

A decorative banner at the top of the page features a bookshelf on the left and right sides. The left shelf contains books, including one titled 'OVER THE MOON'. The right shelf contains books, including one titled 'GAMMA'. In the center of the banner, the name 'Jude Mason' is written in a white, cursive font. Below the name, the text 'Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!' is written in a smaller, white, cursive font.

Jude Mason

Readers needed: Come, explore with me...if you dare!

The Auction

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"Stand up straight. Come on, straight I said, feet apart, hands behind your head and suck in that gut."

The harsh words echoed throughout the sparsely furnished auction hall as the hushed group looked on, admiring the latest item for auction. Young, possibly twenty-five or so, slender without being skinny, well muscled in all the right places and hairless, save for the hair on his head. He stood quietly, obediently.

He blinked rapidly as his eyes grew accustomed to the glaring fluorescent lighting; the unforgiving glare causing each blemish to stand out starkly against his lightly tanned skin. Sawdust covered the raised block beneath the slave's naked feet. A shudder gripped him as he struggled to stand taller, straighter as directed. Almost six feet tall, he towered over the auctioneer, but he dared not raise his eyes to hers. His blonde head was lowered, eyes fixed on the floor at his feet as she sauntered around him displaying him for the prospective buyers.

His erection jutted from his belly at a sharp upward angle, having been stimulated moments before being marched onto the auction block. Gritting his teeth against making any noise, he held perfectly still as the whip slid over his flesh.

The auctioneer stood beside him, her delicate features and small frame in direct contrast to his size. She stood barely five feet tall and had a dark complexion. Long, straight black hair cascaded down her back almost to her slim waist. The short leather outfit she wore accentuated her curves and the thigh high boots added inches to her stature; but it was her attitude that made her a good auctioneer.

"Here's our next item up for bids, ladies and gentlemen, a fine young specimen that has been trained by Lady K. He's been instructed in both male and female pleasuring, so would be a wonderful addition to anyone's stable." The auctioneer tapped the slave's knees and he quickly spread them wider. Scanning her list, she found his vitals and smiled when she spoke, "Trained for endurance. It says here he won't climax unless given a certain key word. Let's see," she glanced at her sheet once more then added, "He's nearly six feet tall, forty-two inch chest, thirty inch waist and seven in penis. Uncircumcised as you can plainly see. He's got several piercings and the slave tattoo on his right hip."

Passing the sheet of paper to her waiting assistant, she moved around him. The whip trailed across his chest, tapping his nipples, which immediately hardened to tight knots, the small gold rings catching the light. As she walked behind him, she trailed the whip over his side and down his back, from his left shoulder to the swell of his buttock. He shuddered visibly as the whip neared the crease of his bottom, but remained still, obedient to her wishes. Lightly tapping each buttock, I watched the small brunette auctioneer admire how tight the muscles were. Trailing the slender whip further downward, she tickled the back of his thighs before bringing the tip back up between them. His sack had tightened, pulling his testicles up close to his body; she caressed them carefully with the leather causing his penis to jerk upward.

Standing at the back of the room, I had a perfect view of what was transpiring on the auction block and the slave pleased me. His blonde head remained downcast as if watching the antics of his erection. And a lovely erection he had. The foreskin had peeled back revealing a large round knob of a head, slick with its own lubricant. I felt my face flush as my imagination took hold while waiting, impatiently, for the auctioneer to ask for bids.

There were others in the room who looked interested, but after a few minutes of the auctioneers' teasing him with the whip, they seemed less so. He was impressive and would go for a high price, higher than many could afford. A low murmur of gossip and chatter arose as I watched her do her job.

"Kneel, keep your legs spread," she said, calmly beginning the routine. He slipped to the sawdust and spread his knees wide. His hands remained behind his head clasped firmly. "Crawl to me, on your hands and knees." She backed away from him, moving him around the stage, displaying him to all.

As he crawled away from where I stood, I saw something nestled between his buttocks. The flesh coloured base of a plug showed, no doubt inserted by his former mistress as a reminder of her or an added incentive to do well at the auction. His behaviour, good or bad, would bring her profit.

"I see you're plugged," said the auctioneer. To his embarrassment, she reached down and toyed with the end of it, while he tried not to move. Twisting the plug, she seemed to enjoy the flush that coloured his body, and smiled broadly when his hips began to slowly rock back and forth.

"To the frame. Hurry boy, run," she snapped.

He hopped to his feet and raced across the block to where the wooden frame awaited. His erection slapped painfully against his belly and thighs as he ran and I saw the relief on his face when he stopped in front of the frame. He dropped to his knees and spread his legs, resuming the slave position required on the block.

"Stand. Position yourself to be bound to the frame." She nodded to her assistant and waited while he buckled the leather cuffs around the slaves' wrists and ankles. The large wooden frame was in the shape of a rectangle and would leave him totally accessible for whatever the auctioneer desired. Nine foot by eight, and braced to ensure it remained upright no matter how a slave struggled, the rough oak framework was a popular sales tool. The slave stood quietly while being fastened spread-eagled to it.

"I'm prepared to take bids," she said and turned to face the audience. I let my eyes wander over the crowd and was surprised to see just three or four hands raised. The beast was a beauty and he should bring a high price. He hung helpless in his bonds, fearful that his former owner would be displeased.

I'd been leaning against the wall up until this point, but when the bidding began, I pushed away and wound my way through the crowd, towards the block. I stopped a couple of feet away, admiring the view while waiting for the auctioneer to notice me. I'd been showing up regularly, looking for just the right slave to add to my household and this one looked promising. Finally, she spotted me and approached. I motioned for her to come closer, and she hunkered down in front of me.

"He's voluntarily here, yes?" I asked keeping my voice low so only she could hear me.

She smiled at my question, well aware of my quirks and nodded, "Yes, he's here voluntarily. He sold himself to his owner, but after a few months, they discovered they weren't well suited to each other. They talked and he wanted to remain a slave and this is where it led."

"Good enough, put him through his paces, but don't let him climax please. If I buy him I'd like him to be very obedient." I returned her smile and felt the gathering of juices deep inside me.

She rose to her feet and returned to the side of the framework, waiting for the bids to halt. Several minutes later, the room grew quiet and she took up her position behind the slave. With deliberate care, she used her short whip to excite him and bring his body alive.

He writhed uncontrollably as she touched him, sometimes striking him, but often little more than a tender caress. Across his broad back and along his rib cage she striped his flesh. His inner thighs trembled when the leather traced a line from one to the other. The pulsing length of his cock didn't go untouched, but quivered under the ministrations of the well trained auctioneer. Through it all, he remained silent; though it was clear he longed to beg for mercy. His eyes brimmed with unshed tears and his mouth hung open in a silent plea. The buyers became more animated as the torment went on; each lash of the whip brought a murmur of approval. When she deemed him ready, she laid the whip against her thigh and once more called for bids. I heard a collective sigh, as more than a few of the women wished she'd gone further.

I nodded my head and raised my fingers, indicating a bid slightly higher than the last offered. A large dark haired woman to my left raised hers and offered a bid just a fraction higher. There was silence for a moment then the auctioneers' assistant noted two more bids. Another lull followed, as if everyone in the room held their collective breaths. I nodded again, offering a somewhat higher bid and cursed under my breath, "Bitch, leave off, this one's mine."

"Ladies, you can't tell me this fine specimen is going to go for so little. He's worth twice what's been offered."

The big woman to my left raised her hand again offering a bid much higher than mine. She looked me over and smirked, thinking she'd won. I knew her from previous dealings here and had outbid her on several occasions. Apparently, she didn't want me to obtain this slave, but she'd soon learn not to test me.

The silence lengthened until the auctioneer took the hint and returned to the slave's exhibition. While the bidding had been going on, he'd stared at the floor in front of his bare feet. His trembling had lessened but as the small woman walked behind him, it began again. Her whip slid over his hip and he gasped.

"You may beg or cry out slave," she said, not unkindly.

"Thank you, Milady," he whispered.

She used the whip to excite him, gently moving it over his body as she walked around him. Touching him softly on the upper thigh then moving behind him, she caressed just below his buttock. I was close enough to see the soft flesh puckered with goose bumps at the taste of leather. A long slow swipe down the center of his back caused him to thrust his hips forward, sending his erection swaying towards the attentive group of buyers. Another, this time along the furrow between his ass cheeks sent a shiver up his spine. His erection pulsed wildly and pre-come oozed from the tiny slit at its tip. Moving the braided leather between his thighs, she tapped it feather softly against his testicles.

I watched, spellbound, as his body reacted to the touch of the whip. My mouth was dry and with a tongue that felt thick, I tried wetting my lips. Raising my fingers, I indicated a higher bid. I wanted this slave. The assistant saw and marked my offer on the sheet he carried, while scanning the room for any further interest. Glancing to my

left, I glared at my adversary, waiting for her to bid, and wasn't disappointed when she obliged. I saw this time the look of frustration behind her motion. She was at her limit.

The sharp crack of the whip brought my attention back to the block. I'd almost missed his reaction to it. She'd waited until he was deep in the pleasure of the whip's touch then carefully placed one sharp stroke. His body reacted with total abandon, showing us profoundly, his slavery.

He cried out as his body shuddered and shook, uncontrollable spasms tearing through him. A collective gasp went through the buyers and bidding resumed. The auctioneer smiled in appreciation, and while her assistant took note of bids, she slid the whip over the slave's body.

Once more, I waited for the bidding to die down before raising my fingers. The bid I made was substantially higher than the last. I'd been patient long enough and wanted to have the sale done with.

Faces turned towards me, some surprised, some unhappy and one angry, but I simply waited. No one could see the tightening of my nipples beneath the leather bustier. No one could smell my heat, or at least I hoped not. I knew the auctioneer noticed my flushed face and while gazing at me, she ran her fingers down the slave's belly.

He was in an agony of lust. Unable to rub against anything, his testicles had grown painfully full. The small hand circled and gripped his shaft, roughly masturbating him.

"Please, enough, Milady, I beg." He gasped out, loud enough for most to hear, but she continued to stroke until his hips matched her rhythm. Withdrawing, she left him sobbing with need and frustration.

"Do I hear another bid?" she asked, her eyes moving over the small crowd. Met with silence she called, "Gone once," waiting a moment before calling, "Gone twice," then, "Sold, to the Lady Tanis."

My heart leapt at the final words. The price had been steep, but I was sure he was well worth it and more.

"You know how to go about payment and taking custody. Congratulations Lady Tanis; I think you made a very good buy here." The auctioneer said. "There are some special details about this one; you'll receive papers to go with him when everything's

finalized. Again, congratulations." She bowed towards me then turned to retrieve her papers and gather the next item for sale.

Her assistant passed the manila folder across the table as I counted out the money. I stepped back and waited while he was released from the frame. I wandered back to my place at the back of the room, reading the file that accompanied my newest acquisition. I learned his background, why he became a slave and who had owned him thus far. There was a list of his exercise schedule, the special training he'd gone through, and of course, the word he could never say. The trigger word that allowed, no forced, him to orgasm when spoken.

Moments later, I glanced up and there he was, knelt at my feet. I could see his nervousness as well as his excitement, the flush of his skin and the erection he dare not try to hide. He'd clasped his hands behind his neck, unfamiliar with my protocol, his knees spread as widely as he could manage. His back was very straight which brought his head up to my waist. Eyes downcast, he couldn't see my smile.

"What have you been called?" I asked softly. I moved around him, inspecting him for the first time as mine. The feeling was one I'd never get over, exhilarating. When I laid a hand on his shoulder, I felt the trembling that he couldn't control. Gently stroking him, encouraging him to be at ease, seemed to help.

"Number 4, Milady." His voice shook as he answered.

"Well, that won't do," I said, "For the time being I'll call you Blondie, but that will change when I get to know you."

"Thank you, Milady," he replied. His voice had deepened and his trembling had almost stopped. I slipped my fingers through his hair, massaging his scalp and enjoying the feel of him.

"Time to go," I said and slipped a thin leather collar from the small pouch I carried. It circled his neck and he shuddered when I locked it on him. "My van is parked by the side door, precede me." I snapped a leash onto the collar and followed him as he crawled across the room.

The carpeting cushioned his knees, but it still took a few minutes to make our way to the door. He weaved skillfully between people, offering the minimum of disturbance to them. Once we had to stop to allow a woman to pass in front of him, then we were on

our way again. As we made our way, I saw one more of his numerous piercings. Behind his testicles, he wore a fair size ring.

I felt my pussy tense. The possibilities of how and what those three rings could be used for, how I could bind or constrain him, made my mind reel. A tug at his leash halted him and he sat patiently back on his heels. He waited patiently while I gathered my cloak and the rest of his gear.

Navigating the three steps proved bothersome, but manageable. His ass displayed beautifully on the way down. He placed each knee carefully. The cement dug in cruelly, reminding him of who and what he was, but he didn't complain and soon we stopped at the side of the van. Dropping his leash, I opened the door and stepped to the side allowing him to see his mode of transport.

The blue '85 Ford van was much larger than the newer ones, providing me with some added features that might not have been possible otherwise. The back section held a cage specifically designed to hold slaves for travel. Made of stainless steel bars, it was three and a half feet square and when locked, the occupant would be helpless to escape. I'd fixed several leather straps here and there, supplying myself with whatever amusement I wished at any given time. A small metal box at the rear also held toys that I felt might prove useful.

I shivered with anticipation as I unfastened Blondie's leash and caught my image in the mirror behind the cage. Dark shoulder-length auburn hair and breasts on the small side, but the nipples were large and sensitive. A tight leather cincher and thigh high boots added inches to my slender stature; I neared five nine with the five-inch heels.

I caught him looking into the mirror as well, catching his first real look at his new mistress. He noticed my gaze and quickly lowered his eyes, not having permission to raise them. Fearing my displeasure, he knelt back on his heels and spread his legs extremely wide, displaying himself. I saw him trembling and at first thought to discipline him, but then relented. It was only natural for him to want to see who owned him.

"Into the cage, quickly now, I want to get home." I held the small door open and stroked his bottom as he clambered inside. "Stop," I said as his plug came into view and I tapped it several times to see his reaction to the stimulus. The muscles in his ass

trembled, but he kept still as I toyed with him. His erection still pulsed, unfulfilled and his balls were tantalizingly close.

"Good boy, now get in," I gave his bottom a slap as he climbed into the cage. I didn't secure him, this time, but let him relax as best he could on the short trip. Fifteen minutes over winding country roads, and when I pulled into the driveway, I was trembling. Parking the van behind the house, I took a deep breath then shut off the engine.

"Kneel," I said and turned to see that he obeyed me. He was just settling into position as I turned, his head lowered, his body facing me. His hands moved towards the back of his head, but I said, "place your hands, palm upwards on your thighs. That's to be your position when you're told to kneel, don't forget it."

Dropping his hands to his thighs he replied, "Yes, Milady." His erection had waned somewhat but was still firm and I was pleased at its dimensions, eager to try him out.

I climbed out of the van and opened the door to release him from the cage. I'd parked close to the lawn so that he wouldn't have to crawl across the rough gravel driveway. Unlatching the cage's door, I swung it open and reached inside. The flesh of his inner thigh felt warm under my hand and he trembled as I neared his groin. He was baby smooth, the skin felt soft against my palm and when I cupped his balls, he moaned.

"For tonight only, you may speak freely." An unusual treat, but one I enjoyed bestowing on new slaves.

"Thank you, Milady," he sighed heavily, watching my hand on him. His erection was returning and tapped against my inner forearm, the soft foreskin peeling slowly back. His balls felt heavy in my hand and I knew it had been some time since he'd emptied them of their sticky white cargo. The ring at the back of his sack fascinated me; I'd never had a slave pierced in such a way before.

Chuckling, I said, "I think it's time to go inside. It'll be much more comfortable and much easier for me to get at you." I stepped back, giving him room to climb out of the cage. His legs had gone to sleep on the way and I allowed a few moments for him to get the circulation going. Once he could move easily, he knelt as I'd told him to, making sure he got it right.

"Whenever you approach someone, or you're instructed to wait, this will be your position, unless told differently." I began his training. He'd either learn the rules quickly or learn that I was patient for only so long. "You're never to look into someone's eyes or stand in the presence of a free person, or a slave above you in this house."

"Milady, may I ask something?"

"Yes."

"How will I know who's free or above me?"

"You won't until you've been here for awhile," I replied, leaving him to draw his own conclusions. I snapped the leash onto his collar and turned towards the house commanding, "Heel."

He moved into position on my left side in the grass and crawled at my pace as I headed towards the back of the large old house. A two story Colonial; the red brick and white painted wood exterior hid my dungeon and playroom behind its façade of innocent luxury. I halted and pointed to the small entrance at the bottom of the large oak door.

"This is your entrance; you're never to use the other."

"Yes Milady," he said glancing at the small doorway. The only way he could enter my house was on his hands and knees, as I'd planned. Dropping the leash, I entered, then closed the door and stood, arms crossed over my chest, waiting. Moments later the flap lifted and he crawled through.

He glanced around at the small mudroom and positioning himself as directed. I reached over and flipped on the light allowing him to learn his territory in small doses. The pale, grey, slate floor tile and the mats for wiping mud off led to the doorway to the rest of the house. Stark white surrounded him for the moment, cloaks and leather goods hung from the many hooks adorning the walls.

I unclipped his leash and hung it on one of the many hooks then said, "Follow me." The doorway opened onto the hallway. I turned left and heard him gasp at the dark woodwork and forest greens I chosen to decorate this part of the house. Splashes of rose and gold brightened, gave a warm welcoming feel and the plush carpet I'm sure was a relief to his knees.

I passed two doorways before entering the third on the right; the room he'd grow to know well if I kept him for any length of time. The dungeon. I stood holding the door wide for him to crawl through, wanting to see his reaction. I felt my heart leap at his recognition of where he was. He stopped dead in his tracks, gaping at the far wall as I'd planned.

The room was large, twenty-five by twenty-five and looked as if it had been fashioned from rock, granite to be more specific. Against the far wall stood the St. Andrew's cross and next to it, a table I'd designed. To the right, in the corner, hung the sling and to its right were rows of whips and paddles amid other toys I liked to use; all neatly arrayed according to some secret plan of my devising. Faux fur covered half of the floor, the rest in what looked like stone, but was in fact synthetic. The most surprising addition to the room was the wall to my left. A window, almost the full length of the room, opened up onto the back garden and offered both light and a backdrop for the sunken tub. Black marble with gold coloured fixtures I'd surrounded it with a plethora of plants and towel racks, shelves holding oils and creams. A haven of luxury I indulged in whenever I could find the time.

Blondie sat back on his heels, positioned as he should be, but his eyes, rather than downcast, drank in the room. His look of wonder made my heart race and I let him gape for several minutes before clearing my throat. Letting the door go, as he stuttered and corrected his posture, I walked past him to light a couple of the hanging oil lamps. That done, I crossed to the window and flicked the outside lights on.

"Milady," he gasped. I looked back at him and laughed. He was the perfect picture of astonishment. Mouth slack and eyes wide, he surveyed his surroundings, his head swiveling from side to side.

"Position," I snapped.

He lowered his head and shuddered. The soft fur beneath him both caressed and tickled his bottom. His testicles brushed against it and he shivered with pleasure.

"I see you enjoy the feel of fur," I coaxed.

"Yes, Milady, very much," he replied, tentatively thrusting his hips back and forth. His nipples tightened as I watched and the flush of excitement coloured his flesh from temple to waist.

I stood before him and unsnapped the crotch piece of my leathers, revealing my neatly trimmed mound to him for the first time. The scent engulfed him and he groaned, aching to taste but held by my will.

His nostrils flared as the aroma of leather and woman, were almost more than he could bear. I watched as a trickle of sweat wound its way from under his arms down his ribcage. His erection throbbed beautifully between his spread thighs.

Turning away, I bent forward, my bottom inches from him and slipped my hands between my thighs. The snap at the back clicked quite clearly and the leather strip fell into my hand. Over my shoulder, I watched him lick his dry lips. Pushing my bottom back just enough to touch his face, I teased him, before straightening and going to the sling in the corner. Adding a little more sway to my hips rubbed the slick lips of my labia back and forth, adding more heat to my already scalding sex. I felt them, swollen and heavy, as I walked across the room, honey coating my inner thighs.

Two more snaps at the center of my chest released my breasts and I stuffed the bits of leather into my pouch then tossed it onto the table just feet away. The air against my flesh puckered my nipples. Deep rose tips, button hard and aching, I reached up and pinched them between my fingers, pulling on the crinkled nubs. The weight of my breasts suspended by the nipples sent a small shiver of excitement directly to my clit. A gently but insistent throbbing urged me to get on with the play.

I climbed into the sling and wriggled to get comfortable while he watched, spellbound. His hands clenched as my thighs parted and my booted heels slipped into the loops that I'd adjusted for my pleasure. Laying back, head cradled in the soft cup, shoulders supported and held perfectly, I gazed at him. Over the swell of my breasts, he may or maybe not have seen the smile I offered, right away.

"Come closer," I murmured. Taking a deep breath, he dropped forward onto his hands and without taking his eyes off me, he crawled forward. The soft fur caressed his hands and legs luxuriously, until he came to the edge and I held my hand up, halting him.

He was close; close enough for me to see his erection throb and the pulse beat at the base of his neck. Sweat beaded on his brow and his thighs trembled as he strained to assume his position, perfectly. He'd placed his hands palm upward on his thighs and I watched his fingers twitch.

"You like what you see my pretty Blondie?" I teased. Cupping my breasts, I gently squeezed them together above the leather I wore. With the tips of my fingers, I scratched the underside and my nipples tightened even more. Using the flat of my hands, I smoothed the tight leather from just below my breasts down over my belly.

"Yes, Milady," he croaked.

"Good, come just a little closer," I urged and reached between my thighs. Delicately, I slipped my index fingers along the outer lips and pressed them outward, displaying myself. "Stop, right there," I said, and shivered when he halted a foot or so from me.

His mouth hung slack. His tongue slipped out to wet lust dried lips every few seconds or so. Eyelids drooped over passion filled eyes, they closed momentarily and he inhaled my scent. When they opened again, he gasped. Deep blue eyes widened at the sight of my index finger slipping between my folds. The slurping sound seemed loud in the silence of the room as I worked them in and out, slowly bringing myself to a fevered pitch of arousal.

"Please, Milady," he implored.

Sliding my fingers along the seam, circling my clit, sent shivers down my thighs. Prying myself open even more, I felt my honey trickling towards my anus. Clenching and pinching my clit almost took me far enough. Shuddering, I pulled my fingers off and splayed the lips wide.

"Lean forward, just the tip of your tongue now. Lick me."

Extending his tongue, he leaned forward to lick me, and pushed his erection across the soft fur. A low groan escaped, along with an out rushing of air that played over my splayed sex. His tongue connected and he flicked it across my clit. My thighs pressed together trapping his face, his tongue, where I wanted him most. And he loved it. Face shiny with sweat, he opened his mouth and flicked his tongue over as much of me as he could reach.

"Ah, yes!" The guttural sound of my voice surprised me. I moved my hands to his hair and pulled him hard into me. "Suck me, make me come," I panted, my voice almost non-existent. His lips enveloped my inner labia; his tongue explored my clenching sex. He scooped the honey I fed him, savouring each drop and delving for more. Teeth nipped at my bud. His beard-stubbed chin created yet one more means of arousal and I rubbed his face where it pleased me the most. He sucked and licked at me, his tongue fucking me as deeply as he could.

My thighs trembled and tensed against his head. Closer and closer, I climbed towards the pinnacle, feeling it. Arching my back, voice gone, but screaming anyway. Toes tingling, then pointed inside the leather boot. My ass clenched, and he nipped at me, clit between his teeth, dragged over the tight nubbin. I exploded on his face. Drenching him with my cream, drowning in the sensation, nothing but brightness and pleasure surrounded me. Held me, tortured me, for minutes as spasms clutched at his tongue trying to hold onto it.

The long slow spiral back, I realized I was holding him fast against my pubes. How he breathed, I couldn't be sure he had, but he didn't fight either. His tongue and lips felt amazingly soft as he caressed me with them. Drawing out my pleasure, he fed on my sex.

Raising my head, I watched his hips move slowly, swinging with the rhythm of his tongue lapping at me. The slick, bulbous head of his prick had nuzzled a trench in the fur. And slid back and forth, throbbing with lust, aching for the release only I could provide. Eyes closed, he was lost in his own private world of sensation.

Allowing my thighs to relax gave him enough room to breathe freely. The light dusting of hair was slick from his mouth and his first breath felt cool against my pubes. I shivered and stroked his face, then pushed him off me, too sensitive to let him continue.

"Position," I said.

Trembling, he assumed his position. His face shone with my cream and he licked his lips. Gaze dropping, his eyes fixed on his erection. The pre-come oozed copiously from the slit and I could see how he itched to rub it in.

"Can the plug vibrate?" I asked and he glanced up at me, bewildered for a second.

"Yes, Milady, it can, but it isn't switched on." He quickly lowered his eyes again and I knew he'd be incredibly aware of the small plug that stretched his anus.

"To your feet," I said and waited while he complied. "Come here and turn around." His entire body trembled but he quickly stood at my side. His bottom faced me, smooth and sleek. When he spread his feet, the end of the plug showed itself, the small arrow in black indicated which way was on. His testicles hung sweetly below, the ring just above them.

"Reach back and spread yourself for me." Even though I'd come only minutes before, my heart raced as he reached back and gripped his buttocks firmly and pried them apart. I slid my fingers down one arm and over his hand towards the control on the plug. Its large base held it firmly in place and kept it from shifting or slipping inside. I tapped on the base and his testicles shifted below, rising and lowering as if dancing to some unheard tune.

Smiling, I ran a fingernail over them, chasing them about in their skin sack. The puckered skin contracted more, pulling them closer to his body. Slipping my finger through the ring, I tugged gently on it and he pushed back trying to follow the pull. Grasping the end of the plug, I twisted it, then pulled it partially out. The wider bulge spread his anal ring and his fingers dug into the flesh, turning white with the effort to remain still.

I slid my free hand beneath him and held his shaft. It was wet with pre-come and easy to manipulate, the foreskin providing ample skin to toy with. I slid the excess skin up and down the straining shaft and tugged it over the bulging crown. His groans were music to my ears and each shuddering breath he took fed my arousal.

"How long since you were permitted to climax?" I asked. I'd begun to work the plug in and out of his ass, so his reply was shaky.

"Three weeks, Milady." He was close to sobbing. I ran my finger over the head of his erection and his thighs twitched. Popping the plug back in, I twisted the control to the first setting. The low hum seemed to trigger his erection; it started to jerk in my hand. Gripping the base tightly, I felt his balls move against my wrist. Tapping the base of the plug sent differing sensations through him and he could no longer remain as still as he should. He thrust against my hand.

"You'd like to come wouldn't you Blondie?"

"Yes Milady, if it pleases you," he whispered, "Oh, God, please!" Unable to stop the plea, the sob he'd been trying desperately to hold back followed. I pulled my hand off his cock and turned the dial up a notch on the plug.

"Stand between my legs." It took a minute for the command to sink into his lust-crazed mind. When it did, it took him only seconds to position himself as I wished. The glistening folds of my pussy drew his gaze and the tip of his cock inched forward. I glanced down and watched him throb.

"Stop there," I gasped as the tip of his cock touched me. It twitched and rubbed against my labia, almost nestling between the slick, satin-smooth lips. "How long have you been a slave?"

Without taking his eyes off our connection, he replied, "I gave myself to Mistress K. just over six months ago. Before that, I knew I was submissive, but had never belonged to anyone."

Smiling, I thought of his answer and said, "You're permitted to slip inside me. Six times, you may thrust, but you may not climax inside me. You will count to five aloud, between each thrust and when done, you'll pull out and thank me."

His face shot up and he gaped at me for a moment before he remembered his place and dropped his eyes.

"Milady, may I begin?" he asked.

"Yes, now."

He rocked his hips forward and groaned, then held for a moment buried deeply inside my silken cunt. I clenched and he sobbed, pulling himself free more quickly than he'd wished. "One Milady, thank you." The full length of his prick shone with my slick juices, a long strand of it joined us. Slowly, he eased in one more time, his eyes closing as he relished the wet folds wrapping around him. Bottoming out, he held steady for a moment then pulled slowly out. I clenched again, teasing him as the tip emerged. He shivered and said, "two, Milady, thank you." Each time he thrust forward, I answered by clenching my inner muscles trying to grip and hold him inside. Sweat dripped off his chin by the time he was done.

"Good boy. Now lean forward and press your cock against me, not inside." Instantly, he understood and shifting, pressed the underside of his shaft against my pubes. His testicles rubbed into my gaping sex and when I clenched he felt the muscles moving. "I want you to thrust against me, come on my belly. Your secret word is 'Sklave' and you may come now."

"Yes, Milady," he choked out and began to swivel his hips against me. Thrusting forward and pulling away, until just the tip of his cock nudged my mound. The hum of the vibe became lost, as he got closer to climaxing. Growling, his body convulsed, his balls slapped against my labia. The bulbous head seemed suddenly to swell larger and he sobbed as the first jet of come shot forth. The first glob landed with a splatter on my chest, almost perfectly centred between my breasts. He drove himself cruelly against me and another stream of spunk followed the first but with less pressure, landing on the leather covering my stomach. Three more times, his cock erupted, the creamy fluid dribbling over the crown and down the shaft.

Gasping, still gently rubbing himself against me, he shuddered. The foreskin crept forward as his cock softened, to partially cover the head. Thick strands of come clung to it and he still pulsed against me.

I gave him only a moment or two to enjoy his orgasm. Reaching down, I caressed the long tube of retreating flesh, rubbing the tip with my thumb. He gasped at the sensation and would have pulled away if he dared. The slippery soft flesh felt good in my fist and I worked the skin up and down. Tugging, I pulled his balls against me and held him captive while I toyed with him at my leisure. I stroked and pulled at his shaft then tiring of it, I released him.

"You did well Blondie, now it's time to clean me."

Still gasping and flushed, he leaned forward and licked at the splotches of come on the leather. Once clean, he scooted forward and swiped between my breasts. His tongue felt hot against my skin as he lapped me clean and I stroked his face. The long line of his jaw and his cheekbones slid under my fingers. Caressing him, I began to learn the shape of his bones and the texture of his flesh. Then winding my fingers through his hair, I gripped tightly and pulled him against me. His lips flattened on my skin, his stubbled chin scratched as I moved his face.

I pushed him down, forcing his face over the leather. Then skin against skin, my lower belly on his face. Tongue extended still, I held him where I wanted him. Grinding against the softness of his lips. My clit distended, aching to be sucked. And as soon as he did, I exploded, drenching him with my sweet nectar. He drank deep of me, savouring the taste of his lady. My thighs tightened around his face, capturing him, holding him. I ground him hard on me. Screaming my pleasure, holding him to extend it, I used him.

Soaring for minutes then coasting back to reality, I felt his tongue inside me. I clenched on it, gripping the small intruder. I watched him then, my hand still locked in his hair, but not pulling or guiding. When I became too sensitive for his touch, I pushed him away.

He knelt between my thighs, his face shiny with my juices. The smile he had was contagious and I smiled back.

"Cheeky boy, Blondie." I murmured. "Come here; spin around so I can turn the plug off." He was quick to obey and I was pleased to see how quickly his erection returned. I toyed with the plug, twisting and turning it, pulling it partially out then sliding it back into place. Then swatting his ass, I turned it off and laughed at how he jumped at the small sharp pain.

"You'll do well here boy, but Blondie won't last long. You need a name," I sighed. "Bath first, I'll think about it. Through there, prepare my bath."

"Yes, Milady," he replied and quickly on hands and knees he headed for the door.

The end

Sklave is the German word for slave

About the Author

Jude Mason's imagination frequently leads her astray, and she eagerly follows while trying to keep out of trouble, or at least not get caught. For those of you who know her, you'll know that's not always easy. A picture, a smell, an unexpected glimpse of flesh, or a load of soil in the back of a pick-up, are all fodder for her writing. Her male characters run the gamut from the dominant male ruling his women with an iron fist, to a simpering purple-clad boy-toy, whose only desire is to please. As diverse and as richly depicted, her women find themselves in a myriad of exotic and erotic situations.

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