

# *Boxing Day*

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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 11:00, just as things were starting to get interesting. Normally they would have been among the last to go.

His brown eyes connected with Lucy's momentarily, then he asked, "Do you plan to tell me what's going on?"

"A surprise," she answered, slightly amused by the gross understatement.

Dan thought about trying to get her to say more, but he knew Lucy would never give away a planned surprise. From the mischievous twinkle in her eyes, he figured that something very interesting was in the works. His cock stirred a little as he wondered how his Mistress might use him tonight. "It had better be worth it," he replied, needing for Lucy to know that he was disappointed about missing the party.

"Or else what?" Lucy challenged. Dan backed down, shrugging his shoulders. Lucy laughed softly and added, "It will be. Trust me."

"With my life."

It was 11:10 when Dan pulled into their reserved parking space in front of their building. As was his habit, Dan got out of the car quickly and went around it to open the door for Lucy. He then followed one step behind as they climbed the stairs to their third floor condominium. Inside the condo was nice and warm, a pleasant contrast from the cold, rainy Christmas day that was coming to an end. He took Lucy's coat and scarf first and hung them in the coat closet before doing the same with his own. Coming back to the living room, he saw Lucy 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, which was currently emphasized by an off-the-shoulder maroon velvet cocktail dress and spiked heels. 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 initially 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. Looking up, he met her gaze and felt himself slipping away, getting lost in the brilliant blue.

“On your knees, Daniel,” Lucy commanded.

Dan responded to his hypnotic conditioning immediately, dropping to his knees and bowing his head before his Mistress. “How may I serve you, Mistress?”

“I want a bath,” she responded. “Prepare the tub.”

“With pleasure, Mistress.” Bowing as he stood, Dan walked into the bathroom and began the preparations. 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 in the tub, mixed in the salts, and waited for his Mistress to issue her next command.

Looking at his own reflection in the water, he had to laugh at himself a little bit. Three years before Dan had been a classic Type A personality: a junior stockbroker in a high-volume firm, cold-calling every day and dealing with the small investors. He worked fourteen hours a day, six days a week, for four years before the accumulated stress and poor nutrition finally took enough of a toll to send him to a stress management seminar. Lucy was one of the guest speakers; her presentation on the use of self-hypnosis to manage stress fascinated him not only because of the subject but also very much because of the speaker. Even from half a room away those eyes had captured his attention, and he wanted nothing more than to see them close up. He felt the full power of their gaze when he sheepishly accosted her after the talk to ask for her card.

With Lucy's help, Dan learned how to take control of his life. He quit his brokerage job and became a certified financial planner, putting his investment expertise to good use in a far more pleasant environment. When his therapy was through, he and Lucy became lovers. At first they were a conventional couple, living and loving as equals; then after a few months Lucy began to introduce him to the concept of hypnotic domination. In public they remained equals, but in their private time Dan was trained to obey his Mistress for their mutual pleasure. Serving his Mistress well gave Dan 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 spigot and went in search of his Mistress.

He found her in the bedroom, sipping what looked like 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." Lucy 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 in a special hamper for dry cleaning. He then removed Lucy's hose and finally her G-string panties and put them in the hamper.

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, dropping his clothes in the hamper as they came off, then followed his Mistress into the bathroom.

Lucy was already in the tub, stretched out with her head just supported by the tub's far edge. "Massage my neck and shoulders, Daniel," she commanded.

Dan was happy to comply. Through time and practice he had learned exactly how his Mistress liked to be massaged. Perching on the side of the tub, he worked on her neck and shoulder muscles and 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."

"Thank you, Mistress." 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 Lucy. Her nipples became firm and erect as he ran the soft cloth over them and then the rinsing water. Next Lucy allowed Dan to wash her lower body, rearranging herself in the tub so that he could easily reach her feet, her legs, her sex. Dan was particularly careful not to get too much body wash on his Mistress' private parts, and he was pleased to hear a soft moan escape her lips when he rubbed her mound with the cloth.

Lucy 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." She rose from the tub and took the towel Dan offered her immediately, opting to dry herself off. She dropped the towel on the floor when she was through with it, knowing her slave would hang it up properly.

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, not wanting to keep his Mistress waiting any longer than necessary. He did make sure that both towels were on their towel bars before returning to the bedroom.

Lucy was seated on the edge of the bed, waiting for him. Dan approached her with 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 11:45. *No time for anything elaborate*, she thought to herself. “Lay down on your back,” she commanded, “spread eagle.”

“Yes, Mistress.” Dan moved to the other side of the bed and climbed on, centering 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, feeling Lucy’s hands attaching 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.

“Mistress,” he pleaded, “If it pleases you, please allow your servant to come.”

She let him continue to beg until 11:55, then put down the feather and assumed a kneeling position on the bed, her sex just a few inches from Dan’s face. Sensing her closeness by her scent, Dan changed his plea: “Mistress, I yearn for your taste. Please allow me to earn my release.”

Removing the sleep mask, Lucy looked down on Dan. “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, feeling the moisture flowing even as he began his work. Her lips parted quickly and easily, giving 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. Finally, after what seemed like hours but was only about 3 minutes, he heard his Mistress cry out in delight with the orgasm he had given her. 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: his Mistress was looking at the wall with a blank, unseeing expression. Her jaw had gone slack, her shoulders slumped, 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 12 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, he sensed – 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?”

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

“Did you say ‘Master’?” he asked, perplexed.

“Yes, Master,” 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 that she had put on his wrists and ankles earlier. “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. Kneeling on the floor, head down, she offered the envelope up to Dan. He scooted to the edge of the bed and sat up before taking it from her.

Inside the envelope was a sheet of Lucy’s favorite notepaper.

*My precious Dan,*

*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 26<sup>th</sup> 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 read the note several times, his head reeling as he tried to come to grips with its contents. He had become so used to serving Lucy, to laying aside his problems and burdens and losing himself in her, that he couldn’t think of what to do.

“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, Master.” 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 started to settle 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 obeyed, wrapping her lips around his member and sucking while teasing it with her tongue. Dan felt himself react immediately to her touch, his cock growing hard and long again in almost no time. Normally Dan had to work very hard to earn a blowjob 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. He flirted with the idea of coming in her mouth, but decided on a different course. “Stop now, slave.”

Lucy stopped immediately and looked up at Dan with fear in her eyes. “Am I not pleasing you, Master?”

“You’re doing fine so far,” he praised. “I want you to get up and bend yourself over the edge of the bed. I want your legs hanging down. 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 positioned herself as instructed. Dan was a little surprised to see that Lucy was quite wet; then again, he mused, he had also tended to get aroused when obeying orders. Positioning himself behind her, he guided his cock into her and thrust it in deeply.

Lucy gasped the first time he rammed himself into her. “Oh, Master!” she cried. “I do not deserve this pleasure.”

“But I do,” Dan replied, and picked up the pace. He was enjoying this position very much. Mistress Lucy had seldom allowed him to take her from behind; she 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.

Dan pounded into her a few more times and then his cock burst, pumping powerful jets of seed into his slaves’ eager body. Her moans turned into squeals as her body rocked with his, riding another climax of her own.

He held the position until they were both finished, at which point his exhausted legs folded underneath him. He ended up sitting on the carpet, still panting from his exertions. Lucy slipped off the bed as well, landing on her knees and bowing deeply to her Master. Dan regarded his semi-limp, wet penis. “Slave, I want you to clean me up.”

“Yes, Master.” Lucy dashed into the bathroom and returned with a small dish of soapy water, washcloth and towel. She gently swabbed his entire groin area, washing away the evidence of their lovemaking, and dried him.

“Very good,” he commended her. “Now go into the bathroom and wash yourself.” Lucy hurried into the bathroom to comply.

Dan was getting more comfortable with the idea of holding the upper hand. Part of his mind started contemplating what he might like to do with his slave. He remembered a vacation at a remote woodland cabin where she had made him sleep on the floor at her feet, and decided to share the experience with her. He grabbed the flattest pillow he could find 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 by sucking my cock. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master. It is an honor to have your precious member in my mouth, 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. “Remember your instructions on how and when to wake me.” 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. Looking down, he saw Lucy’s head bobbing up and down over him and stirred. 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 asking, seeking approval. Dan remembered the note, the present, and woke up completely. *It wasn’t a dream after all*, he thought.

Lucy seemed to be waiting for him to speak. “Continue, slave,” he told her and she went back to work on his cock. She was very good, Dan reflected, folding his hands behind his head and laying back on his pillow. Damn good. “You may gently fondle my balls while you suck me, Lucy,” he added for good measure. Lucy obeyed, using her fingers to fondle his balls while he mouth continued sucking. Dan allowed himself to moan softly as Lucy’s expert fingers found the most sensitive spots in his scrotum and tickled them lightly.

“Faster now,” he commanded, and Lucy responded by picking up the pace. 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.

After a few minutes Dan started paying attention to other parts of his body. "Slave," he said, "I am hungry. You may prepare my breakfast now."

"Thank you, Master," Lucy replied, rising to her feet. "What would Master like for breakfast?"

*Make it simple*, Dan told himself. "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 did not give you permission to put anything on," he scolded her.

Lucy turned towards him and dropped to her knees, bowing her head in supplication. "I am 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."

Dan took care of business on the toilet. He thought briefly about having Lucy come and wash him in the shower, but decided it would better not to keep changing his mind. Instead he washed himself, dried off and slipped into comfortable clothing. As he was tying his shoes, Lucy entered the bedroom and dropped to her knees. "Your breakfast is ready, Master," she said.

"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, he could see, 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 resignation 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 made new. He was just getting the first bite into his mouth when he became aware that Lucy had been gone a long time. *What is she doing*, he wondered.

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*?" Dan was stunned.

"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, Master. 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.”

“Yes, Master.” 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.” Lucy took the plate away and knelt on the kitchen floor, picking up the food with her fingers.

“You may sit at the table and use silverware,” Dan told her, and she complied.

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?

“Lucy,” he called from his easy chair, setting the paper aside.

She appeared immediately, coming in from the kitchen and kneeling at his side. “Yes, Master?”

“Why did you want to become my slave, Lucy?”

Lucy gulped. “Because I love you, Master. I am honored to serve you. It excites me greatly to give you pleasure, Master.”

“Did you feel honored when you waited in the lobby for the mailman?”

“Yes, Master.”

Dan was incredulous. “Didn’t you feel uncomfortable in that cold lobby with no clothes on?”

“Of course, Master,” she replied matter-of-factly. “I was cold and embarrassed and frightened someone would see me.” She looked up at Dan adoringly and added, “But I have to obey. I knew you would not let anything harm me.”

*I hope you’re right*, Dan thought to himself. Aloud he tried another tack: “What did you hope I would do with you?”

Lucy’s eyes opened wide. “Why, anything you wish, Master. Anything that will bring you pleasure.”

“I want to know what would bring you pleasure,” he argued.

“Serving my Master,” she replied, surprised at having to state something so obvious.

Dan was getting frustrated. “I understand that,” he said. “But didn’t you want something more than just that?”

“There is nothing more,” she said simply. “Is my Master displeased with me?”

“No, no, no,” Dan answered quickly, working to drive the irritation out of his face and voice. “Go back to your work now.”

Lucy bounded back to the kitchen to resume cleaning, leaving Dan to ponder the situation.

Lucy had taught him just enough about hypnosis to help him understand the nature of her control over him and his ability to resist if he felt the need. It had never occurred to him that Lucy would take his commands so literally – he would have to be more careful with his wording in the future. Dan concluded that Lucy had to be acting under a very powerful post-hypnotic suggestion. The dominant, vibrant side of her personality looked to be completely suppressed; only the occasional reluctance or a rare glimmer in her eyes suggested that his Mistress was still there, passively watching – or maybe evaluating.

Clearly the onus was now on him to come up with something sexy to do. He had never really worried about that before because Lucy planned every scenario. He was deep in thought when the phone rang. He was right next to the cordless, so he picked it up on the first ring. “Hello?”

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

“She’s ... um ... indisposed,” he answered. “Not herself.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“It’s kind of hard to explain. Is there something I can do for you?”

“I don’t know. Lucy told me before you guys left the party that I should come over in the morning. She didn’t say why, but if she’s sick we can do it another time.”

Dan knew Lucy had been planning this day for at least a few weeks; if she told Denise to come over today, he decided, she must have wanted Denise to see her as a slave. “No, she’s not sick,” he told Denise, and explained about the note and the Boxing Day present.

“Oh my God,” Denise said after Dan’s narrative. “So she’s your slave for a day?”

“Yep, for all the good that does. I don’t know what to do with her.”

“Will she do anything you tell her? Anything at all?” Dan could hear the mischief in her voice and pictured a spit-eating grin coming over the girl’s face.

“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, luv,” Denise said before hanging up.

Dan summoned Lucy from the kitchen. “Aren’t you done in there yet?” he asked roughly.

“Almost, Master. I just need to scrub a few more places on the floor.”

“Never mind that. I want you to go clean up the bedroom. Make the bed, put our dirty clothes in the hamper, and pick up anything that is lying around loose. We are having company.”

“Yes, Master.”

Denise rang the front bell at 11:00 and Dan buzzed her in. He had Lucy open the door for her and assume a kneeling position just inside it.

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!” Denise cried. “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 end.

“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 dominant 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?" she asked Dan, 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 said, walking around Lucy’s motionless body and helping herself to a good, long look. "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, Master. 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 hesitated just a moment before answering. "No, Master." She cringed, knowing that a punishment must be at hand.

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

"Yes, Master." 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 a collection of dildos, vibrators, and other assorted sex toys.

"This is going to be interesting," Dan remarked and headed for the bedroom. He placed the camera on Lucy's dresser, where it had a good angle on the bed and immediate area. He played with the zoom until he had the picture to his liking, with most of the bed in frame but close enough to get a good, detailed shot. Lucy's eyes lit up with both fear and excitement 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."

Lucy complied, reaching up almost to the top of the post. 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.

"Are you ready to receive your punishment, Slave?"

"Yes, Master."

Dan nodded at Denise and stepped back out of the way, making room for his cohort and her little whip. "Don't hurt her," he reminded the girl.

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 as it contacted Lucy's exposed ass. It left a red mark across Lucy's left buttock but the mark did not look serious.

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 my Master 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."

From his side of the room Dan could see clearly that Lucy's nipples were hard and protruding. The red marks were fading fairly quickly, so he allowed Denise to continue but watched Lucy closely.

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," he said firmly. Denise let go of the whip, allowing it to drop to the floor. Dan retrieved the weapon himself, setting 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 in stopping the beating. On an impulse he reached up and caressed one of Lucy's breasts, noticing that her nipples were still very hard.

He felt a heavy sigh as Lucy relaxed against him. He stood up and untied her hands. "Are you ready for the next part of your punishment?"



“Yes, Master.” By the glow in her eyes, not to mention the visible wetness in her crotch, Dan concluded that Lucy was ready to continue and may even have guessed what her punishment would entail.

“On your knees and face Denise,” he instructed, and watched with approval as Lucy dropped to the floor. Denise tugged at an unseen fastener on her skirt and flung it away, revealing a garter belt and stockings (all black) but no underpants. She stepped forward until her pussy was within easy reach of Lucy’s face.

“Since you saw fit to use Denise for your own wanton pleasure,” Dan pronounced, “I will now allow Denise to use you for hers. Eat her.”

Lucy dove in between Denise’s thighs, the younger girl’s blonde thatch brushing up into her face, and began licking and sucking. Dan adjusted the camera angle slightly and zoomed in for a better recording. Lucy had barely begun when 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, 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. Seeing the straps in the rear, he walked over and unfastened the garment, freeing the girl’s breasts from captivity. Taking one of Lucy’s hands, he ran it up the side of Denise’s body and placed it on her breast. “Make her come,” he said to his slave. Lucy fondled Denise’s breast while continuing to suck and lick her pussy. Denise shrieked as Lucy pinched the nipple at the same time as she tongued the girl’s clit, triggering 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 crotch, and noticed immediately that he was extremely, almost painfully, hard. Denise felt it too, and her body responded by deliberately grinding herself 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,” he commanded. She remained on her knees, waiting for his next command. Dan, his arms exhausted from the effort of holding Denise up, swung her body around and gently laid her down on the foot edge of the bed. He was still very

conscious of his cock pressing into the girl's rear cleavage through his pants, but knew if he backed away too soon she would fall.

In a few minutes Denise's breathing returned to something resembling normal, and Dan saw signs of muscle tone in her arms and legs. He stepped back and Denise did not fall. Instead, she climbed up, turned and sat on the edge of the bed, wiping the sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. "Whew!" she exclaimed. "That was intense. She's as good with her mouth as I am."

Dan said nothing, considering his next move.

"Hypnotize her," Denise suggested with glee.

Dan shook his head. "I can't hypnotize people. I don't know how."

"You shouldn't have to," Denise said. "Think about it –she has to obey your every command. If you tell her to put herself into a trance, she'll do it. Nothing could be easier."

Dan thought it over. Lucy had gone outside naked on his command, even though she clearly hadn't wanted to. If her conditioning was that strong, Denise had a valid point. "What the hell? It's worth a try."

Dan turned himself and Lucy so that the camera would catch both of their faces, then motioned to Denise to stand behind her. He opened his eyes wide. "Look into my eyes, Lucy," he commanded. Her gaze met his, and for a heartbeat Dan felt an urge to sink into trance himself. But Lucy's eyes still had that subservient look; the power was his now, not hers. "You are getting sleepy, very sleepy. Your eyes are getting heavy. You are going into a deep, hypnotic sleep." Inwardly, Dan was laughing at his B-movie induction speech, but to his surprise it was actually working – Lucy's eyes had gone dim and her lids were drooping. *This is kind of fun*, he decided.

Dan's voice took on a parody of the singsong tones he had seen in the movies. "You cannot resist me, Lucy. You are completely in my power. Say that for me, please."

"I am completely in your power, Master," Lucy replied in a monotone.

"I will now count to three, Lucy. When I reach the count of three, you will close your eyes, relax, and sink into a deep, peaceful trance for me. You will be aware only of my voice, and will obey all of my commands."

"Yes, Master."

"One ... two ... three." On the final count, Lucy's eyes dropped shut and her entire body went limp. Denise was ready and caught Lucy as she fell back.

“Help me get her onto the bed,” Denise said. Between them they maneuvered Lucy’s limp body into the center of the bed, then located the leather straps and secured Lucy’s hands and feet.

“Keep your eyes closed, Lucy,” Dan instructed as he fitted the black sleep mask over her face. “Remain in your deep, pleasant sleep, but listen to 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?”

“Yes, Master,” came her sleepy reply.

He reached for Denise’s bag. “What kind of goodies do you have in here?”

“Just a few odds and ends,” she replied modestly. “What do you want to do next, tease her into oblivion or get her off?”

“Both, in that order,” Dan replied.

“Here’s just the thing.” Denise pulled out a long, tubular plastic wand with a pair of mesh panels stemming out from the base like leaves. She flipped a switch on the thick end and Dan heard the faint 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, “Your body is becoming extremely sensitive to 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.”

Taking the vibrator, he held it 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. Moving slowly and deliberately, he ran the vibrator up and down her body, pausing anywhere that appeared to further arouse his slave. In a few minutes Denise pulled out a different vibrator, switched it on, and worked with him, concentrating on 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 Lucy’s slit. While Denise used her tool on Lucy’s breasts, Dan ran his up and down along Lucy’s lips. Lucy moaned and groaned, over stimulated and approaching incoherence as they kept up their attentions. When he judged Lucy was near the end of her rope, 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!"

"NO!" he replied viciously. "Not until I touch your nose. And I don't intend to do that until you have been sufficiently punished for your misdeeds." He gave Lucy no time to respond before lifting up on the inserted vibrator, bringing more of it into contact with her mound, and began to slowly turn it from side to side.

Lucy felt the change in position and the motion and it sent her soaring even higher on a cloud of pure sexual excitement. She wanted so badly to come, and to make her Master come, but she had to obey or face more punishment. She started to beg her Master for her release. "Please, Master, let me come so I can take your massive cock into my mouth and suck it dry."

"Not yet," he responded, driving her further and further out of her mind. 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, 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 took her head 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 clitoris. Lucy's body wrenched and twisted in the restraints then went limp again as 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 Dan's crotch, where his raging hard-on was still trying to push through his 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 in erotic rapture. 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, doubting. "This could be the only chance you get. I'd do you in a heartbeat, all you have to do is say so."

"No thanks," Dan repeat. "I do appreciate the offer, though."

"Let me know if you change your mind."

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

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

After an exchange of grins, 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. "Yes, Master!" She jumped out of the bed and raced to the bathroom.

As he listened to the sounds of his slave in the bathroom, Dan took stock of his performance so far. He'd had a shaky start for certain and Denise had surprised him with her sudden shift into rage, but Dan thought he had handled things well since his early mistake. 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, head bowed, waiting for her Master's next order. She had washed and combed her hair, Dan could see. She was staring at his engorged cock with hunger in her face.

“Adore me,” he commanded. Lucy immediately dove into the bed and took Dan’s cock in her mouth. The pleasure shot through him like an electric shock.

“Stop!” he barked. Seeing Lucy’s crestfallen look, he continued: “Not with your mouth. 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. “Yes, Master!” Leaning forward, she sandwiched his cock between her breasts and began to massage it. Dan groaned with pleasure as he felt her firm, round breasts enveloping his pounding cock. He willed himself to relax, slow down, enjoy, but he had been so aroused for so long that he knew his self-control was tenuous at best. “Are you ready to receive me, Slave?” he asked, working very hard to keep his voice authoritative.

“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.”

“Yes, Master.” Lucy wasted no time rising up and dropping herself straight down on her Master’s cock. Dan felt himself slipping in so easily, so deeply. He loved the feel of Lucy’s weight on his hips as he buried his cock into her all the way to the root. Lucy shivered above him, eyes closed, and tightened her vaginal muscles to grip Dan’s cock 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.

“Lean forward,” Dan instructed. 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 in his groin as he climaxed. Lucy continued to work her pelvic muscles, milking him dry, until she felt his shaft begin to soften. She slowly sank down to a prone position and relaxed 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: 1:30. “Time for lunch, Lucy,” he announced.

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

Dan thought about it, but remembered the underdone eggs and the overdone toast. “I think we’ll go out for lunch,” he said.

“As you wish, Master,” Lucy replied. “May I please dress?” Once again that hint of reluctance crept into her tone.

Dan was expecting it this time, and had an answer ready. “You may put on shoes and your long lined overcoat. Nothing else. And keep the collar on.”

“Yes, Master!” she beamed, and Dan gave himself a short pat on the back.

After getting dressed himself, Dan allowed Lucy to put on her shoes and coat and checked her out thoroughly. The coat was excellent for his purposes – a dark fawn color, it was light in weight but very warm thanks to a furry lining. She had it buttoned from chest down, leaving the top two buttons open to form a plunging neckline. Dan 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. To most of their friends, they were simply lovers; 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. He soon came upon an old-fashioned diner in front of a strip mall and decided that would be the place. He could tell by looking through the windows that several of the patrons had kept their coats on; that would make Lucy less conspicuous.

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 in faded denims and an apron 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. As Mistress, Lucy kept Dan on 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 that his eye wandered 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.”

Lucy’s eyes grew wide with excitement as she answered, “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 over his groin. 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. A few neighbors were out, but none of them appeared to notice anything unusual about Lucy. As he closed and locked the door, Dan ordered Lucy to hang up their coats and remove her shoes, leaving her again with only the collar and leash on her body. "Grab a twin sheet," he told her afterwards, "and join me in the bedroom."

Lucy was right behind him as he walked back to the bedroom, pausing only long enough to open the hallway linen closet and remove a spare bed sheet. 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 spare sheet she had brought.

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. Inside the basket was an assortment of incense, candles, and massage oils.

"Think you can read my mind, do you?" Dan teased when he saw her return with the basket.

"No, Master," she answered quickly. "I merely hoped that you would allow me to massage your body."

"I would like that very much," he replied, approving of her initiative. "The vanilla candles, please."

Lucy took two thick white candles out of the basket and lit them, placing them both 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. Lucy bent down before the candles and held her hands near the flames to warm them, then pulled them back and rubbed them together. 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, letting his arms dangle straight down from his shoulders.

"Which oil would you like, Master?"

He thought a moment. "The unscented one," he replied, not wanting to mask the vanilla from the candles.

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. Sealing the oil between her hands for a moment to warm it first, she then allowed it to drip slowly onto the small of Dan's back. Dan felt the dripping and willed himself to relax, the better to enjoy his massage.

Lucy's hands began working his muscles, slowly, gently, lovingly. This was erotic, not therapeutic, massage and Lucy was expert in its practice. She had taught Dan how to give her such a massage and he had always been eager to practice, to see how many times he could get his Mistress to orgasm from his touch. Her hands never left his body except to replenish the oil; they just slid over his contours, squeezing a little here, rubbing a little there. Every touch brought a deeper feeling of relaxation and peace for Dan to wallow in.

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 her ministrations, 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, breathing deeply and letting 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 decide what to do he felt a massive burst of pure energy run through his body as he came. The sensation of the orgasm was spectacular; he could feel it in every muscle of his body. He was so relaxed only his groin muscles were in tension, expelling his seed onto the sheet. Lucy's hands never left him, they merely 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, putting more oil on and sliding her hands up and down his body. 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.

He felt himself moving and stirred enough to become aware that he was now lying on his back again. Lucy's gifted hands were gliding around his chest, teasing his nipples, and her mouth was locked around his cock. He felt her tongue caressing the underside of his fuselage as she sucked and prepared himself for another climax. This one was less intense but just as long as the previous two and Lucy kept him in her mouth throughout. The pumping, firing sensation was different, and Dan dimly realized that he probably had very little semen left to expel. "That's enough, Lucy," he said, and allowed himself to drift into a brief nap.

When he awoke the first thing he noticed was that the vanilla scent had all but disappeared. His body felt warm and moist all over, and as he opened his eyes he became aware of Lucy's touch once again. This time, however, 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 struggling to erection, but he was completely satiated already so he ignored it.

His sponge bath over, he hopped off the massage table and dressed himself while Lucy cleaned up. Once the table was bare he collapsed it and stowed it away in the closet, then waited on the edge of the bed for Lucy to finish.

"Come here, Lucy," he called when her job was done.

"Yes, Master?" She knelt before him on the floor, looking up into his face.

"Lay down on the bed, face up."

"Of course, Master." Lucy assumed a prone position on the bed, arms straight at her sides, legs slightly apart. Dan saw the end of the leash between her thighs; it looked highly erotic to him, but this was not the time to be distracted. He had an idea and he wanted to put it into action.

"Look into my eyes, Lucy," he commanded, leaning over her so that his face was hovering over hers. His voice took on the melodramatic, singsong tone that he had used earlier when playing hypnotist. "You are getting sleepy, very sleepy. Your eyes are growing heavy. You cannot resist me. You are sinking, sinking, into a deeeeeeep sleep." Again, he saw Lucy's eyes cloud over and her lids start falling. He knew it wasn't really his hypnotic ability doing this to her, but the sight was still a powerful turn-on. "Close your eyes now, Lucy, and prepare yourself to obey my every command."

Lucy's eyes stopped fighting to stay open and fell still. Slowly she breathed, "Ready, Master."

“Have you enjoyed being my slave today, Lucy?”

There was no hesitation. “Yes, Master. You have been a wonderful Master.”

“Do you regret anything I’ve made you do today?”

“No, Master, although I did wish you had allowed me to wear a coat to fetch the mail.” Dan thought he caught the slightest hint of reproach in her voice, but let it pass unchallenged; after all, he had asked an honest question and gotten an honest answer. Instead, he moved on to his idea.

“Would you like to become my slave again sometime, Lucy?”

“Yes, Master. I’d love to serve you again.”

“You can, Lucy,” Dan replied, a triumphant grin spreading over his face. “From now on, any time I say the words ‘Boxing Day’ to you, you will immediately go back to being my slave, and I will be your loving Master. You will not try to resist the change because you know I will take care of you, and because you love being my slave. You will continue to act as my slave, exactly the way you have done today, until I tell you that you are dismissed. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master.”

“Good.” Just to be sure, he reinforced the suggestion several times before continuing. “It is almost time to awaken, Lucy. When I count to three, you will open your eyes and awaken feeling refreshed and happy. As soon as you are completely awake, you will have an orgasm which will be longer and more intense than any you have experienced today. Are you ready?”

“Yes, Master.”

“One ... two ... three.” Dan studied Lucy’s face closely. As her eyes opened her face spoke eloquently of serenity and contentment. Almost immediately it changed to ravenous sexual hunger as she felt her body respond to his final command. The sudden surge through her being felt to Lucy almost like the sudden drop from the top of an amusement park ride – she felt herself free-falling, out of control, as the orgasm ripped through her body. She heard someone screaming out in delight and dimly realized it must be her. All she could see was her Master’s face watching her with an unspoken tenderness. She closed her eyes again and gave in to the sensations.

“Sleep now, Lucy,” Dan said, and Lucy faded into heavenly sleep.

Dan was surprised to see that it was already 7:15 when he returned to the living area of the condo. He had been blissed out on the massage table for much longer than he thought; late lunch or not, some sort of dinner would be needed soon.

Cooking had been a favorite pastime of Dan's even before meeting Lucy because it appealed to his creative side; given Lucy's rudimentary skill level in the kitchen, it was natural that he would become the primary cook. Rather than wake Lucy to begin preparing dinner, therefore, 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.

Dan went back to the bedroom knowing he had about 20 minutes to kill before he could start cooking. He spent the time gazing at Lucy's peaceful, sleeping form, lovingly running his hands along her contours. Her nipples reacted automatically to his touch, but she did not stir – Dan had told her to sleep.

When he checked on the chicken after 20 minutes it was sufficiently thawed to begin working with. 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 decided it was time to wake Lucy.

"Wake up, Slave," he said softly, kissing her lips as she woke.

"Master," she acknowledged, holding him to her briefly. Then her nose picked up the scent of garlic and sage emanating from the kitchen. "You are cooking," she said, looking slightly hurt.

"Yes I am," he confessed. "It gives me pleasure to cook. It will give me even more pleasure to have you assist me."

"Yes, Master!" 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, allowing 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 smoked ham, and a little more fontina on top. Adding a very light touch of basil, he closed the broiler again to allow the cheese to melt and to brown slightly.

Lucy had the table set, the wine poured into chilled glasses, and salad served by the time Dan turned off the broiler and brought the chicken to the table. She held out his chair for him, pushed it in when he sat, and spread his napkin on his lap as before. Smiling, Dan allowed her to serve him his food before sitting down to serve herself.

“This is delicious, Master,” Lucy said, savoring her chicken. Even as Mistress, she often praised his cooking. Dan took the compliment in silence, responding only with a benevolent smile.

After dinner Dan sat back in the living room with another glass of wine, watching Lucy clear the table and clean up the kitchen. *She’ll get even with me tomorrow for all this housework*, he thought to himself, *but it’s worth it*.

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: it was approaching 9:00 in the evening. He should have at least one more encounter planned out, he felt, but he was drawing a blank. After six first-rate orgasms in a 21-hour period, Dan didn’t feel a burning physical 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 loaded the requested CD and two more into the changer and brought Dan the remote control. He started the music, and motioned for Lucy to sit beside him. She stretched herself out across the remaining length of the sofa, her head resting 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. Dan petted Lucy lightly on the arm, occasionally sneaking a peak down at her breasts; she let her hand rest on his upper thigh a mere inch or two from his zipper.

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 lie down on the bed and wait for me. Use the bathroom first if you need to, and wash yourself thoroughly before coming to 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 if it got on the 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 hotly, licking up some of the chocolate while allowing more to slip between her lips and into her mouth.

“MMmmmmmm...” 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 anxious to do more, but he reminded her to remain still.

Mindful of the time, he squeezed the bottle again and traced an O around each of her nipples. Diving in one at a time, he cleaned and reanointed her breasts until she was moaning with every movement of his tongue. Then he rose up and positioned himself between her legs. Lucy gasped sharply when she felt the chocolate land on her mound and start running down her slit, where it mixed with quite another kind of nectar. 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 it off her. By 11:51, with Lucy on the verge of orgasm, he stopped.

“Oh, MASTER!” Lucy cried, still in a sexual frenzy.

Dan removed her mask and handed her the chocolate syrup bottle. “Now you try it.” He stretched out on his side of the bed, hands folded behind his head, and watched her as she studied his body. She started out with a nipple, outlining it in chocolate and then licking and sucking it up, as he had done. It felt even more sensual than Dan had expected, having Lucy’s mouth on him like that. He willed himself to relax and enjoy as Lucy worked her way down his body. It was 11:55 when she reached his rigid cock and squeezed a stream of chocolate onto the tip, which ran down in all directions. She licked his shaft like an ice cream cone, trying to catch the drips, periodically applying more chocolate to the tip while Dan moaned in delight. Lucy gave the bottle one more big squeeze and plunged her entire mouth down over Dan’s chocolate-coated cock, sucking and licking with more skill and strength than he had felt in all that remarkable day. “Stop, Lucy,” he croaked at 11:58. “I will come inside you.”

“Yes, Master.” Lucy quickly aligned her pelvis with his and plunged down onto his quivering shaft. Dan felt her squeeze him and work him inside her and knew another climax was imminent.

“Come with me, Lucy,” he commanded, and let go to the orgasm that took hold of his body. He felt Lucy stiffen and heard her shriek as she followed suit, pumping him for what little fluid may have been in him after such an amazing day. Soon the orgasm was over and she collapsed on top of him, his cock still peeking into the opening of her canal. He held her tightly to him as the last waves of pleasure subsided.

“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. Part of him didn’t want to give up control quite so easily, though. Looking straight at Lucy’s face, he added, “Happy Boxing Day.”

He watched Lucy closely, expecting to see her change back into his slave as ordered. Instead a look of complete triumph swept over her and she rose up a little higher, the better to bore into him with her irresistible eyes.

“Nice try, Daniel,” she said, “but no. I spent months planning the suggestions that would allow you to become my Master for a day; one of the most deeply rooted of them all was

that any suggestion you gave me would expire when the day ended.” She grinned down at him while he absorbed the impact of his failure.

“I am sorry, Mistress,” Dan muttered, knowing he was defeated. “I was presumptuous.”

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

Mistress Lucy scooted forward until her mound was within a few inches of Dan’s face and handed him the bottle of chocolate syrup. Dan required no further instruction; he squeezed out a generous amount onto her mound and proceeded to eat her with abandon. As he felt her thighs squeezing around his head, Daniel resolved to serve his Mistress well in the coming year. Only 364 more days until the next Boxing Day...

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