Carl led me by the elbow into the house. *Men who own a slave don't have to carry luggage*, I thought.

"Slaves," Leon announced, "this will be your slave quarters until classes on Monday."

Carl took me upstairs and to a large bedroom. He took my suitcase, plopped it on the bed, and flung it open. He started laying my clothes out on the bed. He found my blue bikini, cheerleading uniform, and my black high-heeled pumps.

"The bathroom is through that door," he said, "Take off everything you're wearing and put them in this bag. Then put these on. Come back here when you're done using the bathroom."

I scurried to the bathroom, and was glad he didn't order me to strip in front of him. I guessed that would come soon enough. I used the toilet and looked at what he'd given me to wear. My bikini bra covered my nipples and aureoles but left a lot of breast flesh exposed. Cheerleading uniform skirts barely cover a girl's ass cheeks, and without panties, I could easily expose my vagina. I shouldn't have packed my high-heeled pumps. They make my legs look sexy, but after a short time, my feet hurt.

Carl is sitting in an overstuffed easy chair in front of the only window of the room. He looks me over from head to toe.

"Nah, take off the shoes, I think barefoot is better."

He points to a spot on the carpet between the foot of the bed and a dresser eight feet in front of his chair.

"Kneel there," he says. I obey.

"Sit back on your heels." I obey.

"Sit with your back straight and your shoulders back." I obey.

He is humiliating me. He tells me how to sit and what my posture should be. He sits in his chair, looking down at me, kneeling on the floor. He tosses me a black object, and by reflex, I catch it.

“Put that on, put your hands behind your back and keep them there, and spread your knees as far as you can.”

It is a padded sleeping mask, and when I put it over my eyes, everything goes dark. I put my hands behind my back. When I spread my legs, I feel the miniskirt lying across my thighs, and I know I’m exposed. I don’t like this, and I’m wondering if I’ll be able to go through with the wager.

“I’m going to ask you some questions. You have permission to speak, but remember Rule 3 and answer appropriately. Do you understand?”

Sir. Yes. Sir.

I cannot see him to look him in the eyes. I don’t like not seeing him. It’s natural to look at the person during conversations. You see their expressions, watch their body language, and see their hand gestures. I feel a moistening of my crotch.

“Good. The rules are well thought out. Did you help write them?”

“Sir, Ashley, Aimee, and I wrote them. Brooke reviewed them and made some minor changes. Sir.”

“The rules are not very limiting. Do you have any personal limits?”

“Sir, I do not want to have sex at this time. Sir”

“Hmm. Okay, no intercourse, no anal, and no oral. However, we might explore the boundaries. Anything else?”

“Sir, if something comes up, I’ll use the code word or signal. Sir.”

“Oh, right. We’ll use the ones that Brooke suggested. Do you masturbate?”

“Sir, yes, sometimes. Sir.”

“Do you have a boyfriend?”

“Sir, no. Sir.”

“I guess I should also ask, do you have a girlfriend?”

I stifle a giggle, “Sir, no. Sir.”

“Are you a virgin?”

“Sir, no. Sir.”

“How many men have you slept with?”

“Sir, only one. Sir.”

“Did you have sex with him more than once?”

“Sir, yes. Sir”

“You’re blushing. Why?”

“Sir, your questions are personal, and answering them is embarrassing. Sir.”

“Do you feel degraded being on your knees and answering questions?”

“Sir, yes, it is humiliating. Sir.”

“It didn’t occur to you that you might be humiliated and embarrassed if the cheerleaders lost the bet?”

“Sir, no, I didn’t think about that. Sir.”

“Did you think this would be pretend slavery?”

“Sir, I didn’t think about that, either. Sir.”

"You do understand that for seventy-two hours, you are my slave and I am your owner?"

"Sir, yes. Sir."

"Good, now I want you to repeat after me, 'Carl, you are my owner and I am your slave.'"

*Oh, God. This isn't like I thought! Why is he making me do this? Maybe it should say Red? The rules say I must be submissive.* I stammer, "I-I... Carl, you are my o-owner and I-I am your s-slave."

"Now that is clear, I will continue with my questions. The man who fucked you, is he an ex-boyfriend?"

"Sir, yes, he's my ex. Sir."

"Did he make you cum when he fucked you?"

I stifled a moan and felt the heat flush down my neck at those obscene words. *I can't lie. I won't lie.* "Sir, only once. Sir."

"Ah, and what did he do differently that time that made you cum?"

"Sir, oh, please, sir, why are you asking me these things?"

"How else am I to get to know my slave?"

"It's too embarrassing. I don't want to do this. Please."

"I thought we already settled that. You knew the stakes of the wager and lost. Now you are a slave for seventy-two hours. I don't believe my questions are a legitimate reason for you to use the stop code. The only other option is to renege on the bet, which, I think, will earn you the wrath of your cheerleader friends. Are you going to use the code word?"

I hesitate and take a moment to think. I don't like what's happening. This isn't starting like I thought it would, but I did agree to the wager. Everyone agreed that no one could back out once the game was decided. *I have to do it. It's only three days. I can tough it out.* "Sir, no, I won't renege. Sir."

"Then I expect you to at least act like a slave. You will obey my orders and answer my questions. You've been doing well until now. Are you ready to continue, slave?"

"Yes, I'm ready."

"Good, but I remind you of Rule 3. Don't forget again. Apologize and answer my question."

"Sir, I'm sorry I forgot the rule. And, Sir, I'm sorry, you flustered me and I forgot your question. Sir."

"You said your ex-boyfriend made you cum only once, and I asked what he did differently."

"Sir, I'm sorry I needed to be reminded." *Oh, God, he has me apologizing for everything.* "My boyfriend was giving me oral pleasure, and he used his fingers on my rectum. Sir."

"Oh, that naughty man. Did he put his fingers inside you?"

"Sir, oh, no, he just fondled and tickled it. Sir"

"Okay, Teresa, are you religious?"

"Sir, I don't know what you mean. Sir."

"I mean, are you a Christian, Jewish, or Mormon? Do you go to church?"

"Sir, I don't understand why you're asking me this. But, no, I don't go to church. Sir."

"It seems like you are avoiding some words, slang words, a lot of us use in conversations about sex."

"Sir, yes, I don't use those words. Sir."

"Then you were brought up not to use bad words?"

"Sir, I'm sorry, I don't know what words you're talking about. Sir."

“Let me put it to you this way. There was a comedian who came up with the seven words that you can’t say on TV. Have you heard of that?”

“Sir, no, I haven’t. Sir.”

“Even so, I think you’ve heard the words. The seven words are ‘shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, and tits.’ Have you ever said any of those words?”

I felt my cheeks flush. “Sir, ah, I think I may have said the first two, but never any of the others. Sir.”

“When you and your boyfriend talked about sex, did you use any slang words for vagina or penis?”

“Sir, we didn’t talk about it, we just did it. I’m not sure what you want me to say. Sir.”

“My questions are to find out why, when you said your boyfriend was giving you oral pleasure, you didn’t say ‘eating me out’ or ‘lapping my pussy’ or some other slang euphemism. You grew up being taught not to use words that are considered bad or vulgar, right?”

“Sir, oh, yes, I don’t use words. Sir.”

“Okay, but since you said you are not religious, there’s no reason you can’t start using them. So, slave, what do you think would be the word we want to use when we talk about a woman’s vagina?”

“Sir, I don’t know. Sir.”

“It’s one of the seven words. Which do you think it is?”

“Sir, I guess it might be the fourth one. Sir.”

“Yes, that’s right. What is the fourth word?”

“Sir, I don’t think I can say that word. Sir.”

“That is what we need to get past. So, let’s see how many of the seven words we can fit in one sentence. I order you to repeat after me, ‘My motherfucking ex-boyfriend groped my tits while fucking my cunt with his puny cock.’

*NO. No. No. No. I can’t. I can’t. I have to act like a slave. I have to obey. It’s an act.* “Sir. My mother-ff-f-fucking ex-boyfriend groped my tits while f-f-ucking my c-cunt with his puny c-c-cock. Sir.”

Never in my life had I said such obscene words. I couldn’t believe they were coming from my mouth. Halfway through, I feared God would strike me down. I hung my head and slumped, burning with shame.

“C’mon, girl, it wasn’t that bad. You did a good job, slave, we got fuck in twice. Great job. Very good. Very good.”

An emotion fluttered through me, and I drew myself erect again, straightening my back and pulling my shoulders back. What had happened? *He was pleased by my response. Carl had praised me.*

“Did you ever ‘orally pleasure’ your boyfriend?”

*Shit. Shit. Shit. I can’t lie, don’t lie.* “Sir, yes. Sir.” I’m sure the heat of my flush has to reach the slopes of my breasts.

“Did you swallow?”

*OH, My God!* “Sir, NO. Sir.”

“In that case, you have to say, ‘I’m a lousy cocksucker.’”

“Sir, I’m a l-lousy c-c-cock-ss-u-cker. Sir.” I felt the heat flow down my neck. *Did I say it right?*

“See, it’s not so hard. I knew you could do it. Well done, slave. Even with the tiny stutters, your beautiful voice made the words pleasant sounding.”

I sit up a little taller and push out my chest more. *My owner was proud of me.* Oh, my God, where did that thought come from? I hate what he’d made me say. The filthy words are degrading, but Carl praised me for them. *And he likes my voice.*

I didn’t lie, but I didn’t tell the whole truth, either. It was true I didn’t swallow, but I did orally pleasure my ex lots of times. I discovered I easily controlled my gag reflex, and soon I could deep-throat, as I’d heard it was called. And, honestly, sex with

him was uninteresting to me. The oral sex satisfied him, I didn't mind doing it, and I only had to take off my top so he could touch my breasts. Even then, we did it in the dark and under the covers.

"So, when we talk about sex or sexual things, we're going to use these words: tits, ass, fuck, cunt, and cock. We'll use any of the forms of the words, such as fucking, motherfucker, cocksucker, and asshole. I might use other slang words that are not quite as obscene, like pussy, snatch, twat, beaver, dick, pecker, wang, meat, prick, and so on. Although you set the hard limit of no sex, that doesn't mean we can talk about it."

*Will I be able to use those words? He said my voice was beautiful. Does he like me? Is he into me? He picked me over eight other cheerleaders. He could have had Ashley and Aimee. Aren't twins a man's ultimate fantasy?*

"Now, for some things I expect. What you're wearing is your slave uniform. You will wear it, and only it, unless I say differently. You will have work to do. There will be a to-do list, and you and Brooke will be required to complete the tasks. If I decide you're to be naked, it will only be here in my room or the bathroom. You will attend to all of my personal needs. You will bathe me, dress me, cook for me, serve me, and entertain me.

"You might be wondering where you will sleep since, as you can see, there's only one bed. I will be sleeping there, and I sleep in the nude. You may choose to sleep in my bed or on the floor, there." He pointed to the floor at the foot of the bed. "Whichever you choose, you sleep naked, just like me. I will likely decide to chain or tie to the bed. This brings us back to the subject of sex."

*Uh, oh.*

"You have said that sex is off the table. I will honor that. But you are a beautiful, sexy woman, and being with you, looking at you, touching you, and smelling you, arouses me."

I'm blushing again. Carl thinks I'm beautiful and sexy. My cunt tightens. *What? Did I use that word in my mind?*

"Slaves cannot masturbate, but I can. In case you haven't noticed, my cock's hard as a steel rod right now."

I look and see the bulge in his jeans. I feel the heat flushing on my neck. *God, I hope I'm not making a wet spot on the carpet.*

"This means I will be jerking off, and probably several times over the next seventy-two hours. Unless you want to give me 'oral pleasure.' Does the stop code cover that?"

"Sir, yes. Sir."

"And if I want to give you 'oral pleasure,' does it cover that too?"

Sir, yes. Sir."

Well, if you sleep in my bed, know that I will probably want to hold you, put my hands where I want, and will have a hard-on during the night, and probably will jerk off when I wake up. Did you ever watch your ex-boyfriend jerk off?"

"Sir, no. Sir."

"I guess I need to ask, have you ever seen a naked man?"

Sir, no, not really. Sir."

"Not even your ex-boyfriend?"

"Sir, no. When we were together in his dorm, he would undress in the bathroom, and I would undress and get in bed with the light off. He would get under the covers before taking his underwear off. Sir."

"Well, since you will be seeing me naked over the next seventy-two hours, at the least when you're required to bathe me, now is a good time. Besides, I need some relief."

He took off the blindfold. "Get up and go get a towel from the bathroom and bring it to me."

I struggle up and go to fetch the towel. Back in the bedroom, Carl takes the towel and points to the spot on the floor. *MY SPOT. Kneeling like a slave.*

He leans forward and takes off his shoes and socks. He stands up. I realize he is going to strip naked right here in front of me. I suppress a gasp. He grabs his T-shirt, untucking it from his jeans, and pulls it over his head and arms, tossing it behind him. I stare at his masculine physique, his wide shoulders, strong arms, flat chest, and well-defined abs. I feel the heat rising in me. It feels wrong, but I don't seem to be able to control my body. Watching Carl undress is giving me thoughts and tingly feelings I didn't think I should be having.

I watch him unbuckle his belt. He is taking his time and going slow. He pulls the belt from its loops, rolls it up, and puts it on the table beside his chair. He unsnaps his Levi's, and I feel myself blushing and my heartbeat rising in anticipation. He grabs the zipper tab and slowly pushes it down. The sound of it mesmerizes me.

He pushes his jeans down, slowly, revealing his navy-blue boxer briefs. They fit tight, and the outline of his peni... uh, cock is visible. Since I've never seen one in the flesh, so to speak, I've nothing to compare it with, but to me, it looks huge. He steps out of the Levi's, one leg at a time, gives them a shake, folds them in half, and drapes them over the arm of the chair. He picks up the towel and spreads it on the floor with the end a foot away from my spread knees, and stretches it out toward his chair. He takes a stance between the towel and the chair.

"Slave, do you like looking at me?"

*Oh, yes, yes, I do.* Sir, yes, I like looking at you. Sir."

Carl puts his thumbs inside the waistband of his underwear. "Don't look away or close your eyes. Understand?"

"Sir, yes, I understand. Sir." *I couldn't look away if I tried.*

He moves his thumbs around behind and pushes the briefs down below his butt cheeks. Slowly and deliberately, he pushes the front out and lowers the briefs, revealing his cock inch by inch, until he is completely exposed and the briefs are bunched around his thighs. His erection points straight out and slightly upward. He pushes the underwear down past his knees, and they fall to the floor, and he steps out.

"Do you still like looking, slave?"

"Sir, yes, you are very masculine and handsome. Sir."

"And, my cock? What do you think of it?"

"Sir, it looks bigger than my ex-boyfriend's. Sir."

"Does it turn you on? Did your cunt get hotter and wetter seeing me naked?"

"Sir, I admit that it did, I couldn't help it. Sir."

Carl kneels at the end of the towel and makes a fist around his cock with his right hand. I can't take my eyes away. *He's going to masturbate, and I'll see his semen shoot out!*

"Do you see the shiny liquid that is oozing out of my cock?"

All I can do is nod.

"That is my pre-cum. It is a signal that I'm very aroused and horny. I'm aroused because of you, Teresa. You make me horny. Everything about you excites me, and now you are my slave, and that doubles and triples my excitement."

As he is talking, his pre-cum keeps oozing and becomes a silky thread nearly reaching the floor. *I want to lick it. I want to taste him.* No. No. That would be disgusting. I couldn't do that, could I?

"I am on the edge, Teresa. Please take off your bra so I can look at your tits while I jerk off."

He's called me by name twice now. He said, Please. Is he asking or ordering? I reach up to unclasp the bra. Yes, *look at my tits.* I shrug the bra from my shoulders and let it fall into my lap. He mouths a word I'm not sure of, but I think it was lovely.

He sits back on his heels and starts stroking himself. He moves his left hand to cradle his balls. His breathing quickly becomes ragged, and he pants shallowly. He stares at me with his eyes fixed on my breasts. He begins grunting and making sounds like a rooting hog.

My hands are still behind my back, and I reach the clasp of my skirt and loosen it. I twist and wiggle the waistband, working the skirt up higher until I'm fully exposed. I push my knees out as wide as I can.

"Aaaaaahhhhh. Mmmmmppphh." Carl groaned and moaned at the sight of me. Seeing the pinkness of my swollen outer lips and the moisture beading in my thin, auburn pubic hair.

His eyes clamp shut, his body tilts back, his left arm pivots around and he plants his hand on the floor behind him, his head drops back like he's looking at the ceiling, and an animalistic cry comes from deep in his throat, and a jet of semen shoots from him across the towel. It lands on the carpet between my knees. I watch the second stream land over halfway up the towel, and the third and fourth near the middle. Each eruption is accompanied by a groaning growl and the sucking of air into his depleted lungs. The fifth, sixth, and seventh ejaculations dwindle in power, and then it is over.

Carl is breathing so hard and fast, I'm afraid he's going to hyperventilate and pass out. He slowly straightens up but then bends forward until his forehead is against the floor. His arms lie limply on the floor along his folded legs. I want to reach out and cradle his head in my hands. But he's too far away, and besides, I'd be risking disobedience if I broke my posture. All I can do is wait, trusting he'll be okay.

I don't know how long Carl stayed bent over, gasping and panting. I can't see a clock. I watch him slowly begin to breathe normally. I watch him drag his arms up, moving them as if they weigh a hundred pounds. He raises enough to put his palms on the floor and support himself with his arms stiff. Our eyes meet, and I see relief and longing. He stands up and turns toward the chair.

*My God, what a great ass.*

"Teresa, we're going into the city to go shopping. Take some clothes to the bathroom, freshen up, and get dressed. Underwear is approved."

When I come out of the bathroom, he is dressed and sitting in the chair, tying his shoes. He smiles at me, and it is a warm smile that lights up his gray eyes. He takes my hand and leads me to his car, and we drive for thirty minutes in silence, and arrive at a large shopping area. There are shops and stores all around.

"Here's what I want you to buy: a green string thong bikini, a sexy, dark red or maroon bra and panty set, fuck-me high heels that match the lingerie, and a summer mini dress that I pick out. There's a Victoria's Secret, a Maurice's, a Micah's, and a DSW shoe store. On the other side of the highway, there are TJ Max, Kohl's, Famous Footwear, Diamond Nails, Edan Salon and Day Spa, and a Longhorn Steak House. I suggest we start at Victoria's Secret and end at the Longhorn.

I found the green string bikini, well, not true green but a shade of green Carl approved, at Victoria's Secret. The bikini doesn't cover much. The thong's triangle covers me in front but leaves my butt cheeks bare, with the strings tying high over my hips. The bra consists of triangular patches with a string passing through the bottom edge and ties behind my back, under my shoulder blades. The strings from the triangle points tie together behind my neck. Carl says the bright shade of green highlights my auburn hair. In the lingerie section, I pick out a maroon panty and bra set. They are lacy and sheer, and the opaque parts only cover my nipples and labia.

We go to TJ Maxx across the highway, and I choose a red strappy mini dress. Carl approves. It doesn't show much cleavage but leaves my back bare to my waist. He says my back is sexy. The flared skirt falls short of my mid-thigh. But we don't find shoes that either of us agrees on. We go to Kohl's and find dark red pumps with four-and-a-half-inch heels. Carl says they'll make my legs look great whether I wear the dress, only the panties and bra, or nothing at all. At the check-out, I added a pair of thigh-high stockings.

Our next stop is the Salon. I have a manicure, a pedicure, and a waxing. I somehow find the courage to ask if he would like me to be hairless or if he likes my sparse red pubic hair. He says he prefers a woman with a bare cunt, but if I want to keep my pubic hair, he will allow it. I'm now bare like a baby. Carl sends me to the Salon's ladies' room and tells me to put on my red dress, my new bra and panties, the stockings, and the high-heel pumps.

Carl takes me to the Longhorn. He is smiling that genuinely warm smile of his, and we're talking like two normal college kids on a date. I'm not saying "Sir" at the beginning and end of my comments, and he isn't rebuking me for it. We're in the middle of our appetizers when the waitress, a pretty young girl, possibly a co-ed like me, comes and takes our entrée orders, then takes them to the kitchen.

“Teresa,” Carl says.

I look up from my salad and see he has put down his fork and is leaning forward, staring at me.

“I want you to do something for me.”

*Uh, oh. Something is coming.*

“Will you obey my instructions?”

I realize I’m being told I’m still his slave. “Sir, yes, I will obey. Sir.”

“Good. Go to the ladies’ room, remove your panties, and bring them to me. When I have the panties, you will wait for my permission before you sit. You have five minutes. Rule number three is in effect.”

*He’s humiliating me again.* I feel my cheeks flush as I slide from the booth and walk toward the restrooms. Now, I notice that the booth he pointed out to the receptionist is one of the farthest from the restrooms, and I must wind my way through and past several tables. I haven’t worn heels this high often, so I’m not well-practiced in them. I have to concentrate on my strides and maintain my balance.

It’s easy enough to reach under my skirt and remove my panties, but I realize I don’t have a purse or anything to put them in. I’ll have to carry them in my hand. I wad them up in a ball, but as skimpy as they are, as small as the wad of maroon lace is, it’s too large to conceal in my fist. If someone looks, they’ll see maroon lace sticking out. They may not know what they’re seeing, but they might. I walk back to the booth with the panties in my left hand and my right hand wrapped around my left. I’m a little unbalanced walking with my hands fisted together and held at my waist, but I make it to the booth before my deadline.

Carl points to a spot on the table, “Put the panties here. And when I tell you to sit, you will pull up the back of your dress so you do not sit on it.”

I put my panties on the table, they are between his right hand and the outer edge. They are visible to anyone passing our booth or looking our way from one of the tables. I stand waiting for permission to sit. It seems like an eternity, but it was only one minute.

“You may sit.”

I slide back into the booth, holding my dress so I sit on my bare butt against the leather upholstery of the seat. He has called me by name since he sent me to get dressed for this shopping trip. He stopped when he sent me to the ladies’ room. I look at the lacy fabric, my new panties, next to his hand on the table. Anyone looking will know what they are.

I take a deep breath when I see the waiter coming with our meals. I catch myself squirming in my seat. She will see the panties lying there.

“Are you in distress?”

*He’s asking if I’m going to say red.* Sir, no, I’m not. Sir.”

I see the waitress’s eyes fall on my panties, and I feel my neck flush. She looks at me, I avert my eyes, and while she is focused on placing my plate, Carl casually scoops up my panties, and they disappear under the table. The waitress looks at the empty spot, hesitating a second before setting Carl’s plate before him. Carl is watching for my reactions.

“Is there anything else I can get for you?” she asks.

“No, miss,” Carl says, “but maybe we could ask your opinion about something?”

“Sure, okay.” She replies.

“My girl thinks that black underwear is the sexiest color on a woman. I think red is sexier.”

I thought she might be uncomfortable with such a personal question, but she smiled at me, turned to Carl, and appeared happy to share her opinion.

“Yeah, I think color is a part of it, but the style makes them sexy. Bikini and thong panties and push-up bras are sexier than other styles. Color is a factor, and from a man’s point of view, different colors are sexier. I think the color a woman wears



hints at her personality, or at least the mood she's in at the time. For example, a woman wearing sexy white things prefers romance. She likes the 'a slow hand and gentle touch' as in the Pointer Sisters song, and she wants her man to caress her, kiss her, and gently arouse her until she's ready to beg for it.

"The woman who wears red is fiery, and she wants passion and unrestrained sex. Sex for her can begin as soon as the front door is closed. Clothes will be strewn across the floor from the living room to the bedroom. You might not make it to the bedroom but end up with her against the hallway wall. She will do anything, any position, and probably has secret fetishes.

"Sexy black undies are problematic. When a woman wears black lace, it might be that she wants to be in control. She likes to be on top and will be very disappointed if she isn't the first to orgasm, or have two. The problem is that black might be the opposite. She might be a woman who wants her man to be in charge, submitting to him. It's a subtle difference from the woman in white, and men usually have trouble telling the two apart."

Carl was listening raptly as the cute waitress talked. He had his elbow on the table, his hand under his chin, looking up at her as she spoke. Whenever the waitress shifted her focus to me, he did the same, watching my reaction to her descriptions. I considered myself the woman in white. Carl had chosen red for me, and I wondered if that was the kind of woman he wanted or if he believed that deep inside, I was a red underwear woman.

"That is fascinating." I think Carl was deliberately prolonging the sexual conversation to keep me squirming. "I'm not keeping you from work, am I?"

"Oh, no, you're the last customer in my section. In fact," she glances at her watch, "I'm due to clock out in ten minutes."

"Oh, good. Why don't you finish up your shift and come back? I am very interested in how you come to those conclusions."

"Yeah, okay, cool. I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Our waitress is a smart young woman, don't you think, slave?"

*From Teresa, to ignored, to a slave.* Without permission to speak, I nod.

We sipped on our iced tea and waited for the waitress to return. She was still wearing her Longhorn logo shirt and carrying a small backpack.

"Please sit with us," Carl gestures to my side of the booth, and I slide farther in to make room. "My name is Carl, by the way. We're students down at Medfield."

Although he included me as a student at Medfield, he didn't introduce me.

"Hi, my name is Christina."

"Really! You're not a Saint, are you?" he chuckles.

"No way, not with my sins."

"We're all sinners, right? Anyway, continue with your color conclusions, please."

"Sure. In my psychology class, human sexuality is a chapter. During a discussion, one of the guys blurted out that red bikinis were sexier. We spent the rest of the class talking about sex and colors. These are my conclusions, nothing scientific, but I think I have good reasons."

"Is psychology your major?"

"Oh, yes, and I'm studying a lot about human sexuality and thinking I might become a sex therapist."

"That's great, have you studied fantasies and fetishes?"

"Oh, yes, of course, fantasies are universal, ninety-six percent of people have them."

"What are some of the common ones?"

"Yeah, so, for men, one of the most common is threesomes, him with two girls. There is the cuckold fantasy that is not as common but shows up among submissive men."

"I've never heard of that," Carl interjects.

“Cuckolding is a strange one, but so is the human mind, right? The man is subservient to his wife or partner. He desires to please her, but he feels somehow inadequate and allows, even encourages her to bring another male into their bedroom to satisfy her sexually. He, the cuck, gets his satisfaction vicariously believing he is responsible for his mate’s pleasure.”

“Yes, that is a strange one,” Carl says. “And women’s fantasies?”

“Well, the most common is the ‘Handsome Prince’ fantasy, you probably know that one. Or the chauffeur’s daughter from the movie, *Sabrina*. Do you know that one?”

“No, I don’t.”

“Well, Audrey Hepburn, the chauffeur’s daughter, thinks she’s in love with one of her father’s employers’ sons. But circumstances lead the older brother to fall in love with her, and she eventually realizes he is the one she loves, and they sail away together on one of the family’s ships. It’s a common trope in movies that the son or daughter of an upper-class, wealthy family falls in love with the beautiful daughter or son of a poor working-class family.”

“This is great! We’re learning about sex and movies at the same time. Go on, please.”

“Another common one for women is the ‘Damsel in Distress’ fantasy, sometimes also known as the ‘Knight in Shining Armor.’ This one can go a couple of different ways. In both, she is the Damsel in some predicament she cannot escape. In one, a White Knight comes along, saves her, and they fall in love. In the other, it’s a Black Knight and he takes advantage of her helplessness.”

“Are you ever called Tina?”

“Well, I had a soccer coach call me that because there was another Christina on the team. You can if you want, I don’t mind.”

“Good, then, Tina, are you saying that women fantasize about being raped?”

“There’s more to it than that, and it’s a small percentage of women. And it’s more about personality than fantasy.”

“Personalities?”

“Yes, you’ve heard the term Alpha-male, haven’t you? You seem like you are one.”

“Yes, I know the term, and you may be right.”

“So, everyone has a personality type. Almost everyone will have either a dominant or a submissive personality with subtle gradients in both types. Some submissive women have rape fantasies. They are usually in the context of a kidnapping in which they are helpless to resist, and so justify enjoying the sex because she isn’t the one acting immorally. They don’t want to be raped. It’s only a fantasy, and a real rape would likely be just as traumatizing for her as for anyone. I have read cases of this being acted out in a roleplay between sexual partners.”

*Oh, God, this is exciting me. I feel a dampness growing on the seat.*

“Can you expound on what that roleplay would be?”

“Oh, sure. The submissive woman will purposefully put herself in a helpless position. She does it by restraining herself with handcuffs, ropes, and things to mimic a kidnapping. Her partner plays the role of a kidnapper, treating her as the victim and forcing himself on her. The submissive woman will probably have a bondage fetish, too, meaning she gets some sexual pleasure from being tied up and made helpless.”

“Tina, this is fascinating. I assume the male partner would be a dominant personality.”

“That’s right. There is also the element of control. The dominant in these scenarios is one who likely needs to control all the actions and make all the decisions. It gives them a sense of power. The submissive feels at ease and relieved of the responsibility, so all they are required to do is feel and enjoy.”

I’ve been sitting quietly, listening and feeling the heat and moisture on my nether lips slowly adding to the puddle on the seat. My mind is awlirl figuring out where I fit into Tina’s types, fantasies, and fetishes.

“Aren’t we glad,” Carl is looking straight at me, “that we met Tina? Sexuality is so fascinating.”

I know it's rhetorical, so I only nod.

"Tina, I know what sadism and masochism are. Where do they fit into this?"

"Those are the extremes, Carl," Tina replies. "A true sadist gets his sexual gratification from causing pain, usually to the opposite sex, but not always. All sadists are dominant personalities, but only a very few dominants are sadists. A real masochist is the opposite, so pain becomes their pleasure. Likewise, all masochists are submissive, but not all submissives are masochists. Thankfully, true sadists and masochists are rare, although it turns out there are more masochists than sadists. A true sadist can often become a serial killer."

"I've also heard the acronym BDSM. Can you explain that and delve into it a bit?"

"Sure, we've covered SM, sadism, and masochism. The B and the D stand for bondage and discipline. Sometimes people take the D and S for dominant and submissive. I referred to bondage before. And in a sexual context, it is being restrained. Tied up with rope, belts, chains, or anything that can be used to keep a person from moving. The submissive with a bondage fetish will have sexual feelings and enjoy being restrained without sexual stimulation. They will like being completely cocooned or tied in a way that eliminates as much body movement as possible.

"For others, the bondage is a prelude and foreplay for sex. During sex, the bondage adds that element of control, giving it up for the submissive, and the taking of it for the dominant. The dominant will have control of the submissive's orgasm. He can force it to happen quickly, build it up slowly, or deny it. All the submissive can do is struggle and take what they're given."

"And, Tina, there are men who are submissive as well, yes?"

"Oh, sure. One of the interesting things about males is that proportionally, straight and gay are nearly equally submissive. There is a significantly higher percentage of women who are submissive in both hetero and homo relationships."

"Let me ask you, would you say that master and slave are synonymous with dominant and submissive?"

Fresh heat bloomed on my cheeks, and I felt the flush down my neck.

"Hmm, semantically they are very close, but in the sexual context we're talking about, it might only be true toward the extreme of the spectrum."

"So, what would be an example of that?" Carl asked.

"There are some documented cases of a dominant and a submissive having a voluntary slave contract. Probably not strictly legal, but enough to prove consent. In one case I read, the dominant kept photos documenting the daily life and proving the slave was healthy and not physically damaged. They showed the slave was kept naked and had permanent steel manacles on wrists and ankles, and a matching collar. When someone discovered and reported the situation, the 'owner' voluntarily released the slave to the authorities. In an interview with the FBI, the slave confirmed the consent and the signatures on the contract. The slave insisted during the interview to be called 'It' since a slave is property."

"So, what happened?"

"No criminality was found, and the slave refused to file a civil tort. The 'owner' was released, and the slave put the collar and manacles on and returned to life as a slave."

"Wow, and there are others like that?"

"Oh yes, I read of a woman keeping a young man and training him to be her pet dog. He never spoke, only barked. Never stood upright, only going on hands and knees. He ate and drank from dog bowls and slept in a cage. Pony girls and pony boys are a thing, too. They are trained to pull carts, or they are ridden with specialized saddles. These are examples of the master/slave relationships over dominant/submissive ones."

"Fascinating. You've studied this a lot."

"Yeah, it's my main interest. Do you mind if I ask you a question?"

"No, not at all."

"Your friend hasn't said a word. Is there something going on there?"

"Ah, well, before I can get into that, do you know the Fight Club rule?"

"Oh, sure, Brad Pitt. I know the movie."

"Okay, so, if you want to know about her, I have to ask you to adhere to that rule. Which means anything I tell you, you cannot tell anyone. Can you commit to that?"

"Carl, I'm so curious now, I'll swear an oath."

"That is exactly what you'll have to do, Tina."

Carl turned to me, "Will you accept Christina?"

With only a moment's hesitation, I nod.

Carl pulled out his phone and dialed. "Leon, I'm here at the Longhorn and met a young woman, Christina. I want to bring her into the Fight Club, but only as an observer." He listened for a moment. "Got it." He held the phone toward Christina, "Tell Leon your phone number." Tina recited her number, and Carl ended the call.

Only seconds later, Christina's phone vibrated and played "I Put a Spell on You" from the *Fifty Shades of Grey* soundtrack.

"Hello," she answered. "Yes."

<Listening>

"Yes, I understand."

<Listening>

"I swear I will obey the rule of Fight Club. I will not talk about Fight Club."

The call ended. While Christina was talking to Leon, Carl had called Mike, and when Tina disconnected from Leon, he held out his phone, "Again, say your phone number." Tina repeated the number, and Carl disconnected.

Christina's phone rang again, and she repeated the conversation with Leon to Mike.

"Very good. Ask your question again, please."

"Okay. She has not said a word. Why not?"

"First, we are both students at Medfield College. She is not speaking because I have not given her permission to speak."

Heat bloomed on my neck again. I looked straight ahead, avoiding eye contact with both Carl and Tina. *He included Tina in the Fight Club rules. She asked a direct question, and he told her the truth.*

"Oh..." is all Tina says.

"Slave," my eyes flickered to his, "remember the rules and explain to Tina our relationship. You have permission to speak."

My face is beet red. "Miss. The Medfield basketball team hasn't had a winning season in a long time. Until the game last Friday, the team had lost seven of eleven games. The cheerleaders made a wager with the basketball team. The cheerleaders came up with the idea of the wager as extra motivation for the team. The wager can be renewed before each game. The losers of the wager become slaves of the winners for three days. The wager is on the outcome of the basketball games. The team won this week's game, and Carl picked me to be his slave. Miss."

Tina was gaping, open-mouthed, at Carl. Disbelief all over her face.

"Yes, Tina, she is paying off on the wager, serving as my slave until Monday evening. Her recap of her position is succinct, and by the terms of the wager, it is consensual. We have agreed upon rules and limitations. Isn't that right, slave?"

"Sir. Yes, that is right. Sir."

"Tina, do you want to ask her any questions?"

"Oh, Carl, you're damn right I do."

"Sure, go ahead."

“What do I call her?”

“I haven’t given her a slave name yet. I was thinking of Aspen, what do you think?”

“Hey, I like that.”

“Thanks. Slave, your name is now Aspen. You will obey and answer to anyone who calls you Aspen. Go ahead with your questions, Tina.”

Tina turned to me. “Aspen, are you submissive?”

“Miss. I am not. Miss.”

“Why do you say, miss?”

“Miss, it is one of the rules. Miss.”

“Ah, do you have a safety that cancels the wager?”

“Miss. There is no safety to cancel the wager. There are code words and signals to stop something that I feel I cannot do, or is beyond my mental or physical limits. Miss.”

“Have you used a code word since becoming Carl’s slave?”

“Miss. Yes, I will not have sex. Miss.”

“Ah, well, if I were a slave of a hunky Master like him, he wouldn’t have to order me to have sex.”

I didn’t have a response to that, and just kept staring at the table.

“How many are in on the wager?”

“Miss. Seventeen. Nine cheerleaders and eight players on the team. Miss.”

“Nine to eight, how does that work?”

“Miss. We have twins on the squad, so we counted them as one. Miss.”

“Some lucky guy, right? One of the most common male fantasies. Do you think any of the cheerleaders are submissives?”

“Miss. I don’t know, but I don’t think so. Miss.”

“Will you renew the wager for the next game?”

“Miss. I don’t know, and all nine must agree. The basketball team as well. Miss.”

“If it were left up to you, would you risk renewing the wager?”

“Miss. Yes, I would risk it. Miss.”

“If you renew the wager and the team loses the next game, would you pick Carl for your slave?”

“Miss. My choice will depend on these three days. Miss.”

“Carl, I think you might be in trouble if the team loses.”

“You could be right, Tina, but I believe it’s worth the risk. Do you have any more questions for the slave?”

“Hundreds. But I need to get home, so that’ll have to be enough.”

“Rule 3 is in effect, Aspen. I’ll tell you what, Tina. Give me your number, and when I win her next week, I’ll call you and we can arrange an interview for as long as you want.”

“Great, thanks. What if you lose?”

“In that case, I guess you’ll be interviewing me.”

They both laughed, and Tina got up to leave. “It was great meeting you, Carl. I’m not sure which interview I’ll be rooting for. As for you, Aspen, I have a sense that you make a good slave.”

When she called me by my new slave name, my cunt spasmed. *Maybe I am a submissive. But I'm not a slave.* Carl stood up and shook hands with Tina.

"Oh, Tina, before you go, would you mind getting some napkins or maybe paper towels? She will need to clean her seat before we leave."

Carl dangled my maroon panties from his forefinger. I am instantly beet red, again.

Tina smiles, giggles, and nods her head. She's back in a couple of minutes with a stack of napkins and a spray bottle of the cleaner used on the tables between guests. Smiling from ear to ear, "Leave the bottle on the table, someone will fetch it."

The ride back to Carl's house is a quiet one. I still don't have the maroon panties, so I imagine I'll be cleaning the car seat too. Leon and Brooke are in the living room watching TV. Leon is in his recliner, and Brooke is sitting on her heels on the floor next to his right leg, her head resting on his thigh. His hand is in her hair. Carl sits on the sofa and tells me to stand by his right foot, facing him. My feet are killing me. I wish I could kneel. I've never worn high-heel pumps this long.

Leon and Carl chat about our shopping trip. Carl fills him in about Tina. He shows Leon the maroon panties, and they laugh together. Carl sends me to the kitchen to get him a beer. They're laughing when I get back, and I only imagine what Carl has told them. A few minutes after Carl finishes the beer, he tells Leon he's going to turn in, and we go upstairs.

When we get to his room, he begins stripping off his clothes.

"Get undressed, I need a shower. You will wash me."

I'm happy to kick off the shoes. I peel off the stockings. I pull the dress over my head and drape it over the footboard. I've seen Carl naked when he took off his clothes, standing in front of me. He masturbated and ejaculated while I knelt and watched. I'd bared my breasts and lifted my skirt, and the sight of me excited him to orgasm. But now, I'm feeling shy about taking off my new clothes.

I take them off quickly and take them with me into the bathroom, and I lay them by the vanity sink. Steam is wafting from behind the plastic curtain, and water is running. I go in and find Carl spread-eagled, leaning with his hands flat against the tiles, his head bowed. Steamy water from the dual showerheads is running over his head and down his naked body.

He looks at me from under his left arm. "There's shampoo, a sponge, and body wash in the rack behind you. Do yourself first and then me."

He moves aside, giving me access to the shower, and I wash my hair and scrub myself as quickly as I can. I have to stand on tip-toe to shampoo his hair, then grab the hand-held to rinse. I add more soap to the sponge and begin bathing him. He stands with his back to the water while I remain under the stream. His arms hang at his sides, his legs are spread shoulder-width apart, his head is tilted slightly back, and his eyes are closed. I start at his shoulders and sponge down his back, feeling each muscle as I wash him. I finish with his legs, and he allows me to turn him to face me. I lather his chest and abs. I raise his arms to wash them, his underarms, and down his ribs. I sponge down his thighs and feel the power of them. And last... the sponge lets me wash him without touching him, but by the time I finish, he is fully erect.

I pull him into the water and rinse the soap away, then turn off the water. He doesn't move, and I take his hand and lead him out of the shower. I find towels in a cabinet and dry him. As soon as I finish, he goes out, leaving me to dry myself. I quickly hand-wash my new lingerie in the sink and hang it over the towel rack. In the bedroom, he has flung the covers and sheets off the bed and is lying on his back on the side of the bed away from me.

*Do I get in the bed or sleep on the floor?* I know he will honor my code against sex. With my ex-boyfriend, I discovered that I liked sleeping next to a warm body, but not his. *The floor looks hard.* I slowly ease onto the bed and lie on my back next to Carl, leaving a foot of space between our shoulders. His eyes are closed. He could be sleeping, but he isn't because his breathing is erratic. His right foot is wagging back and forth. He's moving his left arm from behind his head to across his stomach and back again. He is restless. His erection hasn't fully subsided and twitches every few seconds.

By the digital clock on the night table, I've been lying in bed for seven minutes. I feel the heat and dampness of my arousal.

"Teresa." His voice startles me, but then I wait for him to continue. The clock ticks over another minute.

"I want to taste you."

WHAT? "SIR, WHAT? SIR."

"Rule 3 suspended. I see you. I hear you. I touch you. I smell you. Now, I want to taste you."

"Carl. What does that mean?"

"It means I want to kiss you all over. I want to kiss you from your neck to your knees. I want to lick your collarbone. I want to lick your shoulders. I want to kiss and suck your tits and nipples. I want to put my tongue into your belly button. I want to taste your skin. And, in your words, I want to give you 'oral pleasure' and taste your essence."

"But what will you get out of that?"

"I don't care about that. I'll jerk off in the bathroom after."

"You would do it and not expect to have sex with me?"

"YES, yes! First of all, I have deliberately tried and succeeded, I think, to keep you on edge and sexually frustrated all day. I can smell you now, even after the shower. Without the rule against masturbating, you'd be fingering and humping yourself like crazy. Since you can't, I want to do it for you. It's my fault you're in this state, and as your owner, it's my responsibility to relieve you. You can pretend I am your fingers, your dildo, your vibrator, or whatever you use.

"Second, I like eating pussy. I like watching the cunt lips swell and turn rosy pink. I like hearing the sounds a woman makes when I kiss them. I like the feeling on my tongue when I lick the clit. I love the smell of an aroused woman, and I love discovering the taste and flavor of her. I desperately want to know your flavor."

"God, dammit, Carl. Just do it!"

"Rule three is in effect."

And in a split second, he is hovering over me, his knees spreading my thighs, his weight on his elbows, and his mouth latching onto my neck below my left ear. He is kissing, sucking, and licking me, then working his way around to under my other ear. Now, he's putting wet kisses on my shoulder and going down to my collarbone and across my chest to the other shoulder. He starts down toward my breast, and I wrap my arms around him, my fingers kneading the tight muscles of his back.

Carl stops kissing, reaches up with his right hand, takes my left wrist, and places my hand, palm up, against the mattress. He does the same with my right hand, and he holds them next to my head, but wider than my shoulders.

He looks into my eyes and says, "Keep your hands there. Stay as still as you can, and if I want, I will move you. And, I don't want you to cum until I say."

I nod my agreement, and he returns to kissing and licking. He is at my left tit now, and when it is wet with his kisses, he sucks my nipple into his mouth. I gasp, and my eyes roll as the bolt of pleasure travels through my body. He switches to my right tit, and sends another jolt straight to my spasming vagi... cunt. I feel the wetness flowing onto my thighs and down between my legs.

When he lets go of my tit, he gasps for a deep breath. "You are delicious."

He repositions, and his tongue dives into my navel and swirls around. It tickles, but I love the feeling, and I feel my orgasm building. He licks across my hip and starts kissing down my right thigh. He kisses softly and licks, dabbing the tip of his tongue lightly on my skin. *Oh, God, dammit, hurry up! I'll cum before you get there!*

Now, he's at my left knee and moving toward my hip. His lips and tongue brush against me, switching back and forth from the front of my thigh to the outside. I am so close. I could tumble at any second. I want to scream at him to ram his tongue inside me, but he has ordered me not to speak. *I'm obeying the orders he gives me. Like a slave!*

I feel him move to the inside of my right thigh. He is moving slowly, taking his time, savoring every inch of me. *Move your ass! You're almost there!* Then his tongue is at the top of my leg, he angles his head, stretches his tongue out, and takes a long swipe through the crease between my thigh and hip, slathering up the wet juices that have flowed from my cunt. He does it again on my other thigh, and lets out a long sigh, aaaaah, like one does after taking a long, thirst-quenching drink of sweet water.

“My God, Teresa, your sweet and salty nectar is so delicious. I could drink from you three times a day.”

My cunt spasms when his tongue flicks along each of my labia lips, dipping into the wetness beaded there.

He peeks up at me, “Teresa, you may put your hands on my head, if you wish, but don’t guide me. I will go where I want.”

I reach for him and entangle my fingers in his thick hair. I want so badly to jam his face into me. But he told me not to. His tongue parts my labia and pokes at the puckered opening of my cunt. I’m gasping for air, ready to explode. I’ve been on edge most of the day, and I don’t know how I haven’t already exploded. *Is it because he told me to wait until he said? Am I so submissive that I will obey this man, even waiting to cum until I have his permission?*

He finds my swollen button, my clit, and presses it with his tongue. His lips clamp tight around it, and he massages it while his tongue lashes it. My fingers clinch into fists in his hair, but I don’t move him. He comes up and takes a deep breath.

“Slave, cum, now.”

I obey, and the orgasm bursts forth, like a fireball from a Roman candle, the waves of ecstasy expanding out like shockwaves. He thrusts his stiffened tongue into my cunt, wiggling it around, and thrusting in and out. My body goes rigid, my lungs seize, and I can’t help it, I pull hard on Carl’s head, holding him as tight as I can into my convulsing cunt.

I feel and hear him drinking from me as my orgasmic fluid flows from me. My body unlocks and starts shuddering and jerking. I’m gasping and panting, I can’t get enough air, but I don’t care. I want this bliss to continue, and on, forever. But Carl has stopped his ministrations, and I feel the climax easing. My grip on his head loosens, he pulls up, takes a gasping breath, and dives back in, sucking my clit into his mouth again. When his tongue swirls around my clit again, I’m recharged, and the second orgasm slams me.

Carl pulls free of my gripping fingers. My eyes are jammed shut, and my head is rolling from side to side, as my body quakes with pleasure. When the spasms start to ebb, and my body begins to relax, I lay gasping for air. I open my eyes, and he is stretched out between my thighs, propping himself up by his arms, with his hands against the mattress next to my hips. He is smiling.

“Damn, Teresa, that was awesome. Watching your climax was fantastic. It was beautiful, and you are beautiful.”

I couldn’t say anything, even without Rule 3. I was still gasping for air.

His arms went around my waist, and his fingers locked together in the small of my back. He laid his head on my stomach. I could feel his hard cock against my shin. I finally had enough air to breathe somewhat normally. I thought he might be falling asleep, but he raised his head and looked up at me.

“Do you think you’ll be able to sleep, now?”

At first, the question struck me as odd, but then I realized he was asking if all my built-up sexual tensions were relieved. They were, but what about him? His cock was still rock-hard against my leg.

“Rule 3, cancelled.”

In my musings, I hadn’t answered, and he thought Rule 3 was why. In the euphoria after two orgasms, I’d forgotten Rule 3, all the rules, in truth. He’d brought me back to the moment, so now I needed to answer him.

“Master, yes, thank you, I can sleep now. But what about you? Master.”

“I said I would take care of that myself.” He started to get up.

I put my hand on his shoulder, stopping him. “Master, wait. You drank from me. I want to drink from you. Please let me suck your cock. Master”

“You are taking back your Code Red?”

“Yes, Master. For this, I am. Master.”

“Just to be clear, you’re saying that as my slave, you will suck my cock, and swallow, right?”

“Master. Yes. Master.”

“Then you will do it as my slave.”



Carl got up and helped me off the bed, having me kneel on the carpet. He got a thin leather strap from the night table drawer, crossed my wrists behind my back, and tied them very tightly. "Cock sucking is done with the lips, mouth, and tongue, not with the hands. If you prefer, I will blindfold you."

"Master. No, please don't blindfold me. Master." I wanted to see him and watch his reactions. I need to look at his cock, to study it, to etch its image in my memory.

"Fine. But no peeking. No looking up to see what I'm doing, concentrate on your task."

He sat on the edge of the bed and beckoned me to come and kneel between his spread knees. I shuffled forward into position. His cock was at forty-five degrees, pre-cum oozing from the tip, running down his shaft, and ready to drip on the carpet. His scrotum was tight and pulled his testicles snug against the root of his shaft. The swollen head bobbed at my eye level, and I needed to stretch up to get my mouth over it.

"Be warned, Aspen, like you, I've been on edge for hours. I will likely cum in the first minute I'm in your mouth. I expect you will swallow."

He saw I was having trouble reaching, and pushed his cock down so I could take it into my mouth. I realized I couldn't let him slip out. I clamped my lips around his gland and slid my tongue up against the underside of his shaft. I moved my head down, slowly, until I felt his cock touch the back of my mouth. I was able to suppress my gag reflex.

"Aaahh, that is so good, yes, yes."

I bobbed up and down with a smooth, even rhythm, teasing his tip with my tongue. The taste of his pre-cum wasn't like my Ex's. It was thinner than honey, and not sugary sweet, hard to describe, but I found the taste pleasant.

"Aaahh, yes. So, good. Yeah, aah. Yeah."

I sensed he was close, his breathing becoming more and more gasping. I stopped and held just the tip with my lips, not moving and waiting, allowing his tension to ease. He was right, I think only a couple more strokes, and he would have cum, but I let him retreat from the edge.

I repeated this twice more, and I could hear him whispering, "Oh, yes, yeah. Oh, God, uh-uh, yeah, yes. Fuck, yeah, ah, yes."

After the fourth time of taking him to the brink, and letting the pressure ease, I thought this was the time, and if I didn't do it now, he might cum before I was ready to take him. I sped up, increasing my pace, moving up and down rapidly. In seconds, he was groaning, and a continuous string of 'fuck, fuck, fuck' was increasing in volume. I felt him swell in my mouth, and I opened my throat and deep-throated his cock, pressing my nose into his pubic.

Cum splashed down my throat, and I swallowed and swallowed, milking his cock. After the third spray, I pulled back, keeping him in my mouth, because I wanted, needed, to taste him like he had tasted me. It was different from the pre-cum, thicker and tasting like nothing else, but a flavor I could easily get used to.

When he finished, I peeked, and he was leaning back with his arms behind him, hands pressed into the mattress supporting him. His head was back, his eyes to the ceiling. He was huffing and puffing, gasping for air, but his cock wasn't softening. He was as hard as before as I held him between my lips. I had two orgasms in a row. I wondered if it was possible he could, as well? Could a man do that? I didn't know.

Carl was starting to catch his breath, and I sensed him sitting upright again. I moved on his cock again, and he gasped. I pulled back and took him into my throat, bobbed up and took him deep, again. I changed my rhythm. I pressed my nose tightly against him and counted slowly to five with his cock in my throat. I pulled back, swirling him with my tongue, and counting to five. I bobbed down again, pressing my nose hard against him, and counting to five with him in my throat.

His mantra of 'fuck, fuck, fuck' started again. I repeated my cycle, but this time, after the first count of five, I did five head bobs, gripping him tight with my lips and sliding his cock to the back of my mouth and out again. His mantra changed to 'fuck yes, fuck yes, fuck yes,' and then 'Oh God, Oh God, Oh God.' He started yelling, "I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'm gonna cum!"

I gripped him as tightly as I could with my lips and let my lower teeth scrape lightly along the underside of his cock. He twitched and erupted, and I caught all of his cum on my tongue. I waited for him to recover and look down at me. I let his

cock out, opened my mouth, and showed him the cum on my tongue, and then swallowed it. Carl flopped backward onto the bed.

After a minute or two, he sat up and gently cupped my cheeks in his hands.

“Sweet, Jesus, Teresa, you made me cum twice. WOW! It was fantastic, the best of the best blow jobs. You went from a girl too embarrassed to say the word cock, to the greatest cock sucker ever. You’re amazing.”

He kissed me and then reached around and plucked at the knot holding my wrists tied. I pulled away, “Master, please, I want to stay tied. Master.”

“Teresa, didn’t you hear me cancel Rule 3?”

“Master, yes, I heard you. Master.

“Then stop saying Master all the time.”

“But that is what I’ve supposed to call you. You are my Master.”

“Yes, I am, and your Master has cancelled Rule 3, and that means he doesn’t want you to obey Rule 3.”

“As you wish, but I should obey all the rules.”

“Okay, now let me untie your hands.”

“Please don’t, I should have them tied.”

“Teresa, they’re turning red. I’m going to untie them no matter what you say.”

I realize that he will do it without my consent, so I don’t resist as he removes the strap. When it comes loose, my hands become tingly when the blood starts circulating normally.

“So, Teresa, I’m spent. You have worn me out, and I’m ready for bed. Come, let’s get some sleep.”

“I can’t sleep with my hands free,” she said.

“What?”

“Rule No. 4, a slave is not permitted to masturbate. If you leave my hands free, I will not be able to resist, and then you will have to punish me.”

“Hmm, yeah, you’re right. Though it might be fun punishing you, but let me get some nice rope instead of this leather strap.”

He found a length of soft nylon rope, crossed, and re-tied my wrists behind my back.

“You know, I saw a video of a woman with her wrists and elbows tied tightly behind her back. Her legs were tied, ankles to thighs. She lay on her back, with her knees spread, and she arched her back until only the top of her head and her shins were on the floor. She reached from under her ass between her spread legs, and got her fingers between her cunt lips and fingered herself to a shuddering orgasm.

“You think you could do that?”

I hadn’t thought of that possibility. I didn’t believe I could do it, but I thought it would be a neat trick. From my kneeling position, I lay back on the floor. With my legs folded, my heels press into my ass cheeks. I arch my back as best I can, which leaves only my shoulders touching the floor.

“No, Aspen,” Carl interrupts me, “that is for another time. Now, get up in bed. I need to sleep, and so do you.”

He helps me up and into bed. He crawls in after me, leans over me as I lie half-turned on my right side, his right arm goes around me, and he pulls me tight, smashing my tits and hard nipples against his bare chest. I close my eyes, and his lips press gently against mine. The kiss deepens with more passion than a mere good-night kiss, and I respond. I feel his cock begin to swell against my thigh, and my cunt moistens, but then he stops the kiss, and both of us take a deep breath and sigh.

“Sweet dreams, Aspen. You’re the best slave any man could own.”

He rolls me away from him and snuggles up against my back. He pulls me in tight with his arm, his hand goes to my breast, and he lets it lie gently over it. I feel his breath on my shoulder as he settles in to drift off to sleep.

I think about the day. Was it a good day, or a bad day? He'd embarrassed me with personal questions while I was kneeling, naked, and blindfolded. He'd treated me to a fantastic shopping trip in the city. He'd humiliated and embarrassed me, again, in the restaurant with Christina. He'd made passionate love to me, kissing and tonguing me to multiple, earth-shattering orgasms. And I, I had sucked his cock like a porn star, and loved every second of it.

Now, my Master and I are naked, spooning together in his bed, with my bound hands against his belly, my fingers just out of reach of his softening cock, and the hard pebble of my left nipple poking at the palm of his hand. How could I have a better day than this? Unless it is tomorrow.

Note: All characters, names, and places are fictional. Christina's theories of human sexuality are hers alone. Any references to statistical data or percentages are not claimed to be true or accurate. The author cannot say with any amount of certainty that other stories of Medfield College will be written or published.