

Enslaved

Faye Valentine

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“Are you certain you want to do this Erica? I take these things very seriously and will treat you no differently than any other.”

“No, no I do not, but I don’t see as how I have much choice in the matter. If I go to the bank I’ll need you as a co-signer and have to do anyways so I might as well cut out the middle-man. Besides, there’s less interest this way.”

“I have a standard contract you can read and sign whenever you are ready and I’ll have a check for you.”

“I have a few stipulations of my own. First, you can never tell Mark, or anyone else we know about this. It’s bad enough I’m cheating on him with you, I don’t want him divorcing me.”

“I can promise you I’ll never utter a word of our arrangement to anyone that doesn’t need to know. Anything else?”

“No piercings, brands, tattoos or any other forms of permanent body modification.”

“I can agree to no brands, but piercings and tattoos can, and most likely will happen. It will be up to you to explain them to your husband or anyone else that happens to see them. If you want me to drop them altogether then it will lower the amount I’ll pay you.”

“By how much?”

“More than you care to know. Suffice it to say it will be significant. Any other demands?”

“Only one, but I have a feeling you won’t agree to it either so I’ll just keep it to myself.”

“What is it?”

“I’d rather not have sex with women or be used for breeding.”

“Yeah, both of those things are going to happen, Erica. Let me make myself perfectly clear: You will be gang banged, filled with loads of semen and impregnated at least twice before we are finished. So, do you still wish to sign the contract? Remember, it is legally binding and you know what happens if you break it.”

“As much as I don’t want to do it, I’ll sign. Get the check ready...M-Master,” Erica said the last word even as her face turned beet red.”

“Don’t worry, it’ll get easier in time. I think you have what it takes to be the perfect sex slave. When the contract is signed I’ll give you one week to get your house paid off and your training will begin next Friday. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Yes what?”

“Yes Master. It’s going to take me some time to get used to saying that. Are you doing to punish me?”

“Only if you sign the contract. You’ve read the terms of our arrangement so you know what you’ll be getting.”

“Twenty swats of the cane on my ass, Master?”

“That is correct?”

“And do you remember what you are to do?”

“Yes Master. I have to count the swat and give thanks.”

“And if you forget?”

“Three swats will be added for every mistake, Master.”

“That is also correct. Wait here and I’ll go get the contract and checkbook.”

“Yes Master.”

“And a good slave should be naked for her Master at all times. I expect you to be out of those clothes by the time I get back.”

“Yes Master.”

Lance gave his friend turned sex slave a quick smile and then left the living room. Erica got to her feet and let out a long, slow exhale and then removed her shirt – letting it drop to the floor before taking her bra, pants and panties off. She then dropped onto her knees and placed her arms behind her back, hands clasping opposite elbows in the kneeling position she read in the pages her new Master gave her to memorize.

“Very well done, slave,” Lance said when he returned to see his new slave kneeling in waiting. Don’t think this means a less severe punishment.” He placed the contract on the coffee table along with a pen and then stood back. “Please read it in full and only sign it when ready and only if you are absolutely certain this is what you want to do.”

“Yes Master.”

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After pouring over the seven page document for a fifth time while still kneeling next to the coffee table, Erica picked up the pen, steadied a shaky hand and signed her name to it. Looking up at Master Lance, she scooted back and lowered her head to the floor on folded arms. Lifting her feet from the floor so that her weight was on her knees, she waited in the punishment position.

Master Lance went to the closet and retrieved one of the many instruments of punishment contained within. Taking up position to the right and behind Erica, he lined up, drew his arm back and brought the cane down as hard as he could to gauge her reaction. It was exactly what he hoped it would be. Erica leapt forward, landing flat on the floor as she reached back to cover her aching ass.

“Aahhgghhh! Oh my fucking god that hurt!” Erica wailed.

“That will be an additional three swats,” Master Lance said when his new slave did not get back into position, count or give thanks in an adequate amount of time.

“Y-Yes Master,” Erica sniffed back the tears, regretting ever putting pen to paper as she got back into the punishment position. No sooner was her ass up in the air then she was once again feeling the sting of the cane across her ass. Screaming in agony, this time she remained put. “O-One! Thank you Master.”

WHACK!

“TWO! Thank you Master!”

WHACK!

“THREE THANK YOU MASTER!” Erica cried as the cane bit painfully across the center of her ass.

“You know, I’ve always thought you had a nice ass, but it’s even sexier covered in welts.”

“Th-Thank you Master.”

“A slave for less than a minute and already punished. I bet you never imagined this day did you?”

“No Master.”

WHACK!

“Four. Thank you Master.”

WHACK!

“God damn son of a fucking bitch!” Erica Yelled as the cane tore into her behind. “I change my mind! This isn’t worth it!”

“You know what will happen if you back out, slave. Are you really prepared to let the bank take your home on top of repaying me in full plus fifty grand?”

“I can’t take the pain, M-Master.”

“Then do not do anything that warrants punishment. Get into position. You have twenty-one more swats to go barring any more mistakes.”

“Yes Master,” Erica said hanging her head and raising her ass.

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After receiving a total of Forty-seven swats, Erica lay on the living room floor openly shedding tears of shame and anguish. Though he had just administered the punishment, Master Lance knelt next to his new slave. Reaching down, he took her into his arms and hugged her tight. She cried into his shoulder and he did not let go until she had finished. “Making you suffer like that brings me no pleasure, Erica, but you must understand that you broke the rules and that requires you to be punished.”

“I..I und...understand, M-Master,” Erica sniffed back the tears.

“You may remain here until the welts go away, or go home to your husband. Your choice.”

“How long will they remain, Master?”

“Most will be gone in several hours, but the worst of them will last a day or two.”

“Will...will you just hold me, Master?” Erica asked, her voice trembling nearly as much as her naked body.”

“Of course,” Master Lance said hugging her tightly to his chest. “Being a sex slave is not going to be easy, Erica. The training will tax your every nerve and bring you to the brink of sanity, but if you place your trust in me and do everything you are commanded, when commanded you should complete all aspects of training in the two years agreed upon in our contract. And so we’re perfectly clear, as a sex slave, you have absolutely no rights whatsoever. Do you understand what that means?”

“I think so Master. Does this mean you will brand me even though you agreed not to?”

“If I chose to do so, yes, but I gave my word that I will not brand you and I am a man of my word as you well know. How long have we known each other?”

“Eleven years Master.”

“And have you ever known me to lie?”

“No Master.”

“And I’m not about to start now. But I am going to test your commitment to being my sex slave. You know that I own several clubs, yes?”

“Yes Master.”

“What you don’t know is that three of them are fetish clubs. Specifically bdsm. As you are laid off with no prospects of being called back anytime soon, I want you to come work for me five nights a week. You will start as a waitress and part-time dancer. Is that understood?”

“I’m not sure Mark will like me working at a fetish club, Master.”

“You will tell him I offered you a job and the money I paid you is a sign-on bonus. Is that understood, slave?”

“Yes Master. I will tell him. Will I be working at a strip club, or one of the fetish ones, Master?”

“Fetish, of course. And you will tell Mark as much. You will tell him your uniform will consist of a full bondage harness, thigh-high latex boots, tailed butt plug, leather wrist cuffs and a collar. Do you understand?”

“Yes Master. Will I have to have sex at the club? I don’t want to do anything to risk Mark leaving me, Master.”

“You will be played with by both men and women and sexual activities will range from groping to intercourse. You will be filled with semen and bred like a good little slave. Do you understand?”

“Mark is not going to be happy about this. He’s had a vasectomy so he’ll know the child isn’t his.”

“That will be up to you to explain, slave.”

“Yes Master. How big is the plug I’ll have to wear at work?”

“The beginner’s plug is seven inches long and two inches thick. Every three months you will move up to the next larger size until you’re capable of taking the largest plug.”

“And how big is that, Master?”

“Does that matter? Do you remember what I said about being a slave?”

“Yes Master. I mean, I remember what you said. And no, it doesn’t really matter. I was just curious how far you’re going to stretch my poor asshole open.”

“The largest plug worn at the fetish clubs is ten inches long and four and a half inches thick at the widest point. You will be capable of easily taking a fist long before going that far. If it’s any consolation, you’ll be taking a fist in your pussy as well.”

“Yes Master.”

“There’s one more thing, slave. You have a choice to make. First, you can get your left nipple pierced for your nametag, or you can have a humiliating name tattooed on your left breast so people know what to call you.”

“I’ll have my nipple pierced, Master.”

“Then you will have it done before you being work tomorrow night. I will write down the address and I expect to see you there no later than nine-thirty.”

“Yes Master. What about my uniform?”

“You will be fitted when you arrive. Are you feeling any better?”

“Only slightly, Master.”

“Everything will be okay, Erica. I will make sure you are well taken care of.”

“Thank you Master.”