Ansleigh’s Descent

Steve Oak glanced up at the clock on his large oak desk, noting that it was already 6:00. He’d been at the office almost 12 hours trying to get ahead of things so he could take some much needed time off. He’d switched with one his subordinates and was off to Virginia Beach to conduct a couple of focus groups. He hadn’t done one in years. That was what his staff was for. But the opportunity to spend a long weekend at the beach, especially with the company paying for part of it, was just too tempting. The client, Insurance Institute of America, was looking for feedback on the training they offer and ideas for new topics/delivery methods. It was pretty straightforward and his staff had already conducted over 20 focus groups already. Nothing new had come up in the last 10 focus groups, but the contract called for 30.

## He planned on heading out this evening so he could start his first focus group at 9 in the morning, followed by a second at 2. Tomorrow being Thursday, that would give him a three day weekend on the beach. He’d considered seeing if one of his current playmates would like to join him but decided to seek new meat. He was sure he’d find something. At 6’2” and 210 muscular pounds, he knew he would have little problem attracting the eye of some sweet thing. Despite being in his early 40’s, he projected a vibrancy that belied his age. He wasn’t vain, but his record with women made him aware that he was considered handsome. Of course, the fact that he made almost a million dollars a year, combined with a very hefty portfolio, didn’t hurt him either.

His office was in Arlington, Virginia but his house was out in the country near Fredericksburg. He’d left his bag in his car at the VRE station in Fredericksburg. So all he had to do was catch the VRE, the local light rail, and jump in his car at the last stop. Then he’d be on his way to Virginia Beach. He quickly finished the email he’d been working on and hit “send.” He shut down his iPad and put it in his brief case, then left the office. His staff were long gone, so he locked the office on his way out.

He found a seat on the local light rail, the VRE, and settled in for the long ride home. He used to drive to work but found riding on the VRE gave him lots of time to work and let him avoid the stress of driving on 95. This time he decided to indulge himself and laid his head back, remembering his playmate from two weeks ago. The whip marks on her alabaster skin had shown so clearly as he sliced the whip across her back and buttocks. God, what an ass, too! Round and full, it had been a pleasure to sink his cock into it. Soft enough that it wiggled a little as he pounded away at it, her whimpers of pain as his body came in contact with the fresh whip marks still made him hard. He doubted he’d see her again. Unfortunately, reality did not match her fantasies and she’d left hurriedly in the morning, not even looking up as she scurried out the door. That was often the case. These women who’d masturbated while they’d read Fifty Shades of Grey seldom could take the reality of pain and humiliation that had so turned them on in their dreams.

Oh well, the book gave him a steady stream of would be submissives to slake his thirst as he searched for the woman who would be his next long term project. What that project would be was not clear yet, it depended on the woman. Like Michelangelo, he would chip away until he discovered the true beauty that lay inside. Michelangelo worked in stone; he worked in female flesh and minds. He found great joy in his hobby although he didn’t always keep what he created. In fact, he’d sold his last creation for a tidy sum a few months ago. Not that he’d needed the money; he just figured someone who paid top dollar for a pet would be more likely to take care of it.

She’d started off as a low level lobbyist and ended up as a puppy girl. He’d enjoyed owning her but puppies, like all dogs, require too much attention and he just wasn’t home enough. So he’d found a rich buyer with a couple of other puppy girls to keep her company. Of course, she hadn’t been happy with being sold, but he knew it was for the best. He was not a cruel man, well, he did enjoy the sounds of a woman suffering for his pleasure, and leaving a puppy alone for up to 14 hours a day is cruel. A pony or a cow would be a different matter as they were not the type of animal that needed to be with their owners all thetime. He’d have to keep his eye out for likely candidates for conversion.

Ansleigh was fuming, her boss was making her attend this stupid focus group. She’d argued with him, telling him about all the work she and her team had to accomplish. He’d just looked at her, stone faced, and said “This is important too. You will attend and you will participate!” So here she was, sitting in a stupid conference room waiting while the consultant fiddled with his iPad.

Finally, he said something. “My name is Steve Oak. My company’s been asked by the Insurance Institute of America to reach out to those of you on the front line of the insurance industry……”

Inwardly, Steve wasn’t really paying attention to what he was saying. It was all drivel he’d said a hundred times before. Only the client name had changed. Instead, he examined the rest of the people in the room. Most of them looked either bored or excited. He figured the excited ones were the new ones, they hadn’t had time to have seen this type of thing before and so were excited someone thought enough of them to ask their opinion. The bored ones were just there because they wouldn’t be missed if they were not at their desks. Then there was the rather attractive woman who was sitting there scowling at him. He knew her type, figured her work came first and had been told to be here. There was always one in any batch.

Steve continued on, first finding out each of their names and job duties. Then he started asking the standard probing questions, typing their answers on his iPad which then projected them on to the screen behind him. He’d found it useful for the participants to see he was actually typing what they said. It made them more likely to give him useful information.

The whole time he watched the brown haired woman who still sat there scowling. Finally, he decided to prod her just to see what would happen. “Ansleigh, how would you answer that question?”

He could see her struggle with her answer. Her desire to lash out warring with her direct orders from her boss. So he said “Ansleigh, Answer Me” in a commanding voice.

He saw her eyes widen, she looked at him and then looked down at the table before her before saying “I’m sorry, Sir, for taking so long to respond. I think that using a cloud based application to provide just in time training would be the best solution.”

Now it was Steve’s turn to be surprised. He hadn’t expected such a well thought out response, not only that, but it was not an idea any of the other focus groups had come up with.” The thing that didn’t surprise him though was the obvious submissiveness in her demeanor. So many of these uptight, work focused women longed for the freedom of submission. He’d already marked her as a closet, at least at work, submissive. Now it was confirmed.

He continued on with his questions, his mouth and fingers on auto pilot. Instead, he quietly appraised this Ansleigh. Interesting name. Interesting body too. She looked tall for a woman, even seated. Definitely in shape, not dainty by any means. She looked like she’d be energetic in bed or where ever else a man wanted to use her. Nice size tits, probably a C cup. Her brown hair was shoulder length. Sensual face. He liked her high cheekbones, they gave her face definition. Looked like she would be a good cock sucker with those full lips. Might have problems deep throating with that size mouth, though. But, he suspected that she’d learn, if she didn’t know already. He couldn’t wait to see his cock make her throat bulge as he sawed it in and out of her face hole.

She looked to be late 20’s, maybe 30. Good age. Old enough to know what she’s getting into but young enough that she’d still be young when she was fully trained. No ring, too. Good.

Well, now he knew what he’d be playing with while he was here.

Snapping back to focus, he realized he’d been on autopilot for the last couple of minutes while he’d contemplated his next victim. No matter, no one had noticed. Well, maybe one person had. He’d noticed her shiver as he’d snapped out of his reverie. Steve smiled to himself. Good, let her sit there and wonder.

Ansleigh sat there, very aware that he was sizing her up like a piece of meat in a butcher shop. While it made her nervous, it also made her pussy moisten. She hadn’t been properly used, or should she say “abused” in too long. But what would this obviously rich man want with her? Well, beyond a quick fuck, that is.

“Well, folks. That wraps up all my questions. Any questions or comments for me? No? Well, then thank you for your time, you can return to your jobs. Well, all except you, Ansleigh.”

Ansleigh had been standing when he said that. She shuffled a little, trying to decide whether to sit back down or just stand there. As the last person scurried out of the room, she decided she might as well sit and started to do so.

“Did I tell you that you could sit?”

Hearing his voice, she jumped and straightened back up. She shuffled her feet nervously, unsure what to say or do.

“Well, did I!?”

“No, Sir.”

“Now, stand there like a good girl while I finish my notes.”

She reacted automatically to his tone and shifted her feet shoulder width apart, put her hands behind her back and stuck her breasts out, then dropped her chin so she was looking at the table in front of her.

“Good, he thought, she is well trained.” He really didn’t have any notes to type; instead, he switched off the projector and worked on some email. He just wanted to test her a little more. Finally, after 20 minutes, he put his iPad in the briefcase and stood up.

“Follow me.”

Then he strode confidently from the room, not even looking back to be sure she was following him. He walked down the hall to the office where his contact here was sitting. He poked his head in the office and said “Well, I’m done for the day. I have some things to go over tomorrow and need the help of someone who can answer some questions. Ansleigh here seems to have a good head on her shoulders. I will require her assistance all day tomorrow. Any problem with that?”

This guy was her supervisor’s boss and really had no clue as to how much work she had on her plate. To top it off, he was impressed with Steve’s poise and confidence. So he just nodded.

“Great, I’ll have her back to you safe, but perhaps not so sound Monday morning.”

Then he strode off, once again not even checking to see if she was following him. Then he stopped so suddenly she almost ran into him. He turned and said “I’m staying in the Homewood Suites over on Crosswoods Boulevard in suite 168. It is now 4:30. I expect you there at 6:30 with whatever you need for the weekend. You won’t need much as you will be nude much of the time. So bring a few good outfits for when we dine out. Only skirts or dresses. Also some exercise clothes. Is it your time of the month?”

Ansleigh stammered “No, Sir.”

“Good, then no underwear. I expect my subs to be available for use at all times and panties get in the way. Have you been tested for STDs recently?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good, bring a copy of your results. I have my results in my bag. We can compare results before I begin to use you. Now, go.”

Oak hated the necessity of checking for STDs, but, since he valued his health, was very careful to always check.

She turned and started to walk back to her desk. “Oh, god. That man is arrogant!” she thought to herself “To think he just started ordering her around like that. I know I’ve always been submissive but being treated so crassly by someone I just met. Damn, it makes me so mad!” But then she became aware that her panties were soaked. “Oh, no. I’d better hurry before it starts running down my legs!”

Despite her angry thoughts, there was no doubt in her mind that she would obey him.

She rushed to her desk, grabbed her purse and flipped off her computer, then poked her head into her supervisor’s space to say “Hey, your boss just told me to work with this consultant guy all day tomorrow. I can’t believe he did that. I have so much to do. I’ll try to work late a few days next week to catch up. Now I have to run. The consultant wants me to start working with him this evening. Bye!”

She’d said that pretty much in one breath, the words just tumbled out of her mouth since she was in such a rush. Her sense of urgency brought on by her need to leave before someone noticed how much her pussy was leaking and by her fear of being late to meet Oak.

She rushed to her car and drove madly to her place. Once there, she hurriedly searched through her closet for some appropriate outfits. Throwing them in a suitcase, she started to leave when she became aware again of her wet panties. She quickly ran to the bathroom where she pulled them down and threw them in the hamper. Then she quickly wiped her damp pussy, then remembering to get her test results, she went back to her bedroom and grabbed them before dashing back to her car.

In the end, all that rushing wasn’t really necessary. She managed to pull into the hotel parking lot at 6:00. Knowing he would not appreciate her arriving early, she sat in her car, nervously going through her purse to see if she could find some gum or anything to sweeten her breath. “Damn!” she thought “Why didn’t I stop and brush my teeth? Why, of all days, had she had a hamburger with onions for lunch?!”

Finally, she found an old breath mint in the bottom off her purse. Feeling somewhat relieved, she popped into her mouth and started to suck.

“God, I can’t believe I’m doing this! I don’t even know the man!”

These thoughts didn’t stop her from getting out her car at 6:20, grab her suitcase and start looking for his suite. It only took a couple of minutes to locate it. She realized she was 3 minutes early, so she waited nervously, shifting her weight from one foot to the other until her watch said 6:30. Then she knocked and the automatically shifted into a submissive Stand position.

Her head erect and eyes pointed downward. Her left hand grasping her right wrist behind her back. Her back was slightly arched, neck held back, belly sucked in. This position forced her chest out. Her hip was turned with one leg slightly forward with the foot arched and toes pointed. She would stand like this silently until receiving further direction. Yes, she was well trained. She took pride in that fact.

This was how Oak found her. He also noted the small flash of pride in her face. Thinking that pride would be tested this weekend he said “Good girl. Right on time. Guess I’ll have to find another reason to punish you. I’m sure something will come up.”

Ansleigh didn’t respond, knowing instinctively that no response was expected nor desired.

Oak stood back from the door and motioned her inside.

Taking a deep breath, she stepped into the unknown. Hearing the door close behind her, she knew that whatever was going to happen this weekend was out of her hands.

“Strip!”

While stunned at how quickly things were progressing, she hurriedly pulled off her clothes, folding them and placing them on the chair beside her.

As soon as she was nude, he said “Stand for inspection.”

She immediately assumed the inspection position, her feet parted slightly. Her arms raised with her palms placed against the back of her head. She cast her eyes downward and waited.

Oak began his inspection, taking note of several details. She was obviously very fit, with an athletic build. “Good” he thought “She looks like she has some endurance. That will come in handy.” He planned to enjoy himself this weekend and that was rather trying to his subjects.

“Nice tits” he thought to himself. “Must be a C cup.” He reached out and grabbed her left tit, squeezing it moderately hard. He was pleased that she made no sound nor flinched at this. “Hmm, nice and firm. Bet those babies can handle some pretty heavy weights attached to nipple clamps.”

He continued his inspection of her front, noting the long, well defined legs. He noticed a tattoo on the inside of her left thigh just below her cunt. It said “Slave.” He didn’t really like tattoos, but this one had a certain appeal to him as it exposed so much about her.

Then he looked at her cunt. He ran his hand over her mound, noting its smoothness.

“Electrolysis or wax?” he asked.

“Electrolysis, Sir.”

His wandering fingers then found a small diamond shaped brand just above her cunt. “This just gets better and better” He thought to himself.

Finally, he plunged two fingers into her cunt. His fingers made an obvious squelching sound as he plunged them in and out. “My, you are wet. Aren’t you, little one?”

He pulled his fingers from her cunt, bringing them to his nose where he sniffed them lightly. Next he moved those fingers to her mouth with every expectation that she would open it. As he expected, she opened her mouth and starting sucking her juices from his fingers.

“Now, turn to your right”

She obeyed, beginning to fall into that familiar zone that experienced submissives can achieve where their minds are, not exactly, turned off, but passive, comforted by knowing that they control nothing and that another is responsible for them.

Oak noted her good posture and the obvious strength in her legs. “I see you have good musculature, how flexible are you?”

“Sir, this one does yoga every day so that this body is able to be placed in any position a Master may desire.”

Oak, just grunted and said “Turn again”

He surveyed her rather attractive backside, noting the small tramp stamp, a rose surrounded by barbed wire...a traditional pleasure-pain symbol. “This gets more interesting by the minute” he thought to himself.

He ran his hands over her back noting a small scar at the point where her left ass cheek met her leg.

“Single tail?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Oak considered this. Blemishes made a slave less valuable. But this one was small. He thought to himself, “Bad form, whoever did this. It looks unintentional. It’s one thing to deliberately mark a slave, but doing it by accident was careless.”

“Bend over and grab your cheeks”

She immediately obeyed; spreading her cheeks so he could inspect her lower two holes. She remembered her humiliation the first time she’d done this for a Master. It had made her so wet. The feeling of humiliation was long gone now, replaced by the excited knowledge that she was being inspected for use by this handsome man.

Oak noted her wet, engorged lips. He lightly ran a finger over them, noting the way she shivered in excitement. “Yes, this is going to be good weekend” he thought to himself.

“Rise and turn again.”

Her hands automatically rose as she stood to meet behind her head once again.

Stone took a cursorily look at her side before saying “Face me.”

“Now, I believe we have some business to attend to. Here are my test results.”

She reached down to her skirt and pulled hers from a pocket, then handed them to him.

They both quickly scanned the others test results and were please to note that they were both clean.

“Are you on some type of birth control?”

“Yes, Sir. This one is on the pill so that her cunt is always ready for use”

“Good. Now bend over and place your hands on the floor with your legs spread shoulder width apart.”

Hearing his zipper open as she was bending over, she knew he was about to use her.

Then, without any preliminaries, he plunged his cock into her cunt. Speaking aloud but clearly to himself, she heard him say “Nice and tight. Rather velvety feeling. I’ve needed this all day.”

She was rather shocked at his casual use of her body. She’d been in the D/s world for years now, but this was the first time she’d been so casually used. It made her so wet!

Oak heard her begin to pant as she became more and more excited.

“You do not have my permission to cum. You are a hole that I am using, nothing more.”

His words had two opposing effects on her, increasing her excitement while, at the same time, bringing her training came out. She managed to quell her impending orgasm, but just barely. Finally, he came inside her and pulled out.

“Clean me.”

She whirled around and took his softening cock into her mouth, slurping up their combined juices. After getting as much as she could that way, she took it out of her mouth and started licking his balls to get the last bit of juice.

“Now, get dressed. We are going out for dinner. I checked Urbanspoon earlier. Looks like this place ‘Eat, An American Bistro’ might be good.” Saying that, he reached into a bag on the couch and he pulled out a butt plug and some lube. “Wear this.”

Figuring that he would want easy access to her body, she pulled a dress from her suitcase. This dress was short and had a zipper down the front so a Master could quickly access any part of her body. She went into the bathroom where she quickly squirted some lube on the butt plug and pushed it in, grimacing at its size. Then she slipped into the dress after washing the excess lube off her hands.

Dinner was not the event she expected given how he’d treated her so far. Instead, they had wide ranging conversations on many topics. At one point, she became aware that he was probing her skills and abilities. “Strange” she thought to herself, “it was almost like she was being interviewed for a job.” He was quite the gentleman. Anyone seeing them together would probably have thought them out for a date or, perhaps, colleagues out for a working dinner. In fact, if it wasn’t for her earlier treatment and the butt plug nestled firmly in her ass, she too would have thought so.

Dinner over, he paid the bill and then escorted her out to his car. So lost in the feeling of being on a date, she was not surprised when he turned her toward him as they neared the car. Thinking he was going to kiss her, she raised her face to his.

But none of what she thought was going to happen, happened. Instead, he quickly unzipped her dress and left it to slide down her body to the asphalt. Momentarily stunned by this sudden reversal, she just stood there.

“Get your dress and get in.”

He started the car and began driving before she was fully settled. “I expect you to be naked at all times unless we are in a public place.”

“Yes, Sir. I’m sorry I let you down.”

Oak just dismissed her apology and considered her punishment. He suspected she would enjoy pain, so that ruled out whipping her. Not that he wouldn’t cause her pain at some point this weekend, just not now when he wanted to punish her. He mulled the topic over while he drove back to the hotel with his free hand wandering idly over her body. It felt pleasant and he knew he’d enjoy exploring it this weekend.

Oak parked near his room and was able to lead a naked Ansleigh quickly out of sight without attracting notice. Once in the room, he sat on the coach and pulled out his iPad so he could check his email.

Ansleigh stood there for a second before automatically assuming the Stand position as she waited for His command. She didn’t have long to wait before he said “Pull out the butt plug and put my cock in it.”

She reached around and pulled it out, moving toward the kitchen area where she spotted some paper towels. She quickly cleaned it off and set it down on the counter before wiping her hands off so she didn’t get the lube on his pants.

She knelt in front of him and, getting a look of permission from him, she unzipped him and pulled his cock out. It was hard and almost throbbing with unreleased semen.

“Stand and turn around. Then sit on it.”

She quickly obeyed and was soon feeling his cock deep in her ass for the first time. She started sliding up and down until she felt his hand push against her back.

“Hands on the floor and stay still.”

She realized she was nothing but a desk with a warm hole in it when she felt him put his iPad on her back. Being an experienced sub, she waited patiently for the next hour as he tapped away on his iPad. Amazingly, he stayed hard the whole time.

Finally he grunted and dropped his iPad on the couch beside him, then grabbed the remote to turn on the TV. “Now you may pleasure me, but keep your hands on the floor.”

She started sliding her ass up and down his cock, knowing that he was barely paying attention to her actions. All in all, the time since they had left the restaurant had been incredibly humiliating. “God!” she thought, “This man is one of extremes. First I am a hole for his pleasure, and then he treats me as a woman he is dating, next I am just a piece of furniture to him. I don’t know how he can change so quickly, it’s like he flips a switch. However he does it, it turns me on so much!”

Oak had deliberately acted this way. It was his way of testing her limits. Nothing he did this evening was spontaneous. So far, he was very pleased with what he found out. She had definite potential. He loved that she was smart and well educated. It made her ultimate outcome so much sweeter, that is, if he decided to take her on as his next project. Her living so far away from him was an issue, but not an insurmountable one.

Suddenly, he realized he was about to cum. He grabbed her hips and forced her down on his cock as he erupted deep in her bowels. He held her like that until his cock softened and slipped from her ass. “Go put the plug back in. I don’t want you making a mess.”

“Yes, Sir.”

She quickly made her way to where she’d left the plug and pushed it back in. “Looks like I’ll be wearing this all weekend.” She thought to herself. Not that it troubled her, she liked it when a Master modified her for his pleasure. She knew her ass could be a little too tight, so it was only right that he stretched her hole.

Flipping off the TV, he once again reached into his bag and pulled out some rope. “Lay down on the floor.” Once she was laying down, he quickly seized her left foot and pulled it up beside her left thigh, then tied it there. He repeated the process with the other leg. Next he grabbed her left hand and tied it to the rope on her left side before tying her right hand in a similar fashion. This left her effectively immobile with her knees about a foot apart.

“It’s a good thing I’m limber from all that yoga.” She thought to herself.

She looked over at him in time to see him pull a vibrator out of his bag. “What all does he have in there?”

Then, with no warning, he stooped and plunged the vibrator into her sopping wet cunt.

“My, you are wet, aren’t you? I’ve set that vibrator on low as your punishment. I’ll leave you like this all night. As wet as you are now, by morning you’ll be in agony. Do not let that vibrator slip out or you’ll not be allowed to cum all weekend. Now just a couple more details and I’m off to bed.”

He pulled a small rubber sheet out of the bag and a ball gag. “Can’t have you making a wet spot in the rug or making noises that keep me awake, can we?”

He unceremoniously placed the rubber sheet on the floor and rolled her onto it. Then he fastened the ball gag tightly in her mouth before turning out the lights and going to bed.

Ansleigh lay there in the dark feeling the vibrator buzz quietly in her cunt. She knew it was going to be a long night. But she had no idea how long it would be as Oak had programmed the vibrator to vary it’s intensity, never going high enough to give her her much needed orgasm but never going so low that she could sleep. So she lay there all night, moaning into her gag, hoping for the release of a good cum. To compound her problems, her muscles stiffened as the night wore on. No matter how limber you are, this position was hell after a few hours. Finally, she fell into a trance that was not quite sleep but not awake until she heard a bird chirp outside the window. Opening her eyes, she realized that dawn had arrived. She hoped he would awake soon and let her free. Her bladder was so full! The pain from her full bladder almost overrode the need to orgasm. Her limbs were numb by now, so luckily that was no longer on her mind.

She lay there, contemplating her situation. She knew she had to be punished for not obeying him. But, at the same time, she knew that this was actually a pleasure for her. She had shaped her body just so it would be able to be formed into whatever position a Master might want. She enjoyed so much to have a Master who pushed her and molded her. She realized that she had to tell Oak this was not the punishment she deserved.

Just then, she heard him stir. Looking up she saw him approach her. He knelt down and scooped her up. She’d known he was strong, but the ease with which he lifted her was surprising. She was not fat, but there was a lot of muscle on her bones. He carried her into the bathroom where he started the bath before pulling the vibrator from her cunt and untying her. Her limbs were in agony as the blood started rushing into long vacant vessels. He ignored her looks and lifted her onto the toilet. “Piss.”

Nodding her understanding, she let loose a torrent of urine. She would not have been able to sit there if it was not for his hand holding her up against the back of the toilet. He used his other hand to take the ball gag off her, allowing her her first free breath in 8 hours.

When she was done, he once again scooped her up and placed her gently in the tub of warm water. Clearly, he was a Master who knew how to take care of his property. He left her there while he went into the kitchenette to make coffee for himself. Once it was done, he brought his cup back in with a glass of water for her. He held the glass to her mouth and watched as she greedily slurped it down.

Once the glass was empty and she found she could speak again she said “Master. May this one have permission to speak?”

He looked at her for minute, clearly wondering what she would say before saying “Yes.”

“I beg to tell you that what you did to me was not punishment.”

He looked at her with a perplexed expression on his face before it finally cleared and he nodded his understanding. “This girl clearly enjoyed that.” He thought to himself. This was going to be more interesting than he thought. He’d had experience with masochists who enjoyed that type of thing before. But she was more than a masochist, she clearly lived to pleasure others, enjoying the suffering that might come her way as she brought pleasure to others. Besides, she was not the broken thing the others had been. Instead, she had an inner strength. That strength could either get in the way of what he was considering for her or it could smooth the way. “It will be interesting to see what happens.” He thought to himself.

He considered the situation before arriving at a solution.

“Let me know when you are able to move. Do not attempt to get out of the tub by yourself. Do not rush yourself. I have some work to do. When we are both ready, we can get some breakfast. I do not want to enter the dining area with you looking like you’ve been tied up all night, so do what it takes to limber up.”

She’d been left tied up for hours before and knew what to do to get the stiffness out of her muscles. Being in the tub would speed the process along immensely. So she started doing some stretching exercises, feeling the muscles loosen as they warmed up. Soon she was ready to get out so she could do some more vigorous stretches. “Master, I am ready to get out now.”

She heard a grunt but didn’t see him for a few minutes. Then he came and helped her up, wrapping her in a towel before helping her walk into the living area. There he left her to her and she started her normal yoga routine. Soon she heard the shower come on while she was busy and he came out of the bathroom just as she finished.

“Good, kneel.”

She knelt and was soon presented with his hard cock which she immediately engulfed into her mouth. It didn’t take him long to shoot a torrent of cum into her greedy mouth. Clearly he was a viral man.

“Get dressed. Something casual.”

When they were both dressed, he led them to the central dining area where breakfast was laid out on a buffet. They both grabbed plates, she hesitated and wondered if she should serve him. He must have known what she was thinking because he merely shook his head as he glanced around the room. Then she realized he wanted to look normal in public.

They both filled their plates and sat down. Once again, the conversation was like any two normal people. They noticed the cleaners nearing his suite as they walked back to it.

“Get your workout clothes on when we get back to my suite.”

“Yes, Sir.”

 They dressed quickly and left the suite just before the cleaners arrived.

“Do you run? “

“No Sir.”

“You do now. I expect you to run for 30 minutes every day.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The little gym was empty when they arrived. Ansleigh immediately grabbed a towel and got on the treadmill. Oak, on the other hand started a using a series of weight equipment. He was still at it when she finished her run. Somewhat out of breath from the unfamiliar exercise, she decided to do some yoga knowing it would center her and help prepare her for what she expected would be a vigorous day.

Oak finished using the weight equipment and started watching her as she went through her routine. He was pleased with her flexibility as well as the obvious musculature. He only watched her for a minute before beginning to use a stationary bike for 30 minutes.

They finished at about the same time and then walked back to his suite.

“Join me in the shower. You will wash me. Remove your butt plug before you get in.”

She quickly stripped and went into the bathroom to start the shower. Then she unwrapped the hotel provided soap and removed her butt plug. Kneeling, she waited as he undressed and entered the shower.

“Rise and enter.”

Following his command, she entered the shower and grabbed the bar of soap and got a good lather going before starting to wash his back. She tried to make it a sensual experience for him but he just said “Be quick!” So she quickly soaped up his backside, all the time admiring the play of his muscles as he performed a series of light shoulder and arm stretches. Then he turned toward her, his cock standing tall. She quickly soaped his chest and then dropped to wash his feet and legs. Arriving at his groin, she hesitated.

“Master, should I pleasure you?”

“No”

So she rather mechanically soaped his cock and balls, all the time wishing she would be allowed to make him cum. Once she was done, he turned around to rinse off, then turned to her and said “Get under the water and your hair wet.”

Puzzled, she obeyed, throwing her head back under the water. She was shocked to see him pouring shampoo into his right hands and then making a circle motion with his left hand.

Realizing that he was planning on washing her hair she said in a shocked voice “Master! It is this one that should be washing you, not you washing me. Please, let this one be allowed to clean itself.”

“Quiet!”

She obeyed, quailing inside as he began to wash her hair in a sensual manner. The pleasure it gave her warred with her inner desire to please him. This inner torment caused tears were running down her cheeks by the time he was finished.

“Rinse.”

She turned around and started to rinse. But he had another shock for her as she felt his soapy hands begin to wash her shoulders as she rinsed. His hands then proceeded slowly down her front in what was more of a caress than a wash. She realized that he had found the perfect punishment for her. She was to receive pleasure from one she served without giving him pleasure.

She gasped when his hands finally reached her breasts where he lingered for long minutes, pulling gently on her nipples and massaging her firm breasts. Then his hands went lower until he reached her cunt. Two of his fingers found their way into her warm wet hole where they gently pumped in and out for a few minutes before being joined by a third. At that time, the gentle pumping morphed into a hard fucking that brought her to orgasm in less than a minute.

“Oh, Master, ooooh Gooood!”

But he didn’t stop there. His thumb found her clit and started circling it before started to flick it from side to side for a minute before circling it once again. He repeated this cycle for many long minutes before bringing her to another explosive orgasm.

His hand then shifted and he reached a long finger deep inside her to find her G spot which he proceeded caress. His other hand reached around her to grab her ass where he plunged two fingers into her rosebud. Those fingers then started plunging in and out. That feeling, combined with the effect of his finger on her G spot brought her to another incredible orgasm. The combined effect of the three orgasms in such quick succession drained her of all her energy. She would have collapsed if not for his fingers holding her up by her cunt and her ass.

He let her down on the shower floor where she started sobbing. “Please Master. Do not punish me like that again. No one has ever punished me like that.”

“See that you do not deserve being punished and I will not do it again. It is that simple. Now, turn off the water and dry yourself off.”

With that, he grabbed a towel and left the room. He was very horny but knew that to let her bring him pleasure would lessen the punishment he’d just given her. So he distracted himself by focusing on work for an hour. The whole time, she knelt at his side sobbing quietly.

“Get dressed. I want you to wear your butt plug, a dress that can be removed easily and sneakers.

She scurried to obey his orders, aware that he was also getting dressed. He donned jeans, hiking sandals, and a t shirt. They were quickly ready and he grabbed a small bag as he directed her out the door.

He led her to his car and once they were, he typed in “Back Bay Wildlife Refuge” into his GPS. She wondered why they were going there. It seemed an odd place to take her but it was not hers to question him, it was hers to obey.

He didn’t speak as they drove and so she just waited patiently for his next command. Finally they got there and he searched for a while for a place to park. The place he picked was empty, not too surprising since it was a Friday and a school day. Grabbing his bag, he got out of the car, slowing only to tell her “Follow me.”

She followed along as he found a small path that led away from the road and into the park. He stopped after about 50 feet and turned to her.

“Take off the dress.”

“But……” Her words died in her throat as she saw the implacable look in his eyes. She quickly stepped out of the dress, holding it awkwardly as she didn’t know what she was supposed to do with it.

He reached into his bag and pulled out a collar. This actually made her feel better. This she was familiar with. A collar meant that she had no responsibility for what happened now. Next he pulled out a leash which he clipped to a ring on the collar. He handed her the bag and said “Put your dress in there.” She quickly stuffed the dress in the bag.

“Carry the bag.”

With that command, he started walking pulling her along by the leash. He started up so fast that she stumbled slightly trying to get started. He didn’t seem to notice or care and just kept walking. It soon became clear to Ansleigh that he was taking her for a walk, just as he would a dog. She wondered why he had her carry the bag rather than hiding it somewhere where they could pick it up later. To her way of thinking, she would have seemed more like a pet if she wasn’t carrying something.

Her question was answered when he suddenly stopped in a patch of scrub pines. He grabbed the bag from her and reached inside. He pulled out a flogger and some nipple clamps.

“Hands behind your head.”

She quickly obeyed, knowing that he was going to have fun torturing her. This made her feel better, not better enough to wipe away the stain on her soul from his punishment of her earlier but it did help.

He quickly put the nipple clamps on. They were adjustable and he spent a minute tightening them until she grimaced in pain. He smirked when he saw that and then tightened them some more. Next he raised the flogger and proceeded to whip her front from her cunt to her shoulders.

The whole time, she just stood there, knowing that her pain was giving him pleasure. She could tell by the obviously growing bulge in his pants.

“Turn around.”

After she’d turned, he gave her back the same treatment as her front. This went on for a few minutes before he said “Put your hands on your knees.”

Once she was in position, he unzipped his pants and grabbed a bottle of lube out of the bag. He squirted some on his cock and then rammed it into her ass. He continued to flog her as he used her ass. The sharp stinging sensation from the flogging combined with the feel of his cock as it pounded her ass brought her close to an orgasm. He must have sensed that because he suddenly yelled “Sluts may not cum without permission!”

His order quickly brought her training into play and she quelled her impending orgasm. His use of her continued for a little while longer until she felt him cum deep in her ass. She could tell that it was a powerful orgasm from the force with which his cum shot into her colon. This didn’t surprise her since he’d not cum earlier.

She quickly turned around and sank to her knees when he pulled out of her ass. But she heard him bark an order as her mouth opened to clean him.

“No! Never ass to mouth unless you’ve just had an enema. I do not like my property getting sick. Now, tuck me back in and let’s get moving.”

As they walked along the path Ansleigh mulled over what he’d said. She was troubled that he referred to her as his property. Not that she would mind belonging to him but it seemed he was taking a lot for granted considering they’d just met. Besides, he lived up in the DC area and that was just too long a commute for anything to really take root.

He continued to walk her for another hour before they finally made their way back to his car. He stopped just before they got back and allowed her to dress but didn’t take off the leash until they were in the car.

He started the car and as they drove back he said “Spread your legs and play with yourself. Do not cum!”

She was still wet from her earlier butt fucking and so it wasn’t long before a wet squishy sound was coming from her cunt. She’d been trained in orgasm denial before but that didn’t make it any easier to take this time. An orgasm kept threatening to erupt so she would slow down the plunging of her fingers in and out of her hungry cunt. One time he noticed this and barked “Do not slow down.”

She was almost crying with the need to cum when they pulled into a fast food place. “Please Master, please let me cum!” she sobbed.

He ignored her and pulled into the parking lot.

“Come with me.”

She was somewhat reluctant to go in to the place wearing a collar but an order was an order. She just hoped that no one she knew saw her. She’d hate to lose her job.

He was placing an order when she caught up to him. “Two chicken salads and two bottles of water.”

She picked up the tray of food and followed him to table out the line of sight of the guy at the register.

“Eat with one hand and play with your cunt with the other.”

Shocked, she quickly looked around. There were a couple of guys a few tables away but they couldn’t see her very well. She took a bite with one hand and pulled her dress up with the other before getting busy again.

The situation both alarmed her and turned her on. It wasn’t long before she was forgetting to eat unless he nudged her hand. The situation was so strange, doing a normal, everyday thing with one hand and playing with her cunt in public with the other. It was almost like trying to rub her stomach with one hand while using the other to pat her head, only much weirder. She would try to enjoy the salad only to be pulled back by the siren like feeling of her cunt as it sang out its need.

 Finally, they were finished.

“Pull your hand out of your cunt and lick it clean.”

Once again, her head swiveled around to see if someone was nearby. She was shocked to find that a young couple was sitting at the table behind her. “How had that happened? God, did they hear anything?” She thought. She knew her cunt was making squishing noises as she played with it.

Facing away from the couple, she brought her hand up to her face and carefully licked all her juices. He was standing by the time she was finished. She quickly put all the trash on the tray and carried it to the trash can, all the time aware that rivulets of her cum were trickling down her legs.

It wasn’t until they got into his car that she became aware that there was a big wet spot on the back of her dress. She was mortified by this discovery.

“Keep playing.”

She shoved her fingers back into her cunt and was quickly riding that edge of arousal that comes just before an orgasm. She rode that edge all the way back to his hotel where he quickly exited the car with a terse “Follow”.

She pulled her hands out of her cunt and gathered her wits enough to follow him. He turned to her when they were back in his suite and said “Strip. Sit on the coach with your legs spread, then continue.

She pulled off her dress and sat on the couch with her legs spread wide. She began to play with herself as she watched him sit in a chair across from her and pick up his iPad. This state of affairs continued for almost two hours before her intense need once again rose. "Please," she whispered, "Please fuck me. Please ... This one will do whatever you say. Humiliate me, hurt me, make me your sex slave, anything. This one wants to cum so much."

Wetting her right index finger, she stroked along her soft pink slit, alternating her stroking by inserting first one, then two fingers into her dripping cunt, and she started to shake with need. Her body shook with tension, writhing and squirming as her sexual excitement increased. She started moaning “please, please, pleeease.”

Gathering her wits she managed to get a coherent sentence out. "Please Sir, please let this one cum, this one can hardly stand this anymore."

"No, the decision is mine, not yours. You do what I want when I want, and now I want to see you consumed by your need."

She became obsessed about getting herself off. Her moans turned to a scream.

“Do not cum until I allow you to or I will punish you like I did this morning."

The memory of that punishment quelled the rising tide within her, but just for a few minutes.

Then she gasped and sobbed as her body shuddered. Her mouth opened to give an almost a primal howl. She was helpless to prevent a monumental orgasm from overcoming her when she heard him say “Stop!”

She almost screamed in frustration as she removed her fingers from her needy cunt. But obey, she did, for she was a well trained cunt. “Take a shower. Remember, do not cum but be thorough!”

The shower was almost painful as the water beat down upon her sensitive breasts and then flowed down over her cunt. She was almost over taken by desire when she started soaping herself up. Lathering her breasts was a trial but that was nothing compared to the ordeal she faced when she washed her cunt. She ended up turning the water on as cold as it could get just so she could control the stimulation some.

Finally, the ordeal was over and she emerged from the shower. At least she thought it was over. Her body was still so sensitive that the feel of the towel as she dried herself off brought her back to full arousal.

Knowing her skin was going to be very sensitive, Oak decided that now was a good time to torture her some. Smiling to himself, he gathered some new instruments of pain from his bag and laid them out while she was drying herself off.

She emerged from the shower while toweling her hair dry only to be confronted by the sight of his toys spread out on the bed. She shuddered because she knew how painful they would be in her aroused but frustrated condition.

“Put the towel away and stand in front of me.”

She scurried to obey, almost shivering in anticipation of the pain she was about to receive. She spread her feet shoulder width apart and put her hands behind her head. Yes, she was a well trained cunt.

He picked up a pair of nipple clamps off the bed. These were different from the ones he’d used on her earlier. They each had a ring on them. He pulled her left nipple out as far as it would go without pulling her over and then snapped a clamp on it. She hissed as the sharp pain raced through her body, but remained still. He repeated the process with the other nipple. Then started adding weights to the clamps. Each weight had a small hook on it so it could be attached to the rings in the clamps. He kept adding weights until her nipples were stretched flat. The clamps bit painfully into the base of her nipples, the teeth digging into her sensitive skin.

Her arousal, which had been momentarily quelled by the initial bite of the clamps, came roaring back as she saw the look of pleasure on his face. She glanced down at his groin and saw the tell tale bulge that indicate his arousal. She reveled in the knowledge that her suffering gave him pleasure. She longed for more.

And he gave it to her. “Turn around and bend over. Place your hands on the back of the chair.”

She noticed him pick up a crop off the bed as she obeyed. Knowing that tense muscles would only make the beating worse, she calmed her mind and relaxed her muscles, focusing on the ones in her ass. She knew her ass would be the primary target for his blows.

She was right. She felt him caress her ass with the crop before he pulled back and, with an audible ‘swish,’ he struck her across her right cheek. She swallowed a yelp before it became audible. She knew that blow had left a mark. She also knew it was only the first.

She was right. He proceeded to strike her five more times before pausing to rub her cheeks, savoring the feel of the rising welts. He continued in a like fashion for the next 15 minutes, varying the object of his attention from the back of her thighs up to the sensitive crease between buttock and thigh, then up to the top of her ass. He stopped every few minutes to admire his work and feel the rising welts.

The whole time he was beating her, the weights on her nipples swung painfully around. Her nipples, already cruelly stretched, were little centers of pain as the blows to her ass caused her to jerk. She tried to remain still but that proved impossible as her body reacted in an unconscious effort to avoid the pain caused by the beating.

He finally stopped and she heard the sound of his zipper. She knew he was going to fuck her but not which hole he would use. That uncertainty was cleared up when she felt him shove his cock into her cunt in one swift motion. She was so aroused from all the stimulation that she could hear the wet squish as he penetrated her. She was in ecstasy now that he was driving his cock in and out of her. His hips kept hitting her ass, causing sharp jolts of pain which only drove her arousal higher.

She heard a low moaning but it took a minute before she realized it was emanating from her mouth. She was so close to cumming! Just a second more and the most incredible orgasm would wash over her!

“Do not cum!”

“Oh God. Master. You have to let me cum! Pleease! I need to cum!”

“No!”

She clamped down on her emotions and used all her will to stop her body from achieving the bliss she so dearly craved. The she felt him release his cum inside her cunt. She remained there, bent over, merely a receptacle for his cum until she felt his now limp cock slip out of her cunt.

Her energy left her body as his cock slipped out and she fell, sobbing, to the floor. She lay there for a minute before she realized she had a job to do. So she gathered energy from some hidden resource and rose to her knees to clean his cock of their slimy secretions.

She slurped his whole cock into her mouth, sucking it clean then proceeded to lick the rest of his groin until it was all clean again.

He was hard again by the time she was finished and she wondered if he would fuck her again. Instead he said “I’m going to take a nap. Come.”

She wondered what he had in mind for her but knew she had no choice in the matter so calmed her curiosity as she followed him. He stripped and then lay down on his side. He indicated that she should lay down beside him, with her butt to his groin.

He parted her cheeks as she started snuggling up to him and plunged his cock into her ass. Then he reached a hand around to cup her breast before promptly falling asleep.

At first she tried to fuck herself on his cock but then the exhaustion brought on by hours of constant arousal and little sleep overtook her and she too fell asleep. She awoke later to the feeling of him cumming in her ass. She wished she’d been awake to experience the pleasure of being sodomized but knew that, if he’d wanted her to be awake, he’d have woken her. His treatment of her just emphasized to her that she was just a life support system for three holes for him to cum in. She relished that feeling and knew that she would go willingly if he wanted to keep her.

He rose and went into the bathroom without acknowledging her in the slightest. It wasn’t long before she heard him turn on the shower. She lay there for a minute realizing that the nap had refreshed her but, to her dismay; she realized that it had not quelled the raging arousal that seethed within her. She rose and followed him into the bathroom. But since he didn’t invite her into the shower she had to content herself with a wet washcloth to clean up her cunt and ass. She used cold water to lessen the stimulation she knew would come from rubbing her sensitive skin.

It helped but only slightly. She was panting by the time she was done, sobbing quietly once again as she wished for release. But her wish was not to be granted as he emerged from the shower and grabbed a towel. “Get dressed and put your plug back in. I’m hungry.”

She quickly pulled a dress on. It was made of a clingy material that hugged her body, showing every delectable curve. She stood in front of the mirror for a minute staring at herself. It was clear from her protruding nipples that she not only wasn’t wearing a bra, but that she was also incredibly turned on.

They ate in the same restaurant as the night before. Like last night, he treated her as an equal and kept up a lively conversation up that lasted for almost 3 hours before they finally left. But during the entire evening, she was intensely aware of how horny she was. She would often squirm both from the pain of the welts on her ass and from her arousal. In fact, it was a vicious cycle. The pain would arouse her more and so she would squirm in need. The squirming put more pressure on the welts which, in turn, increased her arousal.

She knew he was aware of her arousal. In fact, he was deliberately keeping her there sitting on the hard chairs. He knew that the welts would hurt on those chairs and that pain aroused her. He wanted her to stay in a constant state of arousal.

They finally got up to leave and he looked at her chair. She had been so aroused that enough liquid had seeped through her dress to leave a puddle. Knowing that the back of her dress had a large wet spot, he grasped her shoulders and guided her out of the restaurant in front of him. He was so close to her that no one noticed the wet spot. Of course, anyone looking closely at her face would have noticed the lust in her eyes.

She had enough presence of mind to remember to strip as soon as they were alone. But instead of getting right into the car, he stopped to take a towel out of the trunk. “Sit on this. I don’t want my car to smell like pussy for the next couple of weeks.”

She was embarrassed by his bald statement about her arousal but she draped the towel over the seat before sitting.

“Play with yourself.”

“Oh, Master. Please no, please. Can’t you see how horny I am already?”

He just looked at her and she reluctantly reached down to finger herself. The whole way to his hotel, the only sounds in the car were the squelching of her wet cunt, her moans, and the occasional sob.

The only thing he said when they arrived at his hotel was “Leave the towel, you’ll need it tomorrow.”

He quickly undressed when they got back into his suite and led her into the bedroom.

“Pull out the butt plug then stick my cock up your ass.”

With that, he lay down on the bed. She followed him and seeing that he wanted her to face him, started sliding his cock into her ass. Once it was fully inserted, she started posting on it. After a couple of minutes he said “I’m going to beat your tits so lace your fingers behind your head. Do not move them and do not stop fucking your ass on my cock.”

She obeyed and watched as his hand flew back before slapping her left breast. He then started using both hands and got into a rhythm, slapping each one in turn. First on the inside of her tit and then on the outside. She knew that they would be black and blue tomorrow. She figured he knew it too.

In fact, he did. He planned on having her wear a slightly translucent blouse he’d noticed in her suitcase tomorrow. He knew from experience that, to the casual observer, the bruises would make it look like she was wearing a bra. But anyone who really looked would be able to tell they were bruises. He wasn’t planning on taking her anywhere tomorrow where someone would care. Besides, the humiliation she would feel would be very amusing.

He continued to beat her tits for 15 minutes until he finally felt the cum rising in his cock and let loose a torrent in her ass. Satisfied, he pushed her off and told her to clean his cock.

She rushed as quickly as she could on legs weak with her need and was soon bathing his cock with a warm washcloth. She longed to swallow his cock but resisted since he had not told her too. But she so wanted the feel of his long, hard cock in her mouth. To run her tongue up the long vein and around the helmet, coating it in her saliva before plunging it down her throat.

She got up and returned the washcloth to the bathroom and when she came back, he was standing near the bed holding two dildos. Seeing them, she knew that she was in for another night of arousal and denial.

She came up and stood before him, legs spread so he could insert them into her. She shuddered as she felt him push them in simultaneously.

“I know you are limber. Get on your knees and bend over backward so you can touch your feet. “

She did so and when she was in position, he cuffed her wrists to her ankles. Then he reached into her cunt and ass to turn on the vibrators. They were set on low so she would be constantly aroused but never able to cum. Next, he tied her knees together and then her elbows. This left her looking rather like a wheel. So much so, that he amused himself by rolling her into the living room and then around the room a couple of times before finally laying her on her side.

“Good night.” He said with a slight smirk. Then he went into the bedroom, closing the door so he wouldn’t be kept awake by the sounds of moans.

The next day was similar to the last. Once again, he carried her into the bath where she soaked the warmth into her stiff muscles. He didn’t take her for a walk in the park this time though. Instead he put her leash on and took her to a couple of sex shops where he looked at various toys, discussing their possible use on her with the sales clerks. The sales clerks, of course, ignored her since she was on a leash, since they knew she was a slave. A couple of them noticed her bruised tits and commented on them to him. She blushed at their comments but stood there with her tits pushed out. She was a slave and she was proud of it.

He still had not let her cum despite the fact that he’d kept her aroused since that first morning with no respite. By now, she was in a haze of need. So much so that he ordered food in for dinner since she would have been embarrassing in a restaurant. Leaving a puddle on her chair at that restaurant the evening before was enough of a warning for him.

That night she was bound in a fetal position. Sunday morning finally rolled around and her need had turned her into a basket case. He helped her out of the tub and left to retrieve some breakfast for the two of them while she worked the kinks of her muscles. They ate when he returned. He did so with gusto but she did so only because he made her. Even then she didn’t even taste what she ate. All she could think about was her need for release. She needed to cum so badly!

“You’re no use to me now and I have to get on the road soon. Follow.”

With that, he got up and walked into the bedroom. “Get on the bed on all fours.”

She did as ordered, automatically spreading her legs. He quickly stripped while she was doing that and grabbed a gag from his bag. He put the gag on her and then mounted her, plunging his cock into her cunt in one swift movement.

“You may cum as much as you’d like until I’m finished.”

As soon as his words penetrated her need fogged brain, an incredible orgasm swept through her and over her. She knew now why he’d gagged her. If he hadn’t, her screams would have been heard outside the suite. That first orgasm was followed by many more as he continued to pummel her cunt. Finally, after 15 minutes, he came inside her and she slumped into the bed with only her ass sticking up. It remained up only because it would have taken some muscle tone to make it move.

He removed the gag and got dressed in his workout clothes. He knew she’d be out for a while, so he left her sleeping. In fact, she was still asleep when he returned a little over an hour later. So he took a shower and packed his bags before waking her.

“Wake up. You have to shower and get ready to leave.”

She groggily pulled herself up and stumbled into the shower. There she slumped against the wall while water sluiced down over her body. After a while she felt refreshed enough to wash. She got out of the shower and dried herself off. The feel of the towel on part of her body reminded her of some of the things he’d done to her. She looked at herself in the mirror, seeing really for the first time how badly her breasts were bruised. She’d seen them yesterday but her mind had been so overcome with lust that all she’d done then was squeeze them some to make them hurt so as to feed her lust. She thought to herself “A bra is going to be a problem this week. Oh well, not the first time I’ve gone to work in discomfort from something I’d done over the weekend.” Then she looked at her ass. The welts there were obvious but the swelling was receding.

“God!” She thought to herself “This has been an incredible weekend! I will treasure the memory of it for a long time.”

With that thought she scurried out to the living area where he was standing. She knelt in front of him and said “Thank you Master. This one hopes you enjoyed using it. It enjoyed being used by you and hopes you will use it again in the future.”

“As a matter of fact, I was just thinking about that. I have an opening in my office for an executive assistant. It will pay much better than what you currently make. In addition, you will stay in a condo I own near my office. I often use it when I have to work in the evening. Then you will stay at my house on the weekends. “

“But how do you know this one can do the work?”

“Heh. You didn’t realize that I was interviewing you during our dinners, did you? Not only that, I had a private investigator check you out. You’ve received very good ratings from your previous jobs as well as in your current job. You’re smart and well educated. You’ve also proven that you are capable of great self control and are motivated to please.”

“Now, I don’t want an answer today. I want you to think about it. I will contact you in two weeks with a formal offer. I don’t want you to think I want you as my girlfriend or mistress. For now, you will be a sex toy that I use. You can expect to be trained into something else over time. “

“May this one ask what it would be trained into?”

“No.”

Chapter 2

Asheigh spent the next two weeks alternating between desire to be used again by him and uncertainty about making such a big move. While she didn’t love her job, she was good at it and it paid the bills. She had a circle of friends here and she knew that they would soon lose touch if she moved. Part of that was due to the distance to DC and part of it was that she knew his demands would consume her life, leaving her little time to be with anyone else.

She was also uncomfortably aware of the power he’d have over her since she would work for him as well as be his sex toy. She’d had other Masters but never one who had control over her professional and personal sides. There was also the fact that jobs were still not plentiful and if she lost that job she would not only be unemployed, she’d be homeless since she figured he’d kick her out of his condo if she was not useful.

On the other hand, the opportunity was incredible. To be the executive assistant to such a powerful man, even if for just a year, would open doors to her in the business world that she’d never even see down here in Virginia Beach.

Then there was the sex. That man knew what turned her on! It was an incredible weekend! Keeping her on the edge of an orgasm for almost three days was like heaven and hell all rolled together. Then the incredible orgasms she’d had when he finally let her cum. She felt faint just from the memory.

These thoughts roiled her mind for the two weeks before she received an email from him in her personal email account on a Saturday morning. She wondered how he’d gotten that. She knew she hadn’t given it to him. That private investigator he’d had check her out must have found it. She shivered at the realization that he knew so much about her and she knew little about him.

She nervously opened the email and read:

“Ansleigh, Here are the details of my offer. I will pay you $10,000 more than you are making in your current job, you will live rent free in my condo, and you will receive a $5000 clothing allowance in your first year plus a transportation allowance. In addition, I will provide you with extensive professional training so that you can best serve me or whomever you eventually work for. In return, you will obey me in all things, accept whatever training I decide you need, and serve me in all ways on a 24/7 basis. You will not be allowed to have sexual relations with any other person unless I so decide. In addition, your contact with the outside world will be under my control. The terms of this contract will be good for one year, at which time either of us can renegotiate the contract. I promise you, though, that if you serve me well, I can guarantee you will want for nothing for the rest of your life. If you agree, respond to this email with the following words ‘I give myself to Master Oak to do with as he pleases for the next year.’ Oak”

The magnitude of the offer caused her to blurt out “OMG! $5000 just for clothes! Rent free! I can put almost all my money into savings every month. So even if it doesn’t work out I’ll have lots of savings to fall back on. Besides, he promised professional training. If everything worked out, I’ll be able to take my pick of good jobs.”

Then she considered her part of the deal. Basically, she was agreeing to be his slave for the next year. That wasn’t so bad. She been in the M/s world for a while now and had served as a slave a time or two. She’d enjoyed the control her Masters had had over her. This would just be for a longer period of time. Limiting her to just sex with him wasn’t so bad. It had been incredible. Besides, it sounded like he might loan her out so she’d get some variety.

So, not without some trepidation, she emailed him back. ‘I give myself to Master Oak to do with as he pleases for the next year.’ Then she hit “Send.”

She got an email back almost immediately. “Good girl. Your first orders. Put in your two week notice Monday. Second, until I tell you, you will not cut or trim your hair. I will pay for a professional stylist once a week to help you care for it. You will bring only the clothes on your back and a few personal mementoes. All your other needs will be taken care of once you arrive. You will have one week from the day you arrive to acclimate yourself and purchase suitable clothing. I will guide you in that process. A car and driver will be at your door at 10 in the morning two weeks from today. In addition, I will have someone take care of your remaining possessions, your lease, and any other details that need to be taken care of to free you of your old life.”

Ansleigh read that last line three times, each time shivering in excitement and dread. He really expected her to leave behind everything and become his. She’d dreamed of this but dreaming and reality were very different. But she was committed now. She may be a submissive, but she was a submissive that kept her word.

The next two weeks flew by; she had lots of gatherings with her friends which were pretty much all different versions of “Good bye and good luck.” Then her last Friday as a free woman arrived and she was so nervous that she couldn’t sleep very well. So it was with bleary, bloodshot eyes that she opened her door to the person who was going to take her to him. She was a little surprised that it was woman. She looked to be in her 50s but she had the body of much younger woman. The woman didn’t say much other than “Is that your bag, Miss?”

She swooped in and grabbed them when Ashleigh nodded her agreement.

“If you’ll follow me.”

Ashleigh turned and closed the door, feeling as if she was closing the door on her old self. In fact, she was but she had no idea how much things would change for her or that she would be changed so much.

The driver had put her bags in the car and was holding the rear door open by the time Ashleigh got to it. “Miss, I will take the keys from you. You won’t need them again.”

Ashleigh handed over the keys and entered the car. It was so luxurious inside! She looked around and realized it was a Mercedes.

“This is such a nice car and so quiet too.”

“Yes, Miss. It’s an S class hybrid. That is why it’s so quiet right now, only the electric engine is working. You might notice the gas engine start up once we get moving but only if you really listen for it. “

“A hybrid?”

“Master Oak likes his luxury but he also knows that gas is expensive. The Master would rather spend money on luxuries than on gas.”

Ashleigh puzzled over the woman’s calling him Master so she asked “You called him Master, why is that?”

“I belong to him. I am one of his house slaves.”

“Does he have more than one?”

“Yes, there a few of us.”

“Are they all women?”

“Yes.” She went on to explain that they were all former sex slaves that, due to their age, had been sold on. Oak didn’t see why they should go to waste and they’d been slaves so long that there was no way they could live on their own. It was an equitable arrangement. They lived a live somewhat nicer life than they’d had before but with all the controls they were used to. He got obedient help that he didn’t have to pay. Of course, he saw to their care when they got too old to work, much as he would have done with a loyal dog. She went on to explain that they all got an added bonus. He used their bodies for his sexual pleasure when he was between playmates.

After the look she’d gotten of the woman’s body, Ansleigh could believe that they could still be vibrant sex partners.

“You’ll find the Master is a very skilled lover.”

“Oh, I already know that.”

Gradually they lapsed into silence and Ansleigh, despite her nervousness, gradually fell asleep. She awoke to the sound of a metal gate squealing softly as it opened.

She heard the driver say “Got to remember to tell audrey to get that fixed. Master will be very annoyed if it continues to make a sound.”

Ansleigh looked out the windshield and gasped. The house, if you could call it a house, was magnificent. It was huge. It sat on a hill and commanded the manicured grounds around it.

The driver chuckled when she heard the gasp “I told you, he likes his luxuries. Besides this way he can have large parties. He keeps his slaves very busy. He doesn’t like using caterers.”

It was over a mile to the house. She could see a barn over to one side. This looked like horse farm in a way, with wooden fences all around.

“Does he keep horses?”

“Yes, he enjoys riding as well as sulky racing. He has a track through the woods. I am sure you’ll become very familiar with it.”

Ansleigh puzzled over that, and then decided that he must want her to continue to jog every day. She spotted a magnificent horse with a lovely arched neck at the side of the road just on the other side of the fence.

“That’s Prince. He’s always hoping for a snack. No time now. Master is expecting you. Prince is an Arabian. They are beautiful horses.”

Another woman was waiting for them when they pulled up in front of the house. The driver got out of the car and pulled her bag from the trunk. Ansleigh eyed and sighed, it was not much to bring into a new life. But she guessed she was lucky to be allowed to bring anything with her.

The driver handed the bag to the other woman and said ““Master has given this one the name ‘samantha.’” Pointing to the other woman she said “This one is called ’sara.’”

With that, she got back into the car and drove it away, presumably to park it somewhere.

Sara led Ansleigh into the house. “Master is busy right now. This one is to take you to your room. It is beside His.”

Ansleigh felt like a tourist, the way she was gawking at the insides of this incredible house. She recognized some of the art, at least the style and artist, if not the actual paintings. She wondered if they were originals.

She was led into a smallish room with only a bed and a dresser in it but then she saw a door leading to small bathroom.

“Master wanted this one to tell you that you will only be here this weekend, so don’t unpack. This one will come get you when he is ready to use you. In the meantime, strip.” Having said that, she left.

It wasn’t until she saw her leave that Ansleigh realized that there was no door to the room. Ansleigh was not surprised by this. Slaves have no right to privacy. No matter what else she would be while working for Oak, she would still be only a slave in his mind.

She quickly stripped and put her clothes away, knowing she wouldn’t need them again until she left the house. Not knowing when he would want to use her; she decided to practice her yoga. One thing she knew, Oak would be testing the flexibility of the body of his new slave.

She had time for a full set of her normal poses and a quick shower before Sara arrived at her door. Sara saw that she had Ansleigh’s attention and so turned to walk away. She seemed to know that Ansleigh would follow. Ansleigh figured that Oak had told his slaves that she was already a trained slave.

Oak was eating when she was led to him. He pointed at the floor beside him and she knelt at his feet. He must have known she was hungry because he occasionally fed her bits of his food, much as he would any pet. The food only served to remind her how hungry she was. She hadn’t eaten since yesterday due to her nervousness. But now that she was here and committed, her appetite had roared back.

He must have known that too because he chuckled at her eagerness. He reached out and patted her head saying “Good girl. Someone will feed you soon. But now, I want to ask you a final time. Are you ready to serve me in the manner we’ve discussed? Be clear in your answer. This will be the final time I will ask it.”

“I give myself to Master Oak to do with as he pleases for the next year.”

“I accept you as my property and assume responsibility for your care. I expect total obedience. Anything less will result in punishment.”

Knowing he didn’t expect a response, she assumed the waiting position, legs apart, feet equal distance apart as her knees and pointed straight back in line.  She placed her hands in the small of her back and cast her eyes down.

He finished his meal and got up. She didn’t move since he hadn’t given her an order.

“Feed this one and then bring her to my office.”

A slave she didn’t know touched her shoulder and led her away to the kitchen. There she put a shallow bowl of food on the floor along with a bowl of water, then pointed to them.

Ansleigh realized that she was expected to eat there and got down on all fours. She also realized she was not expected to use her hands, so dropped her head down until she could grab a mouthful. It was not very flavorful but that didn’t stop her from gulping it down. Soon she found herself licking the bowl to get any last crumbs.

Once done, she resumed her kneeling position. The other slave brought over a wet rag and wiped her face, then led her to Oak. He was sitting at desk typing an email. When he was done, he pointed to the floor in front of the desk. She dropped to the floor expecting to kneel there until he was ready for her. Instead, he said “Suck.”

She saw that the desk had a pass through so she crawled forward until she could reach his zipper. She pulled it down and got his cock out. There wasn’t enough room under the desk for her to suck it while it pointed up, so she canted her head to the side and slid her mouth over him, sucking his manliness into her. She buried it in her throat, holding it there until she needed air. Then she backed off, got some air, and started to repeat the process but stopped when she felt his hand on her forehead. “Just suck. I do not want to cum for a while.”

She started sucking gently, using her tongue to give him added pleasure but not so much that he would cum. She continued this for so long that her mouth and tongue became very tired. That did not slow her down, just added to the discomfort from having her head tilted for so long in the same position. She was content knowing that she was serving a purpose as a warm, wet receptacle for his cock.

Finally, he said “Make me cum.”

Hearing that, she started bobbing her head vigorously and was soon rewarded with a mouthful of cum. She immediately withdrew from under the table and held her mouth open so he could see his cum in her mouth. Once she saw him nod, she swallowed it all, and then opened her mouth to show that it was empty. Once she saw him nod again, she crawled back under the table to clean him off, only stopping her licking when she heard him say “Enough.”

She crawled back out from under the desk after zipping him up and resumed her kneeling pose. He just ignored her actions and kept on working. She let her mind go blank, something she’d learned from many long sessions when she was treated as a piece of furniture.

Finally, he arose and walked around to her. She saw that he carried a collar in his hand and figured that the time had come for her to wear his collar.

“You’ve already submitted to me, so we won’t go through it again. Just know that you are my property for the next year. I plan on using this body for my pleasure and that pleasure will sometimes cause this body pain, but you will be alive when the year is over. Oh, and I plan on modifying it.”

His words caused a shiver to run through her and she asked “May this one know what modifications you plan?”

“No, that would ruin the surprise. Don’t worry; you will be in excellent health.”

“This one thanks you Master.”

He didn’t respond, instead he just put the collar around her neck and fastened it with a lock. Then he pulled a leash out of his pocket, fastened it to a ring in the front of the collar and started walking rapidly away.

She jumped to her feet, stumbling slightly as she tried to keep up with him. They quickly exited the house and he led her to what looked like a barn. There he walked up to a woman dressed in jeans and t shirt.

“This is the new slave. I want her to start running the track. Saddle up and lead her around. Don’t let her slack. She’s in good shape, just not used to running though. Bring her back to the house when she’s done.”

The woman just nodded and took the leash as he handed it to her.

“So you’re the new one? What do we call you?”

“This one is called ‘ansleigh.’ What are you called?”

“audrey”

Audrey led her over to the barn and put the end of the leash on a hook in the wall. Then she went deeper into the barn. Ansleigh heard a horse in there and assumed the woman was saddling it.

She was correct for soon the woman came out leading a saddled horse. She carried a pair of running shoes and a long lead which she hooked onto ansleigh’s collar after unhooking the leash. Handing her the shoes, she said “Put these on. The ground can be rough and Master doesn’t want your feet cut up.”

Ansleigh sat on the ground and put them on. She was surprised they fit so well. As she was doing that, the other woman had mounted up. Once she saw that ansleigh was shod, she began leading her toward the woods behind the house.

The horse began a slow trot and that forced ansleigh to begin jogging. It was a fairly fast jog and she was quickly breathing hard. She’d been running ever since she’d met her new owner but never this fast nor up and down as much. Then, just when she thought she could run no further, the horse slowed. They walked for 5 minutes before going faster again. This went on for the whole 5 miles the path wound through the woods.

She was exhausted by the time they got back to the barn. “Don’t worry, you’ll be running all of it and more in no time. Our owner will see to that. He has plans for you.”

“He told me he planned on modifying this body.”

Audrey snorted “Oh, that’s not all he’ll modify.”

Ansleigh assumed this meant the training she’d get into how to be a better cunt for his use. She was partially right.

She was led over to a cement pad with a drain in the center. There she was unceremoniously hosed down. The water was cold but it felt good after all the exercise. Following that, she was led to the house and taken to the room in which she stayed earlier.

“This one suggests you get some sleep.”

Realizing this was good advice; she curled up on the bed and immediately dropped into a sound sleep.

She was awoken by the house slave called sara who gently shook her shoulder. The slave stood there while ansleigh went into the bathroom to freshen up.

The house slave hooked the leash back onto her collar before leading her downstairs to the Master. He was eating so ansleigh knelt beside him and eagerly accepted the occasional bit of food he fed her.

He had the kitchen slave take her and feed her. The food was much like her earlier meal, full of protein and chopped raw vegetables with little starches. She guessed that this was to get her ready for all the running that seemed to be in her future.

After she’d eaten she had her face cleaned again. Then she was led into a large room full of implements of torture. Seeing the whips hanging on the wall caused a shiver of excitement to course down her spine.

Her owner saw her and smiled. “Ah, just what I need before bed. A warm hole to fuck.”

He took her leash and led her over into a corner. There he had her lift her left leg until it was parallel to her body. Then he tied her leg to her collar. This left her lewdly displayed, her cunt gaped slightly as she tried to moved slightly to gain a firm stance on her foot.

She heard him unzip and plunge his cock into the cunt that her Master owned. She was very adept at maintaining various poses for long periods of time but the battering the cunt took as he pounded it almost caused her to topple. Luckily, she managed to stay upright until he shot his load into the cunt.

He quickly slipped out of her and snapped his fingers. The kitchen slave dropped to her knees and engulfed his cock, slurping all the combined juices until it was clean, and then quickly tucked it away.

Oak walked over to a nearby bench and grabbed a large vibrator that had straps attached to it. He plunged into the gaping cunt and strapped it on her body. She felt so full and realized that it would be difficult but not impossible to maintain her pose with this monster in his cunt. She had no idea of the difficulties she’d face that night until he reached over and flipped a switch on the vibrator.

She moaned quietly as she realized there was no way she could maintain her pose now. In fact, she lasted almost 3 hours before constant pulsing caused her to cum violently and fall over. She lay there quivering the rest of the night not quite awake nor quite asleep.

She became aware that sara was standing over her the next morning looking at her with a look of distaste. She assumed it was because she’d let their owner down. A few minutes later her owner arrived.

“My, my. Did you cum?”

She whispered, her mouth dry from her night of climaxes “yes, Master.”

“Well, then the punishment for that will be added to your punishment for falling over.”

He walked over to an assortment of whips hanging on the wall. Grabbing a flogger, he proceeded to whip his cunt until she could feel nothing but the pain and then even that went away as the area became numb from the beating. This was a beating that would cause her pain for days.

She was barely aware when he stopped and said “Release her and give her a hot bath. Massage her enough that she can do her own stretches. I will want her ready to leave at 3. Make sure she’s been fed. I will be spending the rest of the week in town and will be back Friday night. Clean this too.”

With that he tossed the flogger to the slave and left the room.

The slave took the flogger to a nearby bench and wiped it clean of ansleigh’s juices, sniggering and softly saying “Master has himself a real pain slut. Look at how wet this is.”

She unbound ansleigh after putting the flogger away, and then supported her as they made their way into the bathroom where the bath was already filled with hot water. She helped her into the bath. Ansleigh became aware of how much the cunt hurt when the water first touched it. The heat felt magnified by the swollen cunt lips.

Despite the pain, she began to feel better as her cramped muscles were massaged. Before long she was ready to begin her stretching exercises. But was pushed down when she tried to rise.

“Must get that hair washed. Master has given special instructions to keep the hair as healthy as possible.”

Ansleigh puzzled over this. The other slaves had different hair styles that seemed to depend on their jobs. Audrey had the shortest hair, with the hair cut just below her ears. But none of the rest had anything longer than shoulder length hair and none of it seemed particularly beautiful. Nicely cared for, just nothing special.

But she lay there and enjoyed having the other slave wash her hair. It was a new experience. Oh, she’d had her hair washed at a beauty salon, but that was when she was free woman. Having it washed while she was a slave was strange.

She began her stretching after she was dry, spending the next hour going through her normal routine. She was then led into the kitchen and fed. She wondered if she was to spend the next year eating from a bowl on the floor. It might be awkward to be fed that way at the office but that was her owner’s responsibility, not hers.

It wasn’t long before it was time to leave. She was given a dress and pulled it over her head. It fit loosely, thereby giving her owner easy access to anything he might want to fondle.

The car was waiting out front and she joined her owner in the back seat. Her owner pulled the dress up and began to lightly fondle his cunt. It still hurt from the beating this morning and the mix of pleasure and pain soon had her writhing in ecstasy. “Master, may this one cum? Please!”

All he said was “No” while he continued his stroking. She struggled to regain some control and only barely kept from cumming.

Soon he got bored with his little game and pulled out his iPad. She breathed a quiet sigh of relief. She had been so close to cumming and she didn’t want another punishment so soon after this morning’s beating. She looked at her owner and realized he was lost in work, so she started meditating. She’d learned to do to meditate years ago as a way to pass the time while waiting for a command or while she was restrained in some fashion.

They finally arrived at his condo in Arlington. The driver and ansleigh carried up the two bags, and then the driver left to take the car back to his house. Like the house, the condo was lavishly furnished and ansleigh’s head swiveled around as she tried to see it all.

“Bring the bags.”

She saw Oak walk toward a door and followed him with the bags. “Unpack my things. The closet on the left is mine. There are drawers in there. You will use the other closet. “

He walked away as she began to unpack. She finished quickly and then hung up the dress she was wearing before going to find Oak. She found him looking out the window with a drink in his hand. He must have seen her in the reflection as he said “I need you to be ready to leave at 7 tomorrow, so I will not bind you. You will wear the dress from today and I will take you to a shop where you will be outfitted. They know you belong to me, so you will continue to wear that collar. They will also fit you with a collar that can be worn in public. This is a busy week for me, so I will not be with you most of the time but you will be kept busy too. When not servicing me, you will sleep in the basket at the foot of the bed. You may go there now.”

Then as if in dismissal, he raised his drink to his lips and drained it dry.

She left and prepared for bed. It was rather odd sleeping in what was obviously a very large dog bed. But that oddness didn’t stop her from drifting off into a sound sleep.

She awoke at 4:30 the next morning when she heard his alarm go off.

“There should be some exercise clothes in your closet. Get dressed and be sure to wear running shoes. “

She scurried to obey and was soon following him to the elevator. They worked out for 90 minutes before they had to stop and get ready to leave. Once back in the condo, he had her strip in the bathroom before he removed the butt plug. Then he gave her an enema and then had her join him in the shower. Once in the shower, he turned her toward the wall and plunged his cock into her ass. He allowed her to bath him after he was done using the hole. He then allowed her to quickly wash as he got out and started drying off.

Once she was dry, she slipped into the only dress she had while he was getting dressed. Once they were done, he led her firmly by the arm out of the condo. There was a car waiting for Oak when they left the building.

“Stan, drop me off at the office. Then take this one to Pauline’s. She’ll probably be there all morning. So better stop and pick up something to feed her. She’ll need to be fed again at lunch. After lunch I want her taken to the beauty salon around the corner from Pauline’s. They’re expecting her. “

“Sorry to do this to you. I know you’ll be spending a lot of time just waiting around. But I don’t want to leave such a valuable animal alone. She is very submissive and would probably obey the wrong person.”

Hearing this made her angry. She knew better than to obey anyone but her owner. But then she thought back to when they’d first met and how she’d obeyed him instantly. “I guess I am that submissive, at least to a true Master.”

Oak looked at her, obviously amused by the various emotions flitting over her face. “You will obey Stan in all things.”

She spent the morning being measured and fitted. The clothes were magnificent! Not quite the styles she would have chosen but even she admitted that they made her look great. They gave her a combination of professionalism and sexiness that she knew would be useful at work. She felt so good from the star treatment.

But then Stan approached her with a bag and reality came crashing in. “Strip.”

 She glanced around and saw the women who had treated her so well all morning staring at her. Knowing she had no choice, she stripped and when he pointed to the floor, she got on her knees. He pulled a chopped salad from the bag and set the open bowl on the floor. “Eat.” Then he pulled another bowl and a bottle of water from the bag. He poured the water in the bowl and set it beside the salad bowl.

This turn of events caused her to start sobbing quietly. Her tears dripped into the bowl as she dropped her face down and took the first bite. To make matters worse, Stan clipped a leash to her collar and remarked to the store manager “Got to keep slaves in their place.”

“Oh I know. I make sure to keep my little one in her place. She spoils so easily. Why just the other day she expressed an opinion!”

“Oh, my. I hope you corrected that quickly.”

“Definitely. She’ll have problems sitting down for days. I had to really bruise her butt. I felt like doing something more but I didn’t want to break the skin. I’ve had her for a year now. She is such a cute one. Just turned 19 the other day. We celebrated her birthday by staying in bed for hours. Her tongue was so tired, she had a hard time speaking for a while. Not that she is allowed to speak much.”

The conversation went on while ansleigh ate. Once she was done and Stan had wiped her face, he led her out the back door and into an alley. The car was parked there and he loaded her into the trunk.

A few minutes later, he parked in another alley and opened the trunk. Throwing her dress at her, he said “Get dressed.”

She pulled it on and then was led through the back door into a beauty salon that looked more like a spa than the kind of place she was used to getting her hair done. He handed her leash to a woman and sat down, flipping idly through a magazine.

The woman led ansleigh away and into a room where she turned and said “Strip. Then present the body for inspection.”

Quickly pulling off the dress, then she assumed the inspection position, her feet parted slightly. Her arms raised with her palms placed against the back of her head. She cast her eyes downward and waited.

The woman began her inspection, taking note of several details. “Skin looks good. Good muscle tone.”

She ran her hand over her mound, noting its smoothness.

“Electrolysis or wax?” she asked.

“Electrolysis, Ma’am.”

“Now, turn to your right”

She obeyed, beginning to fall into subzone just like she did when Oak inspected her, barely registering when she heard “Turn again,” obeying without thought.

“Bend over and grab your cheeks”

She immediately obeyed; spreading her cheeks the lower two holes could be inspected.

“Rise”

The woman then ran her fingers through her hair, and then stopped to make some notes. “The hair seems thick enough that growing it long shouldn’t be a problem.

“Turn again.”

Her hands automatically rose as she stood to meet behind her head once again.

“Face me.”

The woman made a couple of more notes, and then put the end of the leash on a hook. She pulled out her cell phone and made a call “Initial inspection finished. Let’s get the rest in here.”

For the next 90 minutes, a series of people came in inspected the body and hair. Some spent their time on the hair while others tried different make up options. Finally, they took her into another room where they bathed her and washed her hair before applying conditioner to it. When they were done, they led her to another room where a woman taught her makeup techniques designed to highlight her best features. Most of this wasn’t new to her but some of it was. Throughout this whole time, no one mentioned her collar nor the butt plug that fit snugly in the back hole.

Finally, she was told to dress again and led back to Stan who loaded her into the car, this time in the back seat. She wondered why she wasn’t put in the trunk until they pulled up in front of an office building and Oak got in. He didn’t say anything; instead he pulled open his zipper and unfastened his pants. His cock immediately sprang out and he pulled her down to it. She opened her mouth just in time because he shoved his cock in and then straight into her throat. He used her ears to pull her head up and down his cock until he came in her throat. She licked him clean after she swallowed his load.

Once she was done, he pushed her away and pulled out his iPad. He ignored her for the rest of the drive to his condo. Once there, he took off her leash but took her upper am in hand as they got out of the car. He held her firmly as they returned to the condo. This made her realize that she was unlikely to be allowed to go anywhere for the next year without being led on a leash or some other form of control. This didn’t bother her much even though she realized that by the time the year was over, she would have a hard time not being controlled all the time.

She stripped as soon as they were in the condo, and then dropped to her knees as she waited for his commands. She heard some rustling coming from his bedroom and assumed correctly that he was changing his clothes. He came back out wearing comfortable shoes, Dockers, and a collared shirt.

He sat down on the coach and began working on his iPad for the next two hours. Finally he put it down and said “Go into the kitchen. You’ll find two prepackaged meals in the refrigerator. One with my name and the other with yours. I have a personal chef who prepares meals for me on a daily basis. Heat mine up as directed. Yours doesn’t need heating. Open yours and place it on the floor next to head of the table. There is a mat there so you don’t mess up the floor. That will be your eating spot.”

It took about 30 minutes to heat his meal up.

“There should be a split of wine on the counter. Open it and pour me a glass to have with my meal.”

He put her leash on before he sat down for his meal.

“You will eat once I am done.”

He fed her tidbits as he ate, making sure she licked his fingers after each bite. Once he was done, he stood and reached into a drawer, pulling out a large hair net.

“Put this on. From now on, your hair must not touch the floor nor get in your food. You will carry this net whenever you leave the condo. You may eat once you have it on. As a reward for being a good girl today, I will let you lick my plate.”

The humiliation of that statement made her wet. She realized she was being treated like an animal, something that both intrigued and frightened her. She’d seen some slaves turned into animals before. She didn’t think that he was planning that for her because he’d said he would train her to be his executive assistant.

He put his plate on the floor and she licked it clean before starting on her own meal. After cleaning her face once she was done, he led her into the living room. Once there he flipped on the TV and dropped his pants. He turned her around and pulled out the butt plug, then sat down and pulled her down so his cock was firmly inserted into the gaping hole. Next, he pushed her down so he could watch the show.

Assuming he wanted to cum, she started to raise and lower her hips. He grabbed her hips and firmly shoved her down his shaft. “Did I tell you to do that!?”

Knowing he didn’t expect an answer, she held still while he watched TV. She chided herself about assuming anything. A slave must only do what they are told to do.

After about an hour, he said, “Make me cum.” She started moving vigorously up and down his shaft, hoping to overcome the error she’d made earlier. Her efforts paid off quickly as he pumped her full of cum.

He pushed her off his cock and shoved the plug back in. Then he flipped the TV off and led her into the bedroom. There she waited while he got ready for bed before doing the same thing herself.

The next morning was a repeat except Stan took her to a gym where she worked with a personal trainer in the morning. He crafted a workout regimen that seemed designed to strengthen her legs and back. Then Stan took her back to the condo where she was told to clean up and wait. She was also told that her clothes would be delivered and she was to put them all away except for an outfit for the next day.

That evening was pretty much the same routine as the last. The only difference was that right before bedtime; Oak told her she was scheduled to attend a business etiquette class for the next three days.

The next three days were taken up with her class and daily sessions with a personal trainer. Oak used the holes as he desired each evening but didn’t bind her in any way. He hadn’t let her cum all week and she was incredibly horny all the time.

Friday evening came up on ansleigh rather rapidly and before she knew it, they were boarding the VRE for the trip back to her owner’s house. A car was waiting to pick them up when they got off in Fredericksburg and it wasn’t long before she was once again kneeling beside him as he ate his dinner.

After dinner, Oak decided to play with his newest slave. He remembered the wheel he’d made of her and decided to try it again but this time he could roll her around further.

“Get on your knees and bend over backward so you can touch your feet. “

She did so and when she was in position, he cuffed her wrists to her ankles. Then he inserted vibrators in into her cunt and ass, and then turned them on. They were set on low so she would be constantly aroused but never able to cum. Next, he tied her knees together and then her elbows.

She knew what was coming as soon as he’d ordered her to bend over backward. This knowledge let her focus on the sensations the body was experiencing. The feel the initial stretch of the body as she was bound in place, the roughness of the carpet on the body as Oak rolled her around, the bump as the tits went underneath the body, and His hands touching all over as He moved her about. Most of all, she could feel the plugs constantly shifting and turning inside the ass and cunt. These sensations added to her arousal with each inch that He moved her about the carpet. The intense pressure and battle to control her orgasm that occurred each time the arch of her pelvis was rolled across the floor. The weight of her body and the plugs both pressing on the clit were unbearable.

Unlike the last time He’d bound her this way, He did not lay her down on her side to sleep. Instead, she was left on her stomach. She battled all night to stay upright, her nipples brushing the carpet sensuously, creating the need to cum that flared and built with each twitch of muscle as she fought for balance. Finally, the need to cum won out and when that happened, she lost the battle to remain upright.

Oak was not surprised to find her sobbing quietly on her side when he arose in the morning. He’d expected her to fail; in fact he’d counted on it.

“Well, I see my newest possession couldn’t last the night. Did you cum?”

“Yes, Master, this one came without permission.”

“I guess we’ll just have to whip the cunt again. But this time, I will make sure you don’t enjoy it,”

She was puzzled by that statement. He knew the pain would excite her as would the pleasure He took from her body when he fucked the bruised and bloody cunt when He was finished.

He left the room and a house slave came to get her untied before giving her a hot bath. The slave stayed with her and then dried her off before letting her do some quick stretching exercises. The slave then indicated she was to sit on the vanity with her legs spread. The slave proceeded to rub a salve on the cunt lips and surrounding area. It wasn’t long before ansleigh realized the salve was numbing the cunt and then she knew what he meant.

She was led into his office and placed with her back on the seat of the small couch so that the cunt was level with the top of the back of the couch. Her legs were then spread as wide as they would go and He proceeded to flog the cunt. The fact the she couldn’t feel any of it and that his face showed no pleasure made this a true punishment for her. The realization made her proud to be owned by such a devious Master.

But then, the effects of the punishment were compounded when, instead of fucking the bruised cunt, he had the house slave bend over the couch with her face where ansleigh could see it. Then Oak started fucking the slave. Ansleigh could see the obvious pleasure the slave was getting from his pounding.

The moans of the slave’s pleasure were like daggers being thrust into ansleigh’s stomach. If only she’d not succumbed to the need to cum, it would have been her pleasuring their owner! She felt so low at that moment. He’d received no pleasure from beating her, she’d not gotten the pain that made her feel so alive, and now he was getting pleasured by another.

He ignored her the rest of the day. The cunt was kept numb all day and so the only pleasure she derived was from the pain of sore muscles after a grueling workout that involved several runs in the woods. That night, she was led into the torture room and strapped to a Saint Andrew’s Cross. Then a slave rolled a fucking machine under the cunt and started coating the dildo with a lubricant.

“You’ll be fucked all night long but get no pleasure from it. She’s coating it with the same numbing salve we used on you earlier. A slave will come back in every two hours tonight to coat it again.”

Oak knew she would be aware of the sensation of a cock driving up into her but would not be able to get any real satisfaction from it. He wasn’t really punishing her for cumming, he’d deliberately set it up so she would have to cum just as he had deliberately made it so she’d fall last weekend. He wanted her to get used to being completely under his control. While she was a well trained slave, there was still a portion of her that thought of herself as a person.

He also knew she would be easier to train if he could just keep her at the house all the time. But he didn’t want her to be aware of the changes he was making in her thinking until it was too late.

Ansleigh spent the night sleeping only fitfully. She’d been hung on a cross before and even had a fucking machine pump her cunt at the same time. In fact, her memories of those times made this time even worse. She remembered cumming and cumming from the fucking machine. Now all she could sense was something invading her body, going in and out, in and out. It was maddening, so incredibly frustrating. All she could think of was cumming! Even her dreams were filled with thoughts of cumming.

She was sobbing hysterically when they cut her down in the morning. She would have rolled up into a ball if two other slaves hadn’t carried her away to the bath. Once there, they gave her an enema and washed her down, being very careful not to give her any pleasure.

She didn’t see Oak until it was time to return to the DC area. She hadn’t been stimulated any that day but she could feel the rising tide that would eventually make her beg to cum. Oak made it worse by playing with her on the drive, stroking the lips and circling the clit with his thumb, round and round. She was so frustrated that tears were running down her face before the drive was half over.

“Please, Master. Let this one cum. Pleease!”

He slapped the cunt and said “NO! This belongs to me and I will say when it gets to cum!”

The slap actually helped her as it centered her and gave her the strength to go on.

It seemed like an eternity to her before they arrived at His condo. She’d hoped that He’d let her cum then, but that was not to be. In fact, He gave her some news that made her stomach quiver.

“Tomorrow is your first day at work. I am going to test your focus this week by having you wear vibrators in both lower holes. We’ll see how much you can learn and do with a little ‘minor’ distraction. You will not be permitted to cum until the test is over.”

He knew this was extremely cruel and that there was no chance she’d make it all week. But it was one more step along the way in her transformation. Since she was a willing slave, he expected it to take less than six months. Those six months would be fun, at least for him.

The “test” had the added benefit of reducing the staff’s expectations for her. He knew that would have a negative affect on her self image and that would speed her transformation some more.

Despite the fact that she’d been continuously stimulated since she’d cum Friday night he didn’t let her cum that night. Instead, he had her wear a vibrating butt plug and a dildo, both set on low, for the next few days. They kept her so worked up that she was forced to wear panty liners to keep from leaving puddles whenever she remained in one spot too long. They also kept her so distracted that it was hard to learn her new job. This frustrated her so much since she knew she was smart and could pick it all up with ease if she could just think straight.

She made it to Wednesday afternoon before she found she couldn’t function at all. She retreated to a stall in the restroom where she sat on a toilet with her head in her hands, moaning softly. She heard couple of women enter the room and clamped her mouth shut.

“God, can you believe that woman Oak hired? I sat next to her in a meeting. She was supposed to be an active participant in the meeting. Instead she just sat there with this glazed look on her face. I even heard her moan quietly at one point.”

“I know the look you’re talking about. I’ve seen that same look on my face when I was really horny.”

“Well, guess we know why he hired her.”

“Yeah, we’ll all have to pick up the slack for that that bimbo.”

“I hope she’s worth it.”

“Not the first time he’s hired one like that. Remember the last one? She was some lobbyist when he hired her. Didn’t even last 6 months.”

“I caught her running around his office on all fours once.”

“Really!?”

“She was barking like a dog and chasing a ball. I don’t think either of them realized I saw them. It was after hours and I had come back to pick up my phone from my desk.”

“He does like strange things, doesn’t he?”

“I guess, but he’s always straight with the women working here. Well, the women here to work, that is.”

Ansleigh waited until the women left to come out of the stall. “Well, they were right about one thing, I am here for him to fuck. Oh God, I wish he would fuck me! I’m so horny! But what was that thing about acting like a dog? Oh, well. None of my business. He told me he’d train me and I am his executive assistant, not some animal.”

Just then, another wave of need crashed over her and she knew she’d not make it till Friday. She had to cum! She dashed off for His office and, after closing the door behind her, pulled off her clothes and sank to her knees.

That was how he found her after coming back from a late afternoon meeting. Her head was down but he could hear low, plaintive sounds coming from her. More of a whining sound than anything else. Her juices made a puddle on the mat he made her kneel on after hours. It was apparent that she was also drooling as there was another smaller puddle under where her mouth must be.

“Perfect” he thought to himself, “she’ll break faster than I thought.”

“So, slave. What do you have to say for yourself?”

“Please, Master, let this one cum. I beg you. I need it soo bad. Oh, god. I’ll do anything if you’ll let me cum.”

“You’ll do anything I tell you because I own you. But I’ll be lenient this time.”

He walked over to her and pulled out his cock. It was soft, but still sizable. He put his hand under her chin and raised her face until her mouth was about cock high. He rubbed his cock on her lips and she opened them, swallowing his cock greedily.

“You may cum when I am done. Do not spill a drop or I won’t let you cum.”

She puzzled over that for a second before she felt a warm stream of liquid gush from His cock. “He’s pissing in my mouth!”

She’d had golden showers before and even swallowed some piss. But this was the first time she’d been a toilet. She realized that her mouth was full and swallowed, then swallowed some more. She quickly became aware that she would not be able to swallow fast enough and opened her throat. She’d never imagined, nor desired to be a toilet slave but her need to cum overcame any revulsion she may have felt. All she could think about was that, once he was finished, she could finally cum.

Her desire to cum consumed her, it controlled her. Since he controlled her ability to cum, then he controlled every part of her. Her awareness of this fact pushed from her, that last sense of independence that always lingers in a slave. Granted it was a tiny sliver, but it was always there throughout her earlier experiences as a slave. This gave her a sense of euphoria. She knew that she was well and truly owned, no longer a person. Instead there knelt before him, an animate object for him to do with as he pleased.

She became aware that the flow of piss had all but ceased, so she sealed her lips around His cock and sucked the last few drops out. He withdrew his cock and said “Cum”

Oak was glad that everyone had already left for the day as she started moaning loudly and yelling.

“Oh, Master, thank you, thank you! “

“This one belongs to You! Ohhh! Only You! Do with this one what you will. Uh, uh, uh, mmmmmm. This one begs you to modify it so it pleases you! OOOh, yea!”

The whole time, she was writhing on the floor, smearing her juices around the mat and over her body and in her hair.

He waited until she showed some semblance of awareness before saying, “Suck my cock.”

She rose quickly to her knees, albeit somewhat shakily. Then with a loving look and determined to give him the best blow job she knew how, her tongue slipped out of her mouth to lightly touch that sensitive spot where the base of His erect cock met the top of His ball sack. Her tongue ever so slowly licked up His cock along the base until she reached the tip. Then her mouth opened and she moved down His cock, swallowing it whole, until her nose pressed against His belly and His cock blocked her airway. He gripped her head there until it became clear she needed oxygen, the involuntary twitch of her throat caressing His cock telling Him of her growing desperation. He felt her struggle to control herself, to move slowly, slowly back, her tongue licking the underside of His cock until I again pass air into her lungs. He enjoyed her tongue licking the head of His cock and then slowly sliding along the underside of His cock until His cock was once again buried in her throat. She repeated her journey until finally He could take no more and jammed His cock in her throat, then spewed forth a gusher of His seed directly into her throat.

Then, her belly full of his seed, she looked up shyly to smile at him. “This one thanks you, Master, for the pleasure of being yours.”

Oak knew at that moment that his plans were for naught. She was broken and would be of no use to him at the office. No matter. There was a fair coming up in a few months and he would be able to show off his newest pet. He remembered the compliments he’d gotten with his puppy girl. People had stopped to pet her whenever he would allow them to. He also remembered how his puppy girl had been so shy when he’d first gotten her out of the car. It was the first time she’d been displayed in front a large group of people she didn’t know. She’d gotten used to being a puppy around his friends, but these were strangers.

Well, almost all were. Turns out her old boss was there. She’d looked shocked when he came up and started fondling her. But the guy knew what he was doing and started stroking her cunt. It wasn’t long before she was nuzzling his crotch.

“Well, enough musing” He thought to himself. He knew exactly what to do to mold her into his perfect pony.

“Get dressed. We’re leaving.”

Once in the car he said “Stan, I need you to deliver this slave to my house this evening. You can stay there overnight. Just be back in time to pick me up at lunch. I’ll grab a cab to work in the morning.”

Oak saw the pleased look on Stan’s face. Stan had a thing for older women, especially ones trained as sex slaves.

What he didn’t notice was the look on ansleigh’s face. It showed a puzzled look as she wondered what was going on. “Why was she being sent away? What about her training as his executive assistant?” She knew better than to ask, but that didn’t stop her from wondering.

Oak pulled his phone out once he was back in his condo and called the house. “Stan is delivering my new slave tonight. She is to be kept in a constant state of arousal and her physical preparations are to be sped up. I want her ready to show at the next fair. I’ll put her rings in this weekend. We’ll wait a few more weeks to start the rest of the modifications. Remember, under no circumstances can she be allowed to cum.”

That night found ansleigh tied to a bed with vibrators humming softly in the lower holes. She was used to such treatment and endured it. She was dismayed in the morning when the cunt was played with while she was being bathed and the vibrators were put back in after she was being dried off. The vibrators were left on even when she was running. By that evening, her mind was a haze of erotic thoughts. It was a good thing that she was led everywhere on a leash.

This treatment went on and she was overjoyed when Oak returned. “Master is home. He’ll let me cum!”

But that was not to be.

Instead, he tied her in a chair with knees spread and arms behind her, hands grabbing elbows. He left the vibrators on and attached nipple clamps with weights to her sensitive nipples. The clamps were large alligator clamps with sharp teeth that drew blood when they sank into her nipples. Lastly, he put a clamp on her clit and a ball gag in her mouth which he fastened behind her head.

Then he put a blindfold over her eyes and plugs in her ears. This sensory deprivation forced her to focus on the erotic sensations emanating from her body. She could feel the pulse of the vibrators as they hummed away so intensely. Then the pain in her nipples, ah, the exquisite pain! Pain had long been an erotic sensation for her. Unfortunately, much as the sensations aroused her, she knew they would not be enough to bring her to orgasm.

He left her that way all night. She spent the night in delicious agony in a twilight zone between sleep and wakefulness. Dawn found her sitting in a puddle of her own juices, moaning into her gag.

The slave sent to retrieve her pulled the nipple clamps off with a jerk, causing her to scream behind her gag. Now, fully awake, the pain of the clit clamp being jerked off caused her to jump from the seat and fall on the floor.

The slave supported her as she led her to a waiting bath where she was caressed as another slave washed her. She spent the day being stimulated constantly, begging incoherently for release. Finally Oak came to her and said “I’m having a party tonight. You are one of the decorations. You may not cum tonight!”

He took her into another room and set her on a low table. He set her on her back, then pulled her feet up and tilted her tied her feet behind her head so all three holes were ready for use. And used she was. It turned out the table could be raised and lowered electronically. The women would raise it so they could sit on her face, often continuing their conversation as they got eaten out. The men did the same. In fact, her holes were being used simultaneously by two guests as they conversed. Every once in a while, another slave would come by and swab out her lower holes so they weren’t too sloppy. She’d never felt so much like an object in her life and it was turning her on so much. But she was under strict orders not to cum!

Finally the party ended. Rather than untie her, Oak just shoved the vibrators back in the two holes and then went to bed. Needless to say, morning found the holes overflowing and her mewling with need. She was bathed and then led to Oak. He didn’t say a word, just grabbed her left nipple and punched a hole through it, then inserted a ring through the hole. Then he repeated the process with the other nipple. She was barely aware of the whole procedure, so great was her need to cum. Only after he finished did he say “Cum!”

She fell to the floor and writhed about as an intense orgasm filled her soul with an overwhelming pleasure. There surroundings for the first time in days. She noticed that Oak had left the room but another slave was waiting patiently for her to recover. Ansleigh tried to stand but found that her muscles were drained of all their strength, so intense was the orgasm. But she pushed herself and, with the help of the slave, finally was able to stand. She noticed the rings for the first time and wondered why they were vertical rather than the normal horizontal. She wondered about that but decided that was her owner’s prerogative. What she didn’t realize was that they were meant for a second set of reins. Oak wouldn’t really need them, but he liked the look as well as the ability to inflict a little pain during his rides.

These periods of prolonged stimulation followed by a modification became the norm for her. She was rarely fucked and always had vibrators in the lower two holes. The next modification was when Oak had a dentist pull her rear molars so he could use a regular bit on her. He hated the rubber ones since they distorted his pony’s face. The stimulation didn’t let up while her teeth were pulled. That allowed the dentist to use a lower dose of numbing agent. Ansleigh wasn’t really aware that her teeth were being pulled. In fact, she kept trying to suck the dentist’s fingers, thinking they were a cock. He finally had to put her out so he could finish.

She awoke and, for a second had the presence of mind to realize that Oak was looking down at her with a smug expression before the need clouded her mind again. But then she heard the word that she most desired. “Cum”

Like before, his order sent waves of pleasure through her body. The cunt started opening and closing as though it was trying to swallow the vibrator. Like last time, it wasn’t until she had recovered that she became aware of the change made to her body. “Well, I guess there is no going back now. I wonder what he plans for this body.”

The next modification was made at a hospital. This time she awoke to find her feet bound up in bandages. She quickly forgot about that fact as she was allowed to cum. Oh blessed cum! But then the stimulation began again.

It wasn’t until her next brief period of sanity that she realized that the operation was to force her to walk on her toes and that she was standing in special boots that looked like horse hoofs. “Guess I now know what the fate of this body is.”

From that day forth, she was kept in the barn. She no longer had use of a bathroom. Instead she was trained to defecate and piss outside. The times she was led outside to do her business were the only times the lower two holes were not filled with vibrators.

After her feet had healed sufficiently, she was started again on her regimen of daily runs. At first she was made to run nude but then wearing a harness. Next, they had her pull an empty sulky. That was awkward for a while but Oak knew he had a smart pony and she would figure it out quickly.

It was at this time that they started bit training her. A slave would hold the reins behind her and guide her around the paddock. A second set of reins was soon added that attached to her nipple rings.

The next modification came at the end of a branding iron. The pain was so intense it shocked her out of her haze of need. That didn’t stop her from having an intense orgasm when He gave the command.

They let her have two days to recover before starting her on her running regimen again. This time there were weights in the sulky. They built her up until finally she was able to pull her owner at a nice trot around the five mile track. She was breathing hard when she pulled up to the barn. Oak had used a buggy whip to “encourage” her during the run.

During this period, the brand was tattooed to make it easier to see.

The next modification was the elimination of her thumbs and tongue. These appendages were significant since they are ones that separate humans from animals. Without a thumb, an animal is incapable of fine motor movement like picking something up. Of course, without a tongue, an animal is incapable of speech.

Neither of these modifications disturbed her by this point. She knew she was destined to be an animal owned by Oak and these were merely steps along the way to fulfilling her destiny. She could already feel a dulling of her mind.

Oak decided at this point to stop the constant stimulation of her holes. It had served its purpose of distracting her while she was being modified. He had one or two more modifications planned for her but her transformation was now inevitable and irreversible.

She regularly pulled Oak around the track. There came a day when they made it back to the barn and she was barely breathing hard. It was times like this that she was glad they’d pulled her back molars as the metal bit was easy to breath around. When she’d been a person, she’d seen pictures of pony girls with rubber bits in their mouths and wondered how they could breathe while pulling a cart. She was so proud to be able to pull her owner around in the style he deserved.

Her hair now reached the bottom of her ass. Oak had it cut short and attached it to a butt plug made it so her tail and mane matched. The hair at the sides of her head was permanently removed with electrolysis.

A few weeks later, Oak proudly had a large mirror brought out so she could see His pony. She shocked at the changes. She knew in her heart of hearts at that moment that she would never go back to being human. She’d known it for months, but there had always been this kernel in her heart that thought it could all be reversed. But seeing herself in this new incarnation swept that kernel away.

It was with fresh eyes that she now viewed herself in the mirror. She stood tall on her hoofs, her tail twitching as her ass quivered in response to a fly landing on it. Her mane now reached past her shoulders and it was a beautiful compliment to her tail. She had a nice all over tan that was highlighted by the thin sheen of sweat that covered her. What she saw pleased her. She was pleased that He had such a beautiful pony and she was determined to make Him proud to own her!

“Your name is now ‘glory.’ Yes, you are Oak’s glory.”

Now her transformation was complete. Ansleigh, the woman, was now gone. She had been replaced by glory, the pony girl.

Ansleigh Chapter 4 – No longer a person, glory is a proud pony girl

The day had come when she was to be shown for the first time at a fair. She wasn’t trained enough for the dressage competition yet. But she was fast, so Oak had entered in the one mile sulky race.

Waking early, glory could feel the excitement shown by her handler but didn’t know the reason. Her normal routine was changed after her first feeding when her handler bathed her and oiled her down before leading her out to a waiting horse trailer. Glory looked at the trailer with wide eyes and shook her head before pulling back on the lead.

Her handler spoke softly to her while petting her mane. “It’s ok, it’s ok. You’re not being sold. Today is fair day and you get shown to the world for the first time. You even get to race other ponies.”

Glory calmed immediately and gave no trouble when being loaded in the trailer. She was a little nervous when the door was closed and cut off most of the light inside the trailer. But the gentle rocking motion as the trailer was pulled down the highway soon had her dozing.

Like an equine pony, glory had learned to doze while standing. In fact, she stood most of the time these days as sitting was a human thing and her stall had nothing to sit on. She slept in a pile of straw that was changed weekly and ate from a chest high trough. Her stall had a constantly running bowl of water, also at chest height. Everything about her environment was designed to emphasize her sense of being livestock.

There was nothing to stimulate her mind in her world and her mind was gradually getting duller by the day. Oak did this quite purposefully. He knew some owners wanted their livestock to have human aspects to their lives. He did not. He wanted the pleasure of reducing an intelligent woman to a mindless animal. Modified as she was, glory would never be useful for anything but being a pony. So, when the inevitable day came and she was no longer useful, he didn’t want her to suffer unnecessarily when she was sent to the slaughterhouse. An intelligent pony would recognize what was happening and be afraid. But not his glory, she would be much closer to an equine pony in intelligence than a human pony by that time.

But those thoughts were for a 10-15 years from now. Today was fair day!

Glory woke from her doze and realized they had stopped. Soon, the trailer door was open and her handler was there to guide her outside. She looked around as she left the trailer but quickly stopped as she saw her owners face. This brought an excited whinny from her. She loved her owner. He had made her into the pony she was today. She hoped that he’d use her today. No man had used her holes in over a month and she was so horny. In fact, the last time a man had used her holes was when a guest had taken her for a run in the woods. He hadn’t even unhooked her from the sulky. Just pulled the butt plug out and rammed his cock in. He came within minutes and then just shoved the plug back in before getting back into the sulky. He hadn’t even given her permission to cum.

Speaking to her handler, Oak said “Get her prepared for the opening parade. I’ll go check in.”

“Yes, Master.”

Upon checking in, Oak was pleased to see that there were only 4 other permanent ponies, the rest were part time ponies. He knew the owners of the other four permanent ponies. None of them had modified their ponies much. In fact, glory was the only one so extensively modified that reversion to a human state was impossible.

After checking in, Oak returned to find glory ready for the opening parade. Her tail was in place, her fancy halter was on with its bells and red ribbons, and small bells hung from her nipple rings. Her normal boots had been changed and now her boots were ones colored to match her skin tone so it looked as though her feet had been replaced with hoofs.

He led her out and was immediately the center of attention with lots of other owners and fair goers straining to get a close up look at this fully modified pony.

Even the other ponies strained to get a look. It was clear from the looks on some of their faces that they would never accept such extreme modifications. But there was one pony that looked on with obvious desire. Oak noticed her look and made a mental note to ask her owner if he’d be willing to part with her and for how much. Having two ponies to pull him around would mean he could get a small carriage rather than just a sulky.

Oak led his pony over to the parade line and got into place. In all, there were 15 ponies, 12 cows, and even one pig. Oak grimaced in disgust at seeing that corpulent body and wondered about the minds of both owner and pig. Who would want to be around such a gross body all the time? What kind of person would want to be fattened up for slaughter? Of course, it could just be that it was husband and wife, with the two of them making the most of her gluttony.

Glory was prancing in her excitement. Her eyes were all over the place, at least as much as they could be with her head held firmly by her owner. She was aware of all the attention she received and held her head high in her pride at what her owner had created.

The parade only took about 15 minutes and then it was time for the first race. There were to be 4 races with the mile race being the longest. Most ponies were not as well conditioned as glory was, being part time. Pulling a sulky required great strength and stamina, something only permanent ponies were able to build up. So most of them would race in the earlier, shorter races.

Oak found a good seat and tied glory’s lead to the chair arm. From there he watched the first two races while idly stroking glory’s cunt and clit. It was not enough to make her cum but it did make her pussy lips quiver and engorge.

Her handler came and led her away after the first two races. She had to remove all the parade gear and be sure glory was properly tethered to the sulky in time for the race. Glory was a little disappointed to have all the parade regalia removed but at the same time she was so excited to be raced for the first time.

It seemed like just a minute had past when her handler started leading her to the starting line where Oak was waiting. Once there, Oak ran a knowing eye over the tack to be sure everything was properly fixed. Then he mounted the sulky and took up the reins. He held them a little tighter than he normally would because he knew he had an excited pony and excited ponies were known to jump the gun. Luckily, glory managed to keep behind the line and didn’t need any correction from him.

There were five other ponies in the race. Some standing calmly, having been raced before. For the most part, those were the other permanent ponies. The part time pony in the race was clearly nervous and had to be reined in by her owner before she could cross the starting line early.

It wasn’t long before the starting bell was rung and Oak slashed at his pony’s rear with his buggy whip. Then they were off! Oak maneuvered his pony to the inside and quickly took up first place, a place he never lost throughout the race. In fact, he was over 20 feet in front of the second place winner when he crossed the finish line.

Oak had expected to win but not by such a big margin. He figured he had two things going for him. He had had glory trained hard for the last couple of months and she clearly had no thoughts of her own to distract her from her purpose. That was the advantage of completely dehumanizing her. Something the other pony owners would probably realize over time.

Oak was so proud when he accepted the first place trophy that he beamed at the audience. He had won his first competition with his first pony!

The lead judge was also impressed and said as he handed the trophy to Oak “You have an amazing pony! You can tell she has no thoughts of her own. How long have you owned her?”

“I started her conversion 8 months ago. She was already a trained slave when I got her, so that sped the process.”

“You are too modest! She is completely converted into a pony. In fact, I have never seen such a total conversion. She’ll never be anything but a pony. That certainly shortens how long she’ll be useful but in the meantime, she’ll be amazing.”

“I totally agree with both your points. I’m looking forward to her productive time. As for after that, there is a niche market that I expect will be happy to have the body for its use.”

The judge looked at Oak knowingly but with a slight grimace. He knew the market Oak was referring too but did not approve of it. But, no matter, it was not his concern.

Another owner of a permanent pony came up to Oak as he was walking away from the winners circle. “Congratulations! I’m not sure how you managed to get her to cooperate with such a complete conversion. I know my pony would resist.”

“It helps to start with a masochistic slut slave. I kept her aroused for months while converting her.

She agreed to every modification because that was the only way she would be allowed to cum.”

“An interesting and creative approach. I might call you later to discuss it further.”

Oak didn’t expect to be called. He knew that owner didn’t have the ruthlessness it took. The only reason he owned a pony was that his pony used to be his wife and she had always wanted to be a permanent pony. Her owner loved her too much. Not that Oak didn’t love glory, but it was the love for a beautiful animal, not a human.

Another judge came up to Oak and said “It was amazing to watch that race. It was so obvious that your pony had no thoughts of her own. I’ve been judging races for over a decade and seen some very well trained ponies. But even the best trained ponies showed some of their own will. But not yours. You are an amazing trainer.”

During all these conversations, glory stood by quietly. She understood the words that were spoken but not the meaning behind them. Of course she had no thoughts, she was a pony. The statement about her useful life meant little to her. Her owner would get all he could out of her, which was what happened with livestock.

A few days after the fair, her handler once again loaded her into the horse trailer. Thinking she was to be raced again, she was disappointed when she was unloaded outside a building in the country. A man came out of the building with a gurney and pushed it over to her handler. “This the one?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Can you get her to lie down on the gurney?”

“Best if we don’t. It will interfere with her conditioning.”

“I suppose you’re right. Be prepared to help me load her up after I’ve given her a sedative. It acts pretty quickly.”

“Yes, Sir.”

The man plucked a hypodermic needle off the gurney and walked over to glory. Then, without a word to her, plunged the needle into her arm. Almost immediately, glory started to slump and the two humans grabbed her. As awareness fled her, glory felt them lift her onto the strange, wheeled bed the man had brought. That was the last thing she was aware of until she felt her body being lifted up and she was placed on her hoofs once again.

What she didn’t know was that a few days had passed, during which she’d had a hysterectomy and general physical. Oak didn’t plan on breeding her and found the monthly flow to be a nuisance. Since he didn’t allow her any form of clothing, there was nothing to stop the monthly flow of blood from running down her legs. Now that problem was solved. He’d waited until after the fair because he wanted to be sure he won his first time out.

Glory was in her stall one day when she heard her owner’s voice. She immediately went to the stall door and peered out. He was walking into the barn with another man.

“Now, I know you have only trained equine ponies and never a human one. Just treat her just like you would any pony and you’ll do fine. You’ve come highly recommended and I know you’ll do a great job with her. I want to be able to display her in a fair in a few months. Do you think she’ll be ready?”

“To be honest, I just don’t know. If this was just any horse with basic training, then probably not. But with a human pony, it just might be possible. “

“She’s smart for a pony but not human smart anymore. Her intelligence has dropped fairly steadily since her conversion. She understands words but needs simple, straight forward commands. I expected this change since I deliberately removed anything which made her human. “

“What do you mean?”

“You’ll see. Here we are.” Oak took the lead that was hanging by the stall door and hooked it on glory’s collar before opening the stall door. He led her out of the stall and stood aside so the trainer could look her over.

The trainer’s eyes widened as he took in the extensive modifications Oak had made to the former human.

“May I?”

“Of course.”

The trainer reached out a hand and took the lead. He walked around her, taking in the strong legs that led up to her ass.

“Butt plug?”

“Yes, she always wears one. I have one with a tail attached for shows. The tail is made from her own hair, so it matches her mane perfectly.”

“Oh, my. You removed her thumbs.”

“As I told you, I removed anything that made her human. If you look in her mouth, you’ll see that I also removed her tongue. She can neither grasp a tool nor speak a word.”

“I know you told me all this before, but, to see it in person. Well, it is amazing. She volunteered for all this?”

“Well, not exactly volunteered. Let’s just say, she didn’t object.”

“As I told you before, you are welcome to use her holes. I’ve gotten her spade, so no worries about pregnancy. “

“Thanks, but no thanks. I’ll stick with humans. In fact, I would recommend you stop all sexual use by humans. I don’t want anything to interfere with her training.”

“Well, I will stop letting men use her. I think I’d have a slave uprising if I stop her from pleasuring the female slaves.”

“How can she pleasure a female without a tongue?”

“Apparently she’s gotten very good with just her lips. She’s developed almost prehensile lips. I’ve seen her in action. She is amazing, using her lips to suck and caress their cunts and clits. The female slaves have even worked out a perch in her stall so she can eat them out while she’s standing.”

From the very first day, the new trainer treated her as just another horse. His treatment of her as just another horse only reinforced her acceptance of her status as livestock.

Her training regimen shifted to include high stepping which included a hopping motion. To an observer, the steps were reminiscent of the moves of the famous Lipizzaner stallions. In fact, glory was being trained for dressage competitions. Dressage, in this case, is considered to be the highest expression of pony training where the pony is expected to perform from memory a series of predetermined movements. Its fundamental purpose is to show a pony's natural athletic ability and willingness to perform.

It was a rather grueling performance for each pony as it was all in high step and involved a series of spins. They also had to kneel a few times and bow their heads to the ground. The ponies had to have perfect posture the whole time.

A little over two months later, Oak came to the barn just as the trainer was putting her away.

“Well, do you think she’ll be ready for the fair?”

“Just barely. She can do the moves pretty well but I wouldn’t expect her to win. You were right about her intelligence. I’ve had horses who could pick up moves faster than she can.”

“I don’t want to just participate in the show. I want to win. Guess we’ll wait for the next one. It’s a couple of months from now.”

“That should be enough time. I think you’ll have a winner then. Think I could go to this fair? I think it would be good for me to watch other ponies perform.”

“Sure. I’m planning on racing her in this show, so you can just tag along with us. I also have a surprise for her that I’m sure she’ll enjoy.”

“Oh?”

“I’ve bought an equine stud. I’m going to have him cover her for the first time at the fair.”

“Really? Aren’t they too big for a human size cunt?”

“Not this one. He’s only about 9 hands and has been bred to have a small cock, at least for a horse. Besides, when I had her spade, I had them lengthen and widen her cunt just for this purpose.”

“Well, being covered by an equine stud will really reinforce her status as a pony. Should be interesting to watch.”

Glory heard the whole conversation but didn’t understand much about it. The only thing that really registered was the word “cock.” She hadn’t had an orgasm in months and was so horny that she was constantly looking for ways to get off. She’d found a little knob in her stall that she rubbed her cunt on but with no one to give her permission to cum, she never found the satisfaction she so desperately needed.

The day of the next fair came and glory was once more loaded into the horse trailer. Oak once again won the mile race but this time by even a larger margin. Apparently, the dressage training had built up her muscles and her stamina so much that none of the other ponies had a chance.

After the races and the dressage competition were done, glory’s handler led her to the parade ground where a strange device was set up. It looked somewhat like an equine pony in size but with a hollow space inside it. The handler led glory to the device and had her step inside it. She didn’t want to get in at first, being afraid of the strange device. But the handler soothed her fears and soon glory found herself bent over and strapped down. Her ass was raised about a foot above its normal height and her legs were spread.

The show announcer approached the device and, speaking into his microphone, said “Folks, here is the special show we hinted at in the fair announcement. This pony is going to be covered by a real horse. Should be quite a show. As you can see from the screens, we have a couple of cameras inside the device to give you a close up view of the action. One will show her cunt and the other her face. Her owner tells me she hasn’t been allowed to cum in months now and that he’ll let her cum once she’s filled with horse cock. So bring your chairs up close to me or to one of the viewing screens and we’ll get on with the show.”

Glory understood just enough of what was being said to realize she was about to be fucked by a horse. Some small part of her that had attachment to humanity quelled at that thought. But it was quickly squashed by the rest of her, the part that was so insanely horny.

She was going to be allowed to cum!

Glory felt someone splashing some liquid on her ass. What she didn’t know was that it was a liquid designed to smell like an aroused mare. Frequently used for breeding mares, this time it would be used to excite the stallion to breed this human pony.

She heard the thud of the stallion’s hooves and soon felt it nuzzling her cunt as it smelled the pheromones of an excited mare. The stallion was puzzled but was quickly getting aroused by the scent. It didn’t take him long to rise up and mount the device. It immediately became obvious to the watchers what the device was shaped the way it was. It’s shape allowed the stallion to rest his hooves on the device’s sides, much as he would if he was mounting a mare.

Soon his cock was probing for her cunt. First it caught in the cleft of her ass, making the audience hiss with excitement. But then it pulled back and probed lower before finding her engorged lips. Feeling them, the stallion immediately plunged his cock into her steamy, needy cunt. The feeling made glory gasp, first in agony but then in ecstasy. Not only was this the first cock in her cunt in months, it was easily the largest cock she’d ever felt in there.

The stallion’s cock pulled out and then plunged in again and again. It was apparent to the viewers that glory was in heaven. Her face was a picture of lust gone wild. She was so excited that she didn’t even realize she was drooling as she gave little “huh, huh” sounds as the cock battered at her cunt.

Oak watched the action with great interest. He was so enthralled that he almost missed seeing the stallion start to cum. But he caught himself and said to glory “Cum!”

Glory screamed in her pleasure to the world. Her scream had no human qualities to it. It was pure animal ecstasy. Upon cumming, that last small ember that was a human called ansleigh died for good.

The audience loved the show and cheered Oak’s name. Those closest to him slapped him on the back and shook his hand. Everyone knew that here was a man who had completely converted a human into an animal. Some few were disgusted by what he’d done, but even they acknowledged the magnificence of his accomplishment. Not a few women in the audience envied glory. Not for being converted into livestock so completely, but for the incredible orgasm she’d just had as well as for being able to enjoy such a large cock.

From that day forth, glory was covered by that stallion at least once a week. Sexually, this was an incredible time in glory’s short life. Finally, she was allowed to cum whenever she was fucked. So she no longer had that persistent, low level arousal that had plagued her for the last year. The stallion was quartered in the stall next to hers and the two could frequently be spotted nuzzling each other over the rails between their stalls.

The trainer had the idea of training the stallion in dressage also so the two could perform as the mated pair that they were and began his training beside her.

It turned out that the stallion had some basic dressage training and the two were soon moving around the corral in a choreographed dance of some beauty. The stallion needed no rider to guide him; instead he followed his mate in the moves she had been trained in over the months before he arrived.

Needless to say, they were the hit of the next fair.