

The Model Submissive

Chapter 1 – Brought To Heel

It was early evening on a late spring day as Roland looked out the window from the comfy restaurant booth. The sun was still high in the sky and the first hints of summer were evident in the air outside. An assortment of *nature band-aid* trees dotted the concrete landscape of *Burger Palace's* parking lot. He watched them sway in the warm breeze as Roland waited for his friend to place an order.

After opting for no less than two appetizers, a jumbo burger platter, a side of onion rings and a malt milkshake, Felix handed his menu to the server. She thanked them and nodded to the two young men before sauntering off.

“Jesus, man. That's enough to feed a small family!”

Felix leaned back in his seat. “What can I say? I'm still a growing boy” he replied with a pat on his stomach and a smarmy grin.

“We're not kids anymore. I'm pretty sure we've both stopped growing.”

“Maybe, but it sure doesn't feel like it. Try working construction for a while and see if you're not packing away an extra meal every day.”

“Don't need to. I'm at the gym three times a week. And I get plenty of exercise working at the big V.”

Roland had a part time job at a big box hardware chain called *Valueware*. He hoped not to be there for much longer, but his side hustle as a photographer wasn't even close to paying the bills on its own. Felix was a frequent customer, constantly making runs to the store to pick up things for his Uncle's construction business. After several run-ins, they'd struck up a friendship and begun hanging out on their off-days.

Normally, Felix would launch into some spiel about how easy dealing with customers and stocking merch was compared to swinging a sledgehammer and installing drywall. This time, the well-built blonde crossed his arms over his tacky Hawaiian shirt and looked out the window wistfully. He was lost in thought a few moments before he spoke again.

“Hey Rowe, you ever worry about lack of direction?”

“Lack of direction?”

“Yeah, like you're not sure what to do with your life. Beyond working, paying rent and hanging out, I mean.”

“Dude, we got our whole lives ahead of us. There's plenty of time to figure that out.”

“So you don't worry about it at all?”

“I didn't say that. I suppose I think about it sometimes, but I don't stress over it. Why?”

“I don't know. I guess it's been bugging me lately. I think about how most men our age were already married and had their first kid by now. Historically speaking.”

“Times have changed, bro. That's not how it works anymore. Not for most people, anyway.”

“You think that's a good thing?”

Roland took a swig of his root beer. “I think it's probably for the best, yeah. A lot of people were trapped in bad marriages back in the day. Especially women. Did you know, in many states, women couldn't get a credit card or open their own bank account until the mid 1970's? Not without a man co-signing, that is.”

“What?!? Seriously?”

“Yeah. Look it up. They had little to no independence for a long time, even after getting the right to vote. It was like... forced marriage, basically. That or be an outcast.”

“Okay... I agree, that's fucked up. Still, don't you worry about extended adolescence? Lowering birth rates? How certain rites of passage for guys don't seem to exist anymore?”

Roland shrugged. “I'm in no hurry to get married or have kids.”

“Yeah, but look at us right now. You're twenty six, I'm twenty eight. It's Saturday night. We're both single and what are we doing? Going to the movies again?”

“Nah, there's nothing playin but dogshit” Roland answered matter-of-factly.

“Alright, laser tag then?”

“**Laser tag**? Did you seriously just suggest we play laser tag after saying you're worried about extended adolescence?”

Felix frowned. “Whatever... My point is, we're not going to a bar or a club and trying to meet women.”

“Yeah, because bars suck, clubs give me a headache and any booze that doesn't taste like piss costs a fortune.”

“Do they suck more than dating apps?”

“Arguably” Roland replied dryly to the sobering question.

Felix sighed. “We need to try something new. That's what I'm saying. You and me aren't exactly meeting tons of young women where we work.”

A snarky grin spread across Roland's face. “Speak for yourself. I've been working with a fuckin

smokeshow lately! A ten out of ten!”

Confusion crept into Felix's expression. He didn't remember seeing any scorching hot female employees at Valueware. “Oh, yeah... Your new client. What's her name?”

“Stacy Summers.”

“I was gonna look her up after work the other day, but I forgot. She's a Insta-model, right?”

“Yeah. She's got about three hundred thousand followers. Not a mega-star, but no small potatoes.” Roland pulled out his phone. “Here, let me show you some of my work.”

He opened the photo album and handed the phone to Felix. The man's eyes boggled and his jaw hung open as he slid through pictures of the curvy, brunette bombshell. Photos of Stacy in yoga pants, leather clothing, skinny jeans, skin-tight onesies, and stylish crop tops unfurled before him. Staring at the camera, her luxurious dark hair and shimmering hazel eyes were utterly captivating.

“**OH. MY. GOD!** You get paid to take pictures of this hottie?!?”

“Not a lot” Roland countered. “But what it lacks in compensation, it makes up for with the wonderful view.”

“I'd do it for free!”

“Trust me, if you had a Fine Arts degree to pay off, you wouldn't.”

“Is she single?”

“I think so. Not positive, though. Only been working for her a few weeks. I know her real name isn't Stacy.”

“What is it?”

“Deborah.”

“Ah, no wonder she picked a stage name.”

“What's wrong with Deborah?”

Felix looked up from the slideshow of glamor shots and smirked. “C'mon dude. She's **definitely** a Stacy. Just like the internet memes! You know... *Becky vs Stacy*?”

Roland snickered. “She's not blonde, but other than that, I guess I can't argue. Her personality **is** pretty Stacy-like. She knows what she wants and she seems good at getting it.”

“Maybe you could be her *Chad*?” he asked with a note of mischief.

Roland waved his hand dismissively. “Oh, no. Not going there! We have a professional relationship and I don't plan to endanger that. I'm trying to build a resume, here. She's my best client yet.”

“Okay. Maybe I could be her Chad, then...”

“There's no way I'm introducing you.”

Felix's head sank. He grudgingly handed the phone back. “Bro, I thought you were my wingman?”

“Nope. I'm just the guy who watches your back in laser tag.”

“I hate you so much.”

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click click click click

“There we go! Very nice.”

Roland pointed his Canon EOS R5 at Stacy as the shutter snapped away. He always held it steady with two hands and carefully planted feet. The expensive camera was one of the finest in the world for portrait and still photography. Roland's R5 had been a graduation present from his parents. A new one cost somewhere between three and four thousand dollars. At this point, it was probably worth more than his old, beat-up Subaru Impreza that was parked outside.

“That's it. Let's play with those shadows...”

Stacy twisted and turned in a series of endless poses, never staying in a single posture for long. They'd already done several shoots today. Some outside and some inside with natural lighting. Now they were in her makeshift home studio with the bright monolights on her. She always remained poised, cool and collected despite the warm light bearing down.

Roland couldn't help but admire her. Stacy was a flawless beauty. She was 5'8 in normal shoes, but when she donned a pair of heels she either matched his 5'11 height or loomed over him. Her bust-length hair was a light, natural brown, but it often looked darker depending on the lighting or if she'd recently bathed.

Her skin, similarly, could look a different shade depending on the lighting of the shot. Stacy was fair skinned, but some combination of natural sun and regular visits to a tanning bed kept her a constant, slightly dark hue. The first time Roland saw her, he was sure Stacy was a Latina. As it turned out, her lineage was Swiss / German.

Stacy's curves were beyond impressive. She had a perfect hourglass figure with a generous waist-to-hip ratio. Her breasts had to be D-cups, at least. Maybe even a size or two bigger. Roland was no expert on bra sizes, but he often worried for her back. His concern was likely needless as Stacy spent a fair amount of time in the gym. Her ample, heart-shaped ass led down to thick, powerful thighs and well-toned calves. She had the core strength required to support her extra-large assets.

She'd already worn two other outfits for their shoots that day. For this final one, she had on a white,

long-sleeve top that terminated just below her bust and showed off her firm, sleek midsection. Her legs were hilted in designer jeans. The deep blue denim barely contained her wide hips and highlighted her sizable apple-bottom nicely. Stacy's abdominals were almost visible just below the skin. With a little more push at the gym, she could probably sport a six-pack, but Roland got the impression she wasn't going for the '*muscle girl*' look.

Two dozen more clicks snapped out as Roland captured her in several poses. Finally, she waved him off and placed her hands on her sides.

“Alright! I think that's enough for today” she said with a contented smile.

“Cool” Roland replied. He lowered his camera and nodded to her. “You did great, as always.”

“Think we got some money-makers?”

“Oh, definitely! A few might need light touch-up, but I think most of them are pretty damn good as-is.”

“Awesome” Stacy replied as she strode forward. “Hey. If you're not in a hurry, would you mind hanging around for a bit? I got a couple things I wanted to talk to you about and I can offer some snacks to tide you over till dinner.”

Roland's eyebrows lifted at the prospect. “Ummm, sure! That sounds great. I'm actually low-key starving right now.”

Stacy chuckled. “Perfect. I'll be in the kitchen getting that ready while you finish up.”

Roland watched the buxom model strut into the distance, wondering what was on her mind. Hopefully this was about a pay raise, but he didn't want to jump to conclusions. Roland packed his R5 and accessories into the camera bag and turned off the studio lights. When he was done tidying up, he walked down the hall of Stacy's luxury condo and turned into the kitchen. There she was, cutting up some sharp cheddar to go with crackers and fresh fruit.

“Have a seat in the dining room. I'll be right out.”

Roland grinned and nodded. He continued on until her family sized dining table came into view. It was way too big for someone who lived alone, but maybe it reminded her of home. Or maybe she harbored a desire to be a wife and mother some day? It was hard for Roland to imagine that, at the moment, but then again he didn't actually know that much about her.

He pulled out a chair, set his camera bag on the floor and sat down. Minutes later, Stacy walked into the room with a full snack platter, two small porcelain plates and a pair of chilled, bottled waters on a silver tray. She set it down in front of Roland before taking the seat at the end of the table closest to him.

“Dig in, please” she stated and gestured to the platter.

“With pleasure!”

Roland grabbed a plate and immediately transferred a stack of crackers, several cuts of cheese and a handful of grapes to it. He began eating at once while Stacy uncapped her drink and watched him. She

downed half of the water in seconds as Roland enjoyed the food.

“Aren't you going to have any?” he asked.

“Eh, maybe I'll have a few grapes. But I should probably wait till dinner.”

“Being a model is tough, huh?”

“You have no idea. Being disciplined in the gym is hard enough. The diet half is even worse.”

“You're right, I don't. In fact, I was just at Burger Palace over the weekend with a friend. We ate like wild hogs.”

Stacy laughed. “Yeah, but you're still a young guy. You got that uber fast metabolism going for you right now. You can afford to eat hearty and you'll still be fit and handsome.”

Roland stopped in the middle of his chewing. His eyes widened considerably.

'Did she just call me handsome?!'

“Oh... ummm. Thanks!”

“I hope that's not inappropriate of me to say, since I'm technically your employer. You're a good looking guy, Roland.”

“No, not at all! I mean, I don't mind.”

She winked at him. “Good to know. If it **was** a problem, I was about to explain that it's job related.”

“Job related? How?”

“We've been working together for about a month now. I'm pleased with your efforts and I think it's fair to say we've established a good rapport. Do you agree?”

“Absolutely. It's been a pleasure.”

“Good. I know I started you at a low-ball rate, but I like to try out photographers for a while before I decide if they're worth my time and money. I went through several before I discovered you. I'm sure you understand.”

“Sure. Any fool can buy a camera and call themselves a photographer. Faking a portfolio is easier then ever. I understand your caution.”

“Yes, well now that I know you're the real deal, you'll receive double your starting rate from now on.”

Roland's expression betrayed genuine shock. “Wow! I don't know know what to say, except, thank you!”

“You're welcome. The pictures you've taken are doing exceptionally well on my Instagram. You've

more than earned it. In regards to you being a handsome young man, I have another opportunity for you, if you're interested."

"Please, do tell!" Roland egged her on. He'd completely abandoned the food in front of him as he hung on her every word.

"I recently got an offer to model a new clothing line. They need the job done within the next month. At the same time, I'd like to get away for a while. I want to turn this gig into a working vacation and I'd like you to come with me."

Roland could hardly believe what he was hearing. It just kept getting better. He tried to play it cool, but it was difficult not to betray his exuberance.

"That sounds great! Where to?"

"My family's vacation home. It's a couple hours north, in the middle of nowhere, on a beautiful lake. It needs some spring cleaning, since no one's been up there since last fall, but I told my folks I'd take care of it. They're going abroad this summer, so the place is all mine till they get back in August."

"Damn, that's a pretty sweet deal."

"I haven't told you the best part yet. The company that's hiring me is looking for some new male models as well. I told them I might know someone who'd look good in their garments. There's no guarantee it'll bear fruit, but it's a good opportunity to get your foot in the door. If you have any interest in being on the other side of the camera, that is."

"**ME?!?** A model? Am I really what they're looking for?"

"They're not seeking bodybuilders, if that's what you're worried about. It's pricey clothing and a little... eccentric, but nothing that requires a gymnast to show off. They want guys with a fit body and a pretty face. I'd say you fit the bill." Stacy's last remark came with a seductive smile.

Roland couldn't help but blush. It was the second compliment she'd paid him. Also, he didn't think anyone had ever called him *pretty* before. It caught him off guard. "I... thank you. Sorry, I'm at a loss for words."

"Hah! Look at those rosy cheeks! Your modesty is adorable. So, are you interested?"

"Absolutely! I'm in."

"Great! Now, the most important question. Could you, perhaps, be ready to leave next Friday? We'd be away for a week. Maybe a bit longer, depending on how things go. I know you have a second job at the moment. Is that going to be an issue?"

"Oh, not at all. I'll explain it to my boss. He should understand and approve the time off. If not, I'll quit. I've been waiting for something better to come along and give me a reason to ditch retail."

"That's the spirit! *Carpe Diem*, as they say."

“Right on!”

Stacy lifted her drink into the air. “A toast, then. To our expanded partnership and, with any luck, a whole new path in life, for you.”

Roland raised his water and tapped it against hers. “I’ll drink to that!” He uncapped the plastic top and took a refreshing swig.

She looked at her half-empty bottle and shook her head. “Kinda lame, I know. Once we’re up at the lake, we can do our toast again with something more classy. The house has a well-stocked bar.”

The young photographer wasn’t big on alcohol, but he didn’t mind partaking from time to time. His willingness to get plastered would likely multiply in her company. Roland suspected he’d drink nearly anything the gorgeous brunette put in front of him.

“I can’t wait” he replied with an enthusiastic grin.

“It’ll be a fair amount of work between the cleaning and photo shoots, but there’ll be plenty of time to kick back and enjoy life on the lake. Be sure to bring some reading with you, or whatever else you enjoy on your down time. Oh, and pack a swimsuit, in case it’s warm enough to swim. It’s iffy this time of year.”

“Will do. Anything else I need to get ready?”

“Oh, before you leave today, I need to take a full set of your measurements. Gotta make sure all your gear is the right size.”

“Gear?”

“Oh... the clothes, I mean. Sometimes we call it ‘*gear*’ in the modeling biz.”

“Really? I guess I have a lot to learn.”

“Yeah, I won’t lie. You have a full education ahead of you. You need serious training if you’re going to make it in my world. It should be an enlightening week for both of us. You can show me how to use those fancy cameras of yours and I’ll be teaching you... well, everything else.”

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The next week and a half of Roland’s life seemed to pass in slow motion. It reminded him of the final weeks leading up to Christmas when he was a kid. The greater the anticipation, the more prolonged and painful were the minutes leading up to the big event. The prospects of expanding his portfolio, breaking into a new, potentially lucrative profession and spending more time with Stacy made Roland feel like he was walking on air.

His boss wasn’t thrilled when Roland gave him the news, but Mr. Callaway seemed to understand when the nature of the opportunity was explained to him. The manager approved his leave of absence, but

warned Roland that if he wasn't back in a week, his job was forfeit.

Felix took the news even harder, calling his friend '*the luckiest son of a bitch alive.*' Roland had a triumphant glow about him as they hung out the Wednesday night before he left. Felix drowned his sorrows in booze, commenting repeatedly there was no way Stacy would invite him on a private vacation unless she saw him as potentially more than a business partner. Roland waved him off and insisted their relationship would remain professional. Still, in the back of his mind, even he was beginning to question that. It was hard not to let the compliments of a gorgeous model go to his head.

Friday morning finally arrived and Roland made another trip to Stacy's condo. He was only there long enough to greet her, carry her numerous garment bags and suitcases outside and transfer his own luggage to Stacy's Lexus for the journey. In no time, they were on the highway and heading north. The farther into the north country they headed, the further apart the exits grew and the smaller were the enclaves of civilization between long stretches of wilderness.

Roland and Stacy chatted away during the long drive. He learned a little about her family and that she'd gone to school for business management. However, each time he tried to probe into her hobbies or personal life, she was vague and evasive. Stacy always turned the questioning back around on Roland, probing him insatiably on everything from his relationship with his mother to his biggest fears and regrets.

He answered her earnestly, often turning to gawk at the beautiful woman. Her aviator sunglasses beamed in the bright light of late morning as her high ponytail flapped in the breeze. The wind flowed through the car from cracked windows as they grew closer to their destination. Although he was often oblivious to such things, even Roland realized she was growing more flirty the further they went.

"Do you know how ridiculous it is that you're still single?"

"That's what my Mom keeps telling me."

"She's right. You're what women call *a catch*."

"Am I being caught, right now?"

Stacy snickered. "Slow down, tiger. It's a long week ahead."

"That wasn't a no."

The curvy brunette peered over at him before turning her eyes back to the road. "I won't deny, my interest in you has evolved. You've been so thoughtful, kind and accommodating. I wasn't sure at first, but I think you might be my type, Roland."

'Holy shit! Is this the real life?!? Was Felix right???'

"Stacy... I'm flattered."

"I know mixing business with pleasure can be dangerous, but the dark side of me enjoys that."

"The dark side? What are you, a Sith?"

The mesmerizing model let out a loud, lilting laugh. "Maybe" she said with a grin.

"Well, if you're a Sith, I'm happy to be your apprentice."

"We'll see if you still feel that way after you find out what a taskmaster I can be! I'm going to make thorough use of you, in more ways than one."

Roland's face was now beet red. He had no cool response to such a provocative and sexually charged declaration.

Stacy turned her gaze on him again. "Relax. Just do your best over the next week and we'll see where things go."

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When they arrived at the lake house, Stacy took Roland for a stroll around the property. They toured the swanky looking home and took a trip down to the shore. It gave them the chance to stretch their legs after the long drive and allowed Roland to get the lay of the land. After the short hike, Roland set to unloading the car. It took him over a dozen trips to carry in the numerous garment bags, suitcases and boxes of supplies. Stacy lounged on one of the living room sofas, calling out instructions for where each load should be taken every time Roland entered the house with his arms full.

After a short lunch break, they launched into the cleaning. Or rather, Roland did. There were numerous tasks to perform, from dusting and vacuuming to window washing and sweeping the long wraparound porch. Each time he completed one task, Stacy assigned him a new one. She watched him with her hands on her hips, making sure he was doing the job properly before she strutted off to continue unpacking.

A less horny man might've cared that he was doing the vast majority of the work, but Roland was glad to. Each time he got an eyeful of Stacy in her form-fitting black tank top and tight, distressed jeans, he was filled with abundant energy and renewed purpose. Roland was determined to go all-out for the woman who'd opened new doors for him and hinted at the possibility of even more.

When it was almost six o'clock, he returned from raking leaves in the yard to find Stacy in the kitchen preparing a meal. She told him to take a load off and Roland collapsed on one of the sofas while the smell of a wonderful Italian meal gathered in the background. For a while, it felt like they were a married couple, enjoying the first day of their vacation together. The young man was surprised to find how much he relished the idea.

After a wonderful dinner, they retired to the living room. Stacy sat next to Roland on the plush leather couch opposite the large, widescreen TV. They surfed through endless channels of satellite cable garbage until they found something decent to watch. Roland barely paid attention to what was happening on screen. He was too preoccupied with the beautiful sunset and how Stacy kept inching closer to his body until her exquisite curves pressed into his side.

She lounged against him for a time and Stacy's perfume washed over him like soothing wave. It had a

floral base of rose and jasmine, but with hints of sweet vanilla. Eventually, her right hand crept over Roland's left thigh and gave it a gentle squeeze.

“Time for a drink” she announced before popping up and strolling to the bar.

The sultry hostess returned a few minutes later and set a copper mug filled with spirits and ice on the table in front of Roland. She smiled and took a sip from her own.

He reached down and picked it up. “What's this?”

“It's called a Moscow Mule. Vodka, ginger beer and lime juice.”

“Oh boy... Last time I had vodka, the morning after was less than pleasant.”

“Always a risk, but I promise you've never had a cocktail this tasty” she replied while taking her seat again. Stacy raised the drink in the air. “Let's renew our toast. To new beginnings!”

“To new beginnings” he repeated before lifting the drink to his lips. Roland took a large sip and the frigid combination of spicy and sweet liquid charged down his gullet. “Woaaa! Yeah, that's got a nice zing to it. Good flavor.”

“Right? Don't hold back. There's plenty more where that came from.”

Little by little, Roland downed the beverage. Stacy's curves pressed into his side yet again. Feeling a little bold, he extracted his arm and slipped it over her head, laying it along the back of the sofa as she leaned against his shoulder. Within ten minutes, his muscles relaxed completely. The buzz flowed through his body and mental foggiess descended. Roland's mind grew giddy as his body became calm as a Hindu cow.

He set his empty glass down, almost missing the table and dropping it. “Jesus... Dun know if I can drink anozer of those...”

“One is plenty for many people” Stacy confirmed with a smile.

A few minutes later, Roland began nodding off.

“Alright, looks like that's it for you” she proclaimed. Stacy set her glass down and placed a hand flat on his chest. “Let's get you to your room before you pass out on me.”

“Sorry... Juz really tired...”

“It's okay. I'll help you there.”

With her assistance, Roland rose and stumbled from the living room into the hallway. He staggered down the corridor with Stacy holding his side until they reached the guest room that contained his luggage. Roland was only half awake as he felt his shirt being pulled off. He fell back into the bed and realized his shoes and socks were being removed as well. His belt buckle jingled as it was undone, followed by the loosening of his pants and the alternating tug at his pant legs until they were down his body. Roland was already in blissful darkness. He melted into the mattress with nothing left on but his

boxers.

“Goodnight my adorable pet. Sleep well. We have a busy day tomorrow.”

“Yeah... night...”

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snip snip snip snip

Roland's crusty eyes peeled open, but only halfway. His body felt heavy and cumbersome. His head swam with nausea. His limbs wouldn't move. Stacy sat near the bottom of the bed, wearing only a black bra and short-shorts. Ripping sounds unwound as Roland's boxers were torn away from his waist. Cool air rolled over his flaccid cock and balls.

“Wha the...?”

Stacy set the scissors to the side of the bed and leaned her face down close to his.

“Go back to sleep, Roland.” Her voice echoed in his head. “It's not time to get up, yet.”

“I... Wha-? Okay...”

His awareness slipped down into the darkness once again.

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When consciousness returned, Roland felt something snug around his neck. The scrunch of leather creaked and the clink of metal buckles rang out as Stacy completed her work. Her perfume filled his nostrils again, slowly bringing Roland back to the world of the living. She lifted his head a final time and double checked the fittings. When Stacy released him and his head fell back into the pillow, Roland could feel something solid and rectangular propped behind his neck.

“Ugh... my head.”

“I'd offer you ibuprofen” Stacy said, taking her hands from the device around his neck. “But it doesn't really help.”

As his eyes opened fully and the woman stepped back, Roland got his first look at Stacy's new form. Except in a few places where her lightly tanned flesh was still visible, her entire body was covered in shiny black. Thigh-high boots, latex pants, a leather corset, black rubber bra and arm gloves that reached up to her biceps. She even had the officer's cap atop her head and a riding crop in her hands.

Stacy stood before him, the quintessential, sexual disciplinarian. A full body shot of her in this outfit could serve as the dictionary picture for '*Dominatrix*.'

'Oh fuck... What's happening?'

Roland tried to raise his arms and found they wouldn't budge. He tugged with his legs and discovered that they, too, were held down. He gazed from side to side and down the length of his body. Leather cuffs with tiny padlocks were tight around his wrists and ankles. Each was secured to a corner of the bed.

As foreboding as they were, his restraints weren't what made his eyes go wide with shock and fear. It was the metal cage locked around his flaccid dick and the rectangular device strapped around his balls that filled him with sudden terror. From its shape and dimensions, it seemed similar to the one pressed against the back of his neck.

His gaze lifted to his employer, his eyes showcasing a combination of panic and incredulity.

“Stacy! **What the fuck is this?!?**”

Roland cringed and his head pushed back against the pillow. The persistent ache swelled and surged through his cranium. Getting excited and angry in his current state would only make the hangover worse.

“It's the first day of your new life.”

He shook his head back and forth and the metal bits around his collar rattled. “Oh, no! I didn't agree to anything like this!”

“Yes, you did. You signed up for a week as **my bitch**. It's not my fault you suck at picking up context clues.”

Roland snickered. “I knew this was too good to be true--”

“Shut up.”

“Was it all a lie?”

Stacy lifted her crop above her head.

SNAP SNAP

She thrashed the flexible leather rod into Roland's torso followed by a strike across the cock cage.

“Ahhhhh! **AHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

“I could've gagged you while you were waking up. It makes explaining things much easier. Are you going to **shut the fuck up** and listen? Or do I need to stuff that filthy mouth of yours?!?”

“No... I mean, yes! I'm sorry! I'll listen.”

Stacy tucked the crop under her arm. Her cold gaze locked on Roland's soft, brown eyes as he lay in his

web of bondage and tried not to tremble.

“Everything I've told you is the absolute truth. You're going to serve as my photographer. At other times, you'll be modeling, just like me. You will receive much training and education, along with some discipline. This is a new beginning for you. Not just of a career, but a whole way of life. This is my gift to you. And all you have to do... is everything I say. With no hesitation.”

“And if I don't?”

Stacy lifted her left hand. It contained a small, black remote. She pressed the first button.

A jolt of surging pain ripped through the back of Roland's neck, coursing through his muscles and damn near paralyzing him. The sensation slid up and down his spine with raking, savage convulsions. It felt like a hundred tiny seizures assaulting his nerves simultaneously.

Stacy pressed a second button.

The same agony flooded his scrotum and coursed up through his nethers into his caged cock. The sensation arced through his pelvis and spread through his glutes and thighs. Roland grunted in anguish. His body strained. He tried to yell, but his lips and tongue remained frozen within a stunned open mouth. He thrashed in his bonds for long seconds as Stacy watched him with sadistic glee.

Finally, she hit the release button and both TENS units deactivated. Roland's muscles relaxed, his nerves free of the jolting pain as he moaned in blissful relief.

Stacy said nothing for a few moments, letting him soak in the difference between disobedience and compliance. She stalked forward, her boot heels clacking off the floor until she was near his sweaty brow. The stoic Domina leaned down and got in his face.

“That was twenty five. They go up to a hundred. Be a good boy and I won't have to use them... much.”

Roland nodded his head vigorously. “Yes... Mistress?”

Stacy looked pleasantly surprised. “A fast learner! That's what I like to see! Open your mouth.”

He parted his lips without a second thought. Roland had no desire to feel the terrible combination of tingling shock and muscle seizure ever again.

The grinning Domina reached down and speared two latex fingers directly into Roland's mouth. She pressed them all the way down his warm, wet tongue and rooted around in his maw.

“**Suck, slave!** Get a good taste! Yes, that's it...”

Roland sucked for all he was worth. Her rubbery digits slid back and forth in his mouth, growing more coated in his gooey saliva with each penetration. Soon, her fingers were slurping in and out of his lips loudly. As she finger-fucked his mouth, the smile that lit up Stacy's face was a sight to behold.

*'Christ, she's really getting off on this! This is what does it for her? Really??? A shame, since she **is** hot as fuck in that getup. But I didn't come here to be a psycho's play-thing. She's gotta untie me eventually*

if she wants me to take pictures or model shit. That'll be my chance...'

“I know what you're thinking, Roland. You'd rather bite these fingers than suck on them. You think once I untie you, I'll be vulnerable. That if you can get this remote from me, you're home free. I warn you, now, to abandon such notions. Mistress has thought of everything and resisting me will only bring you more pain. You have my word on that. On the other hand, if you obey, your stay here will be much less difficult. When it's over, if you're not satisfied with your new life, you may return to your old one.”

With an especially messy slurp, Stacy pulled her glossy black fingers from his violated mouth.

Roland nodded eagerly. “Yes, Mistress! I understand now. I'll do as I'm told.”

Stacy's eyes narrowed. “I want to say *good boy*, but I'm not sure I believe you. I see defiance in those pretty, brown eyes of yours. That's fine. It's going to make breaking you in **so much** more fun.”

* * * * *

After the initial shock of his new predicament wore off and Stacy released him from the bed, things went smoothly for a while. She gave him a pair of black latex briefs to wear, which wasn't particularly comfortable, but was certainly better than having his shock-collared balls hanging out in the cool air. Aside from their unusual attire, the morning and early afternoon proceeded much like the previous afternoon had. Stacy gave orders and Roland followed them.

She leashed him and led him to the kitchen where some red ginseng health tonic cleared up his hangover. As he drank the less-than-tasty liquid, she prepared a smoothie for their breakfast. It was loaded with fruits and protein powder. Once they'd downed their healthy meal, she took Roland to another guest room which would serve as a dressing room and storage area for all the clothes they'd be modeling. From the amount of sex toys and fetish clothing that were unpacked and on display, it became apparent what Stacy meant when she let the word '*gear*' slip.

The demanding vixen ordered him to spread his arms out and remain in a T-pose while she wrapped a sturdy leather and steel harness around his shoulders, legs and torso. Soon, the thick straps were locked snugly around his chest, back, waist and ass. It offered many O-ring and D-ring anchor points for quick and easy bondage.

Even with the briefs and harness on, he was still mostly naked. It's difficult to overstate how vulnerable being in the nude makes you feel, especially when being ordered around by a woman that's covered in black rubber and wielding toys that can inflict terrible pain on you at a moment's notice.

The fight or flight instinct welled up in him a few times, but Roland didn't act on it. Without fail, Stacy's warning echoed in his mind. It didn't seem worth the risk to test her, especially now that she was being more cordial. Besides, as degrading and deceitful as the arrangement was, Roland found himself subject to intense curiosity.

What would make a woman like Stacy go to these lengths for a little kinky fun? Surely there were plenty of guys begging for this treatment. Perhaps it was finding one she fancied, who also happened to be a photographer, that presented such difficulty. Or maybe she preferred seducing an oblivious young

man into her web of perversions rather than entertaining a willing victim.

His all-controlling Mistress didn't give Roland long to ponder such things. She grabbed his leash and whisked him downstairs. The large basement floor harbored a laundry room, a small home gym and a large storage area. Stacy put him to work re-organizing the storage space to make room for their makeshift studio. When that was done, he jumped right into setting up the lights, the backdrop and the rest of the equipment. For the next half hour, Roland was nearly able to forget he was now a collared slave to his devious employer.

When all was ready and the lights were on, Stacy took center stage. Despite her glossy, Femdom form and the bondage harness tight around Roland's body, they entered their old roles seamlessly. Stacy posed for the camera and he took dozens of pictures of the gorgeous woman from every desirable angle. Roland couldn't deny that the shiny fetish clothing highlighted her curves exquisitely. It was a feast for his eyes alone, until the work was done and the best shots were chosen and edited.

When the first set was complete, Stacy excused herself to change.

"I'll be back in ten to fifteen. Don't leave this room unless it's to use the bathroom."

"Alright."

"What did you say?"

"I mean, yes Mistress!"

"Don't make that mistake again. You will address me as Mistress, Mistress Stacy, Goddess, or Madam Deborah at all times, unless I say otherwise. Further mistakes will result in correction."

"Yes, Goddess."

"Good boy." Stacy tapped his chest with her crop before striding to the stairs and heading back up.

A while later, she returned wearing a leather bunny mask, some lacy purple lingerie and fishnet stockings. Black high heels and a fierce looking leather whip rounded out her ensemble. They took their positions, again, and a second full series of glamor shots were taken.

The day stretched on. The cycle repeated until Stacy's sixth trip upstairs.

"Last one for today. Be back in a bit."

"Yes, Madam Deborah."

As her heels ascended, Roland's anxiety built to a breaking point. He wondered what came next, once the photography was done for today. Each time she'd gone upstairs, Stacy disappeared for a good ten to fifteen minutes. If he wanted to make a break for it, this might be his last chance today. She'd watched him like a hawk at pretty much all other times.

His inner monologue was a battle between desperate optimism and fearful reality.

'Just fucking go for it! This is your best opportunity!'

'And then what? Run around the lake hoping someone sees me and decides I need help, rather than being scared out of their mind by the half naked dude in leather?!?'

*'Who cares what they think?!? If they call the cops, great! **DO IT! NOW!** You're wasting time!'*

Roland set his camera down, gingerly, and crept toward the stairs. Was he really going to leave his most prized possession behind? Not to mention his phone, which Stacy had hidden away somewhere. It seemed inevitable.

He started up the staircase, doing his best to ascend as stealthily as possible. The light creaking of his feet against the wooden boards made him grimace. Roland willed himself to the top against his better judgment. When he reached the summit, he was relieved to see Stacy was nowhere in sight. He turned down the hallway towards the living room and the front entrance. He walked briskly, but silently, to the front door and opened it.

He felt a rush of excitement and triumph as he stepped onto the porch. It seemed he'd made the right call. That is, until he made his way down the porch's short staircase and the devices on his collar and scrotum began to buzz. It wasn't the harsh, shocking blasts he'd felt earlier that day, but a light, almost pleasant, massage.

Roland's sense of victory was displaced by fresh unease, but he continued on. After another ten feet, the buzzing at the back of his neck and around his nuts rose in intensity. At twenty feet from the porch, the sensations approached a threshold that was no longer tolerable.

*'**SHIT!** She's got these things on some kind of proximity sensor! The further away I get, the more they dial up! If I keep going, I'll collapse before long and the pain will be brutal!'*

Roland looked back at the house nervously. He had to abort.

He turned and trotted back to the porch. As he ascended the stairs and closed the distance to the entrance, the buzzing of the shockers faded to nothing. He thanked his lucky stars as he opened the front door and stepped inside.

Roland was almost back to the basement stairs when Stacy surged into the hallway. She was only half dressed, with a leather skirt adorning her lower body and nothing but a black bra covering her top. The expensive lingerie had lace trim around its edges and a silky black bow at its center. Her heavy breasts were front-and-center as she stepped forward to intercept Roland.

She held up the small black remote once again. A repeating beep and flashing red sensor had alerted her to his foolish escape attempt. Stacy pressed a button and silenced the alarm.

"I warned you not to try that!"

The blood drained from Roland's face. There was no use trying to deny it. He just had to own up and plead for mercy. "**Mistress, I'm sorry!** I know that was stupid! I was just scared!"

"Scared of **what**?!? A little naughty fun?"

“I-- I don't know! I'm sorry!” He held his hands up in supplication. “Please forgive me...”

Stacy placed her hands on her hips. Her look of haughty anger shifted to one of smug pity.

“Roland, for crying out loud, **stop sniveling!** There's nothing to be afraid of! I know this is a bit much for a newbie like you, but try and have a little faith. I'm not crazy! I'm not going to chop you up and feed you to the fish. We're going to do what we've always done, but with a little kinky play mixed in. Is that so much to ask? Given everything I'm doing for you?”

“You're right, Mistress. I'm grateful and I should show it more readily.”

“Damn right! And you will. But before that, you must be punished. Since you admitted your failings, I'll let you choose. Ten seconds of the shockers at 40% or 30 spankings? Choose now.”

“**The spankings!** I'll take the spankings!” Roland responded in what was perhaps the easiest decision of his young life.

“Oh, you like spankings, do you?” Stacy's wicked smile returned.

“I... very much prefer them to shocks” he answered earnestly.

“Hmmmm. We'll see if you still feel that way when I'm done.”

Stacy pocketed the remote and grabbed his leash. She pulled Roland into the hallway bathroom and grabbed the back of his body harness.

“Down! **NOW!**”

She kicked one leg out from under him and slammed him down on the vanity. Roland's head and chest plowed through several bathroom supplies and open containers of toiletries, scattering Stacy's things all over the floor. The wild-eyed vixen didn't care about the mess, caught up in the excitement of the moment. She reached below and yanked down his latex briefs until they were tight around his thighs.

“After each spank, you will say '***Mistress Stacy knows best!***' followed by the count. If you make a mistake, at any point, we start over. Understand, slave?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

“Good. Let's begin.”

SMACK

Her open palm blistered his ass with surprising force.

“Mistress Stacy knows best! One!”

SMACK

“Mistress Stacy knows best! Two!”

SMACK

“Mistress Stacy knows best! Three!”

For a woman with such small arms, she packed a wallop. Her biceps and forearms were well toned, not only from trips to the gym, but her other extracurricular activities. Stacy had a decent amount of martial arts training. She was a student of Tai Chi and took regular kick boxing classes. In truth, she probably didn't need the shockers to keep Roland in line. His gym use was limited to doing the weight machine circuit and shooting hoops.

With each strike into his bottom, Roland's flesh became more inflamed. He wasn't sure how much she'd practiced, but Stacy seemed like an expert at nailing his ass dead center with her palm. Each smarting blow sent brutal impact rippling through both of his exposed glutes. Roland's face grew increasingly red, matching his scorched cheeks. He focused on the count, desperately trying to keep track and avoid a reset. He wasn't sure he could endure one.

SMACK

“M-Mistress Stacy knows best! Twenty nine!”

SMACK

“Mistress Stacy knows best! **THIRTY!**”

Roland peered up into the mirror and caught a glimpse of Stacy's satisfied grin as she rose back to her full height. A throaty laugh flowed through the bathroom as she studied his bruised bottom.

Stacy tugged his black rubber briefs back up and stretched the latex out as far as it would go. When she released the garment, it whipped against his caged dick and balls with a harsh sting.

snap

“You handled that well, my pet. Take ten minutes to rest. Then get your sweet little beaten ass back downstairs.”

* * * * *

The rest of the day wasn't so bad. Stacy gave him more chores to do. Dinner was another delicious meal; Greek cuisine this time. Roland had to eat it from a bowl on the floor, but it was no less tasty. The leather mitts locked over his hands ensured he ate his dinner like a dog.

After the meal, they retired to the living room. Unlike the night before, only Stacy got to enjoy the comforts of the luxurious sofa. She laid back in its cushy embrace, her warm, bare skin plastered against the leather. Aside from the lovely designer bra barely containing her breasts, she was naked as the day she was born.

Roland sat before her on the living room floor, getting his face mashed into her steaming cunt for the better part of an hour and a half. His mitts remained cuffed behind him, locked onto his own body harness, as Stacy trained him in the fine art of eating pussy. She whacked his back and sides with her crop and shouted fresh commands in the numerous instances the young man needed correction. The young Domina paid little attention to the movie on screen in between moans and wails of pleasure.

The obedient student had 69'd with a girl once, years ago, but it hadn't lasted very long. That was the limit of Roland's oral experience. Stacy was not impressed. She vowed to instill in him the proper techniques to please women, especially his new owner and Mistress, no matter how long it took.

When she'd had her fill of orgasmic bliss, Mistress towed her human play-thing to bed. Roland found himself on a much more comfortable Queen size mattress with his hands shackled to Stacy's headboard. She retrieved her e-stim remote, a bottle of lube and a long, latex glove before joining him atop the covers. In the darkness, Roland couldn't see the preparations she was making.

“On your left side. Roll over!”

Roland did as he was bade. Stacy's curvy, naked body pressed up against his back. Her nipples grazed his flesh as her hands slid down, gliding over his still burning cheeks with soothing rubs.

“Ahhhh-”

“I know you're still raw down there. Don't worry, I'll be gentle.”

Suddenly, Roland felt a single, rubbery digit probing at his pucker. Stacy's lubed middle finger circled his rim continuously, pressing inward every few seconds. Each push sent her gloved finger a little deeper.

“Wha... What are you doing, Mistress?”

“Beginning your most important training. Just lay there and relax.”

Stacy's finger finally breached the tight ring of stretchy flesh and speared deep into Roland's ass. She wiggled it around in a circular motion, pushing to stretch his starfish even wider. At the same time, she began curling the end of her digit in a downward motion. Roland felt the glorious sensation of his prostate being stroked for the very first time.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.....”

The kinky brunette giggled as she pushed his pleasure button repeatedly. Roland began to fidget in her grasp, but Stacy held him close. She withdrew her single invader and thrust it back in a few more times before positioning another digit at his back door. Her index finger joined in the assault, plunging deep into his warm, welcoming insides.

“OHHHHHHHH! OH FUCK!!!”

“Yeah? You like how that feels?”

“It's so tight...”

“You sure are, you **fucking slut!** Tight as a drum! Don't worry. Mommy will fix that...”

Her pace escalated slowly. A low slurping sound glommed out as Stacy fed two insistent digits into his increasingly stretched hole. She finger-fucked him steadily with long, fluid motions. Roland's prostate tingled with growing bliss. His cock sprang to life, bulging against the confines of the steel chastity cage.

Stacy released Roland's shoulder just long enough to grab the remote again. She set the stim engagement to 8% and activated it in perma mode. The slave's collar and ball restraints buzzed to life. It was the same mellow, pleasant vibrations he felt earlier when he was on the porch.

“Ohhhhh! **OH GOD!!!! THAT'S-- OH FUCK!!!!**”

“Does it feel good, Roland?”

“**YES!!! OH SHIT! IT'S TOO MUCH!!!**”

“Do you like having your ass played with?”

“I... **AHHHHH!!! MY COCK!!! I CAN'T...**”

Stacy slammed her fingers into his hungry hole repeatedly. Lube slurped all over Roland's wounded cheeks as she thrust her rubbery digits into him with vigor. She held the squirming bitch boy firmly as she finger-fucked his ass without relent. The non-stop low level electric stimulation coursed through Roland's spine and nethers as she drove him to the brink of insanity.

“Yes, it hurts when your dick grows too big for the cage. But your *boy pussy* feels good? Doesn't it, slave?”

“**AHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!! PLEASE!!!**”

“Please, what?”

“**PLEASE! TAKE IT OFF MISTRESS!**”

“You didn't answer me. Do you like that I'm playing with your ass?”

“**YES! JESUS, YES!!!**”

“What do you want, slave?”

“**THE CAGE! PLEASE, TAKE IT OFF!!!**”

“You want me to remove that cage?”

“**YES!!!**”

“And let your sad little shrimp dick grow to its full size?”

“**PLEASE, GODDESS!!!**”

“**Hahahahahahahaha!** Not a fucking chance you sissy bitch!”

Stacy added a third finger to his well-stretched pucker. She continued her smooth, persistent strumming in and out of his warm, tight flesh; stroking the walnut-shaped bliss button in his depths with each withdrawal. Roland yanked on his bonds, but found no give. He could do nothing but tremble as Mistress manipulated his body and drove him to the verge of madness.

Just when he thought he was going to pass out, Roland's body convulsed in orgasmic high. Nirvana flooded his body, flowing from the nerve stem in his prostate as Stacy stimulated it beyond measure.

“**OH GODDESS!!! THANK YOU!!! AHHHHHHHHHHH!!!**”

It was like no orgasm he'd ever experienced. It wasn't the rapid, overwhelming buildup followed by the rush of blissful discharge he was used to. This pleasure came in a wave that rolled on and on, much more dispersed and lengthy than the typical male climax. Roland saw stars as Stacy continued driving her fingers home in his hot, tight bussy. Every time he thought it was over, her digits strummed over his heavenly gland and sent a fresh surge of rapture cascading through his body.

No blast of semen came rushing from Roland's confined cock. Just a trickle of gooey white as his penis throbbed against its metal housing. Stacy milked him into the night, causing fresh dribbles of gooey sludge as he spoke gibberish and writhed in her grasp.

“Feel that, **slut**? That's the only way you get to climax while you wear my collar! Getting your ass pounded until your **boy clit** leaks!”

At some point in their lengthy anal play, Roland begged her to stop. He could take no more. The constant flow of over-stimulation threatened to break his mind. This only caused Stacy to dive her fingers into his silky back-passages with enhanced focus and determination. Her eyes bulged with sadistic glee and her grin widened as she plunged her digits deep in his moist pucker. She let out a cruel, cackling laugh, stroking his prostate with ever more deliberate attention.

As he lay trembling with unceasing joy, an important lesson was learned by Roland that night. Play started when Mistress Stacy wished and ended when Madam Deborah was done. Not a second sooner or a moment later. Any pleas for mercy only enlarged and extended her already savage libido.