

SAFFRON

Saffron lies on her back, drifting high above the city, her fingers locked behind her head, streams of cherry-blonde hair floating around her face. Flying was definitely the best part of finding that crystal a few months ago. I mean, sure, being able to lift a truck over your head is impressive, and having bullets bounce off your skin is a nice perk in a dangerous world, but the sheer feeling of freedom floating among the clouds brings, so far away from all the mundane cares, can't be beaten. It's just a shame she can't stay there. Not with the alarm ringing down below. She glances over her shoulder, her gaze shooting down to the jewellery store, patrol cars squealing through the streets toward it. She sighs, already hearing the reports. "Don't these morons take a vacation?" she mutters, diving down to the streets, a pale orange trail behind her.

She lands lightly, leaning against the doorframe, her arms folded as the thief continues, oblivious, dropping gems and jewellery into a small pouch on his belt. Scattered all over the store are the customers and staff, all with their eyes closed, seemingly peacefully asleep. The thief turns, his face concealed by a thick black hood, his long cloak swirling around his body, every inch covered in black. He straightens as he sees her. She shakes her head, sighing, "Really. This is the sloppiest robbery in the whole history of robberies."

"Really?" he asks, not sounding too distressed, "I thought it was going rather well."

She yawns, covering her mouth with a dark purple glove, "Listen, the police are on their way, so why don't you just put that little bag down and wait for them, 'k? That way you don't have to get punched in the face." she smiles sweetly.

"That's an interesting suggestion. Alternatively, you could surrender so I don't damage your solitary braincell." he looks down, tying the pouch shut, not really seeming to pay her much attention.

"You have to 3. Don't say I didn't warn you. 1...2..."

"Two and a half, two and three quarters..." he taunts.

Saffron scowls, lunging forward, streaking towards him.

"Three."

She shudders, a jolt running through her body, and she stops. Well, not stops, not completely.

She looks down, confused. It feels like she's trying to fly through thick goo, but there's nothing there, and it's not really like that either. She's just flying really, really slowly, drifting lazily across the shop.

"Now, as you said, the police will be here soon, so I'm afraid I can't play with you properly. If you're interested, you'll be able to move in ten minutes or so, but I'll be long gone by then. If you want to continue this little game, I'll be at Claremont Cave this evening. See you then." he walks casually past her, patting her firm cheeks. He stops in the doorway, blowing her a kiss. "See you later, babe." he smirks, leaving her floating in mid-air.

The police duly arrive, finding her hovering there, one hand pulled back, ready to throw a punch. Her violet diamond mask hides the confusion behind a white stare. The police follow standard procedure and stay back, waiting for the super to deal with things. For several minutes, nothing happens, and then, all her trying pays fruit as she moves, careening across the shop to smash into the back wall. She pulls herself up, brushing dust from her dark purple swimsuit, trying to surreptitiously pull the bunching thong out of her butt as she brushes herself down, an orange lightning bolt streaking diagonally across her chest. The police don't laugh, but she can't escape the amused looks in their eyes, the sniggers they try to hide in their voices, the jokes they don't say to her face. She answers all their questions, several times, staying polite but seething inside, blushing as she thinks of what just happened. "I am sooo gonna get that guy!" she mutters to herself, streaking into the sky. "What a way to spend a day off."

High above the city, she looks down, searching for him, but not even her eyes, glowing orange as they bore down into the streets, can find any trace of him, "Arrgh! Where is he? I am gonna tear him apart! Making me looks stupid like that! I'll..." she stops, a scream echoing up from the street. She sighs, "No rest for the wicked." and dives down into the city.

The day passes, 5 muggings, three robberies, one bus rescue, and her shoulder's still sore from that,

and a trip to the local elementary school to answer questions from the most cruel, insightful interrogators the world has ever known: a class full of 6th graders. All in all a fairly slow day, and just one thing ruined it! That guy! She looks down, Claremont Cave directly below her. *Bet he doesn't show, the...* She stares, someone is there. He's not in costume, sitting at a picnic table in the middle of the entrance. It's him. He's wearing a black suit, rather than a cloak, and his face isn't covered by a hood, his black hair swept back from a pointed but handsome face. She doesn't know how she knows, but she's sure of it. She dives down. It's obviously a trap, but he's not getting away this time. As she streaks down, he reaches across the table, pouring a second glass of wine. He looks up as she lands, stalking towards him.

"Ah, excellent. Right on time. I do so admire punctuality. Would you care to join me?" he indicates the folding chair opposite, setting the bottle down, the smug undertone of his voice setting her further on edge. She glowers at him, folding her arms across her chest.

"Listen, scumbag, I'm taking you in. Now."

One eyebrow arches. He takes a long sip of the wine, "Are you sure you wouldn't like some? It's hideously expensive. Took me forever to find someone in this town with the taste and money to have a bottle. Although the philistine probably hasn't noticed it's missing yet."

Saffron marches over to him, yanking him out of the chair by the collar, "Are you done?"

"So that's a no, then?" he asks, seemingly unconcerned, a glass of wine still held in each hand.

She grinds her teeth, muscles tensing to throw him across the cave, or the county, she hasn't quite decided yet, but she just can't seem to get them to follow through.

"If you could put me down, this is rather a strain on the fabric."

Slowly, Saffron lowers him to the ground, and then stares down at her hands as if they'd betrayed her, "What? No. You're coming with me."

"No. You're coming with me." he finishes the glass of wine, picking up the bottle and heading into the cave. "Come on." he beckons to her and Saffron finds herself walking behind him. She shakes her head, trying to stop, but it doesn't matter to her feet. She looks up as a rumbling sounds ahead, watching one small section of wall roll aside, revealing a smooth tunnel leading down. He steps into the tunnel, and she helplessly follows him down, the wall rumbling back into place behind her.

After enough twists and turns to thoroughly confuse her, they step out into a luxuriously furnished lair, certainly nicer than the Robobrain's production line chic. "Please, sit down." he waves lazily at one large leather armchair, sinking into one opposite it. Saffron sits, staring blankly ahead, a confused look pursing her lips, her back rigid. "Now, without moving from that oh so comfortable chair, you can relax a bit. You've obviously got questions, so ask. Just don't expect an answer."

"How, how are you doing this?" she asks, trying to move, just a little, but finding the chair far too comfortable to leave.

"I control minds. How isn't really relevant, but it's why you can't get out of that chair and do serious harm to me as I know you want to."

"You can't stop me. I'm going to beat you!"

"Really?" he asks, looking more amused than anything, "Because from where I'm sitting that doesn't seem likely. You're here alone. You told no one you were coming here. You're not wearing any sort of tracker. And you can't even get out of that chair."

Saffron's confused look lifts, her face twisting, "Oh, you bastard! You made me come here! When I get out of here, I'm going to hit you so hard your children will feel it!"

"I'll have to make sure you don't get out of it, then, won't I? Fortunately, that won't be too difficult." Saffron resorts to scowling at him as her rebellious body still refuses to move.

"Brain power isn't really your forte, after all."

"Why you..." she struggles harder, but not one muscle twitches in response.

"Is that really all the questions you have? One pathetic mumble and some tired cliché threats? What is the world coming to." he sighs dramatically, "I blame television."

"Who are you?"

"That's better, I knew you could do it." he smiles, "You can call me Master."

"Master??" she splutters, "Never!"

He smirks, "Call me Master. I insist." he leans back, sipping the wine as he watches Saffron struggle to resist.

"Yes...Master." she shakes her head, "Nyuh, this, isn't happening!"

"I'm afraid it is. Do you really want me to prove it to you? Assuming the fact that you can't get out of that chair isn't proof enough."

Saffron bites her lip and doesn't answer, anything to avoid saying that word again.

"No more questions? Than I have some for you: Who are you?"

"Saffron."

He smiles indulgently, "And who are you really?"

No way in Hell am I going to tell... "Maggie Johnson." *Damnit!*

"Thank you, Maggie. Now, let's get a good look at you. Please remove that ridiculous mask. It doesn't disguise you, you know."

Slowly she reaches up, pulling the mask away, revealing her purple eyes.

"There, that feels much better, doesn't it?"

"Yes, Master." she replies, then looks shocked as her mind catches up.

"Good girl. You can have a small orgasm now."

Saffron's eyes go wide, her body shuddering, "Ooooooh." She looks down, a dark patch staining her costume. "You just..."

"Yes, you're right, I should have thought things through. That will stain the leather. Still, you'd better take that costume off, it's sopping wet."

Saffron's face turns a fiery red, blushing furiously as she rises from the chair. A flicker of exultation flashes across her face, but then her hands reach up, peeling the costume from her skin. The tight purple costume pulls away revealing her sizeable, teardrop breasts. Saffron screams for her body to stop, but it shows no signs of obeying her as it finishes disrobing, dropping her costume to the floor, leaving her in her boots, gloves and a tiny thong, her face flushed but showing none of her horror and anger.

"Good girl. Come here."

She walks over to him.

"Now, be a good slave. Kneel and kiss your master's boots."

She drops to her knees, leaning down, kissing each boot in turn, *Ick! Why am I doing this?!*

"Good girl. Have another orgasm."

"Ooooooh!" she shudders, throwing her head back, soaking her thong as another orgasm rips through her. *He, he can't do this to me! ...Can he?*

"Yes, I can."

He, he read my thoughts!

"Of course I did. You're mine now, Maggie. Body, mind and soul. All of it belongs to me."

She looks up, flicker of fear flashing across her mind, her heartbeat spiking. He smiles.

"Ah, I see it finally dawns on you. No, Maggie, you won't be getting out of this. No last minute rescues. No heroic, death-defying escapes. You've lost."

No! Someone will help me! That's the way it works! You won't get away with this, you, you monster!

He shrugs, "Who'll help you? How will they find you? Why would they even know you're in trouble?" there's a hint of amusement in his voice, not the anger she was looking to provoke. He reaches down, gently lifting her face, stroking her hair, "Don't worry, Maggie. By the time I'm done with you, you'll love being like this."

NO! "No..." she whispers, a far cry from the scream of rage she intended.

He smiles down at her, stroking her hair, "Yes. Now go clean up the mess you made of the chair."

Saffron turns, looking around the room for a cloth before finally bending down to pick up her costume.

"With your tongue."

She obediently kneels down, lowering her face towards the slick puddle on the chair, and begins to lick it up.

Master sighs as he pulls himself out of the chair, "This really is far too easy. I thought you might at

least be something of a challenge. Still, I suppose we should make the best of such disappointments.” he walks over to her, looking down at the chair, where she's still licking the leather clean, “Stand up.”

She does so immediately, still tasting herself on her tongue, disgust warring with rage and shame to express themselves, but her face remains blank. She looks up at him, feeling smaller, more vulnerable, with her feet on the floor as opposed to hovering just above the ground.

“You have something to say?” he asks, walking around her.

“What are you going to do? With me?” she almost keeps the quaver out of her voice.

“I could give a clichéd answer, something boring like, 'whatever I want'. But that wouldn't answer your question.” he pauses, stepping up close behind her, she can feel the breeze as his jacket shifts.

“Don't worry, Maggie, if you were going to be mindraped and left as a puppet, we wouldn't be having this conversation.” she lets out a slow breath she didn't realise she was holding, relaxing slightly, “But that's what I won't be doing. So what I will be doing is this: I'm going to make you mine, and I'll make you love being like that. Now, go to sleep.”

Saffron's eyes flutter, “You...” and she collapses backwards into Master's arms, breathing softly, her head drooping, body limp.



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