

Boxing Day

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NOTE: This revised version of 'Boxing Day' appeared in the 2006 BDSM issue of Ruthie's Club. It is the exact same story, but has benefitted from Father Ignatius's advice and my own improvement as a writer in the time between the original writing and the editing. I believe that this version is more focused and flows more smoothly than the original. If you prefer, though, you can still read the original 1999 version.

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Lucy sat in the car, staring out the window, thinking. Is this really what I want? she asked herself. It better be, she answered silently, because you didn't leave yourself an out.

She looked over at Dan, her lover and sometime slave. His face showed irritation, which was not a surprise under the circumstances—at Lucy's insistence, they had left the best Christmas party in town at eleven, just as things were getting interesting.

His brown eyes met with Lucy's for a moment, then he asked, "Do you plan to tell me what's going on?"

"A surprise."

Dan thought about trying to get her to say more but the broad, the mischievous twinkle in Lucy's eyes told him it would be futile. His cock stirred a little as he wondered how his Mistress might use him tonight.

"It had better be worth it," he grumbled.

"Or else what?" A look passed between them and Dan's shoulders sagged. Lucy laughed softly and added, "It will be. Trust me."

"Don't I always?"

It was ten past eleven when Dan pulled into their reserved parking space. As was his habit, he got out of the car quickly and went around to open the door for Lucy. He then followed one step behind as they climbed the stairs to their third floor-condominium. It was nice and warm inside—a pleasant contrast from the cold rain they had driven through.

Dan took Lucy's coat and scarf and hung them in the coat closet before hanging up his own. When he returned to the living room she was staring at the clock, lost in thought. God, she's beautiful, he thought to himself. Lucy was tall—at six feet exactly, she was an inch taller than Dan—and had a splendid hourglass figure currently emphasized by an off-the-shoulder maroon velvet cocktail dress and spiked heels. Her dark brown hair was feathered in layers on either side of her face, with auburn streaks adding to the effect.

But it was her eyes that had first attracted Dan three years before. Lucy had very large eyes, naturally clear, with irises of deep, delicious blue. He had not been surprised when he first learned that Lucy was a hypnotherapist—with those eyes, she was a natural. Then he realized Lucy's eyes were fixed on him. He looked up, met her gaze and felt himself getting lost in the brilliant blue.

"On your knees, Daniel," she commanded.

He responded to his conditioning immediately. He dropped to his knees and bowed his head before his Mistress.

"How may I serve you, Mistress?" he said.

"I want a bath," she responded. "Prepare the tub."

"With pleasure, Mistress." He bowed as he stood and walked to the bathroom. Lucy liked her bath water just so—not too hot, not too cool—and enjoyed the scent of some very expensive imported bath salts. Dan ran the water, mixed in the salts, and waited for his Mistress to issue her next command.

The sight of his reflection in the water prompted Dan to laugh at himself a little bit. Three years before he had been a classic Type-A personality—a junior stockbroker in a high-volume firm who spent his days cold-calling small investors to cajole them into making trades. Then he met Lucy at a stress management seminar. From half a room away those eyes had captured his attention, and he just had to know the woman behind them.

Lucy inspired Dan to quit smoking, find a more satisfying job with a sane work schedule, and start working out to manage his weight and work off stress. Having regained control over his life, Dan found that his greatest pleasures came from handing over that control to Lucy. Serving his Mistress gave him a feeling of peace and comfort that no amount of therapy could match.

Dan snapped out of his reverie in time to notice that the tub was sufficiently full. He turned off the faucet and went in search of his Mistress. She was in the bedroom, sipping Scotch from a highball glass while removing her jewelry and shoes. "May I finish undressing you, Mistress?" he asked.

Lucy took another good swallow of her drink and replied, "You may."

"Thank you, Mistress."

She held her arms up, and Dan pulled the cocktail dress up over her head in a smooth, well-practiced motion. He paused just a moment to admire the reflection of Lucy's breasts in the mirror, then carefully folded the dress and set it aside. He then removed Lucy's hose and finally her G-string panties.

When he was finished, Lucy patted him on the head and smiled at him. "You are doing well, Daniel. Undress yourself and join me in the bathroom."

"Yes, Mistress." He undressed quickly and followed his Mistress into the bathroom.

Lucy was already in the tub, stretched out with her head resting against the back edge of the tub. "Massage my neck and shoulders, Daniel," she commanded.

Happy to comply, Dan perched on the side of the tub and gently kneaded Lucy's neck and shoulder muscles, paying special attention to the places where he felt the most tension. He was happy to feel them soften and relax under his touch.

"Very good, slave," she said after a few minutes. "You may wash me now."

Taking a fresh cloth and a bottle of Lucy's favorite body wash, Dan lovingly soaped up her entire upper body. He rinsed her off by cupping his hands to capture some of the bath water and then pouring it onto her. Lucy's nipples became firm and erect as he ran the soft cloth over them. Next Lucy rearranged herself in the tub so that he could easily reach her feet, her legs, her sex. Dan was pleased to hear a soft moan escape her lips when he rubbed her mound with the cloth.

She took the cloth from him, indicating that he was finished with his chore. "That's enough," she told him. "Now you may wash yourself, and then come to me in the bedroom."

As usual, Dan made use of his Mistress' bath water to wash himself, letting the scent of her bath salts envelop him. He hurried through the process—it would not do to keep Lucy waiting. He did make sure, though, that both towels were on their towel bars before returning to the bedroom.

Lucy was sitting on the edge of the bed. Dan approached her with his head held low and dropped to his knees before her. "How may I pleasure you this evening, Mistress?"

Lucy looked over at the bedroom clock and saw that it was a quarter to midnight. No time for anything elaborate, she thought to herself.

"Lie down on your back," she commanded. "Spread-eagled."

"Yes, Mistress." Dan moved to the other side of the bed and climbed on, centered himself on the bed, and spread his arms and legs wide. His cock got harder and harder as he looked straight up at the ceiling. He felt Lucy's hands attach the restraints to his wrists and ankles. Then he saw her leaning over his face, and his vision went dark as she pulled a black sleep mask over his eyes.

"Deep trance now, Daniel," she instructed. Daniel felt himself slipping away, giving himself completely to his Mistress as he had been carefully conditioned to do.

Seeing his body relax, Lucy opened a drawer in her nightstand and took out a large, soft feather. "Daniel," she instructed, "I want you to focus on your body. Experience every sensation you can with your body right now. Feel the coolness of the air on your skin. Feel the softness of the sheets beneath you, and the firm strength of the straps on your wrists and ankles. Smell the scent of my perfume as you give yourself to me." She gave him a few seconds to comply and was pleased to see him sniff delicately at the air. "Now I want you to concentrate on your skin. Your entire body is becoming an erogenous zone; anywhere I touch you, my touch will arouse and excite you. Your arousal will continue building for as long as I choose to continue touching you, but you may not achieve orgasm until I permit it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress."

After checking the clock again—11:48—she touched the tip of her feather to Dan's right nipple. His response was a gasp and a twitch in his already-erect cock. With one eye on the clock, Lucy tortured

her slave by running the feather all along his body, paying special attention to his cock and balls. By 11:51 she could tell he was more than ready to come, but his hypnotic conditioning would not allow him to orgasm until she permitted it. She kept up her efforts, and by 11:54 Dan began to beg his Mistress for release.

She let him continue to beg until 11:55, then put down the feather and assumed a kneeling position on the bed with her sex just a few inches from Dan's face. Lucy removed the sleep mask. "Wake up, Daniel. Serve me well, and you will have your release."

Dan's eyes opened and looked straight up into Lucy's face with gratitude. "Thank you, Mistress." Dan craned his neck forward those few inches and applied himself with zeal to eating his Mistress. He traced the edges of her slit with his tongue and felt the moisture flowing even as he began his work. Her lips parted quickly and easily to give him access to explore inside. His tongue found her clitoris and he kissed it, causing his Mistress to shiver with pleasure. He continued sucking and licking and kissing as the scent of her arousal grew stronger and stronger until he heard his Mistress cry out in delight. He started to pull away as her breathing slowed.

"Don't stop," she commanded him. It was 11:58. Dan resumed kissing, licking, sucking, using his tongue and lips anywhere he could. He could feel his Mistress getting ready to come again and applied himself with even more zest to his work. Soon she cried out again, signaling another orgasm, and Dan felt a rush of pride in his ability to please his Mistress. Again, he started to withdraw from her sacred region, but felt her hand grab onto his head and push him back.

"More," she ordered. Just as Dan was beginning to comply, he heard the bedroom clock chime the Winchester melody; it was midnight. The hand on his head let go, and his Mistress drew back from him. He looked up at her face and saw something he had never seen before: Lucy was staring blankly at the wall. Her jaw had gone slack, her shoulders fell, and she suddenly felt much heavier on his torso than she had a minute earlier. She remained motionless as the chimes played their tune, then counted off twelve bells and fell silent.

"Mistress?" Dan asked. "Are you all right, Mistress?"

Lucy blinked a few times, then looked down at Dan. Something was wrong. Her eyes had lost that powerful, commanding gaze--they looked dazed, even docile. Her face was still slack, and her head had fallen into a slight bow. Dan tried again to bring her out of whatever she was in. "Lucy?"

Lucy snapped to attention, looking down at Dan with an expression he couldn't place. "Yes, Master?"

Dan's mind froze for a moment. "Did you say, 'Master'?"

"Of course," she replied, as if that were the most natural thing in the world for her to say. "May I untie you now, Master?"

What kind of game is this? he thought. Lucy was obviously waiting for a response, so he told her, "Yes."

Quickly but gently, Lucy opened the soft-lined leather straps around his wrists and ankles. "I have a present for you, Master," she said. "May I show it to you now?"

Dan nodded his assent, still wondering what the hell was going on. Lucy reached into the top drawer of her nightstand and produced a plain white envelope. She knelt on the floor, head down, and offered the envelope up to Dan. Inside was a sheet of Lucy's favorite notepaper.

My precious Daniel,

Being your Mistress has brought more joy into my life than I ever expected, and I love you with all my soul. I know it was sometimes difficult for you to learn to trust and obey me, so I have arranged a very special Christmas present for you.

In some countries, December 26th is known as Boxing Day. Traditionally people observe Boxing Day by trading places with someone of different status; for instance, the lord of the house would become butler for a day, while the butler enjoyed a day of leisure as the lord. It's a fun little custom that helps people to appreciate how others live.

Starting tonight, darling, we will celebrate Boxing Day in our own way. Over the past several weeks I have been visiting one of my colleagues regularly, and I am now hypnotically conditioned so that for the next 24 hours I will be your willing, obedient and loving slave. You are my Master—order me to do anything, anything at all, and I will have no choice but to obey. Your power over me is complete until the clock strikes midnight again.

Use me well, Master.

Love,

Lucy

Dan's head reeled as his mind strained to grasp what the note was telling him. He had become so used to serving Lucy, to laying aside his problems and burdens and losing himself in her—how was he supposed to just suddenly take over?

"Master?" Lucy inquired, a perfectly subservient look on her face. "How may I serve you?"

"Wait," he told her, "I'm thinking."

"I am sorry." She bowed her head down again, as if praying. The image of Lucy, naked, kneeling in a church made Dan laugh softly. The churning in his head settled down and he started to appreciate the quality of Lucy's gift. He must exercise his power correctly, he realized, or the gift would be wasted. His cock was semi-rigid; that reminded him that Lucy hadn't permitted him to come before turning into his slave.

"Slave, I want you to take my cock into your mouth and pleasure me," he commanded.

"Yes, Master." Lucy wrapped her lips around his member. Dan felt himself react immediately to her touch. Normally he had to work very hard to earn this sort of treat from Lucy so he savored the feeling of her lips and tongue on his cock. He fought back his body's urge to moan—he did not want to appear to be losing control. After a few minutes Dan could feel that he was on the verge of orgasm. "Stop now, slave. I want you to get up and bend yourself over the edge of the bed. I am going to enter you from behind, and you will find it the most pleasurable position you have ever been in."

"Yes, Master." Lucy obeyed the instruction. Dan positioned himself behind her, guided his cock into her and thrust deeply.

Lucy gasped and moaned. "Oh, Master!" she cried. "I do not deserve this pleasure."

“But I do,” Dan replied, and picked up the pace. He was enjoying the novelty of this position. Mistress Lucy preferred to be above Dan, where she could easily use her marvelous eyes to enthrall him. He worked himself in and out a number of times, keeping his knees bent a little for the best angle, and he heard his new slave start to moan in time to his rhythm. He could feel the pressure rising again and knew he was tantalizingly close to a well-earned orgasm. This time he relaxed into the feeling and let it wash over him. Lucy’s moans turned into squeals as her body rocked with his, riding another climax of her own. They collapsed together onto the floor.

“Very good,” he commended her after regaining his breath. “Now go into the bathroom and wash yourself.” Lucy hurried to comply, leaving Dan with a few moments to contemplate on the situation. He remembered a vacation at a remote woodland cabin where Lucy had made him sleep on the floor at her feet, and decided to share the experience with her. He grabbed an over-sized pillow and dropped it on the floor at the foot of the bed just as Lucy emerged from the bathroom.

“Lay down here,” he said. Lucy complied, lying on her back and looking up at his swaying cock. “You served me well tonight,” he continued. “As a reward, you may sleep on the floor at my feet. At exactly 8:00 in the morning you will awaken me. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master.”

Dan smiled and bent over to kiss Lucy on the forehead. “Sleep now, slave.” He was pleased to see her eyes glaze over and close instantly. He climbed into the bed himself and slept soundly.

Dan awoke the next morning with the realization that he had a tremendous erection, and that a warm, soft mouth was teasing his cock expertly. He looked down and saw Lucy’s head bobbing up and down over him. Lucy paused and looked straight into his eyes, the tip of his cock still between her lips.

Normally looking into Lucy’s eyes like this would send Dan off into a trance, but not this time. Lucy’s eyes had lost their commanding, powerful glare and instead seemed to be seeking approval. Dan remembered the note, the present, and woke up completely. It wasn’t a dream after all, he thought.

Dan allowed himself to moan softly as Lucy expertly worked his member. She knew exactly where he was most sensitive and exploited that knowledge fully. Dan’s moans got louder and faster, and he knew he was only a few seconds from orgasm. Relax, he told himself, relax and let it come. The intensity of his climax surprised even Dan—he felt a white-hot explosion inside his groin followed by a series of long, slow clench and release cycles as he shot his semen into Lucy’s mouth. When he was finished he let his body sink back into the bed while Lucy licked him clean.

“Good morning, Master,” she said, smiling at him. “It is eight o’clock, as you instructed. Would you like breakfast in bed?”

Dan shook off the post-orgasm haze. Best to keep it simple, he decided. “No, I’ll eat at the table. Two eggs, sunny side up, with toast and juice.”

“As you wish, Master.” Lucy reached for her bathrobe to put it on.

“Stop!” Dan commanded, and Lucy froze. “I didn’t give you permission to put anything on.”

Lucy turned towards him, dropped to her knees, and bowed her head in contrition. “I’m sorry, Master. Please forgive me.”

I should punish her somehow, Dan thought, but how? He thought back to the times that Lucy had punished him and a suitable indignity came to mind. He checked her dresser drawer to see if it was

still there—it was. “For your punishment, slave, you are forbidden to put on any clothing today except this.” He pulled a black leather dog collar with shiny metal studs and a five-foot leash out of the drawer and handed it to Lucy, who accepted it and quickly fastened the collar around her neck. Dan examined her work and saw that the collar was fairly tight, but not dangerously so. He could easily slip his fingers under it without pressing on her throat. “Now go and prepare my breakfast.”

“Yes, Master. Thank you, Master.”

Lucy returned just as Dan finished dressing. “Your breakfast is ready, Master.”

“Very good,” he replied. “You may wait for me in the kitchen.”

Dan got a kick out of watching his Mistress—or ex-Mistress—toddle back to the kitchen, head down, with that leash running down her back and just brushing the floor. He followed directly and found the dining table set for only one person. He sat down and allowed Lucy to place his napkin in his lap.

“Would you like me to feed you, Master?” Lucy asked.

Dan looked at his plate. The eggs were a little underdone and the toast a little overdone. Apparently her hypnotic training had not improved Lucy’s cooking skills. “That won’t be necessary,” he replied, part of him looking for a way to spare her feelings.

An idea came to him and he looked at his watch: 8:55. The mail usually arrived between 8 and 9, so it was probably waiting in the box. “Instead,” he said, “you will go down and fetch me the mail and the newspaper.”

“Like this, Master?” Lucy asked, indicating her state of undress. Her voice wavered a little and she watched his face intently.

Dan thought briefly about the neighbors—the mailboxes were on the first floor near the entrance door—but decided they were probably either out of town or sleeping in. He pictured Lucy slinking down the hallway, keeping out of site, until she could complete her assignment unobserved. He found the image quite arousing. “Yes, like that,” he told her.

“Yes, Master.” Dan thought he caught a hint of reproach in her voice, but paid it no mind. Lucy grabbed her keys from their normal spot and stepped outside, still wearing nothing but the dog collar and leash while Dan turned his attention to his breakfast.

A few seconds in the microwave took care of the eggs, but the toast was beyond salvage—he threw it away and made new. He was just getting the first bite into his mouth when he became aware that Lucy had been gone a long time. The minutes dragged on with no sign of Lucy. Dan had just made up his mind to go looking for her when he heard a key in the door and Lucy reappeared, shivering, clutching the mail and the daily newspaper in her hands. “Where have you been?” he demanded.

“In the lobby, Master,” she replied, looking uncomfortable. “The newspaper was there but the mail hadn’t come yet, so I waited for the mailman.”

“You did what?”

“I waited for the mailman,” Lucy repeated. “You told me to bring you the mail and the newspaper, Master. I couldn’t come back until I had both.”

“How many people saw you?”

“Just the mailman. Nobody else was up yet.”

“Jesus H. Christ,” Dan thought out loud. He couldn’t get over the mental picture of his Lucy standing around the lobby, naked, talking to the mailman. Then he saw Lucy shiver again. Idiot, he castigated himself, the mailboxes are right by the door. It must be fifty degrees in that lobby right now.

“Lucy,” he commanded. “Go into the bathroom and take a warm shower.” Lucy hurried to obey.

Dan finished his breakfast in silence, inwardly berating himself for exposing Lucy as he had. He remembered the slight reluctance in her face and voice when he gave her the command and realized that he’d made a serious mistake. For as long as he had been her slave, Lucy had never commanded Dan to do anything that would put him in harm’s way or humiliate him in front of other people, and here Dan had just done both to her simultaneously. That thought sent a chill through him and spoiled the taste of his breakfast.

How does Lucy do this every day? he asked himself. He was beginning to feel the weight of the responsibility he had taken on by becoming Master, but still had only a vague idea what a Master was supposed to do.

“Are you not hungry, Master?” Dan hadn’t noticed, but Lucy had returned and was regarding his half-empty plate with concern. “Did I fail to please you?”

“No, Lucy, you do please me,” Dan was quick to reply. “I simply am less hungry than I thought.” He watched Lucy’s chest heave as she sighed in relief. “You may finish this for me if you wish,” he added, knowing that Lucy liked her eggs the same way.

“Thank you, Master.”

Dan gave Lucy orders to finish eating and then clean up the kitchen while he read the paper. His eyes moved over the newspaper, but his mind was occupied by the puzzle of what to do in his temporary new role. As Master, he realized, it was up to him to set the agenda. Lucy would wait on him hand and foot all day if that were all he asked, but she hadn’t done this just to be compelled into menial chores, had she?

He was still searching for ideas when the phone rang. “Hello?”

“Hey, Dan. Can I talk to your mistress, please?” Dan recognized the perky voice as belonging to Denise, a friend of Lucy’s who lived a few blocks away.

“She’s ... um ... not herself,” he answered.

“What do you mean by that?”

“It’s kind of hard to explain. Can she call you back tomorrow?”

“I don’t know. Lucy told me before you guys left the party last night that I should come over this morning. She didn’t say why, so I don’t know whether it can wait.”

Dan knew Lucy had been planning this day for at least a few weeks; if she had told Denise to come over, he reasoned, she must have wanted Denise to participate somehow in the gift. He explained about the note and the Boxing Day present.

"Oh my God," Denise said. "So she's your slave for a day?"

"Yep, for all the good that does. I haven't figured out what to do with her."

"Will she do anything you tell her? Anything at all?"

Dan could hear the mischief in her voice. "So she says."

"Then I've got an idea." As Denise explained her idea, Dan felt himself blushing. The more he listened, the more he felt his penis responding to the idea. In the end he had to agree, it sounded like fun. "I'll be over in a bit," Denise said before hanging up.

Denise was a short, slim woman in her 20's. Her blonde hair was cut very short, and she had an elfin face that seemed to be constantly laughing at someone. When she stepped into the condo and saw Lucy kneeling, waiting, she cried out in delight.

"She really did it! This is amazing. Here, slave, take my coat." Denise began removing her overcoat. Lucy looked over at Dan; when he nodded she took the coat from Denise and hung it in the closet.

Denise had clearly dressed for fun. Thigh-high, glossy black boots complemented a black leather wraparound skirt and matching bustier. Smiling mischievously at Dan, she reached into her bag and removed a small, multithreaded whip. It was about two feet long with a braided leather handle and nine tails, each of which split out into a number of thin, soft strings toward the ends. A round knob and hand strap adorned the handle.

"What the hell is that?" Dan asked.

"It's like a cat of nine tails," she answered, "but it's smaller, and it's been declawed. It won't hurt her—much."

"It had better not." Dan felt some doubts rising in his gut as he watched her handle the weapon. He knew Denise had some severe tendencies, but this was his first taste of the girl's dark side. "Let me see that thing."

Silently she handed the whip to Dan. He examined it carefully, paying extra attention to the thin strands at the end. They felt soft, not stiff or barbed as he had imagined they might be. He tried a test smack on his own palm and decided it was probably safe.

"Can I just look at her for a few minutes?" Denise asked, taking the whip back from him.

"Sure. Slave Lucy, stand up. Denise is going to examine your body. She may touch you anywhere and in any way she pleases; you are not to move or make a sound. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master." Lucy put down the bag and stood up, head slightly bowed, arms at her sides.

"You look quite tasty." Denise paced deliberately around Lucy's motionless body. "Could use a bit more up here," she critiqued, cupping her hand around one of Lucy's breasts. Lucy's nipples became hard almost immediately, Dan noticed.

"Lucy," Dan said while Denise continued her inspection. "Would you like to know what we are going to do? You may speak to answer my questions."

Lucy swallowed and replied, "Yes, Master."

"Denise tells me that before you met me, you used to hypnotize Denise and use her for your own sexual gratification. Is that true, Lucy?"

"Yes, Master."

"And what things have you made Denise do?"

"I made her eat me until I had multiple orgasms. Sometimes I would make her extremely horny and force her to beg me before I would allow her to come."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, Master." Denise nodded her concurrence.

"Did you ever ask Denise if she wanted to do these things?"

Lucy cringed while answering. "Not always, Master."

"Then you owe her something, I think. Go to the bedroom and wait for us there."

Lucy bowed to Dan before retreating to the bedroom. Once she was gone, Dan turned to Denise. "What else did you bring?"

Beaming, Denise reached into her bag and pulled out a portable camcorder. "This, for starters. I thought you might like a souvenir for your private collection. As for the rest ..." She held the bag open enough for Dan to see an assortment of sex toys.

"This is going to be interesting." Dan went to the bedroom and placed the camera on Lucy's dresser. He played with the zoom until he had most of the bed in frame. Lucy's eyes lit up when she saw what he was doing.

Once he was satisfied with the picture, Dan started recording and turned to address Lucy. "Slave, I want you to stand at this corner of the bed." Dan indicated the corner of their four-poster bed nearest to the camera. "Put your hands as high up on the post as you can and turn your back to the camera."

While Lucy complied Dan dug again into her top drawer and pulled out a red silk scarf. He used the scarf to bind Lucy's hands together as she had so often done to him. When Lucy's wrists were securely bound at the top of the bedpost, he nodded to Denise and stepped out of the way. "Don't hurt her," he reminded Denise.

Denise winked at him before turning all of her attention to Lucy. "Well look at you," she began. "All tied up and no place to go. How does it feel, to be completely in my power?" When Lucy did not speak, the whip flashed in Denise's hand and Dan heard a solid WHACK. Lucy's buttock flinched and a rosy glow began to creep into it.

Dan swallowed once. "Lucy, you will answer Denise's questions."

"Yes, Master."

Nodding to Dan, Denise continued. "How does it feel to be in my power, slave?"

"It is frightening to me," Lucy replied. "But I know that Daniel will not let you hurt me more than I deserve."

"Are you excited by the idea of being punished by me?"

"Yes."

WHACK! Another stroke of the whip, and another red spot appeared on Lucy's buttocks.

"Does that excite you too, Slave?"

"Yes."

"Yes, what?" WHACK!

"Yes, Denise."

Dan watched Lucy closely. Her nipples were hard and erect. The red marks on her bottom were fading fairly quickly, so he allowed Denise to continue.

The intensity on Denise's face was growing as she paced back and forth behind her captive. "You used me as your sexual plaything," she accused. "Any time you got an itch in your ditch you just called up good old Denise, said the magic words, and took what you wanted. Didn't you, Slave?"

"Yes, Denise." Lucy's voice trembled, but she was still obviously aroused.

WHACK! "And what do you have to say for yourself now?"

"I—I'm sorry, Denise."

WHACK! "What was that, Slave?"

"I'm sorry, Denise."

WHACK! "I can't hear you!"

"I'M SORRY, DENISE."

Denise reached back for one more whip stroke, but Dan moved quickly to grab her by the wrist. "I think you've made your point."

Denise allowed the whip to drop to the floor. "Just playing, Sport."

Dan retrieved the weapon and set it aside on his dresser, then sat down on the edge of the bed near Lucy. He saw gratitude in her face—he had done the right thing. On an impulse he reached up and caressed one of Lucy's breasts. The nipples were still very hard.

By the glow in her eyes and the visible wetness between her thighs, Dan judged that Lucy was ready for the next part of her punishment. He untied the scarf and caressed her with the silk for a moment before giving the next command. "On your knees and face Denise."

Lucy dropped to the floor. Denise tugged at an unseen fastener on her skirt and flung it away, revealing a black garter and stockings but no panties. She stepped forward until her slit was within

easy reach of Lucy's face.

"Since you saw fit to use Denise for your own wanton pleasure," Dan said, "I will now allow Denise to use you for hers. Pleasure her."

Lucy dove in between Denise's thighs and began to probe with her tongue. The younger girl's blonde thatch brushed into her face. Dan adjusted the camera angle slightly and zoomed in for a better recording. It wasn't long before he saw Denise's knees buckle, causing her to grab the bedpost for support. She was breathing in soft gasps that evolved into moans, getting faster and louder the longer Lucy continued her work. Lucy reached around Denise with both hands and pulled her closer, tilting the girl's hips to give her a better angle. Denise responded by moaning more loudly and commanding Lucy to keep it up.

Dan saw Denise's hand wander back to her own breast and squeeze against the firmness of the bustier. He walked over and unfastened the garment then took one of Lucy's hands and he ran it up the side of Denise's body to her breast. "Make her come," he said to his slave. Lucy pinched Denise's nipple at the same time as she tongued the girl's clit. That triggered an intense orgasm. Denise cried out several times and her legs gave way. Dan moved quickly to catch her before she landed on Lucy. "Keep going, Slave," he commanded, his arms firmly locked around the ecstatic girl's body. "Make her come again."

Lucy continued, carefully allowing Denise just enough respite between orgasms to catch a breath but not enough to cool down. The girl's muscles turned to jelly as Dan held her in position through shudder after shudder. At one point he became aware of the feel of Denise's butt pressing against his groin and noticed immediately that he was extremely, almost painfully, hard. Denise felt it too, and her body responded by deliberately grinding into him. For perhaps a quarter of a second Dan thought about dropping his pants and letting his aching cock slip between Denise's legs. Instead, he hoisted the girl up and back a little, pulling her away from Lucy. "Stop now, Lucy."

Lucy remained on her knees and waited for his next command. Dan swung Denise's body around and gently laid her down on the edge of the bed. In a few minutes her breathing returned to normal and her arms and legs regained some of their strength. She sat up on the edge of the bed and wiped the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. "Whew, that was intense. She's as good with her mouth as I am."

Dan stood in silence considering his next move. Lucy had felt pain, he reasoned, so now he should torture her with pleasure. "On the bed," he told Lucy. "Face up, in the middle, arms and legs spread."

Lucy complied. Dan and Denise secured her wrists and ankles using the restraints that were already available.

"Keep your eyes closed, Lucy," Dan instructed as he fitted a black sleep mask over her face. "I want you to relax and remain silent. Focus only on your body and my voice. You may speak only in response to me. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"Good. I can see that you are aroused, that you want to come. You may not do so until I ..." He paused, considering. "... touch your nose. Do you understand?"

"I understand."

He reached for Denise's bag. "What goodies do you have in here?"

“Just a few odds and ends,” she replied. “Do you want to tease her into drooling oblivion or get her off?”

“Both, in that order.”

“Then here’s just the thing.” Denise pulled out a long, tubular plastic wand with a pair of mesh panels fanning out from the base like leaves. She flipped a switch on the thick end and Dan heard the throaty buzzing sound of a vibrating motor. Denise handed the vibrator to Dan, who in turn took it and moved around the bed so he could stand over Lucy.

“Lucy,” he instructed, “I want you to concentrate on your sense of touch. Everywhere that I touch you, you will feel my touch and become more and more aroused, more and more desperate to please me so that you may come. When the feeling is strong enough you may even beg me to let you come, but you cannot come until I touch your nose. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

Dan held the vibrator gently against one of Lucy’s erect nipples. He heard a sharp intake of breath from his slave as she felt the sensation throughout her body. He noted that Lucy’s hypnotic conditioning seemed to be extending beyond simple obedience—her body was reacting to his touch with very satisfying sensitivity. He wondered if Lucy would be able to hold her orgasm until she received the signal.

Moving slowly and deliberately he ran the vibrator up and down Lucy’s body, pausing anywhere that appeared to further arouse her. In a few minutes Denise pulled out a different vibrator, switched it on, and applied it to Lucy’s face and neck. Dan worked his way down Lucy’s chest and abdomen, teased the insides of her thighs for a while and watched the fluids run out of her slit. Then he switched places with Denise and teased Lucy’s lips. Lucy moaned and groaned. Her body writhed on the bed and she began to beg Dan to let her come.

Dan waited and watched as Lucy’s pleading words began to run together. Still she did not come. Convinced that she wouldn’t until his conditions were met, Dan plunged the vibrator all the way into Lucy’s pussy until the plastic wings made contact with her bush and the bottom of her buttocks. Lucy shrieked with delight.

“Do you want to come, Slave?” Dan asked forcefully.

“Yes, Master! Please, Master!”

“Not yet.” Lucy continued to beg, her words becoming louder and more difficult to interpret as her mind became numbed by the stimulation. Dan added to her agonies by placing soft, loving kisses on her breasts and then worked his way up her neck to her face. He kissed her lips, her cheeks, her forehead, her eyes, all the time taking care not to come in contact with her nose. Lucy’s every breath ended in a sustained, elated moan as her body ached for release. When he judged she had had enough, Dan cradled her face in his hands. “Your punishment is over,” he whispered, and gently kissed the tip of her nose.

Lucy let out a series of loud, sustained screams as the pent-up energy in her being was finally set free. Dan prolonged her climax by moving the vibrator in and out so that it brushed Lucy’s button. Lucy’s body wrenched and twisted in the restraints and then went limp again when the orgasm ended. In between heaving breaths, Dan could just barely make out her words: “Thank you, Master.” He turned off the vibrator and removed it.

"I think we wore her out," Denise remarked. She pointed a finger at the raging hard-on that was still trying to push through Dan's pants. "Looks like you could use a little something, though."

Holy shit, Dan thought as he realized how very huge and hard he had become watching Lucy writhe and twist under his attentions. His hand reached down and touched the bulge, as if to verify that it was really his.

"Would you like me to take care of that for you?" Denise asked, her eyes sparkling as they regarded his condition. For the first time in three years, Dan found himself seriously tempted by a woman other than Lucy. He stared at Denise in her black lingerie and boots, pussy dripping, nipples erect, and imagined her grabbing his throbbing dick and pumping it until he came. Then he looked again at Lucy on the bed, silently willing her to tell him what to do.

You're being weak, his inner voice told him. You're the master here, not Denise and not Lucy. Act like the master, dammit!

"No," he finally said. "That's okay, I'll take it out on Lucy in a bit."

"You sure?" Denise asked. "This could be the only chance you get. Just say the word."

"No thanks," Dan repeated.

"Damn shame," Denise said.

"I'll be okay, thanks. Believe it or not, I'm kind of an old-fashioned guy at heart."

"Yeah, sure," Denise retorted. "I can tell by the way you handle a vibrator."

Denise dressed and went home, taking her camcorder with her but leaving the tape on the dresser. Dan closed the bedroom door, removed Lucy's bonds and blindfold, and climbed into bed next to her.

"Wake up now, Lucy," he whispered.

Her eyes fluttered open as her head turned toward the sound. "Master," she breathed as his face came into focus. Dan saw nothing but love in her eyes.

"You took your punishment well, my slave," he said tenderly. "Now you may go and prepare yourself to delight me."

Lucy's eyes lit up. She jumped out of the bed and raced to the bathroom.

As he listened to the sounds of his slave in the bathroom, Dan congratulated himself on recovering from his shaky start. He felt sure Lucy had enjoyed her "punishment," just as he normally enjoyed being "punished" by her. Now he would reward his slave by letting her screw his brains out.

Lucy reappeared and knelt by the side of the bed. "Adore me," he commanded. Lucy immediately dove into the bed and took Dan's cock in her mouth. "Stop!" he barked.

Lucy looked crestfallen. "Not with your mouth," he continued. "Use any other part of your body, and any part of mine. I'll tell you when you may mount me."

The happy grin returned to Lucy's face. She leaned forward, squeezed her breasts around his cock

and began to massage it. Dan groaned with pleasure. He willed himself to relax, slow down, enjoy, but he had been so aroused for so long that he knew his self-control would be fleeting as best. "Are you ready to receive me, Slave?"

"Yes, Master." As proof, she swiped two fingers along her inner thigh and held them up to Dan. They were well coated in her own juices.

"Then do so."

Lucy wasted no time rising up and dropping herself straight down on her Master's cock. Dan savored the feel of Lucy's weight on his hips as he buried his cock in her all the way to the root. Lucy shivered above him, eyes closed, and tightened her vaginal muscles to grip Dan more firmly. Slowly, sensuously, she began to move her hips up and down, keeping up the pressure on Dan's head, keeping him as deep as possible. Lucy leaned forward but her hips kept moving, each up and down motion bringing Dan closer to the edge. He reached up with his hands and grabbed onto Lucy's breasts, gave them a good squeeze, and then felt the rush of a climax in his groin. Lucy rode him until he went still, then allowed herself to sink down and relax on top of her Master's chest. She kissed him gently and ran her hand through his chest hair while he regained his composure.

Once the adrenaline high subsided, Dan felt himself growing hungry. He looked at his watch. "Time for lunch, Lucy," he announced.

Lucy perked up. "What shall I fix for you, Master?"

Dan thought about the eggs and toast. "I think we'll go out for lunch."

"As you wish, Master," Lucy replied. "May I please dress?"

Dan checked out the window. It was cool and damp, but not freezing. "You may put on shoes and your long lined overcoat. Nothing else. And keep the collar on."

The coat was excellent for Dan's purposes. A dark fawn color, it was light in weight but very warm thanks to a furry lining. He could make out the studded dog collar around her neck, and saw the end of the leash peeking out from under her coat tails; that would be fine. He could tell from the way the coat clung to her body that Lucy was nude underneath, but he doubted other people would notice.

One thing Dan wanted to avoid was running into anyone he and Lucy knew. Among their social circle only Denise knew the true nature of their relationship. With this in mind, Dan drove to an outer suburb of town that he and Lucy seldom visit and started looking for a place to eat. An old-fashioned diner across from a strip mall looked inviting. He asked the hostess for a private table and was ushered into a small booth in a back corner of the dining area. "How's this?" the hostess asked.

"Great," he replied.

Lucy didn't open her menu; instead, she laid it flat on the table and simply waited for Dan to order for her. After a few minutes, a college-age boy came to the table and introduced himself as "William, your waiter today."

Dan ordered a chef's salad and decaf for Lucy and a burger and fries for himself. Mistress Lucy held Dan to a strict low-fat diet; today Dan decided he could indulge freely in his fondness for "real" food.

When William returned a few minutes later with their drinks Dan noticed the boy's eye wandering to the neckline of Lucy's coat. The kid's got good taste, he thought to himself. Let's give him a cheap

thrill.

“Lucy,” he said as William returned to the kitchen. “I want you to unbutton your coat but leave it closed.” He watched as Lucy did as instructed. “From now on, whenever William comes to our table, I want you to casually open your coat enough to show him your breast. Make it appear accidental, as if you don’t realize he can see you.”

Lucy’s eyes grew wide with excitement. “Yes, Master!”

William brought their food directly. Lucy’s hand went to her coat collar and played innocently with her lapel. It wasn’t until he leaned over to place her salad in front of her that William noticed that Lucy’s breast was completely exposed to his view. His eyes bugged out and he drew in a sharp breath, almost dropping the salad in surprise. Lucy saw the comical look on the boy’s face and smiled—her Master would be pleased. William recovered himself and looked ashamedly over at Dan, who took great care to pretend he was unaware of what the boy had just seen. William finished putting food on the table and retreated, holding his plastic serving tray below the belt line. He returned frequently, however, to ask if they needed anything and to steal another guilty look inside Lucy’s coat. Dan laughed inwardly as he watched the boy trying unsuccessfully to hide his hard-on.

Their little game of peek-a-boo put Dan in an amorous mood again. As he shepherded Lucy out of the diner he thought of another luxury in which he could indulge himself.

It was just after 3:00pm when they returned to the condo. “Grab a twin sheet,” he told her after they’d removed their coats, “and join me in the bedroom.”

Dan went immediately to the walk-in closet and pulled out their portable massage table. The table was fairly heavy and somewhat tricky to unfold, so he did that part himself and had Lucy cover it with the sheet. Lucy couldn’t help but smile as she realized what her Master would be having her do. Without being told she slipped into the bathroom and returned with a small wicker basket containing an assortment of incense, candles, and massage oils.

“Think you can read my mind, do you?” Dan teased when he saw her with the basket. She bowed her head humbly, which made Dan chuckle. “The vanilla candles, please.”

Lucy took two thick white candles out of the basket and placed them on the floor at the head of the massage table. Small aluminum pie tins protected the carpet from any dripping wax. She lit the candles carefully and soon the soothing, sensuous scent of vanilla filled the room. Dan watched with a growing sense of anticipation as he removed his clothing. He had performed this ritual on Lucy’s behalf many times as her slave. When he saw that she was ready to begin he laid himself face down on the massage table and let his arms dangle straight down from his shoulders.

Lucy took a vial of unscented oil from the basket and carefully poured a small amount of it into her cupped hand, then closed her other hand around it. She warmed the oil in her hands for a moment and then allowed it to drip slowly onto the small of Dan’s back. Dan willed himself to relax, the better to enjoy his massage.

Lucy’s hands began working his muscles, slowly, gently, lovingly. Her hands never left his body except to replenish the oil. They slid gracefully over his contours, squeezing a little here, rubbing a little there. Every touch brought Dan a deeper feeling of relaxation and peace.

While Lucy took delicious care of his body, Dan’s mind drifted on a cloud of pure luxury. Being Master wasn’t so hard after all, he decided. He thought he might even get used to it in another day or two. Of course you don’t have another day or two, he reminded himself. The slave turns back into a Mistress

at midnight.

He became dimly aware of Lucy asking him to roll over onto his back. Half entranced by Lucy's expert work, he complied and was surprised to discover that his cock felt hard as a wrecking bar and almost as long. Lucy hadn't touched his genitals yet, not that he had noticed, but the smooth feel of her hands working his legs, his thighs, and his buttocks along with his deep state of relaxation had all served to tantalize his body. Lucy began working on his shoulders and Dan lost his train of thought, breathed deeply and let his mind go blank.

An eternity later, or so it seemed, Dan became aware of a sudden urgent need in his loins. The clouds in his mind parted just enough to allow Dan to realize two things: he was now lying on his side, and he was about to come. He felt Lucy's hands, one on his cock, the other squeezing his butt, and before he could process the information it was pushed out of his mind by a wave of bliss. Dan was so relaxed only his groin muscles were in tension but the pleasure extended through his every muscle. Lucy's slid upward to help support him while he rode the climax to its end.

Lucy continued the massage almost exactly where she had left off. He blissed out once again, watching in his imagination from somewhere above them, and when he felt the second orgasm carry him away he didn't even bother opening his eyes. "That's enough, Lucy."

Dan drifted for a few minutes until he felt a new sensation of warm moisture on his body. As he opened his eyes he became aware of Lucy's touch once again. This time it was the soft feel of a sponge guided by her loving hand. He relaxed again. This was also part of the ritual he normally performed on Lucy—after the massage, a sponge bath to remove the excess oil. The shower was quicker, but far less sensual. Dan felt his cock trying to become erect but he was so thoroughly sated that he paid no attention. Instead he allowed Lucy to sponge him and dry him, then moved to the bed. "Come rest with me," he said. She joined him on the bed and they slept.

Dan was surprised to see that it was already evening when he returned to the living area of the condo. Late lunch or not, some sort of dinner would be needed soon. Rather than wake Lucy to begin preparing dinner, Dan elected to take care of it himself. He removed two large, boneless chicken breasts from the freezer and set them out on a thermally conductive tray to speed thawing. He took a bottle of red wine out of the cabinet and put in the refrigerator to chill. He mixed together a rub from garlic, sage, pepper, and a few other assorted seasonings and rubbed it into the chicken on both sides while the broiler heated up, then slipped the chicken inside. While the chicken was cooking he chopped up some salad greens, tomatoes, a little onion, and a hardboiled egg to make a wholesome salad and cooked a small pot of white rice. He opened the broiler once to turn over the breasts and went back to the bedroom.

"Time to wake up," he said softly, kissing Lucy's cheek as she woke.

"Master," she sighed. Then her nose picked up the scent of garlic and sage emanating from the kitchen and a look of mild hurt came over her face. "You are cooking."

"Yes, I am. Cooking pleases me. It will please me even more to have you assist me."

Lucy's face lit up and she happily followed Dan back to the kitchen. He had Lucy set the table for both of them and open the wine to allow it to breathe. When his experience told him the chicken was almost done, he opened the broiler again. On each breast he placed a thin slice of fontina cheese, a few shavings of prosciutto, and a light touch of basil. He closed the broiler again to allow the cheese to melt and brown slightly.

After dinner Dan sat back in the living room with a glass of wine while Lucy cleaned up the kitchen.

She'll get even with me tomorrow for all this housework, he thought to himself.

When she finished her work Lucy came quietly into the living room and sat on the floor beside her Master, resting her head on the arm of his chair. He stroked her hair fondly, thinking about the rest of the evening. He realized his time was running out. He should have at least one more encounter planned out, he felt, but he was drawing a blank. After all that had already happened Dan didn't feel a need for more sex; what he really wanted was companionship.

"Lucy," he ordered, "Please put on my long Steve Miller CD." Lucy hopped up to obey, and Dan moved from his solitary recliner to the end of their overstuffed sofa. Lucy stretched out across the remaining length of the sofa and rested her head in Dan's lap. It was a position he had often assumed with his Mistress, and he liked it. Silent except for a few happy sighs, they sat together.

After a while the feel of Lucy's breath on his crotch started to have an affect on Dan: slowly but surely his cock swelled and his thoughts turned again toward sex. His hand dropped a few inches and checked out Lucy's breast: the nipple was hard and erect, and she moaned softly when he made contact with it. Her hand reached to his zipper as she looked up at him inquiringly. At his nod, she opened his pants and freed his cock.

Lucy worked his shaft with her fingers for a while, teasing it into full erection while Dan continued to fondle her breasts. She took him into her mouth slowly, deliciously, all the way to the root, and then backed off and repeated. The sensation of slowly fucking Lucy's mouth was heavenly and Dan felt himself building up to another quality climax. It took quite a while, but Lucy never let up and never gave any sign of impatience; she simply continued sucking and bobbing, petting his balls and using her tongue to stimulate the most sensitive parts of his tool. Finally Dan erupted into another long, relatively dry orgasm and became still. As he worked to catch his breath he felt Lucy kiss his shrinking cock and gently tuck it back into his pants, taking extra care with the zipper.

Dan lost himself in thought as the clock passed 11:00, his right arm still stroking Lucy as she lay in his lap. One more idea, he told himself, something sweet; something Lucy would never expect. He thought about stories he'd read, movies he'd seen, and an idea took root in his brain.

"Lucy, I want you to wash yourself thoroughly and lie back down on the bed."

"Yes, Master." Lucy rose and headed straight for the bathroom. Dan followed as far as the kitchen, where he started looking through the cabinets in search of something he thought they had but seldom used. He was pleased to find what he was looking for lurking in the very back of the corner cabinet. He tucked his prize into the back of his pants to conceal it and headed for the bedroom.

Lucy was just settling down on the bed when he came in. "On your back," he told her, "eyes closed." She settled into the bed expectantly. Dan approached her and placed the black sleep mask over her eyes, then pulled his kitchen item out of his pants and set it aside long enough to strip.

Already getting hard in anticipation of the fun, Dan picked up his prize—a 16-ounce bottle of Hershey's Syrup, almost full. For a split second he thought about the mess it would make of their sheets. So what, he decided, noticing that it was 11:25. I'm the one who's going to end up doing the laundry.

"Stay still and trust me," he said as he approached her. He popped the cap on the syrup and let a small drop squeeze out onto the ridge just under Lucy's nose. He saw her nostrils flare as the scent of chocolate wafted into them. Playfully, he anointed her closed lips with the syrup then knelt down and kissed her. He licked up some of the chocolate while allowing more to slip between her lips and into her mouth.

“MMmmmm...” she moaned through his kiss as she felt and tasted Dan’s chocolate-covered tongue in her mouth. He could feel her relaxing into the bed, giving herself to his attentions. He continued kissing, adding a little more chocolate from time to time, until he felt the desire to explore elsewhere. He stole a quick glance at the clock: 11:40.

Moving down to her abdomen, he squeezed some of the chocolate out into her navel and spread it over her belly with his fingers, then licked it up. He held his fingers up to Lucy’s mouth and allowed her to lick the chocolate off them. She was getting extremely aroused and eager to do more but he reminded her to remain still.

Dan squeezed the bottle again and traced an O around her left nipple. He opened his mouth wide and sucked the chocolate off Lucy’s breast. He repeated this, switching sides, until Lucy could no longer hold still for it. Then he slid along Lucy’s body and positioned himself between her legs. Lucy gasped sharply when she felt the chocolate land on her mound and start running down her slit. Dan’s mouth and tongue were on it immediately, licking the fluids from every surface of her mound, her inner and outer lips, her thighs. He carefully aimed the bottle and even managed to land a drop on her clitoris. Lucy’s legs clamped down on him involuntarily as he sucked the chocolate off. Dan spread her outer lips with his thumbs and paid loving, careful attention to her button. He felt Lucy stiffen and heard her shriek as her legs clamped down on his head. He held on and kept licking to keep Lucy’s orgasm going as long as possible. Finally he crawled back up beside her and held Lucy close. “I love you, Lucy,” Dan said as the clock chimed midnight.

As soon as the clock finished its tune, Lucy stirred and shook her head. Rising up like a great dragon, she opened her eyes and once again Dan saw the fire, the drive, the erotic power that none could resist—his Mistress was back. Smoothly and quietly, her fingers opened the studded collar and tossed it aside.

“I love you too, Daniel,” she said, the smoothness and richness of her voice leaving no doubt that she was completely in charge again. “Did you enjoy your day as Master?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Dan answered, feeling his former power fall off him like oversized clothes. “Did I ... meet your desires?”

“Yes,” she agreed. “You were considerate most of the time, caring and passionate all of the time. Not to mention creative. Such a performance merits a reward.”

Mistress Lucy climbed on top of Dan and scooted forward until her mound was within a few inches of his face and handed him the bottle of chocolate syrup. Dan required no further instruction—he squeezed out a generous amount onto her mound and picked up where he had left off a few moments before. As he felt her thighs squeezing around his head again, Daniel resolved to serve his Mistress well in the coming year.

Only 364 more days until the next Boxing Day...

-wg
9/9/99

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